

"LITTLE SNOW-BALL."

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.



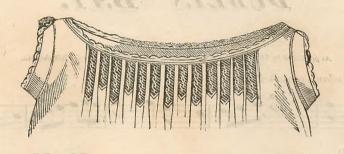


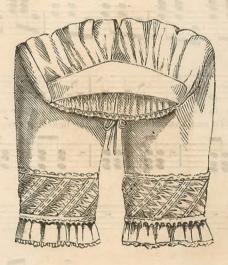






CHEMISES. NIGHT-GOWNS. CORSET-COVER. DRESSING-SACK





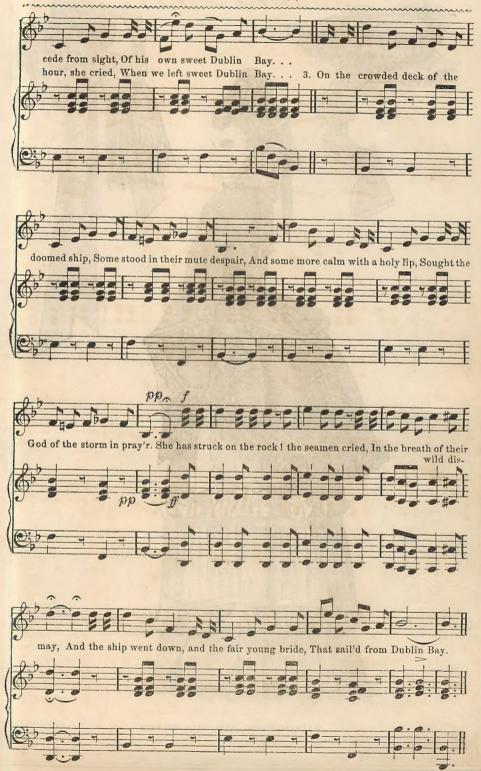


CHEMISE. DRAWERS. NIGHT-GOWNS.

DUBLIN BAY.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXI.

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No. 1.

MY NEW YEAR.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

One solitary five-dollar bill, the last of Charlie's earnings, and Charlie himself lying helpless and unconscious in the little bed-room, his right arm and shoulder shattered by that dreadful fall!

In the trundle-bed beside him, three little curly heads, and three pairs of chubby, restless feet, all sadly in need of shoes and stockings, and three hungry little mouths that must have bread and butter, and no coal in the bin, and little food in the house.

The wintry dusk was fast deepening into darkness, and snow was beginning to fall.

"I must have some wine for Charlie," I said at last, "and a few other things." With these words, I kissed my poor sufferer, and went out into the tempest.

I had gone but a little distance when a woman's voice arrested my attention, in passionate and agonized entreaty. I paused an instant to listen. Before the door of a small cottage, a couple of officers stood, with a slender lad between them, and a rough, brutal-looking man, whom I recognized as one Bronton, the landlord of the village Inn. On her knees before him, with her uncovered head exposed to the storm, was the woman who plead so passionately.

"Don't do it, sir," she was saying; "for God's sake, don't! His father will be home to-morrow, and he'll make it all right; don't take my boy to prison."

She put up her slender hands to clasp the tavern-keeper's arm, but he shook her off with an oath.

"I won't wait, I tell you," he cried; "the young rascal stole my money, and I want it back. Give me five dollars, and we'll play quits."

"I haven't five dollars in the world," she sobbed; "but if you'll only wait, I can raise it to-morrow."

"No, I won't wait, not another second—march on, officers; the young thief shall sleep in jail this very night."

Vol. LXI .-- 2

"I'm no thief, sir," cried the lad, his fine face blazing. "I didn't steal your money—and you know it."

"Silence!" thundered the landlord. "Do you dare to call me a liar? Officers, will you go on?"

I had thought my own trouble incomparable. But here was something infinitely worse. Impelled by an impulse of uncontrollable pity, I stepped to the poor mother's side.

"What is it, my good woman?" I asked.

She turned her poor, agonized face upon me, with a flash of eager hope.

"Oh! they accuse my boy of stealing, madam," she cried; "and his father, who's been over seas for two years, will be home to-morrow, and find his son in jail, like a common thief. It will kill him, and break my heart."

My hand went instinctively to my pocket, where the five-dollar bill rested. She watched the action with a piteous look in her poor cyes. I thought of my own boy at home, a brave little lad, so like his father. What if this poor mother's case were my own?

I drew the bill from my pocket, and put it in her hand. With a cry of joy she darted after the officers, and only waiting to see that her boy was released, I hurried away.

Charlie grew worse that night, and I had to summon the doctor early on the morrow. The doctor ordered fresh supplies of medicine, good nursing, and the best of nourishment. Alas! I had not a cent in the house. Over and over again, as I looked at Charlie's pale face, the old saying, "Charity begins at home," recurred to me.

I worked, every spare moment, at some embroidery I had procured; but it was fine and tedious; and when I had finished one piece, I seemed to be going blind. But I took it up to Mrs. Denham, who had employed me, for I needed money.

She examined it critically, and expressed

29

back amid her warm cushions, she remarked that she would pay me when I had finished all.

I ventured a remonstrance, but she cut me short at once. "She had no change," she said; "and, moreover, it was a rule of hers, never to pay for part of a job."

I hurried back to Charlie with an aching heart, and found him moaning with pain, the hour for his medicine long past, and the prescription in my pocket. In desperation, I rushed to the bureau, and drew out my quaint little jewel-case. It contained some triffing articles-a brooch that belonged to my mother, and a few other trinkets. I selected two, and hurried out again, down the snowy street, to the one jewelry establishment of which the little sea-side village boasted. It was a hard task to prevail upon the dealer to purchase my trinkets, and when at last he consented, he offered me a few paltry shillings, which I was forced to accept.

Charlie's medicine was purchased, but the few dimes that were left were bardy sufficient to obtain a small modicum of coal for the morrow; and where was the chicken for Charlie's broth to come from?

I paused in the snowy street, with the glittering winter stars above my head, and the brilliant show-windows flaunting on each side. Just then a merry chime of bells clashed upon the frosty air, and, for the first time, I remembered that it was New-Year's Eve.

A pain as sharp as death pierced my heart, as I stood there, thinking of my far-away friends, and wondering what I should do. A grocer's shop, brilliantly lighted, stood just across the street. I flew over the slippery flag-stones, and entered. The grocer hurried forward, all smiles and bows.

"Would he let me have a chicken, and a bottle of wine?" I asked, with my heart in my mouth. "My husband was ill; and-and-would he be good enough to trust me till next week?"

His countenance fell on the instant. He hesitated, and stammered, "He was extremely sorry," he said, "but it was a rule of his never to credit strangers."

"John, John, that's her," spoke a woman's voice, at my elbow, at that instant.

I turned, but the speaker had averted her face, and I only saw a great, stalwart man, with a bronzed face, and the kindliest brown eyes I had ever beheld.

Blinded by tears, I hurried away home to poor Charlie and the babies. I gave Charlie his medicine, and hushed the little hungry mouths with a scant enough morsel of milk and bread,

herself only tolerably pleased, and then, settling and then tucked the children away in their bed. Charlie fell into a doze, and I sat down before the smouldering embers, to indulge in the sole comfort that remained to me, a hearty cry.

> But I had scarcely begun, when I heard the crunch of footsteps in the snow, and directly after, a rap at the door. I opened it with a bounding heart, hoping that some good neighbor had come with help. The tall man, with the bronzed face and kindly eyes-I knew him on the instant-stood on the steps, with a huge hamper on his brawny shoulders. He set it down at my feet, and extended his hand.

"We've been hunting you the last two days, madam," he began, abruptly, his kind eyes flashing with happiness; "and glad enough we are to find you. You done me a good turn when you kept my boy out of prison; and the lad was innocent of the charge, too, I'm proud to tell you that. Bronton's found out who stole his money; and my wife couldn't rest, and we couldn't find you nohow, till we chanced upon you at the grocer's to-night, and --- Well, we thought--"

And he broke down, stammering and embarrassed, and stepping back, gave place to his wife, who stood behind him.

"We thought," she said, as she raised the cover from the hamper, "we'd bring you some little things for New Year's. You won't refuse to take 'em. I know-and may the good God forever bless you for what you've done for me! Oh, madam!" and she threw her arms about my neck, while the tears rained down her face, "I should a' gone mad if they had taken my boy from me that night; but you saved him and me, while your own was suffering. I never was so happy in my life, as I was when we found you to-night. John's come home a rich man this time; he's had better than good luck, and we're able to help you. I've brought a little of everything, and some New Year's pretties for the babies. I knew you had 'em; no heart but a mother's could a' felt for me in my trouble, as yours did; and now I'll help you to put 'em by, while John looks in the sick-room; he's a capital nurse, John is. But first take this-don't look at it now-slip it in your bosom till by-and-by, and let's get the things into the larder.'

I did as she bade me, slipping the little parcel into by bosom, and while the sailor laid off hat and coat, and crossed over into the room where Charlie lay, we took out and arranged the bountiful supplies they had brought-bottles of wine, and chickens, and rounds of beef, and golden rolls of butter, and tea and white bread, and cakes, and toys and dolls that would set my babies wild with delight.

The New Year's dawn was breaking, when they left me. Charlie slept quietly, his shattered arm newly bandaged by the sailor's skillful hand, and the babies were beginning to stir and flutter like restless birds in their nest.

I replenished the fire, and while the fragrant a glorious interest for the New Year.

coffee boiled, and the chicken browned, I sat down, and drew the little package from my bosom.

Twenty bills, of five dollars each, crisp, and fresh, and new—one hundred dollars, all my own. My little gift of mercy had brought me

THE TWO ETHELS.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Over the moorland, bleak and brown, I see the spires of Kendal town; And I hear the bells, at even, chime, Just as they did in the Norman time: And the scene returns—did I live of old, Or is the tale but "a tale that is told?"

Oh! she was lovely and fair to see, A wild, fresh rose of the "north countree." Stately in mion, yet sweet in face, None were like her for beauty or grace! But earl, or baron, they sued in vain— She loved a knight in her father's train.

The sun was setting: the vesper bell
Chimed and chimed o'er forest and fell.
In a chapel lone, in a grewsome wood,
In samite of white fair Ethel stood;
And by her Sir Roland, his sword undone,
And the priest to bless them and make them one.

But sudden the forest with mailed horse shook;
The traitor hermit flung down his book.
Steeds galloped, arms rattled, and nearer the din!
Like a thunderbolt blazing the earl burst in.
"Die, catiff," he cried. What rushes before?
Whose blood, whose life-blood, reddens the floor?

"Now God assoil me," in anguish wild,
The father prayed, "I have slain my child."
But she smiled, forgiving, "We dree our dree."
Then turned. "My Roland, I die for thee!
"Tis sweet. By fire is true love tried.
Is God not just? We'll meet"—and died.

Where banners flaunt, where helmets shine, In the far-off battles of Palestine.
'Mid charging steeds, in the press of men, Two swords dealt death to the Saracen. Together they fell in the thick of fight, The belted earl and the Red-cross knight!

Hundreds of years have come and fled, Since earl, and maiden, and knight were dead. The earl and knight, cross-legged, in stone, In the Minster sleep: but not alone; For between the two, the martyr-maid, Who gave her life for their souls, is laid.

Yet sweet, and stately, and fair as she,
Is the wife who listens and smiles on me.
"The bells," she whispers, "to both of us chime,
Just as they did in the Norman time.
If lovers are true, when the trial is past,
They meet again, they are blest at last."

EVALINE.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE, M. D.

The Summer months have passed,
"Tis dreary Autumn time,
The winds sigh through the trees—
The stars all brightly shine,
But where, oh! where art thou,
Loved Evaline?

The flowers are faded now,
The rose and eglantine,
The blue forget-me-nots,
And the honey-suckle vine;
But where, oh! where art thou,
Loved Evaline?

The Autumn sunbeams fall
Like glittering crystalline,
Upon the harvest field,
And on the muskodine;
But where, oh! where art thou,
Loved Evaline?

The Spring-time glad will come Again to this drear clime; Again will brightly bloom The wax-leafed jessamine; But where, oh! where art thou, Loved Evaline?

Alas! the winds that blow,
That blow as sweet as rhyme,
Through the dank forest trees,
And through the dark woodbine;
Echo, thou'rt gone on high,
Loved Evaline!

The moonbeams softly speak,
In voice as sweet as thine;
They say thou art at home,
Up in the land divine;
Among the spirits pure—
Loved Evaline!

And when another sleep
Hath pressed these eyes of mine,
Fil hope to find myself,
In yon bright, heavenly clime,
With thee, my love, my life,
My Evaline!

NEW GOVERNESS.

BY F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC., ETC.

"Show her in, James, and then have the breakfast things removed," answered Lady Grace Havelstock.

A handsome gentleman, of five-and-thirty, who had just risen from the table, and was leaning against the mantel-piece, moved as if to leave the room; but Lady Grace stopped him with a wave of her eye-glass.

"Don't go, Malcolm," she said, "at least not yet. I want your opinion of the new governess. From what I hear, I'm afraid she's too young and inexperienced."

"Just as you please," answered the gentleman, indifferently, retiring to the mantel-piece. At the same moment, the footman came back, saying, pompously,

"The new governess, my lady."

Lady Grace gave a start, and almost an exclamation. The new governess was dressed in mourning, and was not more than nineteen or twenty years old; she was, in fact, much more like a governess out of a novel, than the hardworked, middle-aged governess of real life. Sir Malcolm Lindisfarn, as he lounged in the background, looking at her bazily, yet critically, confessed to himself that sire was a vision of the rarest beauty. Such deep, violet eyes, such golden hair, such a perfect complexion, such a sweet, refined face, and such a graceful, flexible figure he had never seen united in one person; and few men, in his time, had seen so many lovely women.

Let us say a word about Sir Malcolm before we go further. He was not in a very good humor this morning. He had come down to his widowed sister's, Lady Grace Havelstock's, the night before, for the purpose of enjoying the September shooting, and had woke up to find a drizzling rain, that looked as if it would last for a week. This was grievance the first. Grievance the second was that his sister had attacked him, at once, on the old subject of his getting married. She had found, she said, just the young lady who was suited to him, and who was coming to visit her, fortunately, in a day or two. Now Sir Malcolm was a confirmed bachelor. He had a habit of saying, "the worst use you can put a man to, next to hanging, is marrying him."

"The new governess, my lady," said the foot- His sister's attempt at match-making, therefore, had somewhat ruffled his temper.

> "When shall I be old enough to be left in peace?" he had said. "If five-and-thirty years don't entitle a man to be freed from this sort of persecution, what amount of gray hairs will? I am ten years older in feeling than I ought to be, simply because Miss Armor, and Miss Screw, and Miss Glydden, and their friends, have been hunting me down, for years and years, as if I was a fox, or a hare, or some other noxious game."

> "But, Malcolm," Lady Grace had begun, "I can assure you that Miss-"

> "There, that is enough, Grace," he had said, rising from the table, crossly. "Thanks, of course, all the same! But I don't wish even to hear your guest's name. If there wasn't so many of your affairs to look after, I wouldn't stay. Oh! yes-don't interrupt, pray- I know she sings divinely, and all that sort of thing; speaks every language under the sun, Japanese and Sanscrit included : but you'll pardon me for begging to be excused acting the old farce over again."

It was at this juncture that the footman had come in to announce the arrival of the new governess, cutting short the colloquy between the brother and sister.

Lady Grace waited a moment or two, partly that the footman might fill his tray and leave, partly to give the new governess, who seemed embarrassed, a chance to recover herself. Lady Grace's three children, gathering at her knee, eyed the stranger with curiosity and expectancy on their faces.

"I hardly thought, my dear," said Lady Grace, at last opening the conversation," to find quite so young a person in my new governess. Let me see," she added, twirling her eye-glass, "you name is-"

The new governess had stood all this time with folded hands, modestly looking on the carpet. She now raised her eyes, and Sir Malcolm thought he had never seen such wonderful eyes before, and looked at Lady Grace. After a moment, she replied, in the sweetest of voices, with that low modulation so lovely in a woman.

"Miss Murdock. Jean Murdock."

"Ah! yes, I remember. Your father was a

Scotch clergyman. Your recommendations are so good," continued Lady Grace, smiling, encouragingly, "that I will take you, in spite of your youth. I hope we shall like each other, my dear, and that you'll like the children. You are willing to make yourself generally useful, I suppose? Have no objection to plain sewing? Will dine with the children when necessary? Thanks! I think that will do for the present. Gracie here will show you to your room, and begin to make your acquaintance, and I'll join you presently."

Now all this was only what every mother, engaging a governess, says, or at least something very like it. Most mothers, indeed, enter more into details; but then Lady Grace was really a lady, and avoided details just now, especially about salary, for she remembered that a gentleman was present. As for that gentleman, he was rather shocked, for he had never seen a governess engaged before, and the transaction struck him as rather heartless, if not worse. whether he would have felt all this if the new governess had been ugly, we will not profess to say. Or whether he would have thought of it at all, even in the case of this governess, if he had not been slightly out of humor with his sister, we cannot positively affirm.

"That's cool, anyhow," he said, as soon as they were alone. "Is this the way you talk to all governesses?"

"Why, what's the matter?" and his sister turned round, so as to face him. "I wasn't rude —was I?"

"I don't know what you call rude," replied Sir Malcolm; "but when I saw you sitting there so coolly, twirling your eye-glass, and measuring that poor girl from head to foot, while she stood like a—like a—well, like a slave in the market at Stamboul," blurting out the nearest simile he could think of. "I didn't wonder that the world was full of communists and socialists, and all sorts of red-republicans. Gad, I'd be a red myself, and cut the throats of the rich, too, if they were as supercilious as you were."

"I'm very glad you're not a red republican then," replied his sister, laughing, "for I shouldn't like to have my throat cut. But, surely, Malcolm, I wasn't supercilious? Now, be honest, and tell the truth. 'I wasn't, was I?"

"'Pon honor, Grace, I can't say. I suppose it's the way you all talk, in such cases: perhaps we men, in our line, are just as bad. But it struck me as very like buying a hunter. I suppose I'm cross this morning: so you won't mind what I say. At any rate, your Miss Murdock didn't seem to be hurt: she's used to it, I suppose, poor thing!"

"I'm afraid she's too young," answered his sister. "That's why I asked you to stay. I was told she was only twenty, but she looks a year younger."

"Every bit of it," said Sir Malcolm.

"However, she seems so gentle, and is so well recommended, and the children took to her, as you saw, at once---"

"Come, now, sister mine, that won't do," interrupted Sir Malcolm, with a hearty laugh, his good-humor all returning. "It was yourself, quite as much as the children, that took to her. But I think you've made a mistake. The girl is too young to be able to exercise authority over the kids. You've a soft heart, Grace, and you couldn't resist that modest air, and those appealing eyes. So, after asking me to stay, proposing to seek my advice, you suddenly take the matter into your own hands, and engage her at once. If you were a man, you'd have fallen in love with her. Fortunately, men are of tougher fibre, or I don't know what would become of us."

"There you go again," said Lady Grace, "with your covert sneers: you are intolerable, Malcolm, and that's the whole of it. However, I will admit that, after having asked you to stay, I ought to have taken your advice. You've been so kind to me since dear Herbert's death—I don't know what I should have done without you, in all these long, dreary years."

Sir Malcolm, who had a heart as soft as his sister's, only he would not own to it, came up to Lady Grace's chair, stooped over it, and kissed her, saying, "I would be a beast, Grace, if I didn't do everything I could for you. There are only we two left." With these words, as if suddenly conscious he had been "making a fool of himself," as he often phrased it, when he thus gave way to the honest sentiments of his nature, he turned abruptly, and left the room.

The weather cleared somewhat after awhile, and Sir Malcolm took his gun and went out. But the sport was indifferent, and he soon returned. Going into the breakfast-room, on his way up stairs, he saw, to his surprise, the new governess sitting there, sewing on a child's white apron. He had come in, it must be admitted, to dry himself at the fire that was always kept there, and he was not a little annoyed. "Deuce take it," he said to himself, "I can't do it while she's here. Why don't she stick to the nursery?" Then he added aloud, "Good-morning. It is Miss Murdock, I believe."

"Yes! it is Miss Murdock," said the new governess, looking up demurely, and rising as if to leave the room.

Now Sir Malcolm was a gentleman, not merely

a conventional one, but a gentleman by nature, Woman-hater, as he called himself, he still had that chivalrous feeling toward every one of the opposite sex, which is, after all, the surest test of the real knightly character.

"Pray," he said, therefore, "don't let me disturb you. Nay, I beg of you."

"But," answered the new governess, laying her work into a little basket, which stood on the table, "it is time for me to go to the children. You do not disturb me," and with a faint smile, and no little embarrassment, she went out of the room.

Sir Malcolm followed, renewing his protestations; but it either was time for her to go, or she was too shy to remain where he was, and so persisted in retiring. This, strange to say, made him cross again, and he went up to his room, wet as he was, and though he knew there was no fire there.

That day, at dinner, the new governess did not make her appearance. At first, Sir Malcolm had not thought of it; but when the meal was half over, he remembered her, and asked his sister where she was.

"She dined, to-day, with the children," replied Lady Grace. "I want her to get acquainted with them. Besides, she has a good deal to do—unpacking, you know, and getting settled in her room—and she asked to be excused. To-morrow, perhaps, she'll come down. I want to treat her as kindly as possible, after what you said of my superciliousness."

"Ah! Yes, to be sure," said Sir Malcolm, and made no other remark. But, perhaps, if he had analyzed his feelings, he would have owned to a little surprise, if not some slight degree of disappointment, that any woman, much less a governess, should be indifferent as to meeting him at dinner.

The next day, after breakfast, Sir Malcolm went out again with his gun, though it was raining worse than ever. In the school-room, up stairs, the new governess heard the solitary crack of his gun, now distant, now nearer, all the morning. When he returned, an hour after noon, the lessons had been laid aside, and through the open door of the nursery, Sir Malcolm caught sight of the children at dinner; but the new governess was not with them; and going on to his room, he found a bright fire burning there, an easy chair wheeled before it, and the new governess standing on the hearth, quietly warming his slippers.

She blushed, at first, to find herself caught unawares, but immediately rallied.

"Lady Grace said you would be wet," she re- \ "None, Sir Malcolm marked, as if her presence there was the most ladyship dines alone."

natural thing in the world, "and so ordered a fire to be made, especially as I had told her that you wouldn't stay down stairs yesterday, when you found me in the sitting-room. She asked me, or rather directed me," added the new governess, emphasizing the word, with another slight blush, and the least trace of embarrassment, "to come in and see that your slippers were warmed, as she was herself busy writing letters. But why did you go out?" she suddenly asked, in quite a matter-of-fact manner. "You must have known you would get wet."

"There was nothing to be gained by staying at home," he replied.

"You had better put on your slippers at once, Sir Malcolm," she answered. "I see your feet are quite wet."

He would have liked, very much, to have detained her a few minutes; but she put that out of the question by leaving him immediately.

"You must let me thank you," he barely found time to say, as she departed.

"You are very welcome," she answered; "but at the same time, I consider such things as part of the duties I have to perform."

There is nothing in the world which so intensely pleases a man as the little attentions which none but a woman can pay him. Ravelstoke was unusually alive to such attentions. From his boyhood, his life had been a solitary one, spent in lonely roamings over the world, and now, at five-and-thirty years of age, he often felt a need which he never acknowledged to himself. Long after the new governess had quitted the room, he sat before the fire musing, and luxuriating in the comfort she had left behind her. Gradually there came up to him the thought that it would be very pleasant, very pleasant indeed, to have some one to care for him in this manner every day.

"Jean Murdock," he found himself saying.

"Just such a name as suits her thoroughly. The
very sound to go with that sweet face and those
serene eyes."

When the dinner-bell sounded, he suddenly awakened to a new annoyance, in the recollection of Lady Grace's visitor. What if she had come, and he was doomed to undergo the ancient martyrdom once again?

"Now, if it had been this little Jean, in her black dress, a fellow could stand it," he grumbled, as he went down stairs; "but, great heavens! a second Miss Armor?"

"Any visitors, Betters?" he said to a manservant, who was passing through the hall.

"None, Sir Malcolm," was the reply. "Her ladyship dines alone."

"Thank fortune, there's no Miss Armor, at least," he muttered, as he entered the dining-room.

"I thought your divinity was to arrive to-day, Grace," he remarked, at dessert.

"I have just received the news that circumstances will detain her in town a few days," said Lady Havelstock, smiling faintly, as she picked over her purple grapes, with the handsomest of plump white fingers. "Don't look so ridiculously happy, Malcolm. We may expect her in a day or so."

Probably Sir Malcolm had looked happy, for certainly he had felt relieved.

"Then the trunks, the ten trunks I saw, this morning, in the hall, are a premature arrival," he said, with a little malicious triumph in the idea of the young lady's annoyance at their absence, "or has she ten more in reserve?"

"Probably," laughed Lady Havelstock. "At all events they remain here until she comes."

"And at all events," said Sir Malcolm, going up stairs after dinner, "I shall have the opportunity of cultivating this clear-voiced little governess without being interfered with. I wonder why she didn't come down to-day, either?"

Now do not imagine, my readers, that Sir Malcolm had fallen in love, at first sight, with the new governess, for really he had done no such thing. He merely felt the same, self-willed, curious interest he would have felt in any other novelty. At the same time, I do not pretend to say that such an interest was not a dangerous one, at least, for a middle-aged, unmarried man to feel in a young and beautiful girl; but at present he was merely amused and pleased with her. He looked at the nursery-door, as he passed it, but it was closed, and he could only hear an occasional word from the children. He did not even catch a glimpse of the black dress through the remainder of the day, and for the two days following. He wondered at this. "Why don't she come down to dinner?" he said. "Can she be annoyed at having been discovered in my room?" So, on the evening of the third day. finding himself near the school-room, he walked in, and discovered Jean Murdock sitting at the window, sewing again.

She did not look much surprised at seeing him. It was evident that, in her practical fashion, she had discovered at once that he was a privileged person, and accordingly accepted his peculiarities as a matter of fact.

"I suppose you do not object to visitors," he said, taking in at a rapid glance her unmoved face, the plain dress, and an innocent white ruffle at the whiter throat.

"I suppose not," she answered, "or, at least, Lady Havelstock—"

"Lady Havelstock has nothing to do with it," he interrupted, not very politely. "I asked if you objected."

"Ah! I? Certainly not. Would it matter much if I did?"

"To me it would," he answered, brusquely. "May I sit down, Miss Murdock?"

"There is a chair," she said, in much the same tone she would have used to one of her young pupils.

He drew it to the window, and took a seat in it, with a vague idea that this commonplace little governess had an odd sort of power over him, through her very calmness of manner. other governess would have blushed, he said inwardly; ten to one looked embarrassed, and made a little simpleton of herself; but this young person merely submitted to his presence, as she submitted to the presence of Lady Havelstock's cherubs, and allowed him to seat himself as if instead of Sir Malcolm Lindisfarn, he was only plain Mr. Smith. How smooth her shining hair was, he said to himself, and what a wonderful quantity of it must be twisted in that soft-looking golden coil, at the back of her shapely head! Governess, or not, there was a thorough-bred air about her, which no one could fail to see at the first glance. And then how beautiful she was!

"Do you never lay that everlasting sewing aside?" he asked, at last.

"Sometimes," she answered. "But just now I happen to be rather more busy than usual."

It might have been meant as a quiet hint, but Sir Malcolm ignored it with singular obtuseness. A certain very masculine self-will was one of the chief traits in his character, and just now he had no inclination to abandon his intention of studying his sister's governess.

Unceremonious and eccentric as he occasionally was, he was a man with great power of fascination, when he chose to exercise it. He had never chosen to exercise it upon Lady Grace's divinities, and now, wonderful to relate, for almost the first time in his life, he considered "the game worth the candle." Before half an hour had passed, he had the pleasure of seeing the quiet, reticent eyes brighten in an odd, swift surprise. The capable face proved itself even more capable than he imagined it could be. When the new governess grew eager, a bright glow of color warmed her smooth tea-rose skin, like a touch of sun-light; and when she laughed, which was rarely, she laughed much as a brown linnet sings, with the freshest thrill of music he had ever heard.

By a little skillful questioning, he led her to speak of herself, though, to tell the truth, she was rather reserved in her answers. "I am an orphan, as you know, and think occupation may give me back my interest in life," she said. "So you see me here a governess. I have no near relations to protect me," she said, when she had ended her commonplace little story, "so I had to protect myself." And as she said it, her quiet endurance gave Sir Malcolm a novel sense of Such is the inconsistency of mankind, that her calmness irritated him, and for the first time in the course of their brief acquaintance. he would rather have seen her less self-reliant.

"Is it very easy?" he asked, with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"Easy to protect oneself?" sighing a little, "I hardly know as yet. As long as one can earn one's bread and butter, you know, it can't be very difficult; but, unfortunately, people grow old. I wonder," she added, with a naive little anxiety in her voice, "whether I shall have saved enough to live upon by the time I am fifty years old. I once heard of a governess who did."

"Great heavens!" he broke out. "Is that what you look forward to?"

She glanced up in surprise.

"Why not? One might buy a little house, you know, and live in it by oneself, like the fairy godmother in story-books."

"Don't talk so, for pity's sake," he said, with passion enough in his voice for a man of twenty. "You don't know what you are saying. There should be years of love and happiness before a girl like you, and you are wrong in not hoping for them."

He forgot himself, in his momentary excitement, and spoke as he had often felt. Glancing at the bent face, curiously enough, he saw that the creamy cheek was fairly flooded with color. For a few minutes Jean Murdock did not even utter a word.

"A girl of nineteen has no right to be desolate," he said, in his brusque fashion. "Let me be your friend. I'm old enough, I hope." This last with a slight bitterness.

"How old are you?" she asked, that odd touch of satire in her tone. She had recovered herself by this time.

"Thirty-five," he answered, savagely, ashamed of himself for feeling so reluctant to tell her the truth. "Not very young, is it?"

"Not very old, either. Yet one ought to have outgrown the follies of youth, by that time."

He scrutinized her keenly. She could express a great deal in that soft voice of hers. For a moment he felt rather dubious as to her exact (Malcolm's glance at her, as she bowed to him

meaning; but, as usual, there was nothing to be learned from her unmoved face.

But he was not to be baffled, and when he rose to go away, he returned to his question.

"You have not answered me," he said. "I asked you if we could not be friends?"

She looked up at him, with a sort of half surprise.

"I am only Lady Havelstock's governess," she said, a trifle reprovingly. "And you are Sir Malcolm Lindisfarn."

He was almost angered.

"Need that interfere with our friendship?" he questioned, a little savagely.

"It puts it out of the question," she answered decidedly. "Don't think me ungrateful, if you please. I don't mean to be; but don't you see that Lady Havelstock might not like it?"

He paused for a moment, ready to be quite angry; but glancing down at the quiet face, he noticed the faintest suspicion of an appeal upon it, and taking a practical view of the case, he saw that perhaps he had made a slight mistake.

She was quick-sighted enough to discover, at once, that he had not misunderstood her, and, seeing it, held out her hand to him with a pretty, frank gesture. "We shall not be enemies, I am sure," she said, the appeal which had been in her eyes touching her voice. "I really feel your kindness very much, Sir Malcolm; but please do not forget that I ---- Well, that I am only Jean Murdock."

Sir Malcolm went down stairs, with a more thoughtful face than he had worn for many a day. "Only Jean Murdock" had touched him even more than he was willing to confess. She had been quite right after all. Pleasant and harmless as this hour in the nursery had been, Lady Havelstock was, like many other women, not very merciful in her censures upon any slight appearance of imprudence. An odd fate, it seemed, which had given Lady Grace's divinities their thousands, and made this thoroughbred little creature "only Jean Murdock." He was thinking of this, quite seriously, on his way to the parlor; but as he crossed the hall, the train of his thought was broken, for a side-door opened, and Lady Havelstock came out, and met him half way.

"Where have you been, Malcolm?" she said. "I have been looking for you everywhere. Miss Laureston has come, and is in the drawing-

Blanche Laureston was a handsome woman. of five-and-twenty, and quite showy enough to justify the presence of the ten trunks; but Sir under the great drawing-room chandelier, satisfied him fully that his sister had made a greater mistake than ever in the choice of a wife for him. Nor did a further acquaintance modify this unfavorable opinion. Miss Laureston was a mere woman of fashion, devoted to dress and company, without a single original idea, but with a good deal of that sly malice which belongs to so many of this class, especially if they are a little faded, as she was begining to be.

In one respect, Miss Laureston's coming made a change. Jean Murdock now appeared, daily, at the dinner-table. We must confess, that, while this pleased Sir Malcolm, on the whole, it brought with it a feeling something like mortified pride. "She has staid away on my account," he said. "Her headaches were all sham. I wish the proprieties were at the deuce, and Lady Grace also, if she has anything to do with it," he added, crossly.

It was useless for Miss Laureston to don her freshest toilets for the purpose of bewildering Sir Malcolm. He was not easily bewildered, and showed his indifference in a manner which, to say the least, was highly impolite.

On one occasion, when, after the fashion of dangerous young ladies, she had asked his advice as to the color of some dainty article of dress, he had actually turned to Jean Murdock, who chanced to be in the room, and, after glancing at her attire, had deliberately advised black as the most becoming shade which could be worn.

We said Jean Murdock happened to be in the room. During the hours which she did not spend with her pupils, she was now generally in the parlors. She sat next to Miss Laureston at dinner, demurcly meeting that young lady's well-bred superciliousness, with a humility which was highly creditable. She replied to Miss Laureston's slight impertinences with due propriety; she listened to Miss Laureston's performances in the evening in respectful silence; and altogether with so unmoved and serene an air that Sir Malcolm was at a loss to understand what it might mean. Her replies were always sufficiently pointed, as far as he was concerned, and her greatest charm to him had been her ungoverness-like little dashes of spirit and straightforwardness. Was it possible she was afraid of Miss Laureston?

The bare idea of the thing was too much for his not all-enduring patience, and, accordingly, one evening, when the fair visitor had been rather more pointed than usual in her delicately expressed patronage, he lost control over himself, and spoke his mind.

"Why don't you give that girl a lesson?"

he demanded, unceremoniously, finding himself alone with Jean for a few minutes.

"What girl?" she asked, innocently, looking up from her book, for he had left his place, and was standing near her.

"The amiable Laureston," he answered, with a faint sneer. "She needs one."

"Perhaps so," was the quiet comment; "but would it be acceptable from Lady Havelstock's governess?"

"It would be well merited," he returned. "You are not afraid of her, are you? Promise me you will give her one, some day."

Almost unconsciously he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"As I don't happen to stand in any very great awe of the young lady, possibly I may—some day. Excuse me, Sir Malcolm, but——" and she glanced down at his hand, with a touch of not very well pleased color.

He withdrew it instantly.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Forgive me, Jean."

"I shall not forgive you if you call me Jean," she said, concisely. "Lady Havelstock's governess."

"What has Lady Havelstock to do with it?" he broke out, impatiently. "If I love you-"

What more he might have said is a thing unknown, for Jean Murdock rose, closing her book with the most placid of faces.

"If I were Miss Laureston, Sir Malcolm," she said, "you might possibly be privileged to talk nonsense to me, but, under existing circumstances, I think I had better go back to the school-room."

Before he had time to say anything more, she was gone.

"Heavens! have I offended her?" said Sir Malcolm. "What shall I do?"

Sir Malcolm, you see, had fallen in love at last. What women of high rank had been unable to accomplish, a self-reliant, modest little governess had brought about. Perhaps, because he had been so long invulnerable, he was now all the more in earnest.

He hoped for awhile she would come back. He paced the drawing-room like a caged lion, but she did not make her appearance. Finally, he went to bed, out of humor with himself and everything else.

"Is not your governess rather a presuming young person?" asked Miss Laureston, of Lady Grace, in the course of the following morning.

"Presuming?" echoed her ladyship, no slight surprise showing itself in her tone. "I hope not. Why do you ask?" Miss Laureston bent a little lower over her embroidery, with a suspicion of color on her cheek.

"Merely from curiosity. Pray don't consider me officious, Lady Havelstock, but really, once or twice I have fancied that——"

"You have fancied?" put in Lady Grace, a thought coldly, filling up the young lady's pause.

"That her manner toward Sir Malcolm was somewhat familiar. I may be wrong, but it has appeared so to me."

"I think it must be fancy," was Lady Havelstock's quiet remark. "I have never observed it."

But, quietly as she had met the matter, it is possible that her ladyship thought it worth while to remove temptation from her brother's path, at least as far as was possible. So the black dress was again absent from its place at the dinner-table. Blanche Laureston was prepared for this, for, trifling with her luncheon, she had heard her hostess say to one of the servants,

"You will tell the housekeeper that Miss Murdock, after this, dines with the children, Betters."

Sir Malcolm heard it also. He glanced at his sister quickly, and reading nothing in her apparently unconscious face, relapsed into non-communicativeness.

In the meantime, in the school-room, Jean Murdock applied herself diligently to arithmetic and French grammar. Day after day passed, yet she still continued invisible. Sir Malcolm grew savage. He watched to waylay her, but never succeeded. The school-room door, too, strange to say, was always locked.

A week passed—Sir Malcolm angrily taciturn, Lady Havelstock serenely unconscious, Miss Laureston as innocently triumphant as it is possible for a well-bred young lady to be.

One morning, a servant brought a note into the nursery for Jean Murdock, which Sir Malcolm had left before going out, ordering it to be delivered at once. There were only a few lines in it, but they were very characteristic. It ran thus:

"Jean—I will bear this no longer. You shall not seclude yourself from me. I will know the worst. I love only one woman under the face of heaven, and to-night that woman must decide my fate. When I asked you to call me your friend, you confronted me with Lady Havelstock; but Lady Havelstock has nothing to do with the question, to which a woman can only answer either yes or no.

Lindisfarn."

This brief but expressive missive, Jean Murdock read once, twice, even three times, and then

laying it aside, turned to the French grammar again; but it would have been a difficult matter to decide from her serene face what the answer was to be.

It was not very late when Sir Malcolm returned home. Perhaps he was as anxious to hear his fate decided as a younger man would have been. At any rate he was earlier than usual. But, alas! for his ardor: the new governess had baffled him again. She was seated in the drawing-room, sewing quietly, as usual, and apparently quite undisturbed by the presence of Lady Grace and Miss Laureston. She did not even blush, when he entered. She merely looked up, with a self-possessed little nod, which, if one is to believe the poets, was not very promising. What did it mean? There was only one thing to be done, to wait patiently until an opportunity offered itself, and then be determined. His strong self-will stood Sir Malcolm in good stead that night, though he was tried sorely. But at last Miss Laureston left the room, and then he rose coolly, and went over to Miss Murdock.

"Must I speak before Lady Havelstock?" he asked. "I am determined to speak, Jean."

"I think Lady Havelstock may hear anything you have to say," was the brief reply.

He turned to Lady Grace at once.

"Grace," he said, with a steady determination, which was not unbecoming. "I love your governess honestly, and carnestly, and I am determined to tell her so. If she would have given me the opportunity, I would have told her so before; but since she would not, I tell her in your presence. When a man of my age loves a woman honestly, he has only two things to say to her. The first is, 'I love you;' the second, 'Will you be my wife?' Having said both of which things to your governess, I await her ans ver."

By the time he had finished speaking, Jean Murdock was standing before him, a bright glow in her violet eyes, a vivid color on her cheeks.

"Lady Havelstock," she said. "Tell this gentleman how he has been deceived."

"Tell him yourself, Jean," said Lady Grace, with an affectionate smile. "He will like it better."

"Perhaps he will," said the new governess, a denure smile touching her lips. "Sir Malcolm, you have spoken very honorably and generously; but you have made a mistake. You have said that you love Lady Havelstock's governess, and Lady Havelstock's governess is not—— Well, not Jean Murdock."

Sir Malcolm turned, mystified, to his sister.

"Grace," he asked, "what does this mean?"

"What Jean has told you," she answered. "There is a mistake---

"And 'Jean Murdock'-" he began.

"Is 'Jean Murdock' still," said that person; "but not Lady Havelstock's governess."

"The young lady you were so much afraid of, Malcolm," said Lady Grace, a little maliciously. "And your probation has been your punishment. It was a little plot, not of Jean's, but of mine; and if anybody is to blame, it is I. The morning she arrived, I expected, not Jean, but a new governess. The servants knew it, and when Jean appeared, in a fly from the station, having come two days sooner than she had intended, they took her, in her simple black dress, for the new governess, and announced her, as you remember, for such. For an instant, when she entered, I was struck dumb, and came near betraying myself. Then, all at once, there flashed across me the possibility of the little plot I have carried out. I knew that you would be prejudiced against Jean in her proper person, and never give yourself a chance to see her good qualities. Oh! you needn't shake your head: I know you better than you know yourself. I knew also that Jean was afraid of being married for her money, for she has a fortune, sir, that might be an inducement even to a rich young baronet. So I received her as the veritable governess, and, perhaps, in playing my part, a little overdid it, as you took care to tell me at the time. Jean could not imagine what I meant; but she saw I meant something; and she obeyed my lead. She is quick enough," with a smile at Jean, "as, perhaps, you have found out by this time. When I joined her up-stairs, and unfolded my plot to her, I had great difficulty in winning her consent to it; nor do I think I would have succeeded, if she had not committed herself already in the breakfast-room, to the character of the new governess. The Scottish clergyman was a suggestion of my own, because the real governess is the daughter of one. I had to telegraph to her, that very day, not to come for awhile yet; but I suppose I may send for her at once now; though I doubt if the children will ever like her as well as they liked Jean Murdock. Now I will leave you to yourselves."

When the door had closed on Lady Grace, Jean turned to her companion, her eyes and cheeks all aglow.

"I did not intend it, you see, at first; I could not have begun it deliberately; but what woman would not have been tempted to try her power, when the mistake as to her position had been already made? And then-"

"Don't tell me anything more just yet," he said. "At five-and-thirty years of age a man cannot afford to lose one moment's happiness, even for a denouement. I asked you a question, Jean, and, rich or poor, governess or not, I want an answer, for it is to the woman, and not to her surroundings that I speak—is it to be 'yes,' or

"It is to be 'yes,' " she said softly, and laid her hand in his.

He took her in his arms, and kissed her.

THE WOODS.

BY G. J. WILSON.

By the sweet woodland stream,

Alone, as through the leafy shade I wander,

'Neath the o'er-hanging green,

Long while, the pure enrapturing scene I ponder.

The valley, deep and broad,

Where quiet reigns, and peace, from morn to even; Surely the house of God

Is the wide forest, and the gate of heaven!

Wild fern, and foliage fair,

Grace the rude margin of the rippling waters;

In vesture, rich and rare,

Smile, near and far, the brawling brooklets' daughters.

Against the eastern sky,

Gigantic birches loom, like ancient columns;

And maples, towering high,

Whereon the tempests of an age have fallen.

Through the august array-

Through the proud forest, gleams the sun of morning;

Green leaf and moistening spray,

Glow in the radiance, all the vale adorning.

Far from life's busy stage,

How sweet, upon the downy orake reposing!

And nature's wondrous page,

Fresh beauties ever to the sight disclosing.

Sweet/solitude! secure

And undisturbed, by sin or ill's invasion!

How like a fairy dream!

How like the glories of the new creation!

Oh, Lord! to us restore

The field and wood, with friends we love and cherish! When time shall be no more,

Let not the earth, with all that's lovely, perish!

Let the secluded place,

The desert, and the wilderness, again

Declare thy plenteous grace!

For thine the power and glory be-Amen!

ONLY HER INDIA-RUBBER!

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

OVERHEAD, the clearest and brightest of winter skies, with its accompanying sunshine; under foot, a mixture of snow and mud, which, together, made a slippery combination of slush.

It was the first pleasant morning in two weeks, and, in fashionable parlance, "everybody" was on Fifth Avenue, and the street looked like a gorgeous tropical bouquet, with its many-colored costumes, and nodding feathers.

Thorne Wyndham stood in the window of the Club, with an odd, lonely pain tugging at his heart-strings. He wished he could see one face among that busy crowd, that would grow brighter under his gaze. Ah, well! one must learn that you cannot stay away from town for four years without paying the penalty of being forgotten. And he glanced involuntarily at the hat he held in his hand, with its deep crape-band, and thought of the father whom he had left sleeping calmly under the soft Italian skies a twelvementh ago. To be sure, he had uncles and cousins, a score of them, who only needed to know of his arrival by yesterday's steamer, to make a lion of the wealthy young bachelor; but then—

"Hollo! what's the matter with the little girl?" demanded several voices.

Below them, just at the cross-walk, were two young ladies, one crimsoning very much, and evidently aware of the club-gazers, and the other engaged in a futile attempt to regain her indiarubber, which had stuck fast in the mud and slush before mentioned. The little owner of the recreant shoe was evidently determined to possess herself of it, if possible, and she gave it a sly kick, thereby displaying the prettiest foot and ankle imaginable. But the perverse rubber, instead of going up on the side-walk, bounded directly against a large, portly matron, who drew her velvet dress aside with a vexed exclamation, as she looked daggers and needles at the audacious young woman who was playing foot-ball on Fifth Avenue. And then, having received this additional impetus, the malicious rubber gave a bound of three feet, and sailed off into the gutter.

She could not help it! Cecile Hesketh laughed, and as she did so, gave an unwitting glance upward, and met a pair of dark-blue eyes looking soberly at her, that brought the soft, rose-pink into her checks, and made her hurry past, say-to her companion,

"I declare, Caro, I never saw any race of mortals stare as you New-Yorkers do! As if there wasn't a place public enough for me to lose my rubber except just in front of the Union Club;" and in another moment the pair were out of sight among the swiftly-passing crowd.

"Are you going back to the hotel, Wyndham?" asked Frank Wilmerding, as his friend moved swiftly to the door.

"No," said Thorne, with a half laugh. "I'm going to send Brian for that unlucky indiarubber;" and he passed out to the hall.

Wilmerding, and the others standing in the window, saw Wyndham's servant go down the steps, and after fishing in the gutter for a second with his master's cane, up came the dripping sandal, and Brian, rolling it up in a piece of brown paper, came back and delivered it to Wyndham.

"There it is," said Wyndham, laughing, as he displayed its tiny proportions, "and it would take a foot fit for Cinderella to get into it. Does any one know who she was?"

"No," said several voices.

"Not a New-Yorker," said Frank Wilmerding, decidedly. He knew "everybody," and could afford to be positive.

"I don't know who she is," said a gentleman who had just joined the party, "but I can tell you where she lives."

"Where, Leigh?" shouted the laughing chorus.

"In Thirty-eighth street, four doors from the corner, east," said Leigh; and having thus afforded Wyndham the information desired, he walked back to his post in another window, with a very mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Give it to me, Thorne, and I'll take measures to find out her name," said Wilmerding, eagerly. But Thorne Wyndham shook his head, and buttoned the tiny rubber snugly in his coat-pocket.

"What are you going to do with it?" demanded his friend, in a rather vexed voice.

"Keep it," said Wyndham, coolly. "I'll bet you five to one that I'll introduce you to the young lady in three weeks."

"I'll take it," said the other.

Thorne Wyndham was certainly bewitched, for as he sat smoking in his room at the Albemarle that night, he brought out the india-rubber, and surveyed it with curious pertinacity. "It is odd how that child's face haunts me," he said, half aloud. "Pretty little pansy-eyed Cecile! I wonder if she is married yet! How vexed aunt Davenport used to be when I called her my little wife. And this is the second time I have caught a glimpse of somebody that reminds me of her. Once in the gardens at Dresden, though D'Esture swore that face was English or Austrian, and now, to-day, in that pretty creature on the Avenue."

He mused awhile, and then rang the bell for his body-servant, Brian Neasy, a real, rollicking, fun-loving Irishman.

"I wanted to know if you have your old orderly's uniform in any of the trunks down stairs, or is it detained at the custom-house?"

"Are we going intil the army again, sir? Faix, axing yer pardon for the question. The uniform, is it? Yes sir—it's below."

"Then, brush it off, in the morning, and bring it to me, after breakfast."

"An' meself inside it!" asked Brian, mystified.

"No; I want to borrow it," with a slight flush of color. "I'm going masquerading."

It did not take long for Wyndham, the next day, to reach Thirty-eight street. "Four doors from the corner, east," was soon found. On the door-plate was "Hammersley" engraved in large letters.

Now, it so happened, that Caro Hammersley was sitting in an easy-chair, in the library, at the head of the stairs, waiting somewhat impatiently for lunch, and, hearing the bell, she peeped over the bannisters, and seeing (not very distinctly, through the vestibule door) a soldier's cap, she jumped at the idea that it must be her cousin Charley, a West Point cadet, who was in the habit of running down to see her, occasionally, and so she flew down stairs, and opened the door herself.

"Oh!" said Miss Hammersley, abruptly, as the tall figure of a stranger turned and faced her.

Thorne was slightly taken aback for an instant. In the first place, this was a young lady, and not the servant he had expected to see; and secondly, she did not bear the slightest resemblance to the face he had been dreaming about.

So his nicely-arranged speech of inquiry flew out of his memory, and he said the very first thing that came into his head.

"I beg your pardon ma'am; have you lost an india-rubber?"

Caro opened her eyes very wide, and stared at him, as he stood before her, cap in hand.

"An india-rubber?" said she, slowly. "I don't know; who sent you here?"

Thorne had by this time recovered his wits.

"If you please, miss, did you lose a rubber yesterday morning, in front of the Union Club? My master saw you drop it——"

"Yes," said Caro, hastily, the episode of yesterday returning to her, suddenly. "I remember. Who did you say sent you?"

Miss Hammersley was by no means averse to an adventure; it was hardly necessary to tell the servant that it was Cecile who lost the sandal, instead of herself.

But Thorne was not to be trapped so easily.

"Mr.—," hesitating. "The captain said it wasn't necessary to leave his name."

Here he stepped inside the door, and took the rubber out of his pocket.

"But, if you please, miss, I was not to leave the rubber, unless it fitted!"

Miss Hammersley flushed up to the very roots of her hair. "I never heard anything so absurd in my life," said she, in a tone divided between mirth and vexation. "Give it to me," and down she sat, on the lowest step of the stair, to try on the sandal.

But that ridiculous article was as perverse as its ancient prototype, Cinderella's glass-slipper, and pull hard as she might, the rubber was at least two sizes too small for her foot, and refused all coaxing. It would not go on. And there stood that very well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking orderly, watching her efforts with an odd twinkle in his eyes that exasperated her.

"It doesn't fit me," said she, at last, with the best grace she could muster. "But you may leave it. It belongs to the young lady whom I was walking with."

"Your sister?" asked Thorne, with sudden interest, forgetting himself.

"No," said Miss Hammersley, shortly. Then she repented; her woman's curiosity was considerably excited. "The young lady to whom the rubber belongs went out of town this morning; if you leave it, I will send it to her."

Thorne hesitated for half a minute.

"I thank you, Miss. My master said I must bring it back unless I found the owner. Perhaps you'd give me the address?"

"It's the most singular thing I ever heard of," thought Miss Hammersley, and she was upon the point of complying with his request, when, glancing up at him, as she sat below him on the stair, she caught a glimpse of the seal-ring, which Thorne had carefully turged in toward his palm, but which, in the present position of both parties, was visible. The incongruity of it struck her instantly; she suspected a hoax, and changed her mind.

"No; very possibly she would object. But

she will be back here in April, and if you choose to call again, I will tell her you kept it. James," to the servant, just arrived from down stairs, "show this person out."

With this abrupt dismissal, and quite an emphasis on the "person," off swept provoked Miss Hammersley, while Thorne, with an amused consciousness of having been called "a person," for the first time in his life, put the little rubber safely in his pocket, and left the house.

The story of his failure was rather too good to keep, and Frank Wilmerding had the benefit of it the first time the friends met. Frank enjoyed his laugh heartily, but vowed that he knew who the Hammersleys were, and that Thorne should be introduced to the young lady and her mysterious friend, if he would accept his (Frank's) good offices. These, however, Thorne declined, being determined to follow up his adventure himself, unassisted. And, during the three weeks that followed, Thorne's aunts and uncles (before mentioned,) found him out, and he was dined, and lunched, and breakfasted by the entire clan, and aunt Davenport pressed him strongly to make her house his home. But Thorne refused, although his cousin, Grace Davenport, had grown into a very handsome girl, and did not appear at all averse to receiving his cousinly attentions.

It was a little odd, however, that he never could obtain any information of that other, faraway cousin, whom he used to call his "little wife," pretty Cecile Hesketh. That is, any information to speak of. One day, when aunt Davenport was in a particularly gracious mood, for Thorne had just sent Grace a magnificent basket of flowers and fruit, he asked a few questions, which the lady answered with studied carelessness.

"Cecile? Oh, yes! She was grown up, now; but could not have much polish, poor child, up among the mountains, in the little village where cousin Amy chose to bury herself. Hesketh died, months ago, and Cecile and her mother managed the farm, if there was a farm." Mrs Davenport evidently had cloudy recollections of the Heskeths. "Grace was always very fond of Cecile," hinted the mamma, adroitly, "but she did not continue writing when her letters remained unanswered Oh, my dear Thorne! have you accepted for the Russel's dinner on the twelfth?"

Thorne assented, and resignedly dropped the subject of Cecile; but he was destined not to appear at the dinner party, for, two days before it, he received an urgent business summons to Boston, and he only had time to leave a line for aunt Davenport, begging her to make his excuses

to the Russells, and caught the eastern train, just as it was moving out of the depot. He had taken the night express, expecting to reach Boston at six o'clock the next morning, and composed himself comfortably in his section of the sleeping car. But he never reached Boston on that trip, for, some distance beyond Springfield, there was a terrible accident. Nobody to blame, of course, although two trains collided, and several people were killed, and many more bruised and wounded. The first that Thorne knew about the matter was the shock of being thrown violently for some distance-then blissful unconsciousness; and upon recovering his senses, he realized that he was lying on the ground, in the snow, unable to move, from a dead weight of something on his left leg, and an agonizing pain in his arm. By-and-by voices sounded about him, and he called for help, which, when it came, caused him more agony than ever, and he only knew that kind hands were carrying him off, somewhere, and that every step brought a jar of pain with it. Then he saw, dimly, lights, a warm room, several frightened women's faces, and finally everything floated off into oblivion again, as his bearers laid him down.

When he came to himself, he found that somebody was putting his arm into what felt like splints. For a moment he thought he was back in the army, and he said, faintly, "How's the fight gone, doctor? Did our fellows carry that battery?"

"He must be a soldier!" said a soft voice, behind him.

Thorne heard the whisper.

"Now I remember! I am going to Boston-"

"Not to-night, my dear sir," said the gentle-manly-looking man, whose fingers were busy about the arm. "Let me introduce myself as Dr. Waisingham, and this is my house, where my wife and I will do our best to take care of you. Your servant is here," and Brian pressed forward. "And now, let me look at that ankle. Just as I thought. You have wrenched it pretty severely, and I shouldn't be surprised if it took longer to recover than your arm."

Thorne was dismayed, but there was no help for it; and after the doctor had done all in his power to alleviate the pain, he administered a powerful anodyne, under the effect of which Thorne finally fell asleep.

But, although he had the best of care and nursing, rendered, too, in such a kindly, whole-souled fashion, that it touched him strongly, Thorne recovered slowly. His arm got along famously; but the doctor's prediction was a true one, in regard to the ankle. And, like all unfortunates afflicted with a sprain, Thorne grew

very impatient, or, as Brian expressed it, he "niver saw the young masther so cross." Mrs. Walsingham, the doctor's blithe little wife, to whom Brian stated the case confidentially, laughed merrily.

"Well, Brian," said she, "we must endeavor to cheer him up a little. A very pretty young lady, a friend of mine, is coming from Pomfret to visit me, and you may tell Mr. Wyndham, from me, that we will make him a call after dinner to-day."

Thorne brightened visibly when Brian delivered Mrs. Walsingham's message, and he managed to make himself presentable for visitors in a wrapper faced with blue silk, and, after his dinner, arranged himself to his satisfaction upon the sofa, and gave a benign assent, when Brian asked if he should go for the ladies. This was by no means Mrs. Walsingham's first call, and Thorne's face wore a smile of pleasure as the blithe, cheery voice announced, at the threshold,

"Here I come, Mr. Wyndham, but only on condition that you'll send me away when you begin to feel tired. And I think of bringing a good Samaritan with me; unless you are too misanthropic to care to see a young lady."

"By no means," said Thorne, animatedly, "if she will pardon my inability to rise and--"

A little rustle of sweeping, soft robes, a light step on the floor—a rosebud face, brightening with blushes and mischief, and then, two amazed ejaculations,

"Thorne!"

"Cecile! Little Cecile!"

Mrs. Walsingham drew a long breath of utter astonishment. "Why didn't you say you knew him, Cecile," said she.

"How could I?" asked Cecile, giving Thorne her little hand, as she dropped down on a stool beside him. "'Mr. Wyndham' conveyed very vague ideas to my mind; but *Thorne*—— Why, Lucy, I've known him since I was a wee child."

"Yes," said Thorne, detaining the hand for half a second, and feeling absurdly annoyed at her sisterly tone. "I used to be very grandfatherly in those days. I believe I called her my 'little wife,' Mrs. Walsingham."

He had his revenge, for Ceeil blushed charm ingly. She evidently had ceased to regard him in a grandfatherly light.

How the afternoon fled away! Thorne could hardly believe it was tea-time when Brian brought in the lights, and he begged so hard for companionship, that Mrs. Walsingham good-naturedly ordered the tea served there; and the ladies stayed chatting with him until the doctor

returned, and ordered them off, and his refractory patient to bed.

Two days after that memorable afternoon, Cecile went in to play a game of chess with Wyndham, accompanied by Mrs. Walsingham, "to play propriety," as that mischievous little woman suggested. To be sure, the chess was a wonderfully left-handed game, as far as Thorne was concerned, for he was forbidden to use his right arm, neither did it progress very rapidly, as the two players were continually wandering off to the charmed ground of long-ago, with, "do you remember," ad infinitum. Presently, a servant came in to announce some deficiency in the dinner, and, after a pause of a moment, Mrs. Walsingham said,

"Cecile, I must go down to the grocer's, and read that unmanagable person a lecture. Will you come and hear it, or do you prefer finishing your game?"

"A walk, Lucy? Yes, and no. Yes, if it were not so wet and sloppy; no, because I want to checkmate Thorne."

"You may do that, easily," quoth the gentleman, just loud enough for her ears, and no louder.

"And, beside, Luey," giving him nothing but a glimpse of a pink cheek, "I've lost my rubber, and I always am forgetting to buy another, and——" But Mrs. Walsingham had gone laughing out of the room, and Thorne said, soberly,

"Do you wear but one of those useful articles? I beg your pardon—you spoke in the singular number."

"Don't be teasing," said Cecile. "No, my rubbers are generally in pairs. But this one (how you will laugh at me!) I lost in the mud, last winter, on Fifth Avenue, just in front of the Union Club. And after I left New York, I had the most absurd letter from Caro Hammersley, saying that somebody had picked it up. Why, Thorne!"

The very largest capital letters could not convey an idea of Cecile's exclamation as the saucy fellow put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out, and threw in her lap—that identical india-rubber!

"I' wonder if it will fit," said he, in the gravest, most matter-of-fact voice.

Indeed, Cecile's blushes had reached such an alarming stage that, in compassion, he could but take no notice of them.

"Why?" asked she, in the extreme of bewilderment.

"Because, don't you remember, in the fairy tale, several ladies tried to persuade the Prince that the glass-slipper belonged to them, until he made them put it on! And one young lady has already claimed that rubber; suppose you try,

Out came an enchanting little foot; into the rubber it slipped with the utmost ease, and then, looking up triumphantly, she met his eye.

" Bravo, Cinderella! Shall we read the dear old nursery tale together, Cecile? For the Prince has been wandering all these years with a sweet memory in his heart of a brown-eyed child, whom he used to call his 'little wife.' Cecile?"

He slipped his hand under the pretty chin, and lifted the downcast face toward his; then, in the old, teasing voice that she knew so well, "A very unromantic prince, with a sprained ankle. You don't love him any more, Cinderella?"

The chess-board tumbled over, and all the chess-men rolled ingloriously upon the floor, as Cecile's rosy lips whispered close in his ear, "Thorne! I've loved you all my life."

Brian, hearing the downfall of the chess-men, stuck his head inside the door at that particular juncture: caught, in one glance, "the situation,"

mat, and whistled Rory O'More, with a face of radiant glee. In which position Mrs Walsingham surprised him, when she came back to inquire the fate of that protracted game of chess.

Aunt Davenport recovered the shock of Thorne's engagement after awhile, but she never ceased to bewail the fate that threw Thorne into the hands of Delilah, "in the role of an invalid, my dear."

There is hardly space to tell you how Caro Hammersley tormented Thorne when she heard the history of the rubber, or that Frank Wilmerding paid his bet to Thorne, in the form of a superb necklace for the bride. Frank and Caro officiated together at the wedding, and there is a whisper, this winter, that Frank is caught

But during the honey-moon, as Cecile was standing by her husband, while he penned a merry note to Dr. and Mrs. Walsingham, she found in his desk, in a snug white parcel, the droll little sandal that had made such an odd link in their history. And, to this day, Cecile's blushes come brightest when Thorne, with his and, closing the door softly, sat down on the teasing smile, calls her "Cinderella."

LONGINGS.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

I MAY long for the quiet of the lonely brake, And the hedgerows white with may: For the beauty that grows on the dimpled lake, When kissed by the dying day:

I may yearn for the music that haunts the woods-Leafy, and grand, and old:

For the thunder that roars in the mountain floods, And the fields with their sheaves of gold:

I may sigh for a sight of the gentle flowers, And the butterfly's tinted wing; For the glorious vision in twilight hours Of love at the wayside spring:

But the sounds, oh! the sounds I am doomed to hear Are the sounds of the busy street; And the sights that my spirit is racked to bear Are the footprints of naked feet,

And my heart it grows heavy from hour to hour With looking on man's distress; With looking and longing, and never the power To lighten or make it less,

Oh, breezy mountains! Oh, glowing skies! Oh, meadows and rippling streams, Though ye come not to gladden my waking eyes, I have ye all in my dreams.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

THESE autumn leaves, these crimson leaves, How many a tale their splendor breathes; How sad a sigh is echoed forth, From every slender, stem-like throat. They tell us tales of passing hours, Of joys which never can be ours.

These faded leaves, these withered leaves, What hopes beclouded do they leave: What joys untrammeled did they bring,

To cheer us in the early spring! Our hopes, how soon they pass away; Our joys the soonest to decay!

These dying leaves, these mouldering leaves, How many a tale their fading breathes; How we must wither and decay, And pass, like them, to dust away. These autumn leaves, what tales they tell. Of passing soul and tolling bell!

THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

CHAPTER I.

"You must go to sea."

As the old doctor said this, he gravely put up his spectacles.

"Go to sea?" I said. "Give up Harvard? Impossible!"

"Yes! go to sea," repeated the doctor. "If you don't, you'll die."

I looked at my mother. She looked at me. Then we both looked at the doctor. His face was immovable.

My mother burst into tears.

The doctor made a wry face, closed his spectacle-case with a jerk, and rose to his feet.

"The fact is, my dear madam," addressing my only surviving parent, and winking, as if his own eyes were in danger of filling with tears, "your son has been studying too hard. Most of our Yankee boys, at least those who come of a good old ministerial stock, do the same. But it never does, it never does. Our clergymen's families are all dying out, the result of excessive brain-culture for three or four generations, and if we don't go back to nature, we shall go—well, to ruin, root and branch. My old friend, Harry's father, died of consumption. Harry will die of it, too, if he keeps on in this way. There is but one remedy, which is to go to sea, and to go to sea before the mast—"

"Before the mast!"

All my mother's prejudices spoke in this exclamation, which was a cry of horror and amazement, almost a shriek.

Nor was it to be wondered at. My mother, God bless her! came of what has been called the Brahmin class of New England. Her father had been a clergyman, as his father had been before him. Her husband, whom she had mourned so faithfully, for such long years, had been a clergyman also. To be told that her only child, whom she had pinched and starved herself to send to college, that he might tread in the steps of his honored ancestry, must give up all, and go out, as a common sailor, before the mast, was too much for her. She fairly broke down.

For some time she rocked herself in her chair, wringing her hands, and weeping silently.

The doctor made two or three turns up and down the room. Then he stopped at the window, and looked forth. "A dirty night," he said, and

took out his handkerchief, and blew his nose vigorously.

Suddenly he faced round, walked quickly up to my mother, and seized both her hands.

"It's very hard, my dear madam," he said.
"I feel as if I was a brute to have to tell what I have just told you. But if I don't speak out, your boy will die. His ancestors and yours have been so long among books, that nothing will save him but living an almost wholly physical existence, for some years at least. To go to sea is his only salvation. Not as a passenger; that won't do: he must work, and work hard; rough it, in short; be before the mast. It is a stern medicine, but it has saved many a life, and please God," he added, reverently, "it will save his also."

So it was decided, after much discussion, and with great reluctance on my mother's side, that I should go to sea.

The good doctor did not content himself with merely giving advice. He called on an old classmate, who was now a great shipping-merchant in Boston, and procured me a berth in a fast-sailing clipper, that was bound around Cape Horn, on a voyage to the Pacific.

"The captain is an honest man," the doctor said to my mother, "and has boys of his own. He will look after Harry, and see, at least, that he is dealt with fairly. The rest the lad must do for himself. Bless me, my dear madam," he cried, looking artistically at me, "you won't know him when he comes back: he'll be so broad-chested and bronzed, every inch a man!"

I only partially shared my dear mother's grief I was sorry, indeed, to leave Harvard; but I was young: the scheme promised adventure; and I had always been eager to see the world. There was an old book, "Mavor's Voyages," which I had chanced upon, years before; and ever since, I had dreamed of Magellan, Drake and Anson, and had longed to circumnavigate the globe.

The night before I was to sail, I went down to the Thorndykes. We lived in Cambridge, and the Thorndyke mansion, though nominally in the town also, was really on the outskirts. It was an ancient-looking, rambling house, surrounded by a quaint, old-time garden of fruittrees and ornamental shrubs; and was backed by a grove of venerable white pines. It had belonged to the family for several generations. The

Vol. LXI .-- 3

Thorndykes took a pride in retaining it primitive and unaltered. My father and Gen. Thorndyke had been chums at college, and fast friends afterward; and the intimacy had been kept up between the families ever since. Bessie Thorndyke, the general's only child, had been my playmate for years, and now that I was going away, I suddenly found her to be very dear to me.

The doctor had called me a boy, but I was twenty-one years old, and had often, lately, wondered if Bessie could have loved me, if I had been vich and famous—for no family held itself higher than the Thorndykes. They had been judges and governors, in the old colonial days, when to be a judge or governor was something. The grandfather of Bessie had been a general officer in the war of Independence, and afterward a Senator of the United States. Her father had fought, at the head of his division, in the war of 1312. How could I, the penniless son of a poor clergyman, hope to mate with the heiress of such a family?

The great drawing-room, at the Thorndyke's, as I entered, was unoccupied. The taste and refinement of five generations had culminated there. On one wall hung two portraits by Copley; on another three 'ey Gilbert Stuart; and in the rear of the room a Godfrey Kneller, painted during a visit of one of the family to London. At either side of the doors of entrance were pedestals, with basts of Roman emperers, in the fashion of the closing days of the last century. Chinese jars, old Japanese bronzes, and rare Dresden porcelain, ornamented the mantel-piece, or stood on quaint George the Second cabinets, or buhltables of the time of Louis the Fifteenth.

Directly Bessie entered. How shall I describe her? She was just eighteen, with a tall, flexible figure, and a light, springy, graceful step. As for her face, conjure up a miniature by Malbone, in his best manner! The exquisite complexion, the high-bred air were after the finest type of American beauty; and there is no country in the world, I think, where women look so refined and high-bred. It was a face, which showed, not only ordinary beauty, but generations of culture and true womanliness also.

She greeted me with a blush, but we had no time to exchange words, for her father now entered.

"So we are going to sea," said the stately, white-haired old man. "It is the best thing, my lad, you can do. You have broken yourself down with hard study. Besides, it is a grand vocation: think of Lord Nelson! And the nation, too, wants men of action even more than men of books."

"But I hope," I answered, "to come back, some day, and resume my books."

"Meantime, a few years at sea, a few years of action and mingling with men, will do you no harm. You come of a race, my boy, that ought to have been soldiers, not clergymen What a splendid Crusader your father would have made! You hardly remember him, I suppose; but he had the soul of a Christian knight and here. Be like him, and you will honor us all."

The old man, as he spoke, laid his hand on my head, as if in benediction. My heart swelled with pride. I looked toward Bessie, and our eyes met. Deep blushes covered her cheeks. For the first time a glimpse of what might be in the future flashed upon me. Could it be that she cared for me?

I was dizzy, for a moment, with happiness. Then I recollected that Gen. Thorndyke might read my thoughts, and in some confusion I plunged into conversation, saying the first thing that came to hand. That evening I shall never forget. Bessie, after a little while, recovered herself also, and laughed and chatted with even more than her usual gayety and wit. She sung, too, without solicitation, choosing my favorite songs. I could have remained until morning. But the great clock struck ten, and I rose to go.

Gen. Thorndyke bade me "God speed!" and parted from me at the door of the drawing-room. Bessie, in the simple fashion in which we had been brought up, accompanied me into the hall, and out to the front entrance.

The moonlight was flooding the lawn as we stood in the great door-way.

"What a heavenly evening," she said.

"It has been so to me," I replied, significantly, pressing the hand she had just given me. She looked up quickly and shyly, the crimson blushes rising to her very forehead.

"You'll think of me, sometimes," I said, at last, my voice trembling, in spite of all my effort, to the contrary.

"Yes!" came in a faint whisper, as she looked down.

I seized both her hands, and drew her to me, in sudden rapture.

"You really mean it? You'll wait for me?" I cried, eagerly "Oh! Bessie, darling, how I have loved you!"

"I will wait for you," she said, simply. Her eyes glanced up, and met mine, for an instant, and then her head fell on my shoulder, and she clung to me, half-weeping, half-laughing.

"Dearest! dearest!" I cried, kissing her, oh!

All at once she pushed me from her, for her father's footsteps were heard in the hall.

"Go, go," she cried.

She gave me one quick glance of shy, imploring love, and disappeared, closing the door behind her.

The next night, when the moon shone again, I was on the deck of the clipper-ship, watching the receding shores of my native land.

But my thoughts were on Bessie. Had I done wrong? What would Gen. Thorndyke think? Ought I not to have gone back, met him boldly, and told the truth? Would he not now, when he learned all, regard me in the light of a thief, who had come into his house as a guest, and stolen his child? Oh! how I regretted that a momentary confusion of thought had prevented my facing him the night before.

Yet why did Bessie push me away? Was she afraid, that, as yet, it was too soon to tell the truth? Did she want time to prepare her father? Or had her hasty dismissal been only a sudden impulse, the result of surprise and maidenly modesty?

Then a different view of affairs, and a more hopeful one, presented itself. Perhaps Gen. Thorndyke would not be inexorable. How kind his words had been!

"It may be," I whispered to myself, "that he meant even more than he said, and that I am going forth, with his sanction, to win my spurs, like a knight of old."

CHAPTER II.

"ALL hands, ahoy! Tumble up, tumble up?' Such was the cry that rang overhead, and roused me from my sleep, one night, when we had been at sea about a week.

I had turned in, wet and weary, and even a little heart-sick, an hour and a half before. The discomforts of my new position had proved even greater than I had expected. I had little sympathy with my shipmates generally, who were mostly old, grizzled tars. But for a weather-beaten man-o'-war's man, who had taken a fancy to me, and for a home-sick, up-country lad from my own State, I would have been completely isolated. But the latter seemed to be even more lonely than myself. He followed me about, wherever I went, for a word, or even a look: I appeared to be the only link that connected him with old Massachusetts and home.

It had been raining and blowing, when I went below, but the wind since had come out ahead, and increased to a gale; and the ship was now close-hauled; and careening over almost on her beam-ends, thumping against a heavy sea. The waves, in vast, sweeping undulations a thousand feet long, seemed to rise out of the gloom ahead, and come pouring down upon us, faster and faster every moment; and as each one, in turn, struck our bows, the gallant clipper staggered, and for a moment, seemed as if she would never rise again from the blow; while the masts jerked and strained, and threatened to snap off like pipe-stems. Quicker and quicker, one following the other in rapid succession, the great surges rushed upon us; now seething and roaring by, and whitening away astern; and now breaking over the weather-bow, and sweeping the decks, in a whirlwind of blinding foam and water.

Yet, strange illusion! it was not the ship that seemed to rise and fall, but the horizon. A vast semicircle of dark, tumbling waters, it swung high up overhead, and then descended out of sight, as if forever. But only, in a few minutes, to reappear again! Up and up it came, dizzily, past the knight-heads, past the main-top itself, until I caught my breath, almost expecting to see it turn a summersault over us. Then, suddenly, it paused, began to recede, and sank away once more, until it seemed as if we hung suspended in mid-air, or as if the ocean under us had fallen plumb down out of space. this time, the huge sails were filling, and then whipping back against the masts, with a noise like thunder. The wind shricking through the rigging, the driving rain stinging the face like shot, the shouts of the officers, the trampling of the men across the decks as they hauled on the ropes, all these mingled together to make a scene of terror and apparent confusion indescribable.

"Lay aloft! Lay aloft," cried the officer of the deck, as soon as we appeared. "Quick, you lubbers."

Stumbling along, I hardly knew how, but following the lead of the old man-o-war's man, I found myself directly at the foot of the shrouds. I had often been up the mast before, but never at night, or in a gale. As I looked aloft, I saw, swinging against the dark, hurrying scud, the vast yard for which we were destined; and it seemed at an illimitable distance above. My heart nearly failed me. But I said to myself, "now is the time to win your spurs," and shutting my teeth hard, I dashed at the rigging, and gained at last the top of the ascent.

But here, let me say to the uninitiated, began the really perilous part of the proceeding. To reef the sail it was necessary to crawl out along the yard-arm, now at an angle of forty-five degrees, with no support but the frail foot-ropes below: the ship, all the while, pitching headforemost into the seas, threatening to jerk one off, and flinging the spray high up and around The old man-o'-war's man had been the first to lay out on the yard, and was now at its furthest end, at the weather-earing. But the upcountry lad and I had been left to go up among the last, as the least skillful. I told my young follower to keep close to me, and I would assist him all I could; and glancing around now, I saw him next to me, trying to crawl out on the dizzy yard-arm. I was startled by the look upon his face. He seemed ill, unnerved, unfit in every way for his task; but it was not this that shocked me; it was the awful expression, such as the Scotch say is seen, sometimes, in those doomed to an early and violent death. shall never forget that scared, white countenance. He was trembling, like one in an ague-fit, and gazing down, fearfully, into the black, boiling gulf below.

"Don't, don't," I cried. "If you look down, you are lost."

But I was too late. Even as I spoke, I heard a wild shriek, as of a dumb animal that has received its death-wound. He had lost his footing! The next moment I saw his body shooting downward. There was a dull, heavy thud, as it struck the side of the ship; and then the senseless mass bounded off into the sea, and was lost in the dark waters that opened to engulf it.

- "Man overboard!" cried the look-out.
- " Man overboard!" echoed along the deck.
- "Man overboard!"

An officer, at the words, leaped to the rigging, and holding on, looked where the body had disappeared.

Succor, however, would have been impossible, even if the poor lad had still lived. But that first blow, mercifully, must have killed him. He was, by this time, moreover, hundreds of yards astern. To have wore the ship and followed him, would only have endangered fifty lives, and could not have restored his.

Yet the officer of the deck did not, for some sime, give up looking for him. But it was a vain task. Not a sign of him could be seen.

At last the mate leaped down, and then we knew that we should see our comrade no more, until the last Great Day, when the deep shall give up its dead.

It is impossible to describe the impression this sudden tragedy made on me. For the first time I realized, in its full meaning, the perils of those who "go down to the sea in ships." The death of this poor lad, at my very side, filled me, moreover, with sinister forebodings.

dispiriting. We reefed the top-sails and wore out the gale. But a gloom fell upon us all. The ghost of our lost comrade seemed to haunt the ship from that night out. An unseen, unacknowledged doom impended over us. We realized it, though we rarely spoke of it. Disaster, perhaps death, we foreboded, were to be our destiny.

"'Pears to me," said the cook, a full-blooded African, whose genial animal life had often, heretofore, cheered my spirits when they were on the point of failing, "dis yere ship am unlucky from de fust. We sailed on a Friday, as yer knows. We 'spected to sail on a Thursday; but de papers weren't all ready. Den de skipper wanted to wait. But de owners laffed at him, and he got his back up, and sailed on a Friday. Won't come to no good, arter dat, I'se tell yers! Ole Scipio knows more dan owners. We'se lost a man already, and we'll lose more. 'Spects I'll get to kingdom come afore I get back to ole Ameriky. If only dis chile was on shore agin, even at Barnegat, yer wouldn't catch him shippin' on dis yere craft."

"Pshaw!" I said. "All that talk, Seip, about Friday, is sheer nonsense. Why should Friday be more unlucky than any other day?"

" Look yere, Mars Harry," was the half angry response, "I knows yer a schollard, and all dat; but yer's a great deal to larn yet. I tell yers, dat de ship dat sails on a Friday, comes to grief, sure! Yer'll lib to see it."

With these words, he turned away, busying himself in his galley, and muttering to himself.

CHAPTER III.

But gradually our forebodings left us, or most of us; only the cook and the old man-o'-war's man continued to prophesy disaster. The wind came out fair; we made rapid progress; and everything seemed to promise a speedy and prosperous voyage. Even the prognostications of the two skeptics, after awhile, failed to affect us. By the time we had passed the Equator, we had forgotten the death of our shipmate, and quite recovered our gayety.

It was like sailing over some enchanted sea, such as we read of in stories of "poesy and old romance." The days were beautiful, but the nights were divine. The stars shone with a lustre never seen in colder climes, the great Southern-cross sparkling out, as we advanced, brilliant as a meteor. The blue of the sky was so deep as almost to be a purple. Strange birds of wondrous plumage, and rare power of wing. Nor was the effect on the crew at large less | followed our track. The night air was full of perfumes. Phosphorescent lights played on the waves, or flashed and scintillated in our wake. To lie on deck, and see these sights, and hear these sounds, was to be lulled into a dreamy ecstasy indescribable.

| mad us if he had the horrors. He raved, they waves, or flashed and scintillated in our wake. Said, for I once met one of the crew of that whaler, about starving and dying of thirst; and these sounds, was to be lulled into a dreamy ecstasy indescribable.

In those soft, tropical nights the sailors would gather together, in groups, and "spin yarns," as they called it. Story-telling is as old as the human race. In the wigwam of the red Indian, the tent of the Arab, the palace of Haroun Al Raschid, there is always some Sheherazade to tell a tale, and listeners to hang upon the telling. We had some rare story-tellers in the forecastle. One could remember when Algerine corsairs still infested the Mediterranean, and would relate legend after legend of hair-breadth escapes from Muslem bondage. Another had fought with Nelson at the Nile. Still another had been a foretop-man on the Essex, when Commodore Porter was in the Pacific; and this man had wondrous tales to narrate of theretofore undiscovered regions, and of the dusky houris that inhabited them.

His favorite story, however, was of an island of diamonds, which he believed to exist somewhere in the South Pacific. He averred that he had once known a man, afterward a gunner on board the Essex, who had actually been cast away upon this island.

"He was on a whaling cruise," the Essex veteran said, "and they ran on a reef in the night. Coral-reefs, as we know, shipmates, go round all them 'ere islands. Only one boat was saved; the rest were swamped; and in this boat, the gunner and a few others made the shore. It was a sandy bay, he always told us, sort o' like a horse-shoe, with great, high mountains behind, which they tried to scale, but couldn't. The beach, between the sea and hills, was narrow, never more than a quarter of a mile wide, and hadn't a tree, or a bush on it, worse than Nantucket, he said. But sticking in the face of the rocks were diamonds, the finest ever seen. The shipwrecked sailors filled their pockets with 'em, and were mad with joy, till they minded themselves there was nothing to eat or drink on that sandy spit of shore, and that they had only saved from the wreck enough food and water to last 'em for a week. Howsomever, they took the bearings of the island, as near as they could, and pulled away. It was more than a month afore they saw land or sighted a ship. Jim Truxton, that was the gunner's name, never would say much about that ere voyage. One thing is sartain, shipmates! When he was picked up by another whaler, he was the only one left alive in the boat, and he was out of his mind, as tearing said, for I once met one of the crew of that whaler, about starving and dying of thirst: and talked kind o' wild like of selling a handful of diamonds for a thimbleful of water; and would whisper, horribly, looking frightened around, of casting lots which should be eaten first. At last he comes to his senses, bright and sharp, and tells the story of this diamond island. But, bless your souls, nobody hardly would believe him, for there wasn't a diamond left in the boat, or in his pockets, and he'd been crazy, as every one knew. So they made up their minds that the whole story was a confusion, as I thinks the doctors call it. But I was allers of a different idee. Jim wasn't a man to tell a lie, just because it was a lie, and to make people stare, like some do, shipmates. He allers wanted to get back to that island. He said he had a kind o' dim recollection of their coming, at last, to curse the diamonds, for bringing 'em their ill-luck, and after having tried to trade 'em off to each other for part of their allowance of water, of throwing them overboard, as Jonah was flung into the sea in the Good Book. He was a raal honest man, was Jim, and died, at last, at his gun, when the Britishers, darn 'em, two agin one, took the Essex at Valparaiso."

My old friend, the man-o'-war's-man, was generally skeptical as to all such legends, but he firmly believed in this one.

"I never seed that gunner," he said, "but I have knowed them as knowed him, even afore I sailed in this ere ship. It's an old story, too, that's come down, as I've heerd, from the times of the buccaneers. They all believed in it, and many a one tried to find the island, but they said, that, either the ships that sailed on that venture got wrecked and were never heard of, or a fog came up and shut the island from sight, just as they made it out, and then a head wind blew 'em off, and kept blowing 'em off for weeks, till they were hundreds of leagues away. Sartain it is, nobody has ever found it, and it's my opinion, shipmates," and he looked gravely around, "that that ere island is an enchanted one."

"But you say," I remarked, at this point, addressing the old Essex seaman, "that the gunner had the bearings of the island, or something very near them. Did he ever tell you?"

"No, no, that was his secret. His plan was, arter the war was over, to get some of the rich men of Boston to fit out a ship and go in search of it; but he died, you see, at Valparaiso, and that was the end of it."

I was not credulous, but somehow this nar-

rative made a great impression on me, and I could not help believing in the island of diamonds. Often, instead of sleeping, I lay awake in my berth, thinking, that, if I could only get to the island, the way would be effectually smoothed to my marrying Bessie Thorndyke on my return. But I had no clue, not even the slightest, to the location of the island, except that it was somewhere in the South Pacific.

Again and again, therefore, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts. But again and again it returned. It came to haunt me, finally in spite of myself. It had for me a subtle, indescribable fascination.

The horse-shoe, sandy bay, inclosed in inaccessible mountains, the sides of which glittered with diamonds-for such was the impossible picture which the Essex veteran had conjured up-was continually rising before my mental vision, and tempting me with wild dreams of fortune and happiness.

Many of the tales told on the forecastle, were, if possible, even more incredible than that of the island of diamonds. Often, when we had been listening to some narrative that excelled the Arabian Nights in exaggerations, my friend, the old man-o'-war's-man, would shrug his shoulders and sniff contemptuously

"What is the reason you never spin a yarn?" said a topman, to him, on one of these occasions. "Have you allers before sailed in a shallop, that you've never seen anything?"

"I'm not much at story-telling," was the quiet answer, "but as you all seem mighty pert, and have forgot there's such a thing as Cape Horn before you, I may as well tell you what happened to me the last time I weathered it." Here he turned, unobserved, to me, and slyly winked. "You'll not be so jolly, let me tell you, shipmates, when you've been roughing it, for a week or two, off that cussed Cape."

Everybody gave the speaker the closest attention. His exordium had quite dashed our spirits, for we all knew the reputation of the

"Well, you see, my hearties," he said, resuming, "we had made the Cape, arter a fine run, just like this one, and were half-way past it, and countin' on bein' safe in the Pacific before another day, when there comes out such a gale from west, nor-west, dead ahead, as would have blown the devil on a marlinspike, like an old witch on a broomstick, half way round the world. We close-hauled, in course, and reefed, and lay-to, in real ship-shape style-our skipper was a good one, I tell you, and knew his business-but, spite of it all, we drifted back something quite out of the usual way.

and back, till we lost what we'd gained, and were once more in the Atlantic.

"For a week we didn't see the sun, and got no observation, and hardly knew where we were. Then we had squalls, with thunder and lightning; the masts and rigging sometimes all a-blaze with fire; and sail to be made, or taken in every five minutes a'most, for the skipper was in a terrible rage at bein' blown back, and wanted to gain every inch he could. At last, one morning, the watch below was called up to reef top-sails, for a squall was coming down on us, roaring like a thousand batteries, all opening Lucky for me, I wasn't out on the yard, for just as the men had got into the footropes, and knotted their points, and the word was about to be given to haul out to leeward, the squall struck us.

"She went over, you may believe me, shipmates, as if she'd been but a paper-boat, such as I used to sail, in gran'father's pond, by the old mill, when I was a two-year-old, up by Newburyport. There we were, on our beam-ends. everything going by the run, the water pouring over the decks, the skipper shouting, the men on deck hollowing, the rain rushing slantwise across us, the great masts bending like willow branches, and the wind tearing through the rigging, as if the Judgment Day had come, and we were all to be blown to Davy Jones' locker in half a minute. And blown we should have been, if something hadn't given way! Crack, all at once, went the top-mast, and all the hamper above; and looking up, I saw it, and the yard. and the sail below it, and the men on it, going down the wind, like a great white cloud of smoke, and vanishing out of sight, at last, in the black squall that swept to leeward.

"Well, she righted, in course, after that, and for awhile we were too busy to think of our shipmates. But when the squall had passed, and everything was snug, we began to talk of 'em, and to tell some good deed of this one and that one, as men will do of the dead."

"That's not much of a story, after all," interposed the original speaker, as the veteran paused to turn his quid. "It's rayther strong, though, for it isn't often that a whole watch is blown away, is it?"

"No, it isn't often a whole watch is blown away," quietly replied the veteran, with another look of cool contempt, "and it's not often as that happens, as happened next, as I'm going to tell you."

Every one leaned forward, with re-awakened interest. Evidently we were about to listen to

"Well, two days went by, the wind shifting all the time. On the morning of the third day, just in the gray of the dawn, the skipper comes on deck. We were short-handed, in course, after losing so many good men, and none of us got much sleep, the skipper even less than the rest. I was on deck, too. The skipper, as I was a-saying, comes on deck, and calls for a cup of coffee, being cold and tired like. He was rubbin' his eyes to get awake, and tryin' to catch a glimpse to leeward, when the look-out cries, eries he, 'top-mast, ahoy!' 'Top-mast, ahoy! What do you mean,' thundered the skipper, 'are you drunk there?' But he was such a complete skipper, you see, that, in spite of his being so red-hot mad, and in spite of his believing the man to be drunk, he didn't forget to shout back, as we all does, 'Whereaway?' 'Three pints on the weather-bow,' answered the look-out, as quick as lightning, and as sober, you may believe me, as any of us here. With that we all looked up, and-would you believe your eyes?there we saw, away off, but coming right down on us, a white cloud, or rather what looked like a big puff of steam from a war-steamer's steampip-, that, as it got nearer, was, sure enough, a top-mast, with top-mast yard, and the sail just ready to be reefed, and the lost men, as I'm alive, standing straight up in the foot-ropes, and leaning over the yard, every man ready to take up his bit of sail, and knot the reef-points, and hear the welcome cry, 'haul out 'to leeward.' The skipper, he sprang into the rigging, and thundered to the man at the helm 'starboard, hard, harder;' and she came up into the wind, quicker than I can tell; the top-mast settled on the cap; the word was given to pass the reefpoints; the sail was got up snug; and the men were whistled down. And down they come, some sliding by the back-stay, they were in such a hurry, and all calling for something to eat the moment they touched the deck; for a hungrier set of devils, shipmates, you never seed. There," and he faced, suddenly, around, looking his rival full in the face, "you've told many a lie, in the way of a yarn, as we all knows, but can you beat that?"

The story had been narrated so graphically, and with such animation in look and tone, that we had all been carried away by its air of truth. But now the object of it all burst upon us; it was the veteran's quiet way of satirizing his challenger; and the effect was irresistible. A peal of laughter burst from the group, and every eye was turned on the victim.

"You'd have been hungry, too; wouldn't you?" said the veteran, mercilessly, to his discomfited

rival. "But there, eight bells is striking, and I, for one, am going to turn in. We shall want all the sleep we can get, shipmates," he added, as he rose, "for when we comes abreast the Horn, we'll get precious little."

CHAPTER IV.

ALL that the old man-o'-war's-man had predicted come to pass only too soon. Within a week we were off the dreaded Cape, now tossing about in a dead calm, now lost in fog, now scourged with storms of rain, sleet, and hail. Everything was clewed down; we were closereefed and furled; and were hove-to. All this time the seas were running mountains high; for nowhere do they run so high as off Cape Horn. What I had seen in the Gulf Stream was nothing to what I saw now. It was, at times, too, bitterly cold. Often, on going on deck in the morning, I found everything covered with snow. The incessant and exhausting duty, day and night, nearly wore us out. To me, at this crisis of my life, the most hateful of all sounds, was the noise of the blows on the hatchway, rousing me from the deep sleep of utter exhaustion, and the cry, as the watch was called, "Ahoy! ahoy! Eight bells, there below! Do you hear? Tumble up. Tumble up!"

All this time, too, in storm or calm, the albatrosses followed us, and recalled to me "The Ancient Mariner," with its weird forebodings. Their white plumage, their long, flapping wings, and their thin, heron-like legs, when in flight, made them unlike any other bird. Sometimes we passed them asleep on the waters, their heads under their wings, now lost in the hollow of a wave, now rising on its top, supremely indifferent to the impending storm, or to the heavy sea that was going. Now and then, when they lay directly in our course, they would float thus, until we almost ran them down, when they would' lazily look up, stretch out their heads for an instant, and then, opening their huge wings, fly indolently and awkwardly away. Their continued presence haunted me. Their very indifference to us seemed to me to threaten disaster. They appeared to cling to us like a hostile fate.

More than a month passed in this struggle with the elements. Just when we thought we had doubled the Cape, a gale would strike us, dead ahead, and we would lose all we had gained in a week. At last we were unmistakeably in the Pacific. But hardly had we begun to congratulate ourselves on this fortunate event, when the wind, lately so baffling, hauled to the south-south-east, and soon deepened into the fiercest

was favorable to our course, however, the captain gave the ship her helm, and we scudded before the hurricane, day after day, night after night.

"Is the skipper mad?" said the old man-o'war's-man to me, one day. "Don't he know the Pacific's full of sunken coral reefs?"

This warning, more than once repeated, increased my forebodings. At last, one night, about four bells, in the morning watch, I was roused by the awful cry, "breakers ahead!"

I rushed, immediately, on deck. Quick as I was, the whole crew, as it appeared to me, were there before me. Horror was on every face. The captain was shouting to "port the helm," and the men were already at the tackles. The ship was still going at a frightful rate, and even before we could see anything, we could hear, close in front, through the darkness, the awful boom of the surf. A moment after, the gloom broke partially away, and we beheld, close upon us, a long line of white water, raging, right and left, for miles away.

Almost instantly, and in the very act of wearing, she struck, and with a force that flung me from my feet. We must have gone upon a wedge-shaped coral-reef, for the back of the clipper was broken at once, and the two parts fell apart, the quarter-deck tumbling one way, and the forecastle another. The masts, at the same moment, snapped off, and went over the side. dragging the complicated hamper of ropes and sails with them, and thumping, like huge sledgehammers against the side, till the ropes parted, and the mass of ruin was whirled off to leeward.

The scene that followed was frightful. discipline was lost. In vain we heard the captain, from the after part of the ship, that hung on the other side of the reef, shouting his commands. The men had returned to their native ferocity and savageness, as, strange to say, men always do in such crises, and heeded him no more than wolves heed the call of a huntsman. Some few fell on their knees and prayed. But most of them cursed wildly. A score rushed for the largest beat, filled it in a moment, and cut it from the davits. But in their hurry, they severed the ropes at one end sooner than at another, and the whole mob fell together, shrieking and writhing, into the sea. A half-a-dozen, more careful, succeeded in getting a second boat into the water; but it foundered almost before they had taken to the oars, and they all sank at once.

Meanwhile the seas swept over us with terrific violence, tearing the stout ship to pieces. limb by limb. It was pitiful to me, quite apart from my own sense of peril, to see the noble even mouth; and of struggling to my feet, in

and most protracted gale we had yet seen. As it \(\) craft thus stretched, as it were, on a rack, and riven asunder, bit by bit. One after another of my companions had disappeared, until I was left almost alone; the after part of the vessel had already vanished, with all its living freight. Suddenly I felt a hand on my arm, and, looking around, saw the old man-o'-war's-man.

> "We're about the last that's left," he said, "and our turn will soon come."

> He had scarcely spoken, when a gigantic roller rushed in, broke over the fragment on which we stood, and swept our foothold from beneath us. I was torn from my companion's side, hurled headlong forward, and buried apparently mountain deep in the roaring and blinding waters.

> When the deluge subsided, and I rose to the surface, my first thought was to look around for the old man-o'-war's-man,

> He was nowhere to be seen. In vain I shouted his name; no answer came. In vain I swam to and fro, looking for him; not a trace of him was At last, convinced that any further search was useless, I turned in the direction where I supposed the land to be.

> I knew that reefs, such as we had struck, generally fringed solid earth, at a greater or less distance. I was a good swimmer, but I did not wish to exhaust myself uselessly. So I contented myself with keeping my head above water, and letting the winds and waves bear me along, believing that this was the surest way to reach the land. I might have been in the water half an hour, or two hours, for I could keep no note of time, but it seemed an age to me, when suddenly my ears caught the roar of new breakers ahead, and directly after I saw them flashing, white and ghastly, all along the shore. Behind them, in the gloom, rose what seemed mountains, so shadowy and high they loomed. This was the critical moment, as I well knew, for, if the shore should prove rocky, I would be dashed to pieces against the jagged edges of the coralreefs. Committing my soul to God, in a hasty, unspoken prayer, I prepared for the venture.

> One of those enormous rollers, that periodically follow each other, was coming in, close at hand, and, waiting for it, I flung myself resolutely upon its bosom, and was shot forward, on the instant, with inconceivable velocity. I can only remember a sensation of rapid motion; of seeing white water all around me, while the top of the roller, where I floated, was still green and shining; of being hurled headlong, forward and downward, in a hurricane of foam; of choking with the brine that rushed in at ears, nose, and

spite of the darkness and the feeling of drowning, glad to find that a sandy bottom was beneath me, instead of rocks, and knowing that my only chance was to gain fast land before the undertow set seriously in, and I was dragged back to sea, and engulfed for ever.

Life or death was in the balance. The thought gave me the strength of a giant. At last, I reached comparatively fast land, saw that the next wave came short of me, and, for the first time, that night, felt something like a sensation of security. Crawling still further up the beach, to make sure, for I was too weak to stand, I fell on my face, and thanked God aloud for my escape. Then a sudden sensation, as of sinking, came over me; my brain grew dizzy; the dim mountains before, and the black surf behind, recled around me; I sank prostrate and swooned.

I must have passed from my swoon into a deep sleep, and have slept, exhausted, for hours, for when I awoke, the gray dawn was breaking. At first I could not recollect where I was. When, at last, the tragedy of the night returned to my memory, I rose, wearily, on my elbow, and looked around.

I found myself lying on the sandy beach of a bay, in shape almost a semicircle. This bay seemed strangely familiar. Where had I heard, or read of it, before? My poor, weakened brain could not answer this question.

The bay was backed by steep mountains, that rose impassably, one or two thousand feet into the air; and the strip of land, that stretched between the cliffs and the sea, was nowhere more than a quarter of a mile broad, and was frequently narrower. On this surface not a tree, not even a shrub was to be seen; all was one white, desolate, glaring waste of sand. Out at sea, apparently about two miles off, was the long coral-reof, on which we had been wrecked; but not a vestige of the ship remained there. Nor ing for my death.

were any signs of the disaster to be seen along the shore, except here and there a plank or two, or a bit of a spar. In vain my eyes scanned the wide expanse, in hopes to recognize some fellow-seaman. Not a single human object, living or dead, was visible. Of all that gallant crew I was, evidently, the only survivor. The hungry deep had devoured the rest.

My heart sank within me. I was thirsty and faint, and I looked around for water. Oh! how delicious the smallest cup of it would have been then. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "a stream somewhere trickles down these precipitous cliffs." I resolved I would crawl to it, and drink, and refresh myself, and so gain strength to explore the bay, and see if there was not some opening up through those frowning hills, to the interior of the island.

With this purpose, I rose, feebly, to my feet. Shading my eyes with my hand, I looked long and carefully along the volcanic sides of the vast cliffs. But no stream, however inconsiderable, could be seen. No opening, however narrow, into the wall-like, glittering rampart of rock was perceptible.

I staggered along, for a while, however, in the effort to make the circuit of the bay, for I was determined that I would not give up hope. "Somewhere," I cried desperately, "there must be water, or an opening inland."

But when I had gone about a quarter of a mile, my knees gave way under me, and I sank to the ground again.

"I have only saved myself from the sea," I cried, "that I may die horribly, by thirst and slow starvation."

I said no more, for I swooned again, just as the sun shot above the horizon.

My last recollection was of seeing a sea-bird dive toward me, uttering harsh cries, as if waiting for my death. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

OLD friend, this is a happy day;
It interlinks bright years together,
And leaves a mile-stone on the way,
Which leads our steps to Life-forever;
A mile-stone planted deep in flowers,
With laurel caseping greenly o'er it,
While just a dash of Summer showers
Sends soft and pleasant mists before it.

The hearts, that weave their lives with thine, Hail the bright day, as if 'twere Heaven, And make it more than half divine, From rosy morn to purple even. Then let each hour be bright and gay;
Our honest hearts, so warm and glowing,
Shall beat to music all the day,
And pledge thee with their overflowing!

So here's a health to thee, old friend,
A joyous, frank, and cordial greeting—
A noble life can never end,
Though time itself is always fleeting.
And if the years sweep swiftly by,
Shall we regret their passing—never!
If generous actions cannot dic,
Thou, dear old friend, wilt live forever.

ALICE'S ADVISER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The bare idea of marrying Jack Hunter seemed absolutely ludicrous! Why she had known him all her immense life of eighteen years and four months; called him cousin, on the strength of his distant connection with her step-mother; squabbled with him when they were children; played a little at being in love ages ago—when she was fifteen—but to turn serious at this late day, and write her a downright proposal of marriage, was utterly preposterous. Why she meant to go over to Europe before winter, and be transformed into a countess at the very least.

Of all times Jack could have chosen to make his absurd declaration this was the most unfortunate. Alice was visiting old Mrs. Stamford, up at Lake George, and among worldly old cormorants, without bowels, she was the worst. The Fort William Henry hotel was within an easy row of her place, and that season there was a set of very gay, dashing people staying there; and the men had seen fit to make a sort of queen of pretty Miss Alice. And in the midst of her triumphs to be asked to marry Jack Hunter! She was first amused, then yexed, then, somehow, she felt ready to cry, and decided that she hated Master Jack for having distressed and bothered her, and determined she would write him the severest answer her pen could frame-it was what his nonsense deservel.

Just at this moment her friend, Mrs. Craven, came in. Mrs. Craven was a widow, twenty-six years old, and lovely as a Greuze miniature. She still clung to delicate lavenders and marvelous sincles of purple, not, as she frankly owned, because they signified mitigated affection, but from the fact that they were becoming.

"You look duller than a moulting canary," said she, "and you're worried and vexed about something. What is it?"

Alice said she could not tell—the secret was not her own. There was nothing the matter; and ended, naturally, by telling the whole story.

"The young man is mad," said the widow.
"Why you're to go across water and marry a
title! Dear me! but I've seen Mr. Jack, he's
a very nice chap; handsome and clever, and all

"But like a brother to me," interrupted Alice. "It's absurd!"

"Just so," said the widow, and meditated with her head on one side.

"I should think you might find something else to say, after my being goose enough to tell you the story," returned Alice, irritably.

"Oceans!" cried the other; "but you don't want advice."

"Indeed I do," said Alice, just out of the spirit of contradiction.

"Then don't write to him; he says he shall come up if you don't. It's always much better to say things than to put them on paper."

So it was arranged. But, though Alice indulged in no epistolary efforts, the widow did, and sent a regular volume to the post before night.

Four days passed. Alice never looked at the letters lying on her breakfast-plate without a shudder, but each morning she found the shudder wasted, for there was neither word nor sign from Jack Hunter. By the time the week ended, Alice was vexed at the composure with which he bore her silence, and was too young an actress to keep the veteran of twenty-six from perceiving it.

The whole Stamford party were at a hop at the hotel one night, and in the midst of a waltz, Alice, looking out from the dizzy circle she and her partner were describing, saw Jack Hunter, not very far off, engaged in an animated conversation with several ladies. The thought of the scene she must undergo made her so nervous, that by the time her military bird led her back to her chaperone, she felt as if she had an ague chill. When she had courage to look for Jack again, he was dancing as gayly as if he had not a care in the world; and she was thoroughly angry with herself for her stupid agitation.

She managed to get away for a little: slipped out through an open window that gave on the piazza; and walked round the collonade until she came upon a quiet corner, far removed from the ball-room. The moon was shining softly over the placid waters, and the whole scene was lovely enough to have inspired a poet, provided that, unlike Alice, he had not been too busy with his own affairs to hunt for similies and rhymes.

But her quiet was soon disturbed. If there ever is a time when one wishes to be alone, that is the season when somebody would discover

one in the very heart of Sahara! Alice looked toward the intruder with a more irritable sensation than a heroine ought to be guilty of, but the feeling changed into a breathless sort of suspense made up of too many emotions for her to analyze them-it was Jack Hunter who had found her out. Before she could do anything but catch her breath, and gasp a little in the effort, he was shaking her hand warmly and saying-

"I thought it was you! I am so glad to meet you-I happened to notice you just as you slipped out of the ball-room, Ain't you going to say you are glad to see me?"

"I am always glad to see you, cousin Jack," she replied, taking a firm hold of her self-possession, and giving him the familiar appellation of childhood as a warning what he must expect if he persisted in his nonsense.

"Town was so hot that I determined to cut Wall street for a fortnight," pursued Jack, talking very fast, but by no means so much at his ease as a dashing New York youth ought to be. "Delightful place this old Lake George, isn't it? Haven't had a sniff of fresh air in Gotham for the last month! How well, you're looking-and -and you're sure you're not sorry to see me?"

"Don't ask foolish questions, Jack, else I shall think the heat has affected your head," returned Alice, in a superior way, her composure more and more restored by his confusion.

"It's not much of a head, but it's about as clear as usual, I think," he answered and laughed rather oddly-she was getting up her dignity so fast that she thought it somewhat impertinent.

"I'm glad to hear it; very glad," said she, and became solicitous about arranging her puffs and fluffs so they should not be creased by sitting.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "did-did you get my letter, Alice?"

She turned as stately and icy as if she had been born an English duchess, at least, and answored in an absent tone,

"Your letter? Yes-I received it." saw him fidget on the bench-he was going to be foolish in spite of the warning her manner might have conveyed. "I do believe you are sitting on my fan, Jack," she cried. Then there was a little search, and the fan was found on the

"No harm done," said Jack, handing it to her, rather red in the face and flustered with the exertion of stooping.

"It's my pet fan-it was a present; I wouldn't have anything happen to it for the

You're always such a careless creature, cousin Jack."

"Yes, I suppose I am—but—— So you got my letter, Alice?"

"Dear me, didn't I say so? If you are not going to listen when I tell you things, Jack, what's the use of my talking?" demanded she, with a very pretty assumption of injury,

"Oh, yes, I listened-I heard what you said." replied Jack. "I thought perhaps it missed-I was in hopes -

"Dear me, Jack, you ought to know better than to hope anything-my experience has taught me that! If you haven't learned so much, I'm sure you are living to very little purpose! But then we grow old so much faster than you boys."

"You didn't think it worth while to answer my letter, Alice?" in a voice that had grown ominously quiet.

"Oh, good gracious me, Jack, how could I answer it? You know just as well as I do there was nothing for me to say-we can't either of us afford to be foolish-we're not children any longer."

She was expecting him to burst out with a torrent of expostulations and reproaches; she stole a look at his face, half afraid to meet the pain and anger she was certain to read there. But lo! and behold, his countenance h ad cleared: every trace of embarrassment was gone; he said. coolly,

"I don't know how I came to write that letter, Alice; we'd always been the best of friends -cousins, you know! I suppose it was your going away that made me get a sentimental fit. and I really thought I was breaking my heart. But it's all over-I've come back to my senses! I am so glad you were too sensitive to send me the scolding I deserved! It's all over now, and I beg your pardon, I'm sure; and you'll forget my nonsense just as fast as you can, won't vou ?"

He was backing out of his offer-it was absolutely he who was refusing her. Alice felt as if she should choke! She had so many times during the last week gone over in fancy the seene she must have with Jack; had been wise and worldly, and condescendingly tolerant of his folly; had imagined him saying and doing scores of different things, from threatening her life to pointing a pistol at his own head-but never had it occurred to her that there could be a denouement like this. He was talking still-asking her something; she must answer-what would he think? He had the advantage every way: world! I'm sure you pushed it off the bench. she could not even concoct any terse, cutting

little speech; she was ready to cry—just from pure nervousness, she told herself.

"And we'll be the best friends always, will we not, Alice? You'll be going over to Europe, and turnipg into a duchess or something, but you must promise to make your duke like me; only I hope he won't be a Dutchman—don't let him be Dutch, Alice!"

By this time she was so angry that she had no fear of crying, and felt herself able to speak, only she could hear that her voice was sharper than she could have wished.

"You are very good, Jack, to arrange my future so nicely for me, but, if you please, I think we will leave it to take care of itself. I must go in now—I am engaged to dance.

"And you're quite sure you have forgiven me?" he asked.

She had risen and was shaking out her puffs, so much emboldened by getting her voice back that she must needs try to sting him a little.

"Dear me, yes; I never bear malice—especially toward a boy like you! I was quite vexed, and meant to give you a good scolding—but you have saved me the trouble by coming back to your senses. My fan, please! Don't stay out here and get cold; you know your grandma is always worried about your throat. She says while you're growing so fast you have to be very careful."

Jack sprang up as suddenly as his wooden namesake in a box, and as he was nearly six feet already, it did seem that his grandmother might be satisfied he had his full growth; but Alice floated away without paying the slightest attention to the attitude that displayed his length to such advantage.

When Jack returned to the ball-room, after having solaced himself in the moonlight with a segar, Alice was doing a galop with her military bird, and Jack plunged into the fray with the first disengaged female he chanced to spy.

The next time Alice had leisure to look for him, he was busy with her friend, the widow; and Alice, watching them, thought that Mrs. Craven's manners were anything kut what they ought to be. Later in the evening the two ladies chanced to be near each other for an instant, and Mrs. Craven whispered,

"Haven't I been good to keep him from bothering you? Indeed, he's very bright and jolly—just the sort of man to be called Jack."

"I've not got to an age to have any fancy for boys," returned Alice, trying to be severe, but only succeeding, girl-like, in appearing pert. It was all wasted, too, for the widow had moved away without seeming to hear, and there she was waltzing with Jack again—Jack, indeed!

Alice made up her mind on the spot that she would never like any other woman so long as she lived, especially a widow! She wondered that the fashion of making relicts mount a funeral pyre and go after their husbands was not introduced into every Christian country—it was the only proper way to dispose of them.

Alone in her room that night Alice had her little cry from sheer mortification at Jack's having got the best of her. She hated him now, and it was all his fault-they had been such good friends, and she could always tell him everything; and now they could never be on easy terms again; and Mrs. Craven was a disappointment, too; and, altogether, Alice went to bed, feeling that it was a very dreary world, and she the most unfortunate creature therein. awake till after daylight made her oversleep herself; it was past ten o'clock when she woke. As she was looking at her watch, she heard the sound of voices and the trampling of horses' hoofs below her window. She peered cautiously out. There were the widow and Jack just starting off for a morning gallop, and Jack as handsome as a picture, in his iron-gray riding suit.

Alice had three minds to write her stepmother word to send a telegram ordering her home, but by the time she was bathed and dressed, Mrs. Stamford came up to pet and laugh at her for being late, and said so many nice, complimentary things, that Alice decided it would not be right to disappoint the dear old body by going away.

Jack and the widow never came back until luncheon time, but before that a party of people had rowed over from the hotel, and Alice was the centre of a little group of men, so much occupied that she could only giva Jack a condescending nod; but he did not seem a bit miscrable in consequence, and when they all sat down at table he kept up such a fire of nonsense and witticisms, seconded ably by the widow, that Alice thought she had never seen conduct on the part of two rational beings so frivolous and unworthy.

Several days passed, bringing a succession of gayeties, which left nobody any leisure for sober thought; and Alice wondered why she found the picnies and dancing so tiresome, the edge worn off the adulation she received, till, when night came, instead of going to sleep, she could only lie awake and think how tedious life was, and how horribly tired she felt.

only succeeding, girl-like, in appearing pert. It Then, one morning, she met Jack in the shrubwas all wasted, too, for the widow had moved beries, and he changed from his indifferent man-

ner to the old time friendliness, and they were really having a comfortable chat, when up came the widow, and immediately ordered Jack off on some errand, as if he were her personal good and chattel.

"If you go," said she, with one of her dangerous smiles, "I'll promise to show you that letter you tried to quarrel with me about yesterday."

And Jack went without a murmur; and Alice wished that, at the very least, she could see a mad dog make full tilt for the widow before anybody could interpose. The instant he was gone, Mrs. Craven said,

"Now, own that I am good-natured! I saw Mr. Jack come this way, and I knew it would be wkward for you."

"Dear mer!" replied Alice. "It was not in the least awkward, I assure you. I'm sorry you sacrificed yourself."

"Well, I do think he's come nicely to his senses," returned the widow, confidentially. "You may thank me a little for that."

"I have always heard you had more talent for making men lose their senses than anything else," returned Alice.

"Now, that's a very pretty compliment," said the widow. "But, admire my sack! Did you ever see a lovelier lavender?"

"It is mauve," asserted Alice, and stuck to her opinion, till a very animated argument ensued. Alice could not quarrel with her about Jack Hunter; but she could over the tint of a ribbon, and she did. Only the quarrel was all on her side. Mrs. Craven would only teaze and be aggravating, and, when it was finished, Alice had to admit to herself that she had been childish and pert; and she hated her enemy, as she called her, more bitterly in consequence.

The next week Col. Somers came up to Lake George, and Alice remembered that, in the first days of their friendship, Mrs. Craven had several times spoken of him, and more than once Alice had seen her receive letters with an initial S on the envelopes. So she saw fit to adopt her prettiest and most bewitching manners for the officer's benefit, and the widow watched her with silent but intense delight. She saw her way clear to bringing about a climax to the little comedy she had helped on so diligently.

Master Jack conceived the most violent animosity for the grave colonel, who, out of the wisdom of his thirty-eight years, was content to do as Mrs. Craven had requested, without bothering her with questions. He thought Alice a charming child, and was nice to her, according to the directions he received from headquarters; but it looked to Jack like a deeply-seated flirta-

tion; and there was no doubt that the wicked little widow encouraged him in the belief, and even did a bit of the forsaken Ariadne business in their private discussions concerning the matter.

Jack reached a point of exasperation, where he was bumptious and contradictory with the colonel, and the colonel was more quietly provoking than he ought to have been, making the young fellow feel that he was regarded as a mere boy, whose opinions, like his rudeness, were not worth regarding. So, one fine morning, what does the irascible Jack do but send a letter to the colonel, inviting him to take a little run over into Canada, in regard to which nobody was to be the wiser, until one or the other of the two was left winged or ready to bury on the bleak Canadian shore. Before the colonel answered it he went in search of Mrs. Craven, and told her what had happened, and the widow clapped her hands, and cooed with delight.

"Well," said the colonel, regarding her with a gravely-amused air, mingled with a good deal of admiration, "you take the thing very coolly! You don't suppose I could hold a pistol toward that handsome boy, do you? I presume you don't expect me to carry my complacency to the point of standing up and letting him take a shot at me without defending myself."

"It's just beautiful," cried the widow, as soon as she could speak for laughing. "I declare, I'd like to continue the matter so far as to make Alice follow you to Canada, and appear on the bloody field, waving a flag of truce! What fun!"

"Now, Sophy," said the colonel, "there are limits to a man's patience. I am too near forty to be made ridiculous—"

"Oh! you don't need any help in being so," interrupted she, maliciously. "There, don't be cross! You have behaved like an angel; but I've no more time to waste with you just now. I must go and find Alice."

"Do let both children alone. I've scarcely had a quiet word with you since I came up here."

"Be good," said she, trying to draw away the hand he had taken, "and I'll promise that, dating from the fifteenth of October, you shall have your whole life to talk to me as much as you like, though I'll not promise that you shall have quiet."

He burst into rapturous exclamations very unbecoming his great age, but she only laughed, and ran away.

Alice was sitting alone in her room, in a rather "stricken-deer" sort of attitude, when the widow burst in upon her in such a state of excitement, and told her story in such incoherent fashion,

that Alice concluded the duel had already taken place, and that Jack was mortally wounded at the very least. She proceeded to turn as faint as death, and the willow had to clap her hands, and make her smell ammonia.

"You are no better than a murderess," cried Alice, when she had come to.

"Dear me!" said the widow, "they've not fought yet; maybe they won't! Men are like turkeys. They take so long to get ready, that generally the battle doesn't come off."

"You must stop it!" moaned Alice. "You must—you shall!"

"I don't see why," returned the other, coolly. "We don't care about either of them, and I am sure there are plenty of men in the world—more than enough, for that matter."

"I do believe you are a fiend!" shrieked Alice, wringing her hands, and gasping with dry sobs, for she was past tears.

"You've just pitted the two men against each other for your own amusement, and now you'd enjoy seeing them murder each other."

"Well," said the widow, frankly, "I should uncommonly like to see a duel, I own! I might dress in boy's clothes, and go to Canada to act as second."

"Have they gone to Canada," moaned Alice.
"Oh, I shall die--"

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the widow.
"I do believe you're in love, or fancy you are, with that ridiculous colonel."

"The colonel! What do I care about that old fogy," retorted Alice, scornfully. Why, ten thousand men like him wouldn't be worth as much as Jack's little finger!"

The widow made an odd grimace, unseen by the frantic young lady, but said, very quietly,

"Well, I know it's not Jack you are in love with, at all events; so, as you care about neither, let them fight."

"I have known him all my life; he has been more than a brother; and do you think I will stand still and let him be murdered to gratify the vanity of a woman like you?"

"Oh, it won't be murder! The colonel is very honorable; it will all be conducted with strict military fairness! But the colonel's a beautiful shot. Jack will only be—be—— What is it they call it? Winged, I think; but I don't know whether that means losing an arm or a leg."

As she spoke, she looked out of the window, which commanded a view of the lake and the landing at Mrs. Stamferd's place.

"There's Jack Hunter now," said she, "coming across in his boat. Well, they're not going to fight this morning, at any rate."

Alice darted past her, and flew out of the room not so much as deigning her a look. The widow sank into a chair, and laughed till she cried.

Alice fortunately met Jack just by the boathouse. He saw her coming, and his first idea was to get away. It was all terrible earnest to him now, and he had no desire to see her.

"Stop, Jack!" she cried. "I must speak to you. I will!"

He stood still then, looking very glum and obstinate, as she came up, panting.

"I don't know what you can have to say to me," said he, coldly. "Did you mistake me for Col. Somers?"

"Oh, Jack! Jack! I've found it all out! Oh, how could you be so wicked, to think of fighting a duel," gasped Alice. "To go and—"

"How do you know?" he interrupted. "Has that man told you? Is he a coward, too?"

"He didn't tell me, or anybody. She found it, out—that Mrs. Craven. It's all her fault; I know it is—she's the wickedest woman that ever lived! She wants one of you to be—be—Oh, I don't know what she called it; but you shan't be, just to gratify her vanity. You shan't!"

"Mrs. Craven has nothing whatever to do with the matter," returned Jack, grandly; "nothing in the world! Wherever else the fault belongs, it's not with her."

"Where does it then?"

"Never you mind where," said he, roughly, to hide a sudden weak agitation that threatened to unman him. "I'm not complaining, and I don't wan't pity. All I ask is to be left alone,"

"That you may go and get yourself killed!" groaned Alice.

"You seem uncommonly sure of that," retorted he. "Do you suppose one must be a colonel, with a back like a poker, and legs like two wooden sticks, to know how to fire a pistol!"

a murderer," shivered Alice, covering her eyes with her hands.

"You're mightily afraid something will happen to the colonel," thundered Jack.

"Oh, Jack! As if it was about him I think, in comparison to you, when I've known you all my life—when——"

That dreadful knot, which had seemed growing fighter and larger in her throat each instant, left her incapable of adding another word. Jack waited with a cruel politeness to see if she meant to continue, then he said, with elaborate courtesy,

"You are at a loss to give any very good reasons why you should be interested in my fate; pray don't take the trouble—one doesn't expect one's acquaintances to be so sympathetic."

"Oh, Jack! Jack! You break my heart when you talk like that."

"Your heart," sneered Jack, in a tone that would have answered admirably for a parlor Mephistopheles. "Any woman's heart for that matter! Is there one among the whole sex?"

"When I have always li—liked you so much," sobbed Alice; "when you've been like a brother to me, ever since I can remember!"

"I never wished to be your brother," howled Jack, unable to keep back the truth an instant longer. "I've loved you always, and you treated me abominably! Talk about brothers, indeed, when I'd have sold my soul just to get a smile from you; and now, I don't care what becomes of me! I'm sick of my life, and if I didn't think that devil would shoot me, I'd do it myself."

Alice sank down on a bench, because she was trembling so that she could not stand any longer. By this time she could shed tears, and she shed them in such a tumultuous fashion that Jack was frightened out of such small store of sense as he had left, and skipped to and fro, and up and down, like something strung on wires, varuly urging her to stop—to be quiet—first to listen.

"I can't! I can't! until you promise me there shall be an end of this," gasped Alice, ready to follow up her advantage. "Oh, you won't fight, Jack—you won't! Promise me to let it all go?"

"I'll not promise you anything," shouted he, growing obstinate again, as soon as she stopped crying. "You didn't answer my letter; you let me see you thought me a fool! I meant to show you I didn't care; but that did no good. You've gone on flirting with that man till you have driven me almost crazy! He shan't have you—he shan't. I'll kill him ten times over first!"

The crimson shot up into Alice's face, over the pallor of her fright and pain. Once more she covered her eyes with her hands; but this time it was not to hide any image of horror, and Jack heard her whisper,

"How could you think I cared for him—I? Oh, ever since you came here I've been so wretched! When you talked so horridly, that first night that I found out that I—that I—"

"Well?" cried Jack, snatching her two hands, and trying to get a look at her face. "Tell me, did you care—do you, Alice?"

She could not speak just yet. But when he fell on his knees, and caught her in his arms, she laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept tears so full of thankfulness, that they washed out all the bitterness and unrest of the dreadful days through which she had passed. But Jack heard, at length, that he was forgiven, and his love prized as it deserved; and for a long hour they two forgot that the world held anything besides their two selves, and their happiness.

Then steps on the gravel startled them back into the consciousness that they were not absolutely alone in the universe, and there stood the widow, placid as a moonbeam, and she was saying,

"Don't be quite merciless toward the wicked old fairy, who wanted to prove to Beauty that Beast was the true prince, though the blind little thing could not see it! But I didn't mean matters to get so serious, Alice, dear—that's the awkwardness of men! And here's Col. Somers, who wants to apologize to Mr. Hunter for what he has or has not done; and you must be quick about it, for I've got a telegram that calls me to town, and I can't let him stay to be shot, because—because he has fallen into the toils against which Tony Weller warned his son!"

So there were a few moments of eager talk, then the elder pair left the young couple to their bliss again. They were old enough and wise enough to be satisfied with that which fate offered, though they might have passed through trouble so real that they could never find exactly the unreasonable and unreasoning ecstasy of the two they left behind. But they knew what Alice and Jack would learn in time, that, beautiful as youth and its dreams may be, there is a love deeper, higher, broader, though it show less glowing and bright; a love that no doubt can touch, no time can dim; that eternity itself shall only widen into a perfection more complete and enduring. They knew it, and were content.

LITTLE LAURA.

BY HELEN A. BAINS.

Fold her hands tightly Over her breast; Close her lids lightly, Lay her to rest.

Smooth the dark tresses Ikick from her brow, All my caresses
Avail her not now.

Joy! To the mourner Comfort is given. Angels have borne her In triumph to Heaven.

THE OTHER SIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CAPTAIN ARDEN did not like his passenger. "It's a shame," he said, "to see a young fellow go scowling through the world in that fashion. That wife of his ought to have sweetened his temper, no matter what ill-luck he's had."

Hovey was kind enough to his wife, so far as watching over her comfort and that of the baby went; but no effort that she made could bring him out of his mood of depression, or, as the captain called it, sulkiness.

Mrs. Hovey was a fair-haired, plump little woman, with sparkling blue eyes, and a chirrupy voice, and a way of wearing her cheap dresses and ribbons that produced an oddly vivacious, airy effect. Wherever she went with the baby, into the cabin or on deck, in that Ohio steamer, people brightened and made room for her.

Why should Hovey be unhappy? He had had hard measure for two or three years, it is true; but he had reached solid ground at last. He had saved enough from his clerkship to buy a share in a Pittsburgh iron mill; a small share, indeed; but the patent he hoped to take out for a new boiler-guage would be worth a fortune to him. He and Jenny were on their way to Pittsburgh now. Hovey meant to leave her there, and go on to Washington, about the patent. Even if it failed, they were sure of a comfortable support from the partnership. The money, which Hovey meant to invest in the iron mill, he had with him now, in government bonds.

John Hovey's moroseness, or cynicism, was peculiar. With his inferiors, he was one of the most kindly and genial of men; but the moment he came upon his own social plane, he stood apart, like a fretful porcupine, on the perpetual look-out for slights and injuries.

"Have you noticed Tilly's hair?" Jenny said, beckoning him to her side one evening, as she sat with the baby on deck. "It grows curly and darker every day. Put your hand on it, papa, and feel how soft it is. Miss Anstein remarked, to-day, it had the very shade of your own."

"I wish you would have less to say to those fashionable women, Jane." petulantly drawing away the hand she had laid on the baby's head. "Can't you see how they scan and ridicule your dress? Why, one of Miss Anstein's gowns is worth your whole wardrobe."

"Very likely. She has some lovely things. But I don't believe she ever saw what I had on. She does not care for dress as much as I do, I think."

"Then she has some other way of guaging you, just as false and shallow," snappishly. "Who was your grandfather? Or, how much is our income? Or, what set did we belong to in Cincinnati? Why, some of these fashionable fools estimate a man's worth in the world by the street he lives in! I tell you, Jane," growing more vehement, "it's all a sham and show. What do these women, or any of the upper-ten, care for intellect, or culture, or good breeding? There's a sneer on their faces perpetually, for anybody out of their clique. Wait a few years, little woman, and you shall beat them on their own ground. No woman in Pittsburgh will dress as you shall, when I have the money; you shall have a carriage and footman, with the best of them. Tilly shall never feel what it is to be snubbed, and sneered at, and thrust into the gutter, as I have been !"

Jenny could not understand this morbidness. Men were men to her, and women, women; ranked more by whether they were agreeable or not, or kind to her and the baby, than by any social distinctions.

"I don't see," she answerad, with the usual adoring glance at the baby, by which she punctuated her sentences. "I don't see how anybody could sneer at Tilly, or why. From the captain's wife to the chambermaid, there's but one opinion about her on the boat. What town is that, John?"

The evening was darkening, and through the mist lights began to twinkle in the distance, sloping, as from a quay, or levee, while beyond, a column or two of reddish light marked the locality of founderies, such as were to be found in almost all of the river towns above Cincinnati. Hovey did not answer his wife.

- "What town is this, John?"
- "Deansburgh."
- "Deansburgh! And we are going to stop! The boat is going up to the wharf! Oh, John. how glad you must be!" clasping his arm with both hands.
 - "Why?" with a bitter laugh.
 - "Why? Because it was your home." Jenny

stopped on the verge of indignation. She never went beyond it. Hovey had told her once that he had been born and lived in Deansburgh, until he was of age; but not a word more. She remembered his unaccountable silence now with a little quake of fear at having dragged his secret to the light, if there was one. She took the baby into the state-room, and laid it asleep on the berth, and then came out and sat down beside him. An awkward silence followed, as the boat puffed its way slowly up to the wharf, before which were crowded smaller craft, steamers, stern-wheelers, rafts and coal-flats.

John broke the solemn pause at last.

"If you want to know what fashion is in its full falseness and shallowness, go to Deansburgh!"

Jenny replied cheerfully,

"I suppose fashion is a miserable thing of rags and patches, as you say. But I don't see why we need make it the scarecrow of our daily lives, for all that."

Mr. Hovey vouchsafed no reply. He was wrapt in his own gloomy thoughts. Jenny shut her eyes lightly once or twice to keep back the tears. She had never given up so long as there was any tangible trouble to fight—poverty, or debt, or sickness. But this formless chimera, which was to be brought into their every-day life to appal and cow them—what was she to do with that? "Is life given to me and Tilly for no purpose but to force ourselves into a certain set? to belong to a certain rank, no better or worse than any other?" she thought, with hot impatience.

Yet the trouble was a real one, chimera or not; it was gradually making John Hovey's whole nature cankered and unclean; debasing his ambition, rendering his temper petulant and intolerably unjust, Perhaps some dim perception of his wife's thoughts came to him, as he sat by her side, drumming impatiently with his foot; for he felt himself forced to speak to her as he had never intended to do.

"I never told you about my life in Deansburgh, Jane?"

" No, John."

"It's very bitter to me to remember it. When I think of it, I feel tempted to hate my race. The people of that accursed place," throwing out his hand angrily toward the snug little town, which now was in sight closely veiled under the hill. "I wish I could tell you what they are—how vulgar and purse-proud, how inflated with their rank, rotten gentility. The pain that I endured among them, when I was a boy, has never ceased to be sore and bitter, man as I am."

"Poor John!" said Mrs. Jenny, creeping closer, and hugging his arm. She loved her husband dearly, whims, megrims and all, and was quite ready to throw her valorous little body between him and Deansburgh, or anything else that wronged him. "What was it, dear? Tell me all about it."

Thus adjured. John began his story. Every man is probably a hero in his own eyes; but not every one can boast a conspiracy against him from his birth-a deep-laid plan to thwart his talents, brow-beat, annihilate him. John Hovey, otherwise a shrewd, practical man, believed that this had been his destiny. It is a favorite fancy with clever, energetic, poor men of his calibre, that "rotten aristocracy and fashion" have but one aim in existence, which is to trample them under foot. Every glimpse of liveried lackey, or glimmer of satin and lace, which reaches them through open windows, is received as a direct, personal insult. John Hovey had begun life in this temper, and nursed and brooded over his wrongs, which had grown with every year. He spoke now, therefore, out of a full heart. His wife listened, in almost breathless silence. At last the key to her husband's life and character was to be placed in her hands.

"In 1833," said Hovey, "the cholera decimated this town of Deansburgh and the surrounding country. My father and mother were among the victims. I was left, a boy of six, absolutely without kinsfolk, or friends, for God forbid that I should call the man in whose house I was reared by such a name. Come! I'll show him to you. He is living still. I have a fancy that you should see the place where my wretched boyhood was passed."

The boat had grated on the shore a minute before, and a plank was thrown out. Hovey drew
his wife's hood over her head, placed her arm
within his, and in a few moments they were
walking slowly up the street. The town was
only a large village; the streets lined with trees;
heavily wooded hills rose at its back; the windows of the houses were open, and cheerful voices
and music came out into the moonlit night.

"It's very agreeable here," said Jenny, glancing around, "very agreeable. I don't see how your boyhood could have been altogether wretched, John."

"How can you possibly know anything about it, from a glimpse of moonlight and bright streets?"

A church stood open. A tall, hatchet-faced man was going in, hymn-book in hand. The gray-headed sexton and some children stood in his way. He put them aside, bowing, but without a smile.

"That is the Rev. Peter Sturtevant. I was permitted to live in his house for ten years. I was as entire a stranger to him, when I left it, as when I entered it," said Hovey, bitterly.

"Why, John! And he a man of God!"

"Oh, of course, he tried to convert me. But he had but two ideas in his code: the elect and the lost. I was some of the grist out of which he had to make saints-nothing more. It was machine-work, that was all," He hurried her through the street. "I had some money, I never was told how much: but enough to pay for my schooling and clothes. I turned my back on the Rev. Sturtevant at sixteen, and came here." He stopped before a warehouse, with an enormous sign: "Jonas Devine, Commission Merchant, and Dealer in Hay and Feed." He went on, angrily as ever. "There I spent two years, shoveling oats and wheat from bins into bags and back again. When I think of how strong I was in those days, in body and mind-of all that I might have done in the time when I was shoveling wheat out of bags into bins-"

Jenny was silent.

"Devine patronized me. So did his clique, both men and women." He walked with her hastily, as he spoke, into the next square, to a large, tawdrily-built, wooden dwelling, with Greek porches topped by a Swiss roof, and grounds sloping down to the street, laid out in showy beds of flowers. "There is his house, There is a 'reunion' going on inside. Just as in the old time." The windows were open, disclosing bright, large parlors, gaudy with brocatelle and gilding. A brass band was clanging in one of them, and crowds of men, unhappy in unwonted dress-coats and white neck-ties, and women with gorgeously-colored silks, and bare shoulders and arms, moved to and fro.

"They're having a very pleasant time," said Jenny, her eyes beginning to sparkle.

"It's not possible you would wish to be among them! Purse-proud, bloated aristocrats!"

"Are they? Now they seem to me very simple, good-natured people, John, if they do wear dazzling colors, and pitch their voices tolerably high. Those young people are dancing the very Spanish quadrilles we used to like so much. And I've no doubt the married women in the corners are talking about their babies and cooks. Yes, I think I would like to be among them, very well, indeed,"

"I have been there," with the short, cynical

"There's old Devine, himself, that fat, pompous man in the window, with gold buttons in his white jacket. Oh, the gall and bitterness which I have had to drink at that man's hands! There was not a look or word of his, or of one of his guests, which did not remind me of my plebeian birth."

"But ---

"Yes, I know. They themselves are vulgar, and ill-bred. But the aristocracy of fashion in a village is as absolute a despotism as in a court. Now you see," sententiously, "what a factitious sham it all is: My child shall be taught to despise them-despise them as I do!"

Some vague doubt whether that were the best way of vanquishing arbitrary distinctions in society floated through Jenny's brain. But she was no philosopher, so she clung fondly to Hovey's arm, and scudded along beside him, casting a wishful glance back at the pleasant, happy people.

"What I mean to do, is this," he said, speaking with a sharp emphasis, the sharper because he detected her back-turned glance. "Those people saw that I was of a different sort from themselves, and tried to trample me down. When I succeed with my patent, I mean to go back among them, and enjoy my triumph. They shall see there are other ranks than those which money gives. It will pay me for years of privation, to see old Devine writhe with envy at the success of the poor boy he used to despise!"

"I don't understand why you were so unpopular among them, dear."

John Hovey was silent for a moment, a silence which conveyed somehow a scathing rebuke. "Rich men are apt to be jealous of certain qualities in poor ones," he said, dryly.

The Clara, an hour after, swung loose, and pushed from the shore. Mrs. Hovey sat with the door of her state-room open on deck, watching attentively the baby asleep on the bed, and the lights of the town, like sparkling steel-points set in the darkness. She could hear her husband's measured tramp up and down the cabin. With the money that was coming to him, she foresaw jealousy, envy, acrid ill-temper, which, in his days of poverty, he had never shown, She looked back angrily at the little town, which lay like a thicker shadow down in the bend of the hill.

"I hope we may never breathe its air again," she said; "there's certainly something malignant in it, or the people. They embittered and tainted poor John's nature for him when he was a boy." It was some relief for her to throw the laugh that was growing habitual to him. | blame on somebody beside John; but she tried in

vain to think that the taint would pass away in time.

Hovey came in presently, bade her good night, and bestowed himself in his berth, in a state of resolute antagonism to the world, the people of Deansburgh, and fate; while poor little Jenny took her baby in her arms, and by dint of kissing it and praying, brought herself to a happy content with all three. Once safely at home, the patent successful, this dreadful skeleton of fashion would cease to torment them, she hoped.

The night was dark: the river so low that the boat ploughed her way slowly and with caution. Through the square window, above her outer door, Mrs. Hovey saw the dark outline of the same hill for half an hour. Gradually the boat had sunk into quiet. The passengers had long since left the cabin for their berths. Even the captain had passed by her door to the state-room, just beyond, where were his wife and child.

Mrs. Hovey had fallen into a light sleep, when a strange, oppressive smell woke her. She stirred, lifted herself on her elbow, first adjusted the baby, and then began to collect her senses. The narrow room was brilliantly lighted, and the curious aromatic smell filled the air.

"It is daylight already. They are burning the pines," she said. But before she finished the words, she had sprung out of bed, with a sudden thrill of nameless terror and opened the outer door. It was midnight; behind the boat, the narrow cleft of hills and the river between lay like a chasm of shadows—before——

Just off their bow, and bearing directly down on them, was a boat larger than their own apparently, and empty, wrapped in fire from bow to stern.

For a moment, the awful beauty of the sight held her dumb and motionless. The heavy silence, the vast, steel-colored arch overhead, the circling, watchful hills, and this messenger of death, approaching swift and noiseless as an avenging angel, robbed her of breath, in admiration. The next moment she turned to wake her husband, but as yet without any sense of actual peril.

"It is a boat on fire, John," she said, quietly.
"Not ours. We are in no danger. Nobody is.
It's quite deserted, I think."

"Good God! A burning boat adrift! And the Clara loaded with oil to the water's edge!"

Hovey sprang out of the berth, as he spoke, and in one breathless moment had dressed and dragged his wife, child, and the valise holding his precious bonds out to the farthest point aft of the deck. The cabin and decks already were

filled with the terrified passengers. Jenny, not yet able to comprehend the danger, sat down on the trunk, clasping Tilly to her breast.

"I see no reason for such terror," she said to a sobbing young woman. "In all probability we will pass the boat safely."

The women were left alone, Hovey and the two or three other cabin passengers having hurried to the bow, where a sudden jar warned them a collision had taken place. The scene was utterly different from any which Jenny had pictured as probable in a like calamity. There were no cries and no exclamations; men and women both showed a self-possession and unselfishness which seemed to her incredible. The danger, when it came, too, approached them by degrees. Hovey hurried through the cabin, to where his wife and the other women stood.

"John? Is it-?"

"Yes. The boat is on fire in several places! But we'll get it under, we'll get it under," in the patting, soothing tone, which men invariably wisely use to women in such cases.

"And the oil?"

"Tut! tut! Never you heed the oil, little woman," as though she were six years old. Then began a shrill concert from half-a-dozen voices.

"I think it was unpardonable carclessness in them to run the Clara on the other boat." "Why wasn't the captain on guard, Mr. Hovey? What business had he to be asleep, and a burning boat loose on the river?" "Hadn't we better get on skiffs immediately, and go to shore?" "I won't stir a step without my baggage."

Hovey, who knew that there was no means of putting them ashore, and that in ten minutes the boat might be wrapped in flame, was cool and quiet. It needs more than even a hand-to-hand grapple with death to make a man forget that women are dependent on him, and, in danger, are essentially physically weaker, and to that extent, inferior creatures. He led the pale, chattering crowd to a place sheltered from the driving smoke and heat, therefore, with a half amused smile, although his heart beat like a sledge-hammer, and his ears were pricked to catch every sound in the confusion below, with the intentness of a criminal watching the death summons. Death? Tush! Why, five minutes ago, he was asleep in his berth. Wasn't he on his way to secure the patent for his boiler-guage? Hadn't the partnership been offered to him in Pittsburgh?

"Where are the bonds, John?" whispered Jenny. "If they are in the trunk, had you not better secure them about your person, in case—?"

"Nonsense! There's no danger, child. Henty of time in any case." A minute before he had

intended to take the bonds out of the trunk; but now it would be a concession to womanish weakness.

"Mr. Lloyd is coming. He has news for you." Jenny stood up, looking up the deck, to where the clerk came hastily through the smoke. He was a pleasant, cheerful young fellow, who had made the voyage very pleasant for Jenny and her child. He was pale now, and covered with grime and soot. Hovey went to meet him.

"There is no chance; the boat must go," said Lloyd, under his breath. "The women must be provided with life-preservers. All we can do is to keep order."

"Where are the skiffs belonging to the boat?"
Lloyd's countenance changed. "The firemen
made off with one as soon as the alarm was given.
The other is not fit to put in the water."

The other men, who had wives on board, came to them now. At the further end of the deck the crowd had gathered; they had ceased to fight the fire, which had possession of the centre of the boat. The sky overhead was lurid with streaming, bloody currents of flame; millions of sparks drifted on the wind, hither and thither, like a snow of fire. Underneath, the river ran blackly, and the surrounding darkness seemed to their blinded eyes to shut them in as by a wall. The pilot had abandoned his post, and the boat was drifting headlong with the current down stream.

Hovey, for the first time in his life, faced death. He heard, as if from a great distance, the shouts, and prayers, and curses, from the men at the bow. One, two, three boats came in sight, which might, perhaps, have brought them help; but, terrified for their own safety, they scudded nearer to shore, and disappeared in the night.

Then there came a long pause. It might have been hours; it might have only been a moment. All he saw was Jenny's pleasant, dear face, close to him, and hopeful even then. All that death meant to him was that he would lose her.

"Jenny!" he cried. "Jenny!"

Now, in that last hour, he knew what his wife was to him. Money, success, love, take their rightful places in the supreme moment.

The heat grew suddenly intolerable; the darkness deepened: and then earth, river, and sky were lighted by one frightful glare.

"The fire has reached the oil," said Lloyd. "We must leave the boat."

"I cannot swim," said Hovey. He put out his hand, touching his wife almost calmly.

The volume of fire rushed across the boat. He drew her close, kissed her and the baby, and the next moment was struggling with them in the surging black water.

Hours after, two men stood by a bed, in which Hovey lay unconscious. One of the watchers spoke,

"There certainly is a change. And a favorable one, doctor. I know the old fellow's phiz too well. Trust to a friend's eye before a physicians."

"Perhaps you're right. This sleep is certainly lighter. Hush! he's waking."

The last voice was strange to Hovey. The first, where was it that he had heard that cordial, hearty tone? Waking out of the coldness of death, it was the pleasantest, friendliest sound he ever had listened to. It seemed to hold in itself all good cheer or good fortune to come.

He tried to turn his head. There was a whisper, a sound of hurrying steps, and when at last he faltered out, "Jenny," that little woman, chubby and rosy, was bending over him. She began to speak, but her chin quivered, and her throat choked, so she only nodded vigorously.

"Yes; it's all right, John, my boy," said the hearty voice again. "You're alive, thank God, and so is the wife and baby, though saved as by a miracle; I'll say that. All you have to do is to lie still."

Hovey looked at him vaguely. "Whose house is this?" he said.

"Why, don't you know Devine? Old Jonas? 'Pon my soul, Mrs. Hovey, young men have shorter memories for their friends than we old fellows! Why, I've always said to Mrs. Devine, when John succeeds, and makes a ten-strike, he'll remember his old friends, and come back to tell them of his good luck. Isn't that so, Nancy?"

A fat, motherly old lady appeared from behind the bed-curtain, nodding, and then gently tried to raise Jenny, who knelt by the bed, holding her husband's hand in hers.

"Be calm, my dear! Here's Dr. Nuttall, who will tell you John must not be excited."

Poor Jenny stood up trembling. "I'm quite calm. Only—only God has given him back to me. I'll go for baby, John."

"And I'll go tell Sturtevant," said Devine, puffing and blowing, to rid namself of his excitement. "It's the best news the old parson has heard this many a day. Do you know, John, it was Sturtevant brought you ashore? He's been here, night an' day since, helping to nurse you. 'I used to be stern with the lad,' he said. 'I never knew how dear he was to me until he left us.' Well, doc., you take charge of him."

"First tell me how I came to this house?"

"The boat, as I suppose you know, drifted down opposite the wharf, before the oil took fire. The people were out in skiffs, on flats, and some even swimming, to try and rescue the victims. I suppose there was not a human being in the town who was not on the wharf that night, trying to assist. When your wife was brought to chore, and Devine and Sturtevant found out who she was, and that you were still missing, they put out together, and searched long after pursuit had been given up. They rescued you at last, at the risk of their lives, when your body had been drawn under the wake of a steamer."

"I am surprised they showed so much interest in me."

"Your friends are singularly attached to you, Mr. Hovey," replied the doctor, dryly.

The moodiness and suspicion were gone from Hovey's face, as he lay, the next day, in the bright, sunny chamber, with old Devine at one side of the bed, and Sturtevant at the other. Why was it that he had never seen the genial warmth on one face, the mild benignity under the sadness of the other? Why was it that the sun had never seemed so warm, the hills so soft a green? Was it that he had been brought back by friendly hands from the very borders of death? Was it that which made life so strangely warm? God so near? These hated people of Deansburgh were as his brothers to him today.

"There was a trunk, containing same bondswell, in fact, all the earnings of my life? I suppose it was lost," he said.

The two men glanced at each ether. "I fear it was, John," said Devine, gently. "But it shall not make a bit of difference in your prospects. Jenny-Mas. Hovey, I mean, has told me of the partnership offered you. Now I offer you just the same share in my machine-works, taking your skill and knowledge of the business as capital. Not a word! Wait until you are strong, and then we will discuss the affair at length. I have the money-you the business tact-the bargain is fair. Meantime, you shall push your patent, and if it succeeds, carry your good luck to a larger field. But I think your \ lingered like a benison.

old friends have a claim on you, to at least make a starting-point of your home.

Hovey said not a word, but covered his eyes with his hand. The two men understood him.

The next evening, Hovey lay looking out at the quiet town, from his open window. The physician was in the room with him.

"I never thought to come back to this town to make a fresh start in life," said Hovey.

Doctor Nuttall was silent.

"Yet I am glad to come." After a pause he added, "These people appeared to me purseproud, silly and vain, addicted to a miserable aping of fashion. Yet they took me in, when I was thrown a beggar on their hands, and have made of me an honored guest and brother. Even I was blind in my first judgment of them."

"Did it ever occur to you to wonder how your education and clothing were provided, Mr. Hovey?" asked Nuttall.

" My father left some money, I believe."

The Doctor hesitated. "You are mistaken. I discovered the real facts by accident, and I think it best you should know them."

"By all means, it is best. Go on!"

"A few friends of your father's, finding he died penniless, contributed a certain sum, which was held in his name, that you might never know you were receiving alms."

"Who originated that plan?"

"Jonas Devine and Sturtevant."

Hovey lay silent for a long ... "How I have wronged these men-and all men," he said, at last, with a sigh.

"Your first judgment was not wholly incorrect. But you saw only side."

But John did not hear the moral the doctor drew from his premises. From every living soul in his old home, evil or good, a tender, deep humanity seemed to draw and claim him; he was quiet and at peace as never before, while over the sleeping town the warm sunlight fell and

AN INTERLUDE.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Just an interlude, as brief, as sweet, Drowning a bitter refrain; A tender glance—a lingering kiss; A worn heart rocked on billows of bliss-Sunlight where shadows have lain.

Just an interlude, that-no more; A rift in the heavy cloud, With the glory of Heaven breaking through, And meiting the heart, and lips that grew So scornful facing the crowd.

Just a fleeting dream of ecstasy-Lethcan in subtle bliss; A reseate veil o'er life's wreck-strewn shore, Where the sail waves sob forevermore, An interlude-only this.

Just an interlude! Sweet, oh! sweet As the red rose's low, soft sigh, When the quivering heart must be rent and torn, While yet the mask is haughtily worn-Well played life's pitiful lie.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

A LOVELY valley, formed by two hills, almost mountains: one high, broken and jagged with rocks, clothed richly with forest-trees, and a luxuriant undergrowth; the other long, rolling, and, in some places, cultivated to the very top with patches of trees, and a ridge of thrifty evergreens, running along the summit, and choking up the furrows which floods of rain sometimes tore deep in the soil. A mile or so of flat land lay between these pretty mountains, where rye and corn found a noble growth, and fruit orchards turned the place into a garden in the blossom season. The village was small, and mostly composed of old-fashioned houses with long, sloping roofs behind, stone chimnies, and ghostly, tall poplars in front, two-thirds of them dead at the top.

A street ran through the heart of the valley, cut in two more than once by less pretentious cross-roads, and the brightest, most coquettish, and musical river you ever saw, came sweeping around the shoulder of the eastern hill, ran half up the valley, curved itself into an ox-horn, and swept down the foot of the western hills, taking a brook or two in its progress, welcoming them with dimpling eddies, and bearing them forward triumphantly, as fond mothers toss their children up and down in the air, rejoicing to hear them laugh. Of course, there was an old-fashioned wooden bridge where this river crossed the highway, and just below that all its bright waters gathered deeply, and plunged over a dam that was half natural rock, and half timber. All the year round there was pleasant music beneath that old bridge—the dash and laughter of the waters, the soft, mellow grinding of the lowroofed mill, and the shiver of a group of weeping willows that the spray of the dam kept in perpetual baptism.

Back of these willows, and just where the highway curved to meet the bridge, was a lowroofed, red farm-house, raised from the level by a terrace of rough stone, and buried in front to the chamber-windows with purple and white lilac bushes.

Along the terrace-wall, which lifted an oldfashioned garden from the road, clumps of yellow

lilies, clusters of blue flag and peonies, blazed out at intervals, and gorgeous drifts of nasturtions fell in masses down the stones. Back of this house was an apple-orchard, covering the sloping hill-side with its leafy greenness, and close to the well, over which a mossy old bucket swayed to and fro on a well-used pole, rose a couple of noble pear-trees, just at this writing, heavy with fruit, and musical with laughter.

The laughter came from a young girl, half-buried in the thick leaves, who stood with one foot on the last rounds of a ladder, planted in a growth of horse-radish and burdocks, near the well, and the other on a sturdy branch, which bent a little, but gave her safe foothold, as she plucked the golden fruit, and, peering through the leaves, dropped it into the apron of another girl who stood beneath.

You could only see a slender foot and ankle, a round, white arm, and a pair of bright, laughing eyes through the thick leaves overhead. But the girl below was a picture in herself, for the grace of childhood was in her form, and the brightness of spring in her uplifted face. daffodil, drinking in its first dew, ever looked its freshness more completely than that girl. Just then the sunshine was in her hair, golden, surely, but it had been brown in the shadow. Such hair! long, thick, and silky as a handful of corn-tassels, and broken into lovely waves, that rippled into curls about the face and neck. Sweet as her face, and mellow as the fruit that fell into her apron, was the gleeful laughter with which she answered that from the girl overhead, whenever a pear went astray, or broke the white apron from her hold.

"There! there! my apron is full; they are bruising each other; such beauties," she cried, gathering up her apron, and dodging to escape a great yellow pear, that just grazed her shoulder; "besides, aunt Eunice will be out to fill her tea-kettle, and catch us at it. Then won't you wish we had never seen a ladder."

"Is she coming? Do you hear anything? Run for your life, and hide them under the first bigleaved burdook you can find. I'll take care of the ladder," cried the girl in the branches. "That's right; I hear her."

Away went the young creature with her burden of pears, and the other came with a leap half down the ladder, which she seized with energy, and fairly tossed down among the plantain leaves, that grew all around the well.

Scarcely was this done when a middle-aged woman came through the back-door of the house, with a tea-kettle in her hand, which she held straight before her, as if she intended to water the plaintains on her way to the well,

"Ah, here you come, aunt Eunice!" cried the girl. "I began to think it was about tea-time! Dear me, how the bucket does swing!"

True enough, the old bucket was swinging to and fro on its pole, and the girl had to leap like a deer, more than once, before she caught it; and, even then, she gave herself a flying swing in the air, dragging it downward by her weight.

Aunt Eunice stood with the tea-kettle in her hand, looking on grimly, with just a gleam of contempt in her sharp, gray eyes.

"The bucket's easy enough to catch, if you don't set it a swinging," she said. "I never have to jump."

"You jump! Goodness gracious! who ever dreamed of it," cried the girl, brightning all over, with the fun of the thought. "But here goes the bucket, down, down, down!"

Sure enough, the rough-hewn beam, with a great stone swinging at the end, swayed slowly in the air, and the upright post which supported it began to creak. When the bucket dropped, with a far-off splash, into the well, the slender pole attached to it stood upright, and the stone swung high up in the air, ready to help pull up the bucket by its weight. What a queenly, graceful creature that was, even as she bent over the well-curb, with one hand lifted on the pole, and the other dropping downward? The position was full of grace; every curve of that superb figure fell into harmony, and the glimpse you got of her face was full of warm coloring and vivid life.

A splash!-a slow, mellow gurgle of waters, as they flowed into the bucket, followed; then, hand over hand, the pail was lifted; the great stone settled down upon the turf, with a thud, and the bucket, cool, mossy, and dripping, was poised on the well-curb, and its contents poured into the tea-kettle, which aunt Eunice held with austere precision just under the sparkling flood, after gathering her calico dress back between her knees, to protect it from the overflow, and keeping the kettle rigidly at arm's-length while it was filled.

havn't done my duty, so you must let us have the nicest sort of a tea short-cake."

Here the girl gave an inquiring look over her shoulder, and, seeing nothing very unpropitious in the old woman's face, went on.

"Short-cake! jelly-cake! Don't look glum. Didn't I see you making a lovely one, yesterday?"

"But that was for company," said aunt Eunice, "not when there's nobody but ourselves at table."

"Oh, that makes no difference. Then there's peach preserves, strawberry preserves, and, cream for the tea-real cream from the morning's milk. No humbug, aunty, we won't stand that; and you might make one of your delicious pot-cheeses, it wouldn't hurt you a bit."

"Why, Gertrude Harrington, what do you mean?"

"Mean? Oh, those little round things, white as a snow-ball, that you make out of milk or something. I think they're excellent."

"Excellent! I should rather opine they are excellent. So is jelly-cake, so is preserves, so is short-cake; but who is a going to set out a table with such things, and no company to eat 'em?"

"Who, indeed, but the dearest and best aunt that ever lived, who hasn't got over being young herself----'

"There, there, Gertie, I'm not to be flattered and coaxed out of my senses, just yet."

"Calls herself old without a gray hair in her head; and cross, too, while in fact she has the sweetest disposition-

Aunt Eunice gave her tea-kettle a swing, and went toward the house, leaving it doubtful how far this persuasion and petting had affected her, but Gertrude knew the old woman well, and gave herself no unensiness.

"I say, have you brought her round?"

It was the voice of Clara Vane, who came cautiously out from behind the largest pear-tree, and walked on tiptoe toward the well, as if she feared aunt Eunice might hear her footsteps in the grass.

"All right; she didn't say no-and that is a great deal; but are you certain?"

"Certain-look yonder!"

Gertrude did look up the road, and saw two young men riding toward the bridge.

"Here already, and we looking like this. I do believe my dress is torn off at the gathers," she cried, lifting both hands to her head-always the first movement of a girl in doubt of her toi-

"Oh, Gertrude, you always look nice in any-"Now, aunt Eunice, you can't say that I thing; but how am I to get home without being seen. It really is awful," answered Clara, ready to cry. "If it were not for the bridge, now--"

"Jump into the canoe, cross below the mill-dam, and climb that bank by the water-wheel. You will be under shelter all the time, and have a chance to come down from your room, looking like an angel, in white and blue, remember."

Clara seized upon the idea, ran to the bank of the river, down a foot-path, which led to a little cove under the willows, and leaping into the tiny shallop that lay rocking there, shot it across the stream like an arrow.

Gertrude smoothed her hair again, which was like brushing down the plumage of a raven, and went toward the house, flushed like a damask rose; for two handsome young strangers, to be entertained and made much of, in that little village, was an event which had not happened many times in her life. She watched Clara until she saw her half way up the opposite bank, tearing a path through the dense foliage of vines, and then gave a peep into a pantry, which opened from the kitchen. There aunt Eunice was hard at work, measuring off a big jelly-cake with the blade of her knife, and cutting it into delicate spikes with a precision which scarcely jagged the snowy frosting. This was sufficient. Gertrude knew that a splendid treat was in preparation, and took courage.

"Aunty, dear," she said, approaching the kitchen-table, "I'm so glad you happened to speak of getting up something a little extra. Only think of it, Clara's cousin and another gentleman just rode by. You can hear their horses tramping across the bridge now, and I don't believe Mrs. Vane has got a thing to offer them. I declare its enough to mortify poor Clara to death. Don't you think so?"

Aunt Eunice deliberately measured off two more wedges of the jelly-cake, with the blade of her knife, this time turning that mathematical instrument three times, under a prompt impulse of hospitality. She know a little of Mrs. Vane's method of housekeeping, and took compassion on poor Clara at once.

- "Two young men did you say?"
- "Yes, two. I think one is the Yale College student, that young fellow who made such a figure last commencement."
- "How did you know about that?" inquired aunt Eunice, dryly.
- "Oh, somebody told me; he's coming up to see our school-committee."
- "Shouldn't wonder," observed aunt Eunice; "them students, more than half of 'em, have to keep school a year or so before their debts are paid up. What's this young feller's name?"

- "Compton—Guy Compton. Nice name, isn't it?"
- "Never heard it before. Betsey, Betsey Taft!"
 A stout, heavily-built girl, with quantities of coal black hair, and eyes to match, came from the kitchen, with a roll of snow-white pot-cheese in her hand, which she was moulding between her palms.

"Betsey, gunpowder tea and the silver teapot—bring them here!"

Betsey retreated, finished moulding her cheese with deliberation, and after taking sufficient time to prove her independence, came back with a tin caddy in one hand, and a funny little silver tea-pot in the other. Aunt Eunice laid her knife across the jelly-cake, and unscrewing the top from the caddy, filled it twice, evening-off the surface with her finger, and making certain that every waste particle fell back into the caddy.

"There, you know how to draw it," she said; "just a spoonful of cold water, then fill up boiling hot—but don't set it on the coals."

"As if I didn't know enough for that," muttered Betsey, with a toss of the head which threatened to shake down the masses of her hair, which always seemed ready to give way.

"Put that short-cake down to the fire," commanded aunt Eunice, austerely.

"It is down," answered the girl, with equal force.

"Well, then, put on your sun-bonnet, run across the bridge, and ask Mrs. Vane——"

"No, no, aunty. Only Clara!" interposed Gertrude, putting in a breathless protest.

"Ask Mrs. Vane, Miss Vane, and Mr. Vane, to bring their company, and take tea with us this afternoon."

Gertrude dropped into a chair, and both hands fell downward in helpless dismay.

- "Oh, aunt Eunice!"
- "Before you go bring out the china tea-set," continued aunt Eunice, quite ignoring Gertrude's distress, "and roll up the paper blinds in the best room, where the young people can have a chance to enjoy themselves a little, while we old folks have the sitting-room to ourselves." Gertrude breathed again. This was half a reprieve.

Betsey tied on her sun-bonnet with a jerk, and while she was doing it, nodded her head once or twice to the young lady, who took another gleam of hope from these gestures.

Away went Betsey across the bridge, and into the brown house at the other end, which was crowded so close to the water, that a narrow, back porch fairly hung over it. A little gore of land, filled with beds of onions, beets, and cucumber vines, hedged in by thick rows of currant bushes, lay between one end of the house and the bridge. Over that a great straggling sycamore-tree spread its mottled limbs and ragged foliage, from which a growth of fuzzy balls dangled sparsely.

Betsey dragged open the wooden gate, which scraped the earth in a circle when it moved, and entered the dwelling-room, where she found Mrs. Vane making heroic efforts to twist up her hair, and get her best cap from a cupboard in the room, where two young men were seated, rather impatiently waiting for Clara to make her appearance.

When the good woman saw Betsey she dropped both arms from her head, and made a piteous appeal for help.

"Oh, Betsey Taft, what am I to do? Company in the out-room, Clara taking care of herself, and I without a cap to put on. Did you ever see anything like it? What shall I do? More than that, I know them young fellers have come to tea, and not a morsel of pie or cake in the house; besides, the children will be streaking in barefooted, and looking like sixty—I know they will."

"Where is your cap?" said Betsey, who was worth her weight in—well, it would be safe to say in silver—on an emergency like this.

"In the cupboard, and they setting right opposite. Oh! if they would only take a notion to see Vane at the mill, or something—but there they sit, and sit, and sit."

"Let 'em sit," answered Betsey, who was a girl of resources, "but just hurry up your hair, and tighten up your dress a little. I'll get the cap."

True enough, Betsey walked with cool deliberation into the next room, where the two young gentlemen sat, told them that Miss Clara would be down in a few minutes, and, turning her back squarely upon them, opened the cupboard-door, drew the cap, with all its pink ribbons, slyly forth, pinned it under her apron, and walked out, carrying a little China vase in her hands, looking innoceut as a lamb.

Mrs. Vane was all delight and volubility. The cap, with its flutter of pink ribbons, was always a strong point in her toilet, and its possession proved to her what a sword is to a general. While she was fitting it to her head, Betsey exhibited her genius in another direction.

"Now, about the tea, Mrs. Vane. Our people saw the young gentlemen crossing the bridge, and sent me over to say that you must all come and take tea there; so I give the invite just as they sent it, not meaning to say a word about the

suddenness, or the jelly-cake not being large enough for so many, because they never would forgive me. So you must be sure and come."

This hint about the cake was not quite enough to deter Mrs. Vane, who dearly loved a tea-party, and found her cap very becoming; but the next sentence unsettled her again.

"It'll be worth while for you to come now, I tell you, if it's only to see her at the head of the table, in that dove-colored silk dress——''

"What! Will she wear that, do you think, and I nothing but this alpaca?" she was about to say, but thought better of it, and added, with reference to some imaginary garment—"and I so little time to get out my best silk. Besides, Vane is so busy at the mill."

"Yes, I thought of that," answered Betsey.

"But then you could keep back tea a little. After all, I think we'll come. It isn't of any great account about getting out the silk dress; this is as good as new. There, now, I'm ready to go in."

But that moment Clara came gliding down the narrow stair-case, and stood a moment in the entry, just one cloud of blue and white muslin, and with an azure ribbon floating from her hair, with all the simple grace of a Scottish snood. She saw Betsey, and her face brightened. The girl nodded her head confidentially.

"You are coming to tea," she said. "Our people will be all ready before you can get there."

"Thank you, Betsey! Aunt Eunice is the nicest creature that ever lived. I was so anxious about it. Tell Gertrude that she has made me happy as a bird."

"I'll tell her," said Betsey. What more she might have said must go unrecorded, for Clara had the latch in her hand. The next instant she stood in that humble parlor, face to face with her destiny.

"My dear cousin," she heard her cousin saying, as both young men arose. She heard the name with some confusion, and acknowledged it with blushes, for her experience in the world was very limited, and she was naturally a modest girl, rich in that exquisite sensibility which sends the blood up from the heart at every thrill of feeling.

You might have wondered that Clara was so agitated at the sight of this man, had you seen her cousin—as fine a specimen of humanity as ever trod the earth. Tall, keen-eyed, and giving in every movement evidence of great power, both physical and mental, he towered above his companion completely, throwing him in shade to the ordinary observer.

At first there was a little awkwardness in the meeting, even with this cousin, who was considered the pride and glory of the Vane family, and held in especial reverence by Clara, both for the position he had earned for himself at Yale, his commanding presence, and the kindness with which he had always regarded her own family, which had not been recognized as a branch to be especially proud of by the Websters, who had married into it.

"How do you do, cousin Hart, and how is aunt Mary, and and ?"

Here Clara broke off, just glanced at the stranger, and was blushing rosily, when Hart Webster came to her rescue, and introduced his companion.

Clara put out one foot, and attempted an elaborate salute, which would have delighted her dancing-master, but broke into natural, childlike grace, and ended by holding out her hand in cordial welcome.

Then Hart Webster answered all her questions. His own health was excellent, that of his mother perfect, and everybody at home sent love—all this while Guy Compton sat gazing on the bright girl with kindling interest, which she felt in every nerve of her body.

But a noise arose outside the door, a soft patter of words, perpetual and harmonious as the flow of the mill-dam, and quite as difficult to check. In came Mrs. Vane, beaming with hospitality—words of welcome on her lips, pink ribbons casting rosy reflections on her face, and both plump hands held out with such cordial warmth, that Hart sprang up and seized them at once.

"Dear me, where did you drop from? Hadn't the least idea you would get here before dark. In fact, only just heard that you was to be expected. The letter only came this morning—in fact, it is not more than an hour since I heard of it. Vane always keeps letters in his pocket till they're half worn out. Clara, just run to the mill, and tell him that your cousin, and—and—"

"Mr. Compton," said Hart, without breaking the thread of his aunt's discourse. "Mr. Guy Compton, a class-mate of mine."

"Your cousin and Mr. Compton, his classmate, you know," chimed in the woman, running on with her accompaniment as the young man spoke, and pattering on industriously. "The young gentleman—glad to see you, sir. Friends of my nephew always welcome. The young gentleman we've heard so much about that valedictory was so nice. Vane read it to us from the paper. Tell Par to come right in.

You'll excuse the flour—he won't have time to change, I dare say; having no end of grists in to-day—team on team, and the water a little low for grinding. Why, Clara, haven't you gone yet?"

"Yes, mother, I-I only waited-"

"It's only because we've got company—the most obedient child in a general way." Mrs. Vane went on without a breath, or a break in her words, "Par doats on her. Well, nephew Hart, how is Mary? I love her just as well as a sister of my own, Mr. Compton, though she is only Vane's sister, and a proper pretty cretur she was—small, and light, and springy, like Vane. Awful smart family, them Vane's. It's from them Hart got his smartness, though where he got his height from and his size, goodness only knows. Here comes Clara. Vane will be here in no time. Oh!——"

Nothing but a glance at herself in the lookingglass, which revealed her cap all awry, could have checked the good woman for a moment; but this discovery filled her mind with consternation for half a minute, and she paused to adjust the cap.

During that half minute Vane came in from the mill. He had made a little preparation for this interview, having stamped some of the flour-dust from his boots, leaving it in lines along the creases, and he had shaken it from his hat, save where it clung tenaciously about the band. Still, he had the general appearance of a man who had been running through a sifting snow-storm, and in breathless haste found refuge in his own parlor.

Half an hour after this, Clara Vane was seen by her friend, who stood watching at the chamber-window, walking demurely across the old bridge, between two young gentlemen, with a filmy handkerchief over her head, and the loose muslin dress floating around her like a summer cloud. When the party mounted the stone steps of the terrace, and approached the front-door, Gertrude had glided down stairs and stood in the parlor-door, ready to receive her guests, while Betsey Taft answered the clang of the iron knocker, and invited them to walk in, with the air of one who owned the premises.

This was a day of introductions. Hart Webster had never seen Gertrude Harrington in his life, though Clara's letters had been full of her friend for half a year. Now, when he did see her, standing by him in all her queenly grace, the effect was bewildering. He had expected beauty, but not of that character. Rustic timidity, a complexion clear, and varied by every emotion—something very sweet and de-

pendent, he had imagined to himself, but the real girl took him by surprise. She was simply superb.

Into the out-room the little group went, speaking of the weather, the beautiful scenery, and such things as newly-introduced people usually fall back upon, with breathless haste, as if there was much to say and no time to say it in. The room was cool, from the shadows imprisoned there all the week, and fragrant with the breath of numerous flowers, which Betsey had found time to gather from the garden, and Gertrude had arranged in the old-fashioned China jars, that stood upon the hearth, with a background of asparagus-spray, over which a host of berries trembled like coral drops, quite illuminating the old Franklin stove with a brilliant contrast of green and scarlet.

Directly Mrs. Vane was seen crossing the bridge, with her pink ribbons in full bloom, and a shawl of gorgeous pattern folded over her bosom; her step was rapid and her lips in motion. In fact, they never were at rest, for she was given to talking in her sleep, as the miller could testify, and, when quite alone, held perpetual conversation with herself. Nothing but the mill-dam, with its eternal flow, could equal the good woman in this respect. On she came, through the gate, and up the terrace-steps, smiling in the midst of her solitary talk, and nodding to the young people benignly as she passed the window.

"Enjoying yourselves? That's right. Young folks will be young. Par and I used to like it, just as well as anybody. Of course, he'll be here, by-and-by. Set out some bread and milk for the children. Nothing to keep him."

With this rather confusing information, Mrs. Vane walked into the next room, where the teatable was spread, and held a long conversation with the silver tea-set, each article of which she looked upon as a distinguished stranger, which never came out of the dark, China-closet, except on great occasions, and was to be treated with deference accordingly.

"China that is China. Brought from India. Can see your fingers through it, when you touch one of the cups; that's the sort of thing to go with such silver," she said, nodding and smiling benignly at the tall sugar-bowl and milk-cup, in which she looked with curious interest.

"Loaf-sugar in lumps—brimming over with cream. The silver butter-dish, too"—here the lid of the butter-dish was softly lifted—"yellow as gold, and fresh from the well. Saw the pail it was in, standing by the curb, as I came in. Ice-cold, and dew breaking over the lid. That's

what I call doing things up in the genteelest way. Honey, too! I shouldn't wonder if she's took up one of the hives under the big pear-tree -fed on white clover every bee of them. Potcheese! Well, this does beat all! Why it's a feast, instead of a tea; just to set here and see my own face a shining in the sugar-bowl, is a treat-but lonesome. Supposing I go into the other room, and help the young folks along?" Having investigated the table, in all its points. Mrs. Vane was about to put this last idea in operation, when Betsy Taft came in, with both hands full, followed by aunt Eunice, who carried the silver tea-pot, which gave out a little cloud of steam, before her; and then the young people came through the entry, and gathered around the table, joyous and brilliant with hilarity.

The China cups had scarcely circulated once. when Vane came nimbly across the bridge, caught a glimpse of the party through the window, crossed the street almost at a run, and flinging his hat down in the entry, begged everybody not to move for him, and took a reserved seat by his wife, who said she was glad as could be that he had come at last, and then rushed on in an overflow of words, by which she was attempting to explain that a garden without currant-bushes was just no garden at all. After this, the business of the table went on splendidly. Aunt Eunice did the honors with stiff precision, lifting her antique silver, and the girls were bright as birds when a warm, spring sunshine bursts upon them.

After tea the party broke up. Mrs. Vane took out her knitting work, and settled down in a Boston rocking-chair, by one of the open windows. Aunt Eunice brought hot water and washed the china, a duty she never allowed Betsey Tafit to undertake, and Mr. Vane wandered off to the bridge, and took an exterior survey of his own mill, which was the whole world to him.

The young people went first into the garden, then found themselves in the orchard, where they broke into couples, and wandered off to the banks of the river, and, listening to the mellow flow of the waters, conversed together in low voices, and with downcast eyes, as if they were thinking of something deeper and sweeter than the uttered words that passed between them.

It was sunset, then; all the leaves of the orchard were aglow with crimson light, and the dusky laurels on the river's bank took a rich coloring upon their glossy leaves, that trembled and whispered softly back to the waters, as if warning them to flow quietly, while these young souls learned to know each other.

Back among the laurels sat Clara Vane, with

Guy Compton by her side; he was telling her of his college life, of his future hopes, of the struggle that lay before him. She listened with keen interest, sometimes lifting her eyes to his face with a glow of sympathy, but oftener sitting in dreamy silence, her lashes downcast, her cheeks burning, and the breath fluttering up from her lungs in bosom sweet sighs, laden with sensations she had never known before,

He had come to the village with a purpose. For a time it was necessary that he should earn money; a school was vacant, and there was some hopes that he might be engaged as the principal. He had not cared so much about it at first, but from that afternoon it would be the great desire of his life. Would she regret it if he was successful?

Would she regret it? The very thought made her indignant. Would she repine if all that lovely village were turned into a paradise at once; if the flowers blazed out into jewels, and every spear of grass blossomed under her feet? Why did he ask a question like that? Could he not understand how her heart was beating, how hot her cheek was from the very fear that he might be defeated. Why it had become almost a question of life and death with her, within the last hour, too.

Thus the soft purple of the coming night settled down upon these two; they never thought of moving until a voice called to them from across the river:

"Clara! Clara, I say! What are you about, catching your death of cold?"

It was Mrs. Vane, who had gone home when the dusk gathered, and saw the young couple sitting there, in the soft purple haze, on which they were floating into dream-land. Clara started, and uttered a faint cry. That voice seemed to drag her out of heaven.

"It is almost dark," she said, like one aroused from sleep. "Have we been here so long?"

"It does not seem ten minutes," answered Compton, arising reluctantly to his feet. "Why did your mother call?"

"She was afraid that I—I might take cold. I must go now. Where is Gertrude?"

"Oh, she has found her way home, I dare say."

"Then I must go. Not round by the bridge—this is the shortest way. Were you ever in a canoe? This is mine. The mill-boy has brought it over. Step carefully—we are close to the dam, and the water is deep."

Clara held the oars in her hands, one was planted against the bank, holding her little craft steady, while Compton stepped in. She stood upright, and balanced herself like a waternymph, laughing gayly as he hesitated to load the shallop withso much weight.

"Come in! come in! We will take a row down stream, just a little way. The moon is up—see how it shines upon the dam. One pull will bring us out of sight. Mother will think that we are coming round by the bridge. Now for it."

Compton leaped down from the bank, and struck the boat with considerable force, which made it rock like a cradle. In her fright, Clara pressed her oar against the bank, and instead of sending her craft down stream, gave it a strong impetus toward the dam. In an instant it upset, and hurling her forward, she was borne down under the great body of water that plunged over the dam.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I WONDER IF I COULD DANCE?"

BY MARY RAMSON.

I HEARD a little maiden say,

"I wonder could I dance? Ah! see."
I peeped to watch, and saw her try.
And as she tripped, with merry sound,
Her voice went caroling around.
Her fairy feet just kissed the floor,
And still she caroled o'er and o'er—
The joyous strain, the old refrain,
"Oh! happy we, where'er we be,
With eyes of light and heart of giee."
God bless the children, one and all!—
I could not for my life depart,
Her twinkling feet, like skipping flowers,

Were dancing all around my heart

And singing with as sweet an art,

They take me back to childhood free, When I was young and wiid as she, And still she sang the old refrain, "Oh! happy we, where'er we be, With eyes of light and hearts of glee."

With more of sadness than of joy I gazed upon the happy scene,
And once again in thought was young—
I danced again on Rothville green,
And wore the crown as May-day queen.
And heard the village piper play
"Over the hills and far away."
Ah, me! I hear the children's lay—
"Oh! happy we, where'er we be,
With eyes of light and hearts of glee."

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In this department it is our purpose to give drawings and descriptions of dresses, that will not be very expensive, yet will be stylish and fashionable. As we have often remarked, it is not money that makes a woman look elegant and well-dressed, it is taste, and knowledge of the latest modes. No other periodical has anything like this department. In other lady's books, where economical patterns are given, they have no style; but the dresses we offer here are selected from the latest Parisian costumes.

Our first engraving, this month, is of a walking-dress with cashmere mantle. The under-



skirt of this dress is of striped gray and brown poplin, made perfectly plain and just to touch. The waist and tunic are of brown cashmere, also without trimming, cut all in one, Polanise style,

and looped up quite short at the sides and back. The over-garment, which may be either of brown cashmere, like the dress, or of black cashmere, (which can be worn over any other dress,) consists of two circular capes; the upper one is slit up the back almost to the neck, and both capes are trimmed with bullion fringe. These over-garments of black cashmere, cut in this style, are the latest novelty out. One and three-quarter yards of cashmere, two yards wide, will be required, or three yards of ordinary width. The two yards wide costs from two to three dollars; ordinary width, one dollar and fifty cents. Six yards of brown cashmere for the Polanise, and six yards of poplin for the under-skirt.

Our next is a walking-dress with a velveteen sacque. This dress is of bottle-green merino,



made with one skirt only, which has on it, first, a pleating of the same, twelve inches deep, with a band cut on the bias two inches wide, and bound on both sides with green satin or silk. Above this are two other bands, same width, with a stand-up pleating of the material. Waist made with a small basque trimmed to match. The outside wrap is of black velveteen, trimmed either with fur, or with cloth in imitation. It is cut a loose sacque with coat sleeve, which has a turned-back cuff. Fourteen yards of merino will be required for the dress. Can be bought from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per yard. Three and a half yards of velveteen which may be had at any price, from two dollars up. The trimming, four inches wide, of beaver, costs four dollars for the real, and seventy-five cents for the imitation, which looks very well.

Our next is a house dress for a young lady. This dress is of black alpaca, trimmed with velvet ribbon, one inch wide. One skirt to touch, with the trimming put on perpendicularly, coming up above the knee, as may be seen in the



design, also the mode of arranging the trimming. One breadth of the material is shaped and gathered on to a belt, coming only to the sides: this forms the small paniere at the back. The basque waist is slashed in the back and at the sides, forming squares, which in front are lengthened into long tabs, completing the formation of the over-skirt. The basque has one row of velvet, and the over-tunic two rows. Coat sleeve with a slightly flowing cuff. The neck is square, under which is worn a plaited handkerchief of muslin or lace. If made close at the throat, with a rolling collar, this would make a charming walking-costume as well as homedress. Twelve yards of material, and four pieces of velvet ribbon-grey, purple, or any other solid color, trimmed with bands of black alpaca, stitched on in place of the velvet ribbon, where economy is desired, would make a very effective trimming, and certainly inexpensive.

We now give a walking costume for a little Miss of twelve to fourteen years. The underskirt and jacket of this dress is of tan-colored merino, or poplin, and has upon the under-skirt one row of velvet ribbon, one inch wide, put on one inch from the bottom; above and below this band of velvet, are velvet buttons, sewed on at intervals of two inches apart. The jacket is



loose, cut in squares, and trimmed to match. The overskirt may be of black silk, or cashmere, has an apron front; the back is cut square, two widths in fullness. The whole is trimmed with a ruffle cut on the bias of the same, and the back of the skirt is looped up quite high, which produces the effect of two long points, as may be

mined by the size of the child.

We give next a cloth cloak for a young lady. This cloak is cut tight to the waist, in the basque form, and trimmed with Astrakan cloth, twelve



inches deep, on the bottom of the garment, two inches up the front, as far as the waist, where it begins to widen up to the neck in the form of a pellerine. Wide, open sleeves, with a trimming six inches deep. Muff entirely of Astrakan. Two and three-quarter yards of cloth for the basque, and two yards of Astrakan for trimming, or less, if put on narrower.

Next we give a winter costume for a little girl. This is strictly a walking or skating suit, for a little girl from ten to twelve years, and is made of dark blue poplin or cloth. The underskirt has a narrow row of black Astrakan cloth,



seen. The amount of material must be deter-, two inches wide, on the extreme edge of the skirt, above that, at the height of eight inches, one row of black velvet ribbon is put on in squares, as may be seen by the design. The jacket is cut into the figure, but not to fit close, quite long, slashed at the back seam of the skirt, and all trimmed with the Astrakan cloth' same width as that on the bottom of the skirt; black velvet bows on the shoulders, may be added or dispensed with at pleasure. Muff and hat of the same, also a trimming of the Astrakan at the top of the boots. Of poplin, five yards will be enough; of cloth, which is one and a half yards wide, three yards for the suit; one quarter of a yard extra must be allowed for the muff and hat. One yard of Astrakan cloth for trimming poplin, as cited in Article No. 1, can be bought from fifty cents up; Astrakan cloth at two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per yard.

> We give next a house-jacket, made of scarlet cloth, or merino, and simply trimmed with a



band of black velvet, cut bias; fastened down the front with either silk or military buttons.

We conclude with a boys' highland suit. Kilted skirt of blue merino, laid in deep plaits;



this is fastened by buttons to a warm underwaist, or skirt. The jacket may be of black velvet or cassimere, or of a darker shade of blue. Searf of the same shade and material as the skirt. The jacket is trimmed with two rows of military braid, quite narrow, and a quilling of

silk laid under. It will require three full ; In the front of the number we give various widths of merino to make the plaited skirt, three-quarters of a yard of cassimere, or one and a half yards of velvet for the jacket. Velveteen would look very well for the latter, and be much less expensive.

patterns for chemises, night-gowns, drawers, a dressing-sack, etc., etc. Also engravings of new-style bonnets, hats, collarets, sleeves, etc, etc All of these are the very latest as well as prettiest.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.—NAMES.



NAMES FOR MARKING.



NEW STYLE TUNIC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, an engraving of a new style tunic, with a diagram, by aid of which it may be cut out. A paper pattern should be first made, by enlarging the diagrams, and to facilitate this, the size of each diagram is marked in inches on its side. Having made your paper patterns, fit them to the person who is to wear the tunic, enlarging, or diminishing, according to her height and figure. Then cut out your stuff from the paper pattern.

This tunic is of cashmere, and trimmed with

a band of gross grain silk, cut on the bias, three inches wide on the skirt, and two inches on the basque and cape. Four sleeves. Bullion fringe, either worsted or silk, finishes the edge. We give the diagram of all parts.

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT OF TUNIO.

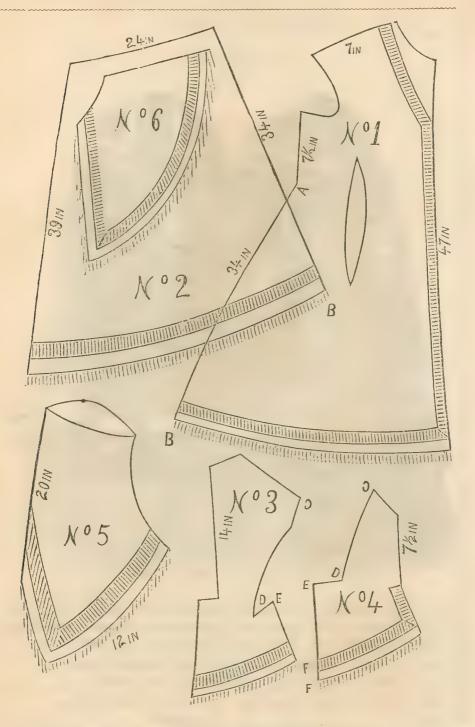
No. 2. HALF OF BACK SKIRT.

No. 3. HALF OF BACK OF WAIST AND BASQUE.

No. 4. HALF OF SIDE-BODY OF SAME.

No. 5. SLEEVE.

No. 6. CAPE.



As we give back and front view of the tunic, Large buttons of the material, over moulds, are it will be easily put together from the diagram.

KNITTED COMFORTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials for this comforter are four pins, | color, and two of the other, form the stripes. No. 12 or 14, and Shetland wool of two colors.

Knit round and fold together. The size and length must be made to suit the person the over the opposite color. The fringe is tied in comforter is intended for. Four stitches of one and knotted.

The comforter is knitted one row purl and one plain, and the wool must be carried at the back

WARM CAP FOR INFANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



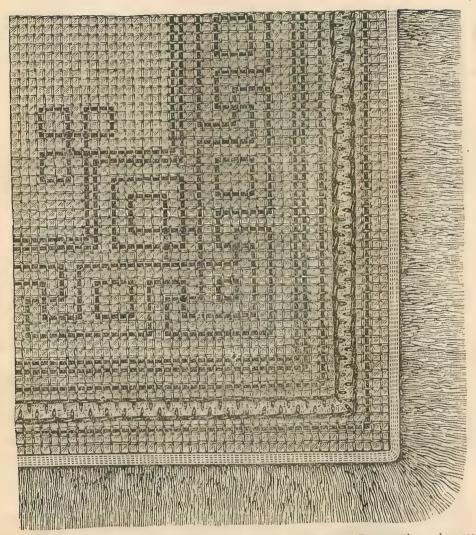
warm wraps, but it is at the same time neces-

It is unusual to cover the head of an infant in ; sary occasionally to protect it from cold, when this little cap will be found useful and comfortable. It is made of colored and white Berlin wool, with the tatted and crocheted border entirely in white wool. Some pieces of paper should be cut to the size of the cap.

The foundation consists of three parts-the straight, middle, and the two rounded side parts, which are tricoted to the size of the paper patterns, and joined together and bordered with ribbed crochet, round which is a tatted trimming. The front of cap is finished by a row of Josephine knots, sewn on like a purl edge.

TIDY IN JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This material is in white cotton washing Java zephyr of Pyranean. Between the arabesques canvas, and the wools used are scarlet and black there is a border of feather-stitches.

EMBROIDERY.



KNITTED GAITER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

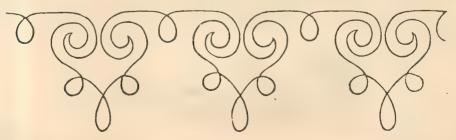
are double Berlin wool and fine steel needle.



Cast on 68 stitches, and knit 30 rounds, alternately, 2 plain, 2 purl, 31st to 33rd rounds plain, 34th and 35th rounds purl, 36th to 38th rounds plain, 39th round, alternately 2 purl 1

The materials for this warm and useful article ; plain, 40th and 41st rounds alternately 2 plain, I purl, so that the 2 plain stitches come over the purl stitches of the preceding round, 42nd round like the 39th round, 43rd and 45 round, plain, 46th round purl, 47th and 48th round plain. 49th round purl, repeat from 35th to 49th round 5 times. In the first row of the 3d pattern knit 2 stitches together at the beginning and end (each side the seam-stitch,) and repeat this 5 times, leaving 7 rows between each decreasing. Now knit 3 rounds plain, and 30 rounds alternately 2 plain, 2 purl. Take the last 14 stitches of one row and 14 stitches of the next row on one needle, and knit backward and forward 18 rows, alternately 2 plain, 2 purl, for the heel. Take up the 9 stitches along the edges of the heel on separate needles, and knit with these and the remaining stitches the instep and the gasset on each side, the gusset plain, the instep like the heel. In the first row knit the last stitch of the gusset and the first stitch of the instep together, on one side, and the last stitch of the instep and the first stitch of the gusset together on the other side; repeat this every alternate row till all the stitches of the gusset are used up, then knit 30 rows on the instep. Take up all the stitches round the bottom of the gaiter, and knit four rows, 1st row plain, 2nd and 3rd rows purl, 4th row plain; cast off, and sew on a leather strap.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



BABY'S JACKET, WITH HOOD, IN KNITTING AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



blue Berlin wool and thick woolen needles. Cast on with blue wool 140 { stitches, and knit backward and forward as follows :---1st row: purl, 2nd row, plain; 3rd row, alternate; throw the wool for-

ward, knit 2 together: 4th row, purl: 5th row, purl: 6th row, plain; repeat twice from the 3rd to the 6th row. Now take the white wool, and knit in brioche stitch 36 rows. In the 1st of these 36 rows knit every 2nd and 3rd stitch together; and in the 2nd row, knit the 24th, 25th, and 26th stitches (counting from the beginning,) and likewise the 24th, 25th, 26th stitches from the end, together, repeat this in the 4th row. This forms the corners of the jacket in front. Now knit 38 rows with the first 16 stitches, east off the first 4 stitches to form the slope of the neck; knit 2 rows, cast off 2, knit 12 rows and cast off. Take up the 16 stirches at the other end, and knit the second front to correspond with the first. Now take up the back; cast off 6 stitches at each end, and with the remaining of the sleeves and around the armholes.

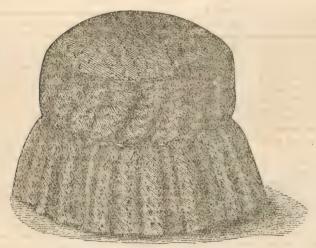
This little jacket is knitted with white and stitches knit 38 rows; in the 39th row take off 6 stitches at each end; and in the 2nd and 4th from this, cast of 2 stitches at each end: knit 4 rows, and cast off. Sew the back and front together on the shoulders, gather the back up a little in the neck, take up the stitches down the front and knit on a blue border to correspond with that at the bottom. Crochet all round and up the fronts as follows: 1st row, 1 double, 3 chain: 2nd row, * 1 double on the chain-stitch scallop of preceding row: 1 chain, 5 treble over the next scallop; 1 chain; repeat from *. For the hood, cast on 50 stitches with white wool; knit backward and forward in brioche stitch 64 rows, and then cast off; on each side and one end of this piece crochet in blue 2 rows as above. Fold this piece in a point, and run a cord through the crochet, adding tassels, as in illustration. Sew the hood on to the neck of the jacket, bind the two edges together with white ribbon, leaving strings to tie in front. Begin the sleeve at the bottom on a foundation of 28 stitches; knit backward and forward with blue wool as at the bottom of the jacket, then 60 rows in brioche-stitch with white wool, increasing 1 stitch at the beginning and end of every 8th row. Cast off and sew in the sleeves; add the crochet edging round the bottom

> NAMES FOR MARKING.



BOX-OTTOMAN FOR BED-ROOM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give a very pretty design for an ottoman, arrangement of the pretty chintz cover is clearly which can be made almost for nothing. The shown in the design. It will be found to be an foundation of this ottoman is a strong circular exceedingly useful article in the bed-room, or box, the top of which must be well padded. The

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A	B	G	D		F	G
M		J	IK	I	M	M
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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"Peterson" for 1872.—We offer this number to the public as an carnest of what this Magazine will be in 1872. We also call attention to the Prospectus. We claim there that "Peterson" is cheaper and better than any periodical of its kind. Other magazines, similar in character and quality, catrgo three or four dollars a year, while we charge only two. Our enormous edition, exceeding any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these low figures

In the fashion department, we have no real rival. No cotemporary approaches "Peterson," in the nowness or elegance of its fashions. During both the sleges of Paris, we continued to give late and stylish French fashions, as a reference to the magazine for 1871 will show. While we were doing this, our cotemporaries were giving old and obsolete styles, or third-rate styles made up at home. In another raspect, also, our fashions have no parallel. The "Every-Day Dress" department is the only reliable guide, in this country, for elegant and fashionable, yet economical dresses.

Nor has any lady's book ever attempted to compete with "Peterson" in the sterling merit and engrossing interest of its novelets and stories, all of which are original. We pay more for literary matter than all the other Laties' magazines to gether. For next year we have a series of the most thrilling novelets we have ever published. "The stories in 'Peterson' are the best to be found anywhere," is the universal remark of an impartial newspaper press.

Now all this is offered for only two dollars a year. To clubs, as our prospectus shows, it is offered even lower: at a price, in fact, that puts it within the reach of everybody. No magazine, equal in merit, can be had so cheap. Nothing, really worth anything at all, could be offered at a less price.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson"—even those who take other magazines—if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. Be the first in the field. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. Do not lose a moment I

MUSLIN, OR LACE SETTS, are now very much in vogue. Some are made of clear white muslin, and consist of demiwide sleeves, not cut on the cross, but gathered near the elbow only; completed near the wrist by a band of stitched toile, whence a deep plaiting of muslin falls over the hand This is sometimes edged with lace, but the best style is to have it simply with rather a wide hem. These setts we have seen made of cambric, or even fine toile; but we think clear muslin is prettier. The collar forms a standing-up plaiting of muslin at the back; while in front there are points of starched toile, with the same plaiting all round, and in the middle, a fall composed of two plaited lappets and a bow of musiin. Another sett of the same style has a turned-down collar with revers, remaining open shawl-shape. Again, both sleeves and collar are made of fine Mechlin tulie, without any lace, for dressy toilets. Nothing is softer or more becoming to the complexion than light tulle setts like these Some ladies prefer lace with the tulle; but though richer, the sett is less charming trimmed than in all its tasteful simplicity.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson." Elsewhere, you pay three or four dollars for what is no better.

WHEN NO PREMIUM IS ASKED, we will send for 1872, as we did for 1871, three copies of "Peterson" for \$4.50.

The Superior Manner in which our fashions are engraved and colored, can best be realized by comparing them with a those that appear in other magazines. We are almost tempted, at times, to re-produce, for once, some figure that has appeared elsewhere, in order that this superiority may be put to the test, as completely as possible. Perhaps we may yet do it. Nearly all our cotemporaries, in order to make a larger profit, use either colored wood-cuts or colored lithographs. The fashion-plates, in "Peterson," however, are engraved on steel, and printed from steel, at an additional expense of thousands of dollars annually. In a word, we spare no expense, in any department, to excel all others. But than sixty thousand dollars is disbursed, every year, by "Poterson," for literary and artistic purposes alone. This is a larger sum than is puid by any other periodical undeterer.

A CHOICE OF PREMIUMS is allowed to persons getting up clubs. If, for example, any one prefers "Washington at Trenton," or any of our former premiums, to "Five Times One To-Day," they can have it, if they notify us when they send the club. By getting up clubs enough, a person can secure all our premiums. These premium engravings are, "Five Times One To-Day," "Washington at Trenton," "Our Father Who Art In Heavon," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Washington Bidding Farewell to His Generals," "Banyan on Triad," and "Banyan In Juli" They are all first-class engravings, of a size to frame and hang up, and such as are sold at retail for from three to four dollars each.

IN THE NEW FASHIONS, toilets are divided into two very distinct styles: those for the street, which require a tunic or second skirt, tastefully draped and trussed up unequally, so as to form drapery behind; then those for full dress, which have skirts with long trains mounted in plaits with velvet bodies, and basques of the same color, or else the Cabrielle dress, fitting to the waist without a band, buttoned in front in the redingote style, and ornamented with braiding or rich embroidery in long stitch.

"The Best I Even Saw."—A lady, writing for a specimen of "Peterson," says:—"It is the best magazine I ever saw or read. It has the nicest music, and the fashions are a month earlier than any other. A number of my neighbors, that took another magazine for 1371, say the fashions are a month later than those of 'Peterson' and that it is not half so good, and that they will take 'Peterson' in future." This is the burdon of scores of letters.

The Price of our Premium Engraving, to persons not subscribers, is \$2.00 But we will send a copy of it, and also a copy of the Magazine for 1872, for \$2.50. Club subscribers can have the engraving for \$1.00 extra.

IN THE WAY OF FURS, fox is quite fashionable. Blue fox, and more especially silver fox, will be used for trimming mantles, and white fox will border opera cloaks.

THE SUPERS BERLIN pattern in this number is what can be seen nowhere but in "Peterson." It challenges competition.

"LITTLE SNOW-BALL."—Isn't she charming? The sly mischief in her eye warns you to look out for her snow-ball.

Our Pressure Engraving for this year proves to be, as we had anticipated, the most popular we have yet published. It is a first-class mezzetint engraving, entitled, "Five Times One To-Day," and represents a charming creature, a real "mother's darling," loaded down with toys and other gifts, and exulting in her newly-acquired treasures. To secure this beautiful parlor ornament, which would sell, at a print-shop, for four dollars, it is only necessary to get up a small club of subscribers for "Peterson" for 1872. Four subscribers, at \$1.50 each, will entitle you to this picture. Or eight subscribers, at \$1.50 each, will entitle you not only to the premium engraving, but also to a copy of "Peterson" for 1872. Now is the time to get up Clubs.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick. Edited by Mary E. Davey. 1 vol., 12 no. New York: Harper & Brothers.—
The Sedgwicks are one of the few American families that have been socially and intellectually important now for several generations, and the subject of this volume was one of the most famous of the family, being, at one period, a highly popular novelist. Miss Sedgwick's life began eighty years ago, so that the book carries us back almost to Revolutionary times, giving us, from that period down, sketches of character and events that are really invaluable. The letters are left to tell their own tale. The editor says, very aptly, that they present a truer and more vivid portrait of their writer than could be had in any other way. The volume is embellished with a view of the old Sedgwick mansion, and with two portraits of Miss Sedgwick.

The Earth. By E. Rechts. Translated by the late B. D. Woodward, M. A., and edited by Heary Woodward, British Museum. I vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a work of very great value, the result of more than fifteen years careful study, travel, and research, by one of the most able living French authors. It has already passed through three French editions. The translation has the advantage of having received the author's supervision. The work is a descriptive history of the phenomena of the life of the globe, and the text is copiously illustrated, there being no less than two hundred and fifty-three maps, of which twenty-three are page maps, printed in colors. No similar work on Physical Geography, in fact, is so copiously or so well illustrated. The volume is a handsome octave of nearly six hundred pages.

Beautiful Snow; and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson. 1 vol., small 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—It is not often that so beautiful a volume as this issues from the press. The type and paper are both luxurious, and the binding is in perfect taste. The principal poem is the celebrated "Beautiful Snow," about the authorship of which there raged such a controversy, but which is now conceded to be the work of Mr. J. W. Watson, of this city. The tenderness, reality, and felicitousness of this poem will always give it a prominent place in the public heart. The other poems in the volume are also good, some of them even better than "Beautiful Snow," though none on so popular a theme. The volume is dedicated to the author's mother.

Hannah. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—After George Eliot, the author of this new novel is the best writer of fiction in England, unless perhaps Mrs. Oliphant may be ranked alongside of her. The present work is second only to "John Halifax," and better than most of the earlier stories. It turns on the marriage of a sister-in-law to a brother-in-law, a marriage forbidden by statute law in England.

History of Louis Philippe. By John S. C. Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Hurper & Brothers.—Nobody, either here or in England, writes books of this kind as well as Mr. Abbott. The present is quite as good, in its way, as any of its predecessors.

The Ancient History of the East. By Philip Smith, B. A. 1 col. 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a condensed history, from the earliest times to Alexander the Great, of Egypt, Assyrla, Babylonia, Nubia, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phoenicia. It is very well written, and will repay even the educated man, and much more the young scholar, for a perusal. Books of this kind, which summarize the facts of the past, are almost an invention of the present generation, and are a great advance in the "royal road to knowledge," for they teach the student, in a few, quick chapters, all that is most desirable to know, and they recall to older persons much that they have forgotten. The volume is copiously illustrated.

Richard Vandermarck. By Mrs. Sidney S. Harris. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—This is a new novel, by a lady, who, a few years ago, achieved great popularity as the anonymous author of "Rutledge." It is not always easy, after a lapse of many seasons, to satisfy expectations. We do not think, however, that Mrs. Harris falls below her old standard in anything, while in many she shows the results of additional culture, more mature thought and a higher artistic sense. A pure love-story.

The Prey of the Gods. By Florence Marryatt. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The last novel of this popular authoress, who inherits much of her father's faculty for story-telling, with a certain womanly refinement superadded, which to Capt. Marryatt was unknown.

Kate Kennedy. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brotlers.—A now edition of a very popular novel, by the author of "Trodden Down," "Only Temper," "Married," etc., etc. The story is full of spirit, and is high and elevated in tone. The edition is a cheap one.

Left to Herself. By Jennie Woodville. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A story of love, romance, and tragedy told with much effect, though, we should think, by a new hand. The scene of the tale lies partly in the mountains of Virginia, and partly in New Orleans.

Houses Not Made with Hands. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—A really excellent book for children, illustrated by Hoppin with great taste. A sincere religious conviction pervades its pages.

Mother Goose. Set to Music. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—Full of illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalzel, many of them very good, and all of them meritorious. There are about fifty different melodies.

Was She Engaged? By "Jonquil." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A new novel, by an American writer, who has been hitherto a stranger to us. The book has merit, but is hardly first-rate.

Brazen Gates. By "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter." 1 col., 16 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—A charming story, half fairy-tale, very nicely illustrated, and neither too old nor too young for children or adults.

Resolution. By A. S. Roc. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Garleton & Co.—A new novel by a very popular writer, who always shows good sense and excellent principles, and who describes life as it exists, and not too romantically.

The Red Shanty Boys. By Park Ludlow. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Henry A. Young & Co.—A capital story of New England life, such as it was thirty years ago. It is a book for boys; just the thing for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

Mountain Adventures. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—Another volume of that valuable and entertaining series, the "Illustrated Library of Wonders."

Joshua Marvel. By B. L. Farjeon. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, by an author who is gaining for himself a very large circle of admirers.

Kate O'Donoghue, By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Bros. One of the most romantic of this popular author's fictions.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW, AND OTHER POEMS .- A New and Enlarged Edition, by J. W. Warson, is just published, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. In issuing the present New and Enlarged Edition of "BEAUTIFUL SNOW," several other poems written by Mr. Watson, and not included in the first edition, have been added to it, viz.: "The Kiss in the Street." "I Would that She were Dead," "What I Saw," "Please Holp the Blind," "Somewhere to Go," and "Swinging in the Dance." The poem which lends its name to the book, "BEAUTIFUL Snow," treats a well-worn subject with originality and feeling at once delicate and intense. The despair of the wretched outcast, as she watches the falling of the pure, beautiful, yet cold and unfeeling snow, and remembers that she was once as fair and pure, is depicted with true artistic effect. All the poems in "Beautiful Snow" possess great interest, and display a lively and pleasant fancy, as well as a genuine, hearty sympathy with the joys and sor" rows of humanity. They will take strong hold of the heart and memory, and will live and last because they touch many chords of human sympathy. "Beautiful Snow and other Poems," is complete in one large octave volume, and is printed on the finest tinted plate paper, bound in morocco cloth, with beveled boards, gilt top, gilt side stamp and back. It is one of the handsomest volumes ever issued in this country. Price Two Dollars. An edition of it is also published suitable for a presentation gift, bound with full gut sides, full gilt edges, and gilt back. Price Three Dollars. It is for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of either edition will be sent by mail to any one, free of postage, by the Publishers, on receipt of price.

HIGH ART OF AMERICAN EXPORTS .- The London World's Fair of 1862, and still later, and more pronouncedly, the Paris Exposition of 1867, incontestably proved the immense superiority of the Steinway Pianos over all others, whether of home or foreign make, and won for them in Paris the first grand gold medal of honor, which was unanimously awarded by the international jury, and affirmed by the Imperial Commission, as first in order of merit, over upwards of four hundred other instruments, which were entered in competition with them. The export trade of Steinway & Co. has from that period gone on steadily increasing, for wherever one of these pianos is heard, a fresh demand arises, until it has reached such extensive proportions that this branch alone exceeds the entire manufacture of two or three of the leading European makers combined. The firm are constantly shipping their instruments in large numbers, in compliance with direct orders, to Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Dresden Munich, Nice, and other art centres, as well as to Buenos Ayres, Peru, Lima, Central Asla, and India. The latest honor conferred on Steinway's Pianos, is a direct order from Her Majesty, the Empress of Russia, who will pass the winter at Kiew, in Southern Russia, (where the winter palace is being entirely refurnished under her directions,) for the im_ mediate supply of one of their highly finished and most perfeet Concert Grands, to be placed in the music-room of the palace, and one of their new Patent Uprights, for her Majosty's personal use, in her private boudoir.

RAPID RECKONING, or the Art of Performing Arithmetical Calculations almost instantaneously. Any one can learn and apply. The fumous "Lightning Calculator's" exhibitions (same system) were the murvel of thousands. Secret was lately sold for \$1. In book form, enlarged, only twenty-five cents, of booksellers, or by mail. Jesse Haney & Co., 119 Nassau street, N. Y.

"As Long as I Live."—A lady sends a club of subscribers to "Poterson's Magazine," and writes, "I have been taking your magazine this year, and I expect to continue as long as I live."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM, LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. I .- INCIDENTAL CAUSES OF DISEASE.

Nocturnal Dissipation.—It has become an axiom in physiology, that from our social conditions and conventionalities of fashionable life, arise most of the incidental causes of disease.

The custom prevailing in society at present that is most antagonistic to the harmonies of nature and of nature's laws, and most prolific of injurious consequences to health, is one that has been blindly adopted, or self-imposed with a morbid infatuation, namely, the disposition to reverse the order of nature, by converting night into day.

To such an extreme is this law of society carried by our daughters before marriage, by those recently married, and by mothers even, that but few are now born and reared within this "charmed circle" that enjoy either physical stamina or sound moral health.

Fashion orders that our soirces, our sociables, or re-unions, must commence at that period of time when all should be sceking repose from the toils, whether mental or physical of the day. When our brains are thus forcibly kept awake, by undue and protracted excitement of the hour, our nervous systems become rapidly exhausted, and the few hours allowed by such to nature's soothing balm, and the restorative influences of rost, are wholly inadequate to restore that which has been lost. By this course of conduct our physical powers are culpably relaxed; the very life-springs of our natures run to waste, and the resiliency of both mind and body become seriously impaired.

And yet this is only the beginning of the end, for morning comes with its exhilitating air, and sunrise, with the most transparent condition of the atmosphere, passes away, and both are lost to those engaged in following "foolish fashisin in her mad career." It is bad enough to have our lungs oppressed by the exhaled carbonic acid, and the foul atmosphere of a crowded and too often over-heated and ill-ventilated room; and in a corresponding degree our blood vitiated by an excess of this acid and puncity of oxygen during the greater part of the night, without continuing the same condition of things during the bracing hours of the morning, in a close chamber, shut out from the invigorating air and light of the sun.

Let me assure the mother who instigates or encourages this sort of dissipation, as well as the daughter or young lady that engages therein, that although these excesses and violations of nature's laws may be sometimes long borne, with apparent impunity, yet, sooner or later, at some unguarded moment, their system will be found in a condition unadapted to bear what they supposed it had grown accustomed to, and at length sinks irremediably under a reproof of violated physical laws, or, if spared, ekes out a wretched existence with some chronic malady, tenaciously claiming them for a victim of mis-spent life.

Let me assure the mother also, who permits these nocturnal dissipations of their daughters, that she commits a moral wrong, and is entailing sickness and suffering upon future generations, of whose welfare I hold that she is a responsible guardian.

If mothers would have healthy daughters, they must scrupulously guard their own health during the gestative period; and if the daughters would be beautiful, they must be healthful, and that condition is to be obtained, not by rising at eleven, and, after sipping a little coffee, etc., then recline upon a fautouil, with a fashionable novel in hand; but by stepping forth in the early morning air to more fully oxylegenate their blood, and then the mujesty of womanhood will soon be apparent in the elastic step, in the light of the eye, in the bloom of the cheek, and the cherry upon the lip.

HORTICULTURAL.

How to Make a Fern Case.—The use of glass-cases for growing ferus and ornamental foliage plants is yearly becoming more general. We shall attempt in this article to give a few directions by which they may be made at less expense than has been heretofore thought possible, in the hope to induce those who have never yet enjoyed the beauties of a fern case, to undertake the pleasant labor of making and stocking one.

For the case itself, all that is necessary is five panes of glass, of such shape and size as to form a case of agreeable proportions. Three panes, twelve by eighteen inches each, one for the top and the other two for the sides, with two panes, each twelve inches square, for the ends, will make an excellent shape and size, though we think a little deeper, say thirteen or fourteen inches, is still better. Of course it can be made as large as wished, retaining the same proportions. A perfect cube would not look badly, but the oblong is better. Then as to the base, if you are not handy with carpenters' tools yourself, the cabinet-maker will furnish you one at small expense. The first thing is a piece of inchboard for the bottom, which should be two or three inches larger all around than the case is wanted. The base should be about three inches high, and may be plain or moulded, as is most convenient, and nothing is more agreeable to the eye than an ogee moulding, like an inverted cornice, with a bead above. There should be a groove or a rabbet in the inside of the upper part of the base to receive the glass. The base looks well made of black walnut, but may be made of any other wood. Sometimes the case is made with the glass reaching to the bottom, but then the panes must be larger, and no rabbet will be needed.

The glass is to be fastened together by pasting over the angles silk galloon, about haif an inch wide. The lower edges, which go into the base, should be set in putty. Then bind the edges of the top and the sides and ends with the same galloon, and the case is done. The pasto used must be powdered gum tragacanth, dissolved in water; the apothecary from whom you purchase it will tell you how much water to put to it. The cover is simply laid on top of the case; of course it will not be air tight, but it will be tight enough to answer every purpose.

But we cannot grow our plants directly in the bottom of the case, and therefore must have a pan, which is best made of zinc, say three inches deep, so as to have the top about even with the top of the base, and just wide and long enough to go into the case. Have a hole made in the middle of each end near the upper edge, so as to hook in 'a bent wire to lift the pan out of the case, else you may find it difficult to get it out when you want to.

Now we are ready to select the plants. What shall they be? Our advice is to go into the woods, and select the prettiest ferns and other plants that you can find, and you cannot do better if you search the whole world over. First of all are the pretty native Maiden Hair ferns, as pretty as the Adiantum Farleyense, which costs from one to three guineas a root. Then the Bunch of Grapes fern, in its different forms, especially the beautiful dissectum, are worthy of a place anywhere. The Camptosorus, or Walking-leaf fern, so-called, because the long, narrow point of the leaf-roots at the end, and gives rise to a new plant, ready to take another step in advance, is a curious and interesting species. Do not omit, if you can possibly get it, the Rattlesnake Plantain, or Adder's Tongue, as it is sometimes called (Goodyera pubescens,) with its dark-green foliage veined with white, one of the most beautiful of all variegated-leaved plants, and found growing abundantly in the woods of New England. It is no better or worse for having been figured in the Flore des Serres; but perhaps some of our readers who have looked on it as a common plant, of little beauty, may prize it more for knowing that M. Van Houtte has illustrated it in that magnificent

work, along with the choicest glories of the vegetable kingdom. The different native Lycopodiums-L. dendroideum, commonly called Ground Pine, and used so largely by florists for giving verdure to their winter bouquets, as well as the less common L. lucidulum-are desirable; and if you can get from a florist or from a friend any of the green-house species, they will give elegance to your collection. Pine or hemlock, or arbor vitte seedlings, from one to two years old. make a pretty variety, and the Lawson's Cypress, if attainable, is still more beautiful. If you want trailing vines, the Lysimachia, or Moneywort, and the Coliseum Ivy (Linaria), are eligible, the latter much the more delicate of the two. We should not advise many flowering plants, but the Hepatica, or Liverwort, will be at home among the plants we have mentioned, and a few bulbs of Dog's-Tooth Violet, called, also Adder's Tongue (Erythronium), should be secured, not so much for the flowers as for the leaves, whose green is strikingly blotched with brown. It will be worth while to try that most beautiful of all the wild spring flowers, the Mayflower Trailing Arbutus, or Ground Laurel (Epigeea repens). A single plant of each of the kinds named will pretty well fill up a case of the size we have supposed; but the spaces between the plants may be carpeted with the pretties mosses you can find, and enlivened with the red fruit of the Partridge Berry, or Squaw Berry (Mitchella), and the Checkerberry, or Ivory (Gaultheria), the former desirable also for its neat foliage and pretty, white, twin blossoms, and the latter for its glossy leaves. Both have long, creeping, under-ground stems, from which the roots proceed.

Now for planting these in the case. Fill the pan half full of pieces of charcoal, as large as you 'can put in, without getting it too full, and mix in some smaller pieces, but no fine coal or dust. The plants and moss may be placed directly on the charcoal, without any more soil than adheres to them in digging up; but if you like better to have them growing in soil, bring home some from the woods, such as you find them growing in naturally. Whon all are planted, make the soil moist, but not wet, and it will need no more care for a long time, except to remove any insects, snails, etc., which may be animated by the warmth. Do not let it get dry; but very likely it will not need any water for two or three months. A northern window is better than one where the sun will strike directly on it. Put the tallest plants in the centre of the case, so as to give the whole a pyramidal outline.

If you are not sufficiently acquainted with plants to identify the common ones we have recommended, we advise you to go into the woods and select whatever seems most beautiful and desirable for your purpose, choosing those with graceful, light foliage in preference to dark, heavy leaves. We have mentioned only such as may be obtained without money and without price; but, of course, if you can get any choice green-house ferus, we would not omit them; or if you can get only a bit of a frond, with spores, or any such ones, it will be of much interest to scatter the spores on the earth in the case, and watch their vegetation. It is not generally known how easily and abundantly ferus are produced from these minute spores; we have seen in the moist air of a hot-house the mossy outside of an inverted flower-pot covered with little ferus just where the spores had fallen and lodged

Very pretty fern cases, consisting of circular glass shades with terra cotta bases, can now be bought at the large crockery and glass stores at reasonable prices, or they can be bought, ready stocked, at the florists; but we think our readers will find pleasure in collecting the plants, and if they will follow these directions, they will have, with little of trouble or expense, a thing of beauty, which, if not a joy forever, will be one through the desolate days of winter, until spring returns to paint the earth anew with flowers.—

Journal of Horlicklure.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

SUITS FOR LITTLE BOYS.—In the December number for 1871 we printed an article on clothes for babies, little girls, etc., etc. We now give, as then promised, a few hints on suits for little boys, etc., etc.

Suits for little boys are made of pique, trousers, waistcoat, and jacket, some are trimmed with black, blue, or red braid. Nothing can be prettier than the present style of dress for young boys. A great many jackets are made with square sailor collars, and several poplin and velvet suits have the jackets open at the neck, to display a frilled shirt, with ruffles at the wrist. The French style, too, is the fashion, viz.: a very full, loose, cambric shirt, more like a Garibaldi than anything eise, with white linen trousers buttoning over it, and round the waist a thick, red silk, or Roman scarf. Scotch dresses are always worn; poplin suits, braided, are costly, but pretty. Long silk stockings, for full dress occasions, have quite taken the place of the socks boys formerly wore. An easy pattern for children's pinafores is as follows: it is quickly made, and has the further recommendation that in the nursery, no frock need be worn under it, as it is high to the neck, and as long as a frock, viz: nineteen inches in the middle of the front and back, slanting up at the side, where it is an inch shorter. It is cut in two pieces only, back and front, both twenty-three inches wide at the bottom, fourteen inches at the tap in the front (that is from the tip of one arm-hole to the other), and twelve at the back by the same mode of measurement. It opens down the back, the length of the opening being nine inches. Round the neck it is eighteen and a half inches; and from the top of the neck to the top of the arm-hole is two and a half inches. It has no sleeve, but it is cut so that the arm-hole projects a little; this is scalloped round, bound with braid, and trimmed with a little cotton braid, which is also put round the neck. Down the front there is a trimming of a strip of the material, scalloped at each edge, and bound and trimmed with braid; underneath this, at the waist, is a band which buttons at the back. On each side of the skirt are little pockets trimmed like the rest, which always give great satisfaction to the wearers. Colored print is the best material for these pinafores, or brown holland. It is quite a comfort now-a-days to see children in pinafores, or any other loose, easy dress, in which they can play about and enjoy themselves. We will describe one or two dresses which have been recently made for children's evening wear. A white grenadine skirt, with little flounces, edged with cerise ribbon; over this a panier tunic of red silk, rounded in the front, and caught up at each side with bows, and at the edge a gathered flounce of the same pinked on each side. The body was a low square, which is a style much worn by little girls, and inside it was a plaiting of rather thick white muslin, which made the dress halfhigh, much like the costumes worn by Anna Boleyn in her portraits. There was no berthe or braces, or anything on the body by way of trimming, except a ruche of the silk round the neck. The hair was plaited in two long ends, and allowed to hang down the back, having bows of red ribbon just at the tips, a style of hair-dressing which it is rumored the German ladies are going to adopt, and we to copy.

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MEATS AND POULTRY.

Cold Multon Minced.—Mince some cold mutton very finely, season it with pepper and salt, and put it in a pan with alittle of the gravy, or with a small piece of butter. Heat it up, and serve it with fried tomatoes, or with peached eggs. Beef Potted.—Take three pounds of lean beef, salt it two or three days with half a pound of salt, and half an ounce of saltpetre; divide it into pieces of a pound each, and put it into an earthen pan just sufficient to contain it; pour in half a pint of water, cover it close with paste, and set in a slow oven for four hours. When taken from the oven pour the gravy from it into a basin, shred the meat fine, moisten it with the gravy poured from the meat, and pound it thoroughly in a marble mortar with fresh butter until it becomes a fine paste; season it with black pepper and allspice, or cloves pounded, or nutmeg grated; put it in pots, press it down as close as possible, put a weight on it, and let it stand all night; next day, when quite cold, cover it a quarter of an inch thick with clarified butter, and tie it over with paper.

Croquets.—Chop very finely any sort of cold meats with bacon or cold ham, rub a teaspoonful of summer savory very fine, pound twelve allspice finely; boil one egg hard and chop it very fine, and one onion minced fine; mix this all together, then grate a lemon, and add a little salt; when well mixed moisten it with walnut catsup, form it into pear-shaped balls, and dredge well with flour; at the blossom ends stick in a whole clove; Then have boiling fat or dripping in the pan, dredge each pear again well with flour, lay them in the boiling fat, and fry a nice brown; then take them out and lay on a soft cloth in a hot place to drain. Serve hot.

Pie made of Cold Roast Beef.—Cut about half a pound of cold under-done beef into small pieces; add pepper and salt to the taste. Line a deep pie-dish with paste; put in a layer of meat. Over this strew some finely-minced onion, dredge flour over it, then add another layer of meat, onion, and flour, till the pie is full. Pour in a litte water, and on the top layer lay some lumps of butter. Cover the top with paste, leaving a hole in the centre. Bake it, and serve with oyster sauce; or, in place of the onions, layers of oysters may be substituted.

DESSERTS.

Baked Apple-Pudding .- This, when carefully made and well baked, is a very nice, wholesome pudding, the crust being remarkably light and crisp, though containing no butter. First, weigh six ounces of the crumb of a light, stale loaf, and grate it down small; then add, and mix thoroughly with it, three ounces and a half of pounded sugar, and a very slight pinch of salt. Next, take from a pound to a pound and a quarter of russetings, or any other good baking apples; pare and take off the core in quarters, without dividing the fruit; arrange them in compact layers in a deep tart dish, which holds about a pound and a half, and strew amongst them four ounces of sugar, and the grated rind of a fine fresh iemon; add the strained juice of the lemon, and pour the bread crumbs gently in the centre, then with a spoon spread them into a layer of equal thickness over the apples, making it very smooth. Sift powdered sugar over, wipe the edge of the dish, and send the pudding to a rather brisk oven for something more than three-quarters of an hour. Very pale brown sugar will answer for it almost as well as pounded. For the nursery some crumbs of bread may be strewed between the layers of apples, and when cinnamon is much liked a large tea spoonful may be used instead of lemon rind to flavor them.

Baby's Pudding.—Butter slightly a large cup without a handle, or a very small basin, and break lightly into it a penny sponge cake; pour over it one well-whisked full-sized egg, mixed with a quarter of a pint of milk; let it stand half an hour, and boil it gently, or steam it, for eighteen minutes. Lay writing-paper over it, and then a thin, well-foured cloth before it is put into the sauce-pan. The safer plan is to set it into about an inch and a half depth of boiling water, and to keep the cover closely shut while it is steaming in it, taking, care that neither the cloth nor the paper over it shall touch the water. The pudding should not be turned out of the basin for five minutes after it is taken up.

Rich Plum-Pudding.—Beat up eight eggs, yolks and whites separately, and strain; mix them with a pint of thick cream; stir in half a pound of flour and half a pound of bread crumbs rubbed through the colander; when well mixed, beat in one pound of beef-suet chopped very fine, one pound of currants, one pound of finely chopped raisins, one pound of powdered sugar, two ounces of candide lemon, and two of citron, and a nutmeg grated; mix up all with half a pint of citron, and yor of wine; boil in a cloth for six or seven hours. Any of these Christmas puddings may be kept for a month after boiling, if the cloth in which they are made be replaced by a clean one, and the puddings be hung to the ceiling of a kitchen or any warm store-room! they will then be ready for use, and will require only one hour's boiling to heat them thoroughly,

Ling Pastry.—When nearly baked enough, take the pastry out of the oven and sift fine powdered sugar over it. Replace it in the oven, and hold over it till the sugar is melted a hot salamander or shovel. The above method is preferred for pastry to be eaten hot; for cold, beat up the whites of two eggs well, wash over the tops of the pies with a brush, and sift over this a good coating of sugar; cause it to adhore to the egg and pie-crust; trundle over it a clean brush, dipped in water, till the sugar is all moistened. Bake again for about ten minutes.

Almond Hasty Pudding.—Two ounces of butter, four eggs two ounces pounded almonds, two ounces sugar, a little chopped candied peel, half the crumb of a French roll. Beat the butter to a cream, add the egg-yolks one by one, beating the mixture till quite smooth; add the almonds, sugar, cundied peel and bread, which must have been soaked in milk, well drained in a colander, and now thoroughly broken into the other ingredients; then finally four egg-whites beaten to a firm snow. Bake in a buttered dish, and serve the moment it leaves the oven.

Apples Surprised.—Peel, core, and slice about five nice cooking apples, sprinkle the slices with a spoonful of flour, one of grated bread, and a little sugar. Have some lard quite hot in a small stew-pan, put the slices of apple in it, and fry of a light yellow; whon all are done, take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a good spoonful of grated bread, a spoonful of sugar, and a tea cupful of milk; put into the pan, and when they boil up throw in the apple slices hold the whole over the fire for two minutes, when it will be ready to serve.

Orange-Pudding.—Soak the crumb of a French roll in milk, let it drain in a colander for half an hour, break it with a spoon in a basin, add two ounces of sugar, grated, one ounce of butter, warmed, the yolks of four eggs, the juice of four oranges, the grated rind of one, and finally the four egg-whites beaten (not too stilly) in a plate with a knife, and bake in a buttered dish in a quick oven. The pudding will be equally good boiled in a mould for an hour and a half, and served with a sweet sauce.

Crumb-Pudding.—Three egg-yolks, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of bread-crumbs, half a tes spoonful of cinnamon. Beat the egg-yolks, sugar, crumbs, and spice in a basin for five minutes. Add the three egg-whites beaten to a light snow (not too firm,) bake in a buttered shallow tin or dish, and when quite cooled turn into a flat dish with the lower side upward, pour over it a glassful of wine boiled with a little sugar and spice, and serve while hot.

Wine Sauce for Puddings.—Half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, and half a gill of water; boil together, and add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and the rind cut into small pieces. To be poured over the pudding just before the latter is to be eaten.

Sponge-Padding.—Mix one heaped tea-spoonful of bakingpowder with half a pound of flour, and two ounces finelychopped suit; add half a pound syrup or molasses and steam in a mould for six hours. This is an extremely nice pudding.

CAKES.

Luncheon Cake.—One pound of sultanas, one quarter of a pound of moist sugar, one pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of butter, to be rubbed into the flour; one quarter of a pound of candied peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in half a pint of new milk, lukewarm, and one egg. When these ingredients are well beaten up and mixed, pour them into the mould, and put it in the oven immediately. The sultanas may be omitted if preferred.

Silver Cake.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, one cup and a half of flour, half a cup of milk, half teaspoonful of soda one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the whites of four eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk and flour with the soda and cream of tartar, whisk the whites of the eggs to a froth, and stir them in gently at the last. A few drops of oil of almonds will give a fine flavor.

Blane Mange.—Break one ounce of isinglass into very small pieces; wash it well, and pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, boil it till the isinglass is dissolved; strain it, put in two ounces of sweet almonds blanched and pounded; sweeten it, and put it in the mould; when stiff, turn into a deep dish, and put raspberry cream around them.

Common Plum-Cale.—One pound and a half of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, three ounces of currants, and milk enough to form a dough. Add half a teacupful of home-made yeast with the milk; set it to rise, and, when light, bake it in a moderate oven.

Crumpets.—Take one pound and a half of flour, three pints of milk, two spoonfuls of yeast, two fresh eggs; mix the milk just warm with it, beat it in a batter, let it stand till it rises in bubbles to the top; bake them on a polished iron, with tin rims.

Diet Bread.—To one-half pound of sifted sugar put four eggs; beat them together for an hour; then add one quarter of a pound of flour, dried and sifted, with the juice of half a lemon, and the grated rind of a whole one. Bake it in a slow oven.

Pound Cake,—Cream one pound of butter with one pound of crushed loaf sugar; whip eleven eggs, leave out four whites, sift in one pound of flour, add one wine-glass of brandy and wine mixed, grate in one nutmeg; mix those well; butter a pan and bake three-quarters of an hour.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.—Carriage or Walking-Dress of Wine-Colored Popelin.—The skirt is made with a deep flounce, out in points, and put on in deep side plaits. It has a row of fur put on below the upper edge of the flounce, which is pointed like the lower edge. This skirt is is very much puffed up at the back. The bodice has a deep basque, and is finished with a pointed trimming and fur, like the skirt. The sleeves have two rows of the trimming, and two bands of fur. Hat of wine-colored velvet, with gay ostrich tips at the back.

Fig. 11.—Morning-Dress of White Casimere.—The skir does not train, and is quite plain at the bottom. The back of the body of this dress is laid in large plaits which extend below the waist, when they fall loose, and the fullness is simply trimmed up underneath, forming a pannier. The dress opens in front over a puffed cambric petticaat, and is trimmed on either side with wide, black velvet. The half-loose sleeves are ornamented in the same simple manner.

Fig. III.—EVENING-Dress of Blue Silk.—The skirt is long and quite plain; over it is worn a thin, light-blue tunic, which is round in front, draped high up on the hips, and cut in sharp points, and open in the back. It is all trimmed with a simple white muslin ruffle, with a narrow hem. The low

silk waist is covered with white muslin, and the thing is put) with either black or colored suits. The new velvet casaques on in such a way as to form a square ruch. Blush roses in the hair.

Fig. IV .- EVENING-DRESS OF PINK SILK .- The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with fine puffings of tulle, put on close together. The pink waist is low in the neck, with very short sleeves. A short, white organdy upper-skirt is worn without any trimming. A small plain cape has tabs which carelessly tied in front. A kind of tiny apron of tulle is trimmed with lace. Pink roses in the hair.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress of Black Silk.—The lower skirt has one deep flounce, plain at the bottom, but put on beneath a full quilled heading. The upper-skirt is finished with two rows of this quilled trimming, and a row of white lace, put on beneath a thin black lace. This skirt is a good deal drawn back, looped up high on the hips, and puffed behind. The small basque is shallow on the hips, and pointed on the back, and with wide, open sleeves, trimmed like the upper-skirt. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with lace, ostrich tips, and a white rose in front.

Fig. vi.—Carriage-Dress of Blue Silk.—The skirt has one deep, scant flounce, quite plain, with the exception of the narrow ruffle which heads it. The upper-skirt is puffed at the back, is cut in points at the side, and trimmed with very deep chenille fringe, put on below a bias band of satin of the color of the dress. The plain basque is also cut in deep points in front, but the waist is round behind. The coat sleeve is finished with a cuff, trimmed only with a bias fold of satin. Gray velvet bonnet, ornamented with blue ostrich tips.

FIG. VII.-WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED POPLIN .-The lower-skirt is trimmed with six narrow ruffles, put on in festoons, meeting in front as they do at the back. Above these ruffles are four rows of braiding in brown. The upperskirt consists of only two plain puffs. The tight-fitting basque is ornamented with buttons and brown braid, like that on the skirt. The sleeves are nearly tight, and have one ruffle with three rows of braiding. Black hat, with fawn-colored

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF MYRTLE GREEN SATIN,-The lower-skirt is made with one full plaited flounce, with three plaited trimmings above it. The upper-skirt has one row of this trimming, and is gathered up loosely at the back. At the side is a straight piece, with the trimming put on to simulate folds in the material. Small loopes and close sleeves ornamented like the upper-skirt. Myrtle-green felt hat, with

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED CASHMERE.—The lower-skirt has two flounces bound with pink silk; a bias band bound with pink silk is put on beneath a full plaited heading of the upper-flounce. The upper-skirt is drawn back, and very much draped on the hips, and is trimmed with one ruffle and bias band, bound with pink silk. The basque is trimmed with a ruffle in front, put on to represent a waist open over a vest. This vest is trimmed with pink silk. Half-wide open sleeves, made to correspond with the skirt,

FIG. X.—CARRIAGE OR WALKING-DRESS OF PRUNE-COLORED SILK.-The skirt has one plain, scant flounce; above this is a wide, full plaiting of the silk, finished with one ruffle on the lower edge, and with two above, which stand up. Deep coatbasque of black velvet, trimmed with black lace. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with prune-colored and light-blue feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS .- At this season of the year there is never much that is new to chronicle. Our remarks in December were very full, and we have but little to add. For house-dresses there seems to be less trimming used, though the suits for the street continue to be very much ornamented. It is no longer obligatory, however, to have skirt, tunic, sacque, and bonnet match exactly; in fact, the bonnet is more frequently of some pretty contrasting color, and darkgreen, mulberry, dark-blue or black cloth sacques, are worn

are made in the shape of long and ample tunics, draped and ornamented with headed gimp work and very handsome black silk guipure of Chantilly lace,

Bonners are considerably larger than they have been lately, though for some months past their shapes have been steadily increasing in size. The border is now either curved upward so as to leave a space empty between it and the head, or else slightly turned up, and bound with satin or gros grain silk. The crown is very high, the curtain is not yet considered quite indispensable, and is often absent altogether. When there is one, it is generally very small and turned up. Elderly ladies alone add at the back of the bonnet a drapery of tulle and lace, to conceal the absence of a large and drooping chignon such as our elegantes wear.

In all that relates to chignons and frisettes there is a gradual change taking place. In Paris a very fashionable way of dressing the hair, for evening, is called a la antique; in this coiffure the hair is turned back, and a Cleopatra diadem is worn. With demi-toilet, a small straight diadem, like the Greek bandeau, made of pale light tortoiseshell, is worn. This light shell is very effective in dark hair. The small waved bundeaux pinned to form a sort of horn on the forehead are now entirely abandoned, and the hair is arranged in small curls over the forehead, so as to look high and very much in the air. Ringlets are worn, and very long ones too, but never more than two at each side of the back. Many young ladies have retained the seaside fashion of wearing their hair in two long plaits hanging strait down the back. The style is passable in a carriage, but for walking it is in exceeding bad taste. There is a new headdress for demievening toilets, which is readily made, and adapted to middle-aged rather than to very young ladies. The idea of it was evidently given by the large black bow with which Alsatian women are wont to decorate their heads. It consists of a black lace scarf, gathered in the centre, and trimmed with ruches round that part that rests on the head; a large black velvet bow-called the Alsace bow-and which forms a diadem, is placed behind the ruckes, and towers above them. The ends of the scarf fall separately at the back; they weil the shoulders, and are then pinned in front under a black velvet bow; a flower is fastened at the side with a jet pin, the head of which is cut with facets. Jet crosses, jet bracelets, jet diadems, and jet necklets-in fact, jet jewelry of every description is very much worn this winter.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Boy's Suit of Brown Velveteen.—The trousers are made to reach the knee only; but are not full and puffed in the old knickerbocker style. The jacket is only partly tight-fitting, and opens over a tight-fitting vest; the jacketas well as the trousers, is finished with a wide black military braid. Large white linen collar; brown felt hat.

Fig. II .- GIRL'S DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED DE LAINE, FRINGED WITH VIOLET-COLORED PANSIES.—The skirt is trimmed with three rows of violet ribbon, quilled basque of black velveteen, nearly tight-fitting, with a simulated vest, braided across the front. Loose sleeves. The basque and sleeves are . trimmed with rows of satin piping.

FIG. III.-Dress of Dark-Gray Striped Poplin for A LITTLE GIRL.—The cloak is of dark-blue waterproof cioth, made plain, to button down the front, with a plain round cape over it; long sleeves with a wristband. The deep, square collar is trimmed with fringe. Gray hat and plumes.

FIG IV .- DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE GIRL,-Deep loose basque of white Cashmere, trimmed with a pinked-out ruffle of the Cashmere, braided with three rows of light-blue velvet; the sleeves are coat-shaped. Large round cape, open at the back, trimmed like the sacque, White felt hat, with light-blue plumes.

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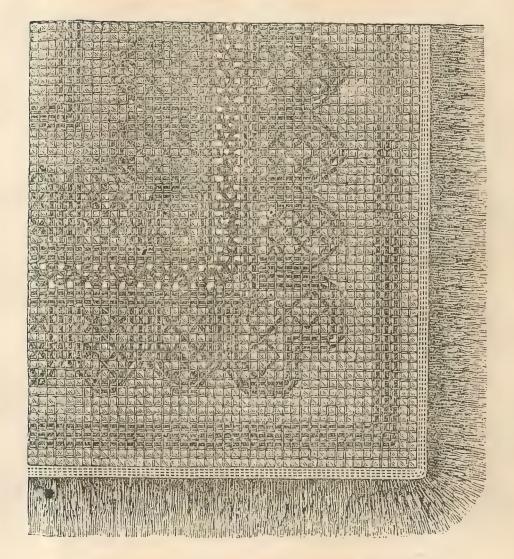






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Vol. LXI.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1872.

No. 2.

HELIOTROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS DERWENT'S DIAMONDS."

"An, that odious posey again! No, Palmer, take it back, and tell her to bring no more flowers. I detest heliotrope, don't you Gen. Duncan?"

"Why, no, Miss Lorrimer," replied the general, rising, and taking the little nosegay from the footman's hand, "I think it is delicious; and these other flowers are exquisite. Only look at these violets, and these pansies, with their golden hearts! Just the thing for your hair to-night, if you will pardon the suggestion, Miss Lorrimer."

But Miss Lorrimer tossed her queenly head with an expression of supreme disgust.

"I shall wear diamonds and amethysts tonight, general," she said, "not heliotrope. Pah! how insufferable the odor is! Take them back. Palmer, and tell her I will pay for the embroidery some other time."

But the general fastened the blossoms in his button-hole.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Lorrimer," he bowed, "I will keep them. They are my favorite blossoms, the very kind we used to have at the old home, when I was a boy. And I have a fancy," he continued, "that these are not city flowers. I can imagine them budding and blooming in some dim, old country garden."

Miss Lorrimer laughed silverly.

"Why, general," she cried, "I did not dream you were so sentimental, and you an old soldier, too!"

Gen. Duncan smiled, but he sighed, too; and a sudden mist dimmed his eagle, gray eye, as an old, old memory, tender and sacred, stirred in his heart, awakened by the subtle fragrance of the blossoms on his breast. He touched the spray of heliotrope with a kind of caressive fondness, while its sweet and peculiar odor, with that strange power which odors alone possess, recalled the one dream of his young manhood; a

although it seemed to have forever faded from him, he cherished and treasured it still in preference to any living reality. But Miss Lorrimer's voice recalled him.

"But you are right," she was saying; "they do grow in the country, in an old cottage-garden, away out on the suburbs. Our seamstress raises them, and brings them in to sell. Mamma never fails to buy them, as an act of Christian charity But I detest the stupid things, and the girl, tofor that matter, only her embroidery is perfectly elegant. Just look at this!"

The general glanced down at the delicatelywrought fabric she was unfolding, with a feeling of tender pity for the frail fingers that had executed the marvelous work.

"And she raises flowers, too?" he said. "She must be an artist in her way."

"Oh, yes, no doubt!" laughed Miss Lorrimer. "Mamma thinks her a paragon. She supports an invalid mother, I believe, and is quite as angelic as possible. But I think we'll drop her for the present, general, if you don't object. How late it is?" she added, consulting her jeweled watch, "the evening has flown so rapidly! 'Tis quite time for me to dress! Au revoir! and I trust you'll tire of your heliotrope while I'm gone; I don't want my opera spoiled."

But an hour later, when the general and Miss Lorrimer entered the glittering opera-house, where Nilsson was to sing, the impolite general still wore his little posey in his button-hole; and while Miss Lorrimer blazed beside him in her diamonds and amethysts, and the music clashed in his ears, he seemed to see and hear with an introverted vision.

Only one scene was before him. A garden bright with tropic bloom, and bathed in summer moonlight, and filled with the musical murmur of falling waters; and in the midst of all, a young girl, dressed in white, in some gossamer dream so inexpressibly sweet and holy, that, i material, standing by a garden-vase that was

Vol. LXI.—7

full of flowers, and smelling of the purple heliotrope that was part of its treasures, before she plucked it for him, as a farewell token. Ah! that evening, should he ever forget it?

The June morning dawned royally in the little cottage-garden on the suburbs. An exquisite little garden, shut in by a tangled hedge, and cut up into multitudinous beds of blossoms and berries, There were clumps of great roses, creamy white, and vivid red; and beds of emerald ferns, and waxen lilies, and modest daisies and violets, and heart's-ease and pansies, and luxurient geraniums, and a wealth of fragrant, flourishing heliotrope, and here and there a bed of luscious red strawberries, and a gilded cage, from which a goldfinch sang.

A charming, well-kept little spot-and it was all the work of a young girl's hand. The young girl came down the graveled walk now, in the dewy glow of the June morning, wheeling an invalid's chair before her-a fair, golden-haired girl, with a face that shone like a pearl beneath her broad market hat.

"Now, mother, dear," she said, as she wheeled the chair beneath the odorous shade of a honevsuckle bower, "you will be quite cozy, and the birds and butterflies will keep you company till I get back."

The invalid smiled, and unfolded a roll of delicate needle-work.

"I wish you would put your work by," continued the girl, "and take a good rest this nice morning. There's not a bit of need that you should work so hard. See my flowers how they thrive; and only look at my berries! There are no finer in the market. Little mother, we shall find ourselves growing rich one of these days."

"Then it will be the work of these busy little hands," replied the invalid, fondly kissing the little, brown hands that fluttered so caressingly about her.

Alice laughed like a child.

"It is so much nicer than teaching music, or working at the needle," she said. "I feel quite proud of my vocation. But there comes farmer Denham; I must get my baskets ready, for it puts him in a bad humor to be kept waiting. Good-by, mother! Please don't work much, and don't get lonesome! I shall be gone just the least bit longer than usual, because I shall stop and get you a nice, cool wrapper with the money my unknown friend sent me yesterday. I do wonder who he could have been?"

"Some friend of Miss Lorrimer's," suggested her mother.

"He was a general something, the footman

he'll have his reward; and as I have his gifts, I won't call for Miss Lorrimer's money to-day. She's so slow! Good-by again, mother, I'm off now !"

And away she hurried to get her dainty baskets ready for the farmer's wagon.

Gen. Duncan was out of spirits; and, to tell the truth, out of humor, too, despite the royal glory of the June morning. The opera had left him with a headache. He arose with the dawn, and mounting his favorite mare, galloped for miles and miles across the country; but the blooming apple-orchards, and fragrant gardens, only served to increase his unrest-and he returned in a worse humor.

After breakfast he started down town for a stroll, puffing savagely at his segar, and wearing his hat low down over his handsome, intellectual brow. The general was quarreling with his destiny, and feeling that he had been a very badly used man-and in some respects this was true. Half a dozen years back, he was nothing but a clerk in the store of a merchant of fabulous fortune. His employer had an only daughter, fair as a pearl; and with this daughter Harry Duncan fell in love. She loved him in return, and their troth was plighted; but the angry father came between them. "His only child, the heiress of all his millions, should not marry a nameless clerk," he said. The daughter was too gentle and dutiful to disobey, yet too true and womanly to prove faithless.

In the starry watches of a summer night, in the fragrant bowers of her father's garden, she met her lover for the last time.

"I cannot disobey my father," she said, "but I shall be as true to you, dear Harry, as if I were your wife, and wear your ring as sacredly as if it were our wedding-ring."

They parted. But before Harry left, she stooped over a vase of flowers, and selecting a bit of heliotrope, gave it to him as a parting token. And to this day, though years had passed, Harry Duncan wore that bit of heliotrope next his heart.

When the war broke out, Harry was one of the first to enlist. He had a natural aptitude for military affairs, and as a consequence, soon rose to distinction in his profession. But he never forgot his early love-dream. Amid the excitements of camp and field, that sweet memory lived in his heart, keeping it tender and true, and pure from all vice. At the end of the struggle he found himself a general, and returning home, learned, that in consequence of the death of a distant relative, he had inherited a said. I did not catch the name. Well, I trust handsome fortune. Without an hour's delay, he

set forth for the city where he had once been a } vlerk, indulging the fond hope that he should find his early love: But all his efforts proved utterly futile. The family had disappeared. The father had failed early in the war, as so many others had done, and had died. But of his widow and her child, no tidings could be had.

Gen. Duncan returned home, and went into society, and was lionized at once. The brightest beauties put forth all their blandishments to win him, and foremost in their ranks was Miss Lorrimer.

She was lovely, accomplished, wealthy-why not take her at her word? She would make a queenly wife. Gen. Duncan mused after this fashion, strolling down town that June morning, and half turned on his heel, determined to retrace his steps, and make Miss Lorrimer a morning call. But the instant after he strode on again, smoking more savagely than before.

" No, by Jove! I can't do it. That little nosegay has made a fool of me," he muttered, glancing down at the withered blossoms on his breast.

Suddenly a sweet, girlish voice attracted his attention.

"Heliotrope and heart's-ease," it said.

The plaintive cry floated out on the summer air, and fell unheeded on many ears, but not on his. He had had quite enough of heliotrope, but heart's-ease was another thing. He turned, with a vague curiosity, to look at the owner of that pathetic voice.

There she stood, with her dainty baskets of blossoms and berries arrayed before her, and a goldfinch trilling in a gilded cage above her head. A fair, graceful girl, with a face as true and tender as God's own mercy. A face he had seen before. Yes! but where? The general stood breathless and bewildered.

"Would you like some flowers, sir? These are very pretty," said the girl.

She held up a cluster of violets, and the June

flashed out a shower of dazzling sparkles. Gen. Duncan uttered a hoarse cry, and caught the hand in both of his.

"Alice!" he cried at last, "have I found you, my darling?"

The sweet blue eyes opened wide, at first in surprise and terror. Then, hearing his words, and feeling the thrilling clasp of his hand, the girl gave one searching look. Through all the bronze and change of his campaigns, she knew him. A beautiful flush rose to her waxen cheeks.

"At last," she murmured, while the tears of joy overflowed her eyes. "Ah! I knew you would come. I have never doubted you, dear Harry!"

"And you have worn my ring all these years?" he questioned, tumultuously.

"I have worn it as I promised," she answered. That night, in the little cottage-garden, the general heard her story-a simple story enough. Her father, when he died, had left her invalid mother and herself without aid or support. Prompted by her love of flowers, she had leased her little garden, and reared her blossoms and berries, and sold them in the market.

"And they brought you back to me in the end," cried the enraptured general. "Ah! I was sure that heliotrope possessed some witching charm. Oh, my love! my long lost darling!"

A week later, there was a quiet marriage in one af the fashionable churches, and on the following day, the newspapers announced the departure of Gen. Duncan and his bride, for a trip to Europe.

"And to think, mamma," remarked Miss Lorrimer, sweetly, after having read the announcement, "that I should have brought it all about. Such a fortunate thing for the poor girl. And I trust the voyage will improve her mother. I feel much gratified, I am sure."

And in less than a month, Miss Lorrimer sunlight struck the jewel on her finger, and wedded a man of three score, but a millionaire.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

BY CARA LEE.

CHIME, Sabbath bells! your songs of peace From where you ivied tower, With spire-cross pointing to the skies, Speaks with a voiceless power.

Bear to the earthly homes of men The gentler call from Heaven: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! The feast is freely given."

Ring out, oh, church-bells of my home! Where once my feet would stay; Your music still I seem to hear In distance far away.

Oh! speed that morning's dawn, when I Shall wake beyond the skies! Where bell-notes from those golden streets Forevermore arise !

THWARTING A PHILISTINE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"I say, Payne, Mrs. Landry is here!—only got off the steamer this morning, and is on exhibition already. Look out for yourself, Mrs. l'iyne; your orange-blossoms are six month's 6.1!"

The speaker was that old beau, Livermore Carroll: the place Mrs. Hunter's rooms, on a reception night.

Harry pushed past, fairly dragging Sidney forward; but, with a woman's quickness, she found time to say,

"You must put on your spectacles, dear Mr. Carroll, then you'd see I shall be too busy having other people look at me to attend to your considerate advice, whatever it may mean."

"Oh, I don't think anybody ever accused Carroll of meaning anything," added Harry, laughing, more ready with a retort than men usually are, when somebody has stung them, though Sidney felt his arm tremble beneath her hand.

Sidney now wished, from her very heart, that she had told Harry, in the days of their engagement, what she knew about his past. If she had, she would have stood upon a different footing now; but Mrs. Landry's name had never been so much as mentioned between them, much less the fact that Harry was known to have been in love with her.

"Don't let that woman make your acquaintance even, if you can help it; we don't want to know her," said her husband.

Miss Kellogg was singing. A long impossible bit of instrumentation, by two pairs of amateur bands, followed, and, in the midst of it, Sidney, standing a little back of the piano-forte, raised her eyes to meet those of a lady near, surrounded by a little group of men, and queening it, as a pretty woman may be held excusable for liking to do. Sidney recognized her at once. At the time she learned Harry's secret, she had seen a portrait of the woman, whose treachery had driven him nearly mad. This brilliant creature, whose eyes met her own with a curious glance, was Isabel Landry.

Presently, the tortured piano got a little rest, and while Sidney was properly adding her meed of compliments to the praise the brace of unconscionable damsels who had performed were receiving, Mrs. Hunter's voice said at her elbow,

"Dear Mrs. Payne, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Landry. You are both such favorites of mine, that I want you to know each other."

By the odd expression in several of the countenances about her, Sidney knew that she was watched by people who were perfectly cognizant of the old story, and waiting to be amused by this encounter between Harry Payne's wife and the woman who had jilted him. Sidney turned slowly round, gave one pretty look of surprise, let it change into the sweetest and brightest smile of pleasure, as if the very sight of the beautiful face before her filled her with eagerness to know her friend's other "favorite," and said,

"I am very happy to meet you; but I'll not have Mrs. Hunter liking you the best." Then another admiring look, and a charming laugh, as if the second glance at the beautiful creature wrung the confession from her, "Only I'm afraid she'll not be able to help it."

If Argus had been staring at Sidney with all his eyes he would have sworn she was speaking from impulse; but the perfection of the thing was, that he would have supposed she had never even heard of Mrs. Landry in her whole life before.

It was the enemy's turn now, but there was too palpable a meaning in manner and words as she answered,

"It's so kind of you to say nice things to me; but where you are concerned, I'm afraid I can't expect to be liked best by Mrs. Hunter, or anybody else."

Several busybodies exchanged smiles, to show that they understood who was meant by the general phrase, and held their breath to see if they were not to get a little more amusement out of the seene, but Sidney defeated that.

"Oh, dear! somebody else is going to play," sighed she. "Do let's sit down a moment, for they'll not let us talk here."

Mrs. Landry followed her to the causeuse, somewhat disappointed, and more angry, that Sidney had so far had the best of the encounter. She felt malicious now, and wanted to stab her antagonist sharply, for, in her overweening self-confidence, it never occurred to her that this pretty, rather girlish-looking creature could be a match for her powers. But Sidney kept her

down to ordinary topics so artfully, that she was a good deal at a loss, and there was nothing illnatured to be done for several moments. By the time the music ceased, Mrs. Landry's quick eyes perceived Harry Payne standing in the middle of the room, and said,

"Ah, there is your husband! Do make him a sign to come here; we used to be good friends once, but he got very angry with me about—about what was no fault of mine. You must make him promise not to bear malice!"

"Angry with you?" questioned Sidney, with delightful innocence. "I can't fancy that; but if he ever was, I dare say he has forgotten all about it—the most forgetful creature!"

She beckoned to her husband. He was not a man to do anything awkward, so he did not hesitate a second about obeying his wife's gesture; but, under his smiles, Sidney could see plainly that he was furious with her—worse than that, troubled by the sight of this woman, who, until meeting her, he had believed could excite no feeling in his mind but that of contempt or anger.

"Harry," said Sidney, before he could speak, "Mrs. Landry says she is sure you have forgotten her."

"I was only so surprised that I could not believe my eyes," returned he, adding proper words of welcome, and doing the thing remarkably well.

"And I don't think I was modest enough to say I was sure you had forgotten me," said Mrs. Landry, laughing.

"No. How was it? You said he was angry with you. That was it; and I told you I was sure he had forgotten it. You know you are the most heedless creature in the world, Harry!" Sidney cooed in her turn. "And you're not to bear malice, sir, because Mrs. Landry has just begged me not to let you. But, what was it all about: do tell me?"

That was her crowning stroke, and all either of them could do, was to get away from the subject as fast as possible, and plunge into the first bit of talk that offered. The crowd-the heat; the horrible retribution that ought to befall amateur musicians; Mrs. Landry's voyage-her courage in crossing in April; and Sidney kept the ball rolling, and held aloof any possibility of awkwardness, or a scene, until the woman beside her was so angry, that she could with pleasure have throttled her with her pretty fingers on the spot. As for Harry, he had always considered his wife an innocent, rather childish creature, and only thought that she chattered out of entire unconsciousness of what the scene meant. With a man's usual inconsistency he was vexed at her

lack of perception, and hardly knew which woman he hated most for the moment.

"I don't see Mr. Landry," he said.

"No; we only landed at noon. Mrs. Hunter came and dragged me out; but poor Mr. Landry was not well enough."

"Rheumatism?" questioned Harry. "You must be very careful of him," and Sidney leaned back, and slowly fluttered her fan in enjoyment of his impertinence, for she knew as well as he did that the gentleman had been a grandfather when Isabel married.

"Mr. Landry is always dreadfully ill at sea," pursued the lady, addressing Mrs. Fayne, as in she had not caught Harry's remark. "I want you to know him—such a heart! Ah, dear Mrs. Payne, I was wiser than all the rest of you girls. It's very nice to be an elderly man's darling."

"I suppose you don't finish the proverb out of politeness," said Harry, rather pettishly, and Sidney would have liked to box his ears for making the blunder.

"Not a bit," quoth Mrs. Landry. "You know I never hesitated to tell you the truth."

People were trooping out to the refreshmentroom; some man came and took Sidney away; she was inexpressibly grateful for the release. Driving home that night, Harry burst out suddenly.

"I'm sure I told you we didn't want to know that worldly, frivolous woman."

"Mrs. Hunter brought her up to introduce," said Sidney. "I could not help myself—she seems charming, and a great favorite. I wonder I never heard more about her. But what did she ever do to make you dislike her? She said you used to be great friends, but that you got angry about something that was not her fault."

All Harry could do was to turn suddenly sleepy, and mutter something between the yawns, about the stupidity of going about to parties and balls night after night. Sidney let him alone; she was too clear-sighted not to see that the best hope for their future peace, would be in a frank confession on both sides; but it was so difficult at this late day—she was so fearful of seeing him pained or humiliated, that she had not the courage to attempt the bringing of it about.

For a little while Harry Payne struggled against the fascinations of the woman who had so sorely wounded his heart; but Mrs. Landry was determined that he should yield.

But she was dealing with a very wise little woman. Sidney understood her tactics as clearly as if Mrs. Landry had made a plain statement of them. She did her foe more justice too, than many of her sex would have done under the circumstances. She saw that Mrs. Landry was impelled by a thirst for admiration and a keen love of power, and a personal spite against her, Sidney, but was too cold blooded, and too clear headed, ever to let her heart lead her beyond the limits of mere flirtation.

The two women were inexpressibly sweet to each other, and Mrs. Landry insisted on rushing into an intimacy. Harry could not well keep at a distance when she came out in the character of his wife's friend. Indeed, he did not struggle very long; he was soon her devoted slave, and Sidney had the humiliation of perceiving that he was terribly in earnest. She suffered cruelly, and there were oftentimes, during the next six weeks, when she was ready to declare the struggle unendurable; but she was fighting for her husband's heart, for all that could give her a hope of happiness, and she would not be vanquished. A poor heart to fight for, lookers-on might have said, but it was the only one Sidney cared about; besides, she was possessed of an indomitable obstinacy under her mild exterior, and the idea of defeat was almost as hard to bear as her suffering. She would not give in; she would show her husband the difference between herself and this woman, who, after proving so faithless in days gone by, was maliciously anxious to ruin any hope of peace for him in the future.

Mr. Landry remained ill, or at least sufficiently suffering to keep to the house for several weeks. By the time he was about again, his wife and Harry Payne had glided into as pretty a flirtation as one could wish to see, but it was by no means the lady's only affair. The husband knew that, though Harry only suspected it in moments of jealousy. Mr. Landry and Sidney waxed quite confidential very soon—that is, the confidence was on the elderly gentleman's side, and Sidney listened with a pretty respect for his age not often found among this generation.

"People call my wife a flirt," said he; "and so she is. I don't like it, and I don't pretend to; but there's no good in making her unhappy."

"That's really very considerate," replied Sidney, unable to resist laughing, though she was by no means in a merry mood.

"If she were ever devoted to one man, I should interfere—she knows that," pursued Mr. Landry. "But there's no having her; just now, it may be your husband, or another; to-morrow, maybe, that handsome young music-teacher you sent her—and half a dozen besides."

Sidney lost the thread of his discourse as he verged into excuses for his wife, and invented scores of noble qualities wherewith to endow her,

but she managed to look interested—all the while she was meditating upon the light which his revelations had cast upon her. If she could only prove to Harry that the beautiful flirt was just as eager to listen to other men's whispers as to his, and repaid them with the same sweet smiles and eloquent glances, Sidney knew him well enough to be certain that he would hate the woman to the day of his death.

It was not more than a week after that Geoffry Renshaw came over from England; and the gossips who were busy with Mrs. Landry's name, did not hesitate to disclose that he had come on her account, and to hold up their hands in horror at her conduct; all the while they paid court devotedly to her wealth and position, and manoeuvred as hard to obtain invitations to her balls and parties, as if they had been tickets for Paradise.

From first to last, Mrs. Landry managed as only a woman could have done, to make it perfectly evident to Sidney that it was a personal spite against her, and no return of an old tendorness which prompted this attack upon Harry Payne. But Sidney was her match; she bore herself so cautiously and evenly, that the most keen-sighted of those who watched, were in doubt whether she was aware of the way her husband flung himself at the beauty's head.

Passing through the hall one morning, she met a new man-servant standing there, and studying the address of a letter with a puzzled face.

"What is that, James?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; it's a note Mr. Payne told me to carry. He's gone out, and when I came to look, the address is so blotted, I don't know where it's to go. If you please, I don't think I could have done it—"

"Let me see," she interrupted, taking the billet out of his hands.

The blotted superscription was legible enough to her eager eyes; it was addressed to Mrs. Landry! It is useless to deny the fact—Sidney's first impulse was to open the letter and read it; but the unworthy feeling passed in an instant. She knew there must be something strange in her face, for the man was looking curiously at her.

"It is a note that Mr. Payne directed for me," she said, quietly. "Take it at once."

She handed back the missive, and told him the address; then hurried away to escape his apologies and assurance that he could not kave been to blame.

It was not a pleasant morning that she spent in her own society, and she felt that her last hold on patience and resolution was giving way. She was almost ready to vow that if there came no

end to this insane folly on her husband's part, she would make one at whatever cost. This constant fever of unrest and excitement was too humiliating to be borne. She cried a little; even in the solitude of her chamber, then grew so ashamed of her own weakness that her spirit rose again.

"I'll not give in," was her conclusion, after those long hours of passion and grief. might be all very fine to do high tragedy, and go into a convent like a woman in a novel; but I'll not! I love my husband, and he shall come back to me, and own he has been a fool, and Isabel Landry shall accept such terms of peace and mercy as I choose to offer."

But the means? It was an answer to that question which Sidney racked her brains to find, but only worked them into an intense nervous headache, which made her sick and blind. That would never do; they were invited to Mrs. Landry's reception this very night, and she could not go with red eyes and pale cheeks.

Fortunately, Harry was to dine with some friends at his club, and come home to dress and take her, so she had plenty of time to recover herself, and, like a sensible body, went out in search of fresh air and distraction, instead of weakening her powers by a longer season of morbid self-communing.

She could only think of one bit of very feminine revenge for the moment. She happened to know that Mrs. Landry was to wear a dress of pale blue, and she put herself into an entirely fresh and bewitching gown of one of the new marvelous tints of azure, which would make her hostess, by contrast, look like a faded convolvulus. She succeeded perfectly; she perceived it by the angry light in Mrs. Landry's eyes, when she saw her enter the room; perceived that even Harry looked at the lady in surprise, though in his musculine ignorance he had no idea what was the matter, or that it was his own wife's dress which made the usually brilliant coquette look so washed-out and dull.

It could not have been a pleasant evening to Mrs. Landry, in spite of her tact and her ability to act several parts at once. Her husband was by no means satisfied with her conduct of late, and had only a few hours before, given her warning as to the limits which he should insist upon setting to the free moral agency of her actions. At the bottom, she was afraid of him; she knew that, lenient as he had always been to her spirit of coquetry, he would be sternly unforgiving toward any imprudence which could compromise his name. Harry Payne and the young Englishman were watching her, each furiously to pick it up, he saw a letter lying by it, and,

jealous of the other; and they had both reached a pitch of idiocy, to which the spoiled beauty did not like her admirers to go. Just then she would have been glad to be rid of them both.

And Sidney, apparently occupied with other persons and matters of her own, never lost a point of the little drama, and enjoyed maliciously the strait in which Mrs. Landry found herself. If only something would happen to give her that long-watched opportunity! The evening dragged on; a gay enough one to all appearance, though each of the persons whom Sidney studied, would probably have pronounced it about the most unendurable they ever spent in the whole course of their lives: and she, in her pain and wrath at her husband's folly, was almost ready to declare, as she had done scores of times, that she would bear it no longer.

There had been no talk of dancing; but Mrs. Landry found somebody to play, and the very first waltz had difficulty to keep Harry and her Englishman from coming to an absurd quarrel as to which she had promised her hand. But Sidney, on the alert, managed to carry off the Englishman, and did it so well that the affair attracted slight attention. Not long after, some awkward monster contrived to set his foot on Sidney's dress, and to rip one of the flounces to such an extent, that a visit to the dressing-room became necessary. She met Mrs. Landry on the way out, and that lady, more in a mood than ever to convince the world that she and Sidney were on the most intimate and affectionate terms, insisted upon going with her. She had got rid of Harry for an instant; but Sidney was still leaning on Geoffry Renshaw's arm, and he proposed accompanying them up stairs.

"I don't think you'd be of much use," said Mrs. Landry.

"Can you sew?" laughed Sidney.

Finding that they both meant to be merciless and quiz him, he gave way, somewhat sheepishly.

"I believe I have your fan," he said to Mrs. Landry. He took it out of his coat-pocket, and handed it to her. Sidney saw her look a little odd, but could not understand what there was to disturb her, or make her so eager to hurry away.

The two ladies left the drawing-room, and mounted the stairs, Sidney somewhat in advance. Mr. Landry, searching for his wife, for the express purpose of signifying his disapprobation of a good deal that had taken place during the evening, caught the flutter of a blue-dress on the stair-case, and followed.

He dropped his handkerchief; as he stooped

supposing that had also fallen from his pocket, he picked it up, peered at it with his near-sighted eyes, and, finally, untwisted the crumpled sheet, and began to glance down the page, by the light an Egyptian maiden held on the landing. Only a few words; then he looked up, white as a man who had met a ghost, fairly reeling, till he had to seize the bannisters for support in the spasm of rage and suffering that came over him.

"I will wait for you here, in the library,"
Mrs. Landry said. "I'm tired to death, and can
just rest comfortably, while the maid repairs
your damages; they're so stupid down stairs,"

Sidney nodded, and hurried on, glad to be rid of her society on any terms, for the untamed savage that women occasionally have to subduc, as well as men, was so rampant in her breast, that she found it very hard work to talk decorous commonplace with this woman, who had wounded her so deeply.

In a few moments Mrs. Landry recollected what had been slipped into her hand along with the fan; searched in the pocket of her dressthe letter was gone. She started up from her chair, and had reached the door, when she met her husband, confronting her with a look, such as she had never before seen on his face, and holding out toward her the letter she had dropped. Isabel felt her blood turn to ice at sight of it, and her husband's look. For days past Renshaw's devotion and absurdity had reached a pitch, which had decided her she must get rid of him. She liked to know that men were wild about her, to have them show their devotion in every possible way; but to let any man deliberately make love to her, in open words, she would not do, and that Renshaw had tried. Remembering that, she could imagine what a crazy rhodomontade that epistle must be. Her husband's face was enough to reveal what its effect had been upon him.

Almost any woman's nerves would have deserted her; but though Isabel could hardly stand or breathe, she managed to say, collectedly,

"Is that you? I am waiting for Mrs. Payne; somebody tore her dress, and Rosa is mending it."

"I picked this up just now on the stairs," returned her busband, holding out the letter.

"Very careless of the servants to leave waste paper about," she answered, playing with her bouguet.

"You dropped it as you came up," he went on, in a slow, dreadful voice. "I have only read four lines; they are enough to show me that the married woman who is capable of receiving such a letter is not fit to be my wife——" "What do you mean?" she broke in, trying to find refuge in an appearance of anger. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"I wish I had," he answered bitterly. "I feel as if I had retained them a day too long. Isabel, who wrote this letter?"

"If you've read it, you ought to know; I don't," she answered, defiantly.

"I told you I had not read it; I picked it up, thinking I had dropped it. I just read enough it was—was——"

He could not finish; he turned away his head for an instant, with a groan of intense suffering. Seeing him so moved, it occurred to Isabel, that the best chance she had was in making a clean breast of it, and throwing herself on his mercy, saying it was the first time the man had ever written her; that she would never see him again—would do anything—promise anything. But before she could speak, he had found voice again.

"I have been very lenient to your coquetries, because I thought they came merely from a love of general admiration; but you must have gone very far, when a man presumes to tell you in plain words, that he loves you——"

"Listen!" she interrupted. "Charles! husband—I——"

She was interrupted by a voice that made them both start and turn round. There stood Sidney Payne, saying,

"I beg your pardon. Oh, Mr. Landry, you here?" She looked white and troubled; her eyes wandered uneasily about. "I—I have lost something," she continued. "I thought perhaps I had dropped it here."

"What have you lost, Mrs. Payne?" demanded Mrs. Landry, sharply; "not a letter?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Sidney, eagerly, yet in a dreadfully composed way. "I—I dropped it on the stairs."

"Is this it?" he asked, holding out the crumpled note.

"Yes; it's mine," she said, stretching out her hand to take the letter, but he held it beyond her reach.

There was a second's silence. Isabel could not speak at first; she did not understand what motive prompted the act, but she knew that Sidney was trying to save her, and for an instant felt such fierce hatred toward her, that she was almost ready to dare everything—but only for an instant.

"Why, give Mrs. Payne her letter, Charles!" she exclaimed, suddenly, and tried to take it out of his hand; but he retreated a few steps, and remained looking from one woman to the

other. Isabel followed him, and whispered bitterly, "Your pretty, modest little favorite! She came up stairs with me. I knew it must be hers, but would not say so! Before you insult me by a similar accusation, remember that I am always frank and open, and not capable of stooping to secret letters, or stolen interviews."

Sidney stood perfectly still; she was very pale, but had the air of a woman who meant to bear whatever she had brought upon herself. She could not hear what Mrs. Landry said to her husband, but she knew as well as if the words had been spoken aloud. She understood the woman's character so thoroughly, that she comprehended to be thus saved from peril would only be a ground for fresh hatred.

By a fortunate accident she had not found the maid in the dressing-room; she rang, but nobody answered, so, after looking vainly about for needles and thread, she went back to the 'ibrary to ask her hostess what was to be done. She heard Mr. Landry's voice; the strangeness of it caused her to pause involuntarily. Then the first words that reached her made her understand the whole affair, only she supposed that the letter the husband had found was the one Isabel had that morning received from Harry.

She must save him—claim the letter; there might be exposure, disgrace, worse than that—danger to the man she loved, if she hesitated an instant. She rushed into the room; her fright and confusion looked so like conscious guilt to Mr. Landry that he had no suspicion she was acting for any other than herself.

There was still a brief silence after Isabel's whisper, then Sidney, wild to get the fatal epistle in her hands, cried out,

"Give me my letter, Mr. Landry—I have told you that it is mine; you have no right to keep it for an instant."

Mr. Landry's face changed; the anger and absolute despair gave place to a look of mingled contempt and sorrow; but Sidney met his glance firmly.

"Give me my letter," she repeated.

"Don't you hear!" cried Isabel, trying again to snatch it from his hand.

"Wait a moment," he said, waving his wife aside. "Mrs. Payne, you admit that this letter is your's——"

"Do you want her to say it again?" interrupted Isabel, mad with anxiety to end the scene.

"Yes," he answered. "Before she claims it before she is willing to—I want her to look at this page."

Isabel tried to interpose between them, but before she could do so, Sidney was leaning over

Mr. Landry's shoulder. She recognized the writing at once, for Renshaw had several times sent her and her husband invitations to supper. Such a sense of relief and joy came over her that for the first time she felt weak and faint.

"Ah, you had not read it," exclaimed Mr. Landry, believing that she started back in fright. "Do you still claim it?"

The room went round and round with Isabel; she caught hold of the chair by which she stood to keep herself from falling. Then she heard Sidney's voice, low and distinct,

"I still claim it! Give me that letter."

Mr. Landry folded up the closely-written sheet and retaining it in his hand, turned toward his wife

"Isabel," he said, "I beg your pardon."

The wretched woman had sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. Sidney stood immovable. In a moment more he went on. "Mrs. Payne, I had grown to like and respect you. I must say now, unpleasant as it is, that all intercourse between yourself and my wife must cease. I have a still more disagreeable duty to perform—I shall give this letter to your husband; it is to him you will have to answer the question as to the writer."

Isabel fairly shrieked aloud; everything was lost.

"For God's sake," she moaned, "give up the letter!"

"Let my husband see it!" exclaimed Sidney. The way out was clear at last; she could free Harry from the toils that had been about him; and whatever his anger might be, she could trust him not to expose the thwarted first by look or word in that presence. "Send for my husband, Mr. Landry! I will account to him; any delay on your part is only an added insult to the words you have already spoken."

Isabel Landry tried to shriek again, but could only crouch lower in her chair, with a faint gasp of mortal agony. Mr. Landry had gone; they heard his voice in the hall, addressing a domestic. Sidney stole softly to her enemy's side, and touched her hand. Isabel retreated with a low imprecation.

"You have ruined me!" she gasped. "Oh, there's no pity, no womanhood in you."

"I have saved you," returned Sidney. "You don't know either my husband or myself, if you think we would try to harm you now."

Mr. Landry was back in the room; he walked up and down in silence. Isabel still sat with her face hidden, and Sidney stood trembling with the great joy that filled her heart.

There was a step in the gallery; Harry Payne

entered, glanced about in astonishment, and said,

"What's the matter, Sidney? Did you send for me?"

"Yes," she replied, moving toward him. "Mr. Landry has found a letter of mine on the stairs; he feels it his duty to hand it to you, as he read a few words of it——"

"Not knowing what it was," interrupted Mr. Landry.

"Exactly; I never impute mean motives," said Sidney. "The letter, if you please."

Mr. Landry placed it in her hand. Harry stood stupified. His first thought was, as Sidney's had been, that it was the letter he had written Isabel, and that his wife, aware of it by some means, meant to help him out. Sidney took the letter, turned the page, and her eye fell upon some lines that seemed to have been written expressly to serve her purpose. "I am jealous of Payne. You say you despise him for his weakness and vanity; that you only flirt with him to teaze his wife——"

She gave the letter to her husband, and pointed to these words. He knew the writing, too; read what she wished, folded the letter, and said quietly,

"After my wife's telling you this letter was hers, you have been guilty of a great impertinence, Mr. Landry."

"Oh, Mr. Landry was good enough to suppose it a love-letter," cried Sidney. "He has already told me that all acquaintance between myself and his wife must cease."

"How very good?" said Harry, with a bitter laugh, while Mr. Landry stared at them both, and came to the conclusion he was out of his senses. "Sidney," pursued her husband, pitilessly, "was Mys. Landry equally severe in her virtuous indignation?"

"That," replied Sidney, "is a question she must answer for herself."

Isabel struggled hard to get back her composure; but the scorn and contempt in the face left unrevealed.

of the man who had so lately been the slave of her merest caprice, was more than she could bear, and she sobbed aloud, in mingled rage and humiliation.

"I can only offer my excuses," Mr Landry said. "I believed that I was doing right. Since you know what the letter is, there's an end! I did by you as I should have wished you to do, had it been my wife."

"Sidney," said her husband, ringing the bell, "if you'll get ready, I'll order the carriage. We needn't detain either Mr. or Mrs. Landry from their guests."

"When you both have had time to think, you will at least do justice to my motives," Mr. Landry said.

"Oh, we do justice to everybody's motives, don't we, Sidney?" cried Harry.

"Perfectly," she answered. "I assure you, Mr. Landry, I am not angry. I'm very much obliged to you, on the contrary."

"And I," he said, "am only too thankful to find that you are what I always thought you, one of the best little women I ever met. Isabel, I will go down stairs; try and persuade our friends to forgive me—you know how sorry I am."

As soon as he was out of hearing, Harry moved toward Mrs. Landry, and said,

"Let me restore this letter to its rightful owner. I may not have another opportunity, as I am only too happy to share in the verdict of dismissal which has been pronounced against my wife."

Another instant, and Isabel Landry was alone. She had just strength to dart to the fire-place, and burn the fatal letter: then, for almost the first time in her life, fainted completely away.

Sidney had won her husband once and forever; and when he made his confession, she was not slow with hers, for she felt, what everybody must, sooner or later, that there can be no possibility of peace for two married people, who have joined their lives, while there was a secret left unrevealed.

INNOCENCE.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

My darling, in this world of pain,
Thou art as like an April bud,
Which droops beneath the mountain rain,
And perfume yields the bounding flood.
Thou art as yonder evening lark,
So lofty, yet so low in thought;
Thou art one star, throughout the dark,
In solitude's lone heaven wrought.

My dearest, like some happy dream,
Does memory touch my soul with thee,
Sweet as an old, remembered theme,
In which one heart finds melody.
Dear as the scent of withering flowers,
Whose sweet, dead souls none others knew;
Dear as life's carliest, fondest hours,
Whose hopes the later years subdue.

THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS.

BY HARRY DANFORTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN I recovered consciousness, and opened my eyes, the sights and sounds that met me, thrille I me with such strange rapture and awe, that I said to myself, "Surely this is Paradise!"

Before me, an extensive valley stretched away, between green, yet lofty hills, for miles and miles, into the purple distance. Through the centre of this valley ran a river, that wound in and out, like a glittering necklace of diamonds, here hidden from sight by umbrageous, overhanging woods, there flashing into view as it flowed silently and peacefully through verdant savánnahs. Everywhere, down the sides of the hills, leaped little rivulets, some shooting earthwards, clear and bright, like jets of living silver, others tumbling and whitening into successive cataracts, along their whole precipitous descent. Imagine the sweetest and most Arcadian of valleys, shut in by green Alpine hills, and the reader can call up, in some degree, the image of what I then beheld.

In the immediate foreground a verdant lawn, covered with short, thick grass, as if it had been artificially shaven, sloped gently downward. On either side, the ground rose slightly, and was covered with great, wide-spreading trees, that threw long, cool shadows, slantwise, across. Birds of the most brilliant plumage flashed to and fro. Above, hung a sky of the deepest azure, and without a cloud; and yet, strange to say, there was no glare; an impalpable veil, thinner than the thinnest haze, tempered a sunshine that otherwise would have been too bright.

Out of sight, but evidently close at hand, and filling the whole air with music, was a choir of young girls. Never had I heard, never had I conceived of, such heavenly eadences. Now the harmony swelled out in a triumphant burst, now it sank almost to a whisper, now it ceased altogether. Then, after a moment's pause, a solitary voice began to sing, oh! such scraphic strains. The tears gushed involuntarily into my eyes, and I turned in the direction of the voices, expecting, almost, to see white-robed angels.

But I saw only the sides of a tropical hut, though one of unusual size, built in the ordinary way, of posts supporting a roof, and the spaces between the posts filled up with hanging

mats: and all these mats, on every side, closed, except directly in front, where the view opened down the valley, as I have described.

Suddenly, the most delicious perfumes assailed my senses. They were wafted I knew not from where, and though they suggested flowers that I had known before, they were each and all more delicate, and slightly different-the damask rose, the lemon verbena, the white jessamine, the lily of the valley, lavender, gillyflowers, spring carnations, the tuberose, heliotrope, woodbine, and mignonette, mingled with the fragrance, a thousand times refined, if that were possible, of newmown hay. As I lay, listening to the music, scenting dreamily those exquisite perfumes, and letting my eye range languidly over the lovely valley, I heard a noise beside me, and looking around, saw one of the mats being lifted, while, through the opening, a train of young virgins entered singing.

These fair choristers were clothed in white, with flowers in their hair, and carried flowers in their hands, which they scattered, as they advanced. At their head walked, with that slow, free, stately, undulating gait, which is only seen in women of tropical blood, and which has been aptly described as poetry in motion, a young girl ofrare beauty, just budding into womanhood. She was somewhat taller than her companions, with a figure of the most exquisite proportions, lithelimbed as a young panther, yet high-bosomed, and full and rounded in every outline. Instead of having flowers in her dark hair, she wore a circlet of what seemed diamonds of unequaled size and lustre; and around her waist, which was girdled like that of a priestess on the frieze of the Parthenon, was another, a triple circlet, of similar gems of even greater splendor. Her dress was of white, like the rest, falling over the wide hips in graceful folds, yet not so thickly but that every beautiful movement and contour of her limbs could be seen, or was suggested, as she walked.

When she had reached my side, she turned her great, liquid eyes, the ox-eyes of Homer's Juno, upon me, with a look of sad and pitying tenderness, such as a mother might cast on her dying child, or a wife on a husband. As she did this, she lightly flung a few delicate flowers

115

each as white as the driven snow, across me, singing as she scattered them, now a handful on the pillow above my head, now a handful over my heart, now a handful at my feet. Then she stopped, and the others of the train, each in succession, came up, threw flowers over me, and passed on, singing. When all had passed, she flung more flowers over me, and followed, closing the procession; and so, singing, they circled around me, and passed out again, through the opening where they had entered.

I rubbed my eyes. Though the singers had vanished, the glamour of their presence was still upon me. Was it an illusion? Or was it real? Did I live? Or was I a disembodied spirit? My poor, weak brain could not answer these questions. I put my hand up to my brow: certainly what I felt was tangible. But when I looked down the valley, I said to myself, "nothing, out of Paradise, could be like this." All the time, the subtle odor of the flowers, and the voices of the singers, sounding fainter as they receded, mingled together to lull and bewilder me. At last I shut my eyes, and gave way to a dreamy langor, in which I was sensible of nothing, except the delicate perfumes that interfused the air, and the choral voices that gradually died away in the distance, like the sound of a French horn, on water, by moonlight.

After that I slept. When I woke again, it was to comparative sanity. I was alone. My memory, as well as my reflective faculties, came back to me. I saw the tropical habitation where I lay, as I had seen it before; but now I recollected the past; the shipwreck, my gaining the shore, my swoon. More than that! I had a vague recollection, which grew stronger and stronger, of having been jolted in a palanquin, or some other similar mode of conveyance, up a narrow defile, or canon, as such ravines have since been called in California. Gradually the truth dawned on me. I was not a disembodied spirit; this was not Paradise that I was in. On the contrary, I was in some tropical island, one of the tens of thousands in the Pacific, and I had been found on the beach, apparently dead, and saved by some of its inhabitants.

But what island? Bit by bit this also came back to me. I remembered the story of the Essex veteran, and especially his description of the horse-shoe beach, and the surrounding mountains. I recalled my strange conviction, when I lay panting on the shore, that I had seen or heard of the place before. The full truth flashed on me at last. I was in the island of diamonds.

If there was anything wanting to convince me, it was to be found in the priceless gems that

adorned the young girl, who had headed the procession, and who carried them as if they were not indeed entirely worthless, for her attendants wore flowers, and not jewels, but as if they were not so rare as in civilized lands. They were diamonds worth a nation's ransom; yet she wore them as if they were mere amethysts.

I was speculating on all this, in a drowsy sort of a way, almost half asleep, when I heard a rustling, caused by lifting one of the mats again. and a stately, imposing personage, a man of middle age, and evidently of high rank, entered, for he was followed by quite a train of attendants, conspicuous among whom were two, themselves plainly persons of importance. One of these was a venerable, white-haired octogenarian, whose air and attire betrayed his sacerdotal character. The profession and rank of the other was not so easily to be detected. I learned, afterward, however, that the principal visitor was the king of the island; that the venerable old man was his uncle, the high-priest; and that the other was the court physician.

The king approached my bed-side, made me a dignified gesture of welcome, and addressed some words to me in his own language, apparently inquiring how I felt. I answered his salutation by bowing my head, and then I shook it, in token that I did not comprehend him.

"Telane," he said, turning to the high-priest. The word, as I afterward learned, meant, "he does not understand us."

"Natelane Omai," replied the high-priest.

The king then beckoned to his physician. The latter approached, laid his hand on my forehead, and looked approvingly at the monarch.

"Tutepah?" asked the latter. "May be eat?"

"Tetupah, Omai," answered the physician. "He may eat, oh king. Sanasitka. But not too much,"

The king then beckoned to one of his ordinary attendants, and spoke a few words to him, in a low tone, when the latter left the apartment, noiselessly. After this, the king looked about the room, and seeing one or two mats out of place, directed them to be arranged properly. Then, as if satisfied he had done all he could for his guest, at least for the present, he courteously saluted me, though with dignity and even majesty, and left the house, followed by his train, each of which made a low salaam to me as he passed out.

In a little while, a mat was again lifted, and there entered, this time, four female attendants, two of them bearing dishes. Between them, walking alone, came the young girl, who had led

the procession, tall, and lithe, and full-bosomed, a very daughter of the gods. She did not now wear her tiara of diamonds, nor the triple circlet around her waist; but had, instead of the latter, a broad, flat girdle, on which, like beadwork, was embroidered a curious, Aztec-looking pattern in small diamonds. She was still attired, however, in her flowing, white garments, with her arms bare to the shoulders, as I discovered afterward was the custom of her race. These arms were as shapely as the lost ones of the Venus of Milo; round, and firm, and polished, and tapering from the shoulder to the wrist. They had no ornaments whatever on them, except a single broad band, studded with diamonds of great size and lustre, on the right arm, half-way between the elbow and the shoulder. She approached me, smiling, her lips, red and full as ripe pomegranates, slightly parted, and revealing two rows of exquisite teeth, white, and small, and even, like pearls. Her smile was one of those rarely sweet ones, that light up the whole countenance, transforming it completely, as the smile of the first Napoleon is said to have done. Her brows were low, but broad, like the brows of the Coptic girls of Egypt; her nose was nearly straight, and the mouth and chin were perfection. At eighteen Cleopatra may have looked thus. Her complexion was much lighter than that of her attendants; it was not as dark as that of many Cubans, or even Spanish women; and the pink blood could be seen, in her slight embarrassment, mounting up in it, as clear and bright, as in the cheek of a New England brunette.

At a sign from her, two of the attendants lifted me gently up, and supported me in a half-sitting posture, while the others came forward with their dishes. Then, with the sweetest air in the world, she made gestures to me that I was to eat, and taking up a sort of spoon, she fed me herself.

The beverage was half soup, half porridge, and very palatable. When she saw that I not only ate it, but ate it with avidity, she turned, halflaughing, to one of the attendants, and said, "Benotah, good." After I had taken about a dozen spoonfuls, she stopped feeding me. I looked longingly at the basin, which was still more than half full, but she shook her head, smiling, and ordered the attendants away. Then directing the other servants to restore me to my recumbent position, she herself smoothed my pillow, and making me a quick, graceful, but halfshy curtsy, glided noiselessly from the room. As she passed through the opening, where one of her attendants held back the mat for her, she turned and gave me a parting smile, the sweetness of which haunted my dreams for hours after, and which recalled to me what I had read of the smiles of Houris in Paradise.

I was quite exhausted by all this, and soon fell into a deep sleep. But it was one of the most refreshing I had ever experienced. When I woke again, the stars were shining outside, and a cool, delicious night-breeze was blowing.

As I looked around, I was startled by the light sound of receding footsteps, and just caught a glimpse of a white figure, that escaped, as a mat was lifted. But in the swaying, graceful motion, not less than in the exquisite turn of the head, I had no difficulty in recognizing my fair nurse, who had been watching me, I now saw, while I slept.

CHAPTER VI.

A MONTH had passed. Gradually all that had been so inexplicable in my situation was cleared up, and I comprehended, at last, that I was in the island of diamonds, and the only known white man that had ever visited it.

My first difficulty had been to make myself understood, and to understand my attendants in turn. Signs had to answer in the beginning. But I speedily acquired something of the language used by those around me. I would point to the food they brought me, and so, very soon, learned the ordinary nomenclature of their table. In a similar manner I became acquainted with the more ordinary terms of every-day life; the names for house, tree, sky, face, mouth, eyes, person. I then picked up their synonyms for running, walking, eating, drinking, and other active verbs. I remembered, that, at Harvard, the professor of language had said, that, even among civilized races, the common people rarely had a vocabulary of more than two or three hundred words. This was certainly true of the simple islanders among whom it was my lot now to be cast. Necessity, too, is a quick teacher. In an almost incredibly short period, I could converse, understandingly, with almost any one.

In this way I was not long in learning how I had been rescued. It seems that the land-locked bay, on whose beach I had been cast, was not, as I had supposed, entirely inaccessible from the interior of the island. At one of its extremities, but quite concealed from a casual observer, a narrow, deep ravine led, tortuously, up to the summit of the hills. This defile had been cut, ages ago, by a stream, that, in the rainy season, found thus an egress for its waters to the sea. Some of the islanders, the morning after the gale, looking down from the heights above, had dis-

covered what seemed a human body, but of strange color and attire, lying on the sands. Alarmed, they had fled to seek the king of the island, Tootaha, but he being absent at the other side of his territory, they had told their wonderful story to his orphaned daughter, Obeira, a young princess of seventeen, who, startled by the strange intelligence, had come to the edge of the cliffs, to satisfy herself, by personal observation, of the truth of the story. By her orders a rude palanquin had been constructed, and bearers sent down with it, so that, before noonday, I was safely established in one of her father's palaces, though still in a state of insensibility.

Many days, indeed, went by, before I recovered consciousness. The struggle in the water, the agitation of my mind, and the exposure afterward on the beach, had combined to throw me into a high fever, accompanied by violent delirium. The simple-minded islanders, who regarded me almost as a god, tried their few medicines on me to no avail, and were alike terrified and sorrow-striken at their failure. Then they called in their priests. These sacred men recommended incantations. They came, with clubs and knives, beating and cutting themselves, outside my dwelling, dancing and howling dismally. But their incantations did me no more good than their pharmacoepia. As a last resort, the highpriest proposed that the sacred procession of virgins, a ceremony only used in the worship of the gols, and performed by select maidens of the highest birth, should be inaugurated around my beil.

"He has a white skin," said the hierophant, " and we have never seen a man with a white skin before: white is, and ever has been, the color of the gods, and we use it entirely for priestly vestments; he is of wondrous beauty; he has probubly fallen from the skies, for, if not, whence could he have come?" The reader will understand this better, when he learns that these islanders, as I shall have occasion to explain directly, knew nothing of navigation, and had never seen a boat, much less a ship. "Our medicines, which cure the common people, fail to cure kim. Even the incantations, which are so powerful as healing agencies, with princes of your royal house, have no potency here. He must be a god, or the son of a god, and, if so, only the ceremonies, set apart for the gods, will be of any avail."

It was this procession of virgins, headed by my preserver, the daughter of the king, which I had seen on my first return to consciousness. By a singular coincidence, nature had come to my aid just at the moment that the ceremony

was at its height, so that not only was my recovery attributed to the procession, but my being cured by such means, was regarded as conclusive proof of my descent from a superior race of beings.

My almost constant companion, during my convalescence, was Obeira, the king's beautiful daughter. It was she who taught me most of my vocabulary, and supplied much other information. She told me of the island, its mountains, its productions, and especially of its diamonds, concerning which I evinced so much curiosity.

"You like them?" she said, one day, holding up the diamond tassel to her zone, and looking at each separate gem as it flashed into a hundred shades of color, while she turned it in the light. "I confess I do also. I never tire of looking at their changing hues. But why do your people, as you say, place so much value on them? With us they are almost as common as, you say, ordinary pebbles are with you."

I explained to her, that, in America and Europe, diamonds were the rarest of gems, and that it was this, and not merely their beauty, that made them valuable.

"With us it is different," she said. "We make them a partially sacred gem, to be sure. But that is because they are beautiful to look at, and because the priests say that princes must have ornaments of some kind, set apart especially for them. Do you know, I think our reason for holding them in such estimation, is, if anything, the nobler of the two?"

"You are quite right," I replied. "But where do you find diamonds?"

"When you are strong," she said, "I will show you. But now the time has come for you to eat again: I see the attendants approaching with the dishes."

This conversation shows the familiar terms on which we already stood. Utterly unconventional, and innocent even in thought, Obeira acted toward me as if I had been a dear brother. Nearly the whole day she spent at my side.

"Here is a new dish for you," she said.
"You require something stronger than you have been taking. You needn't make a face at it," for, as the cover, a plantain-leaf, was lifted, I pretended not to like the looks of the supposed delicacy. "I cooked it myself, when I was absent a little while ago, and if you don't eat every bit of it, I'll never speak to you again."

With this she took up a large spoon, and shaking her finger playfully at me, dipped it into the dish, and offered me a portion.

It was a sort of pillau of rice and bird, the

latter chopped fine, and would really have done credit to Paris.

"There, I told you you'd like it," she added, showing her pearly teeth, and laughing, and her laugh was always low and musical, like the chiming of the tiniest silver bells. "Confess now that we know how to cook as well as the Mericanos you are always talking about."

These Americans were a wonder, not only to her, but to her father also. At first my statements respecting them, and, of course, of Europeans also, were simply dishelieved. But by-and-by my fair hostess began to see that, however extraordinary my allegations, they must be true, as I was not one to exaggerate. After that, she would listen to me with undisguised wonder, nay! would ask me questions by the hour.

"These ships, these boats you talk of," said her father, one day, "how is it pessible there should be such things? We have never heard of them."

This was the most extraordinary circumstance connected with these islanders. Everywhere else in the Pacific, on the smallest inhabited coral-reef, the people knew something of navigation, and had canoes in which they ventured, at least, along the shore. But in Tolulah there were no boats of any kind. I could only account for it by supposing that the island had been originally populated from a pair, or pairs, who had been shipwrecked on it; that they had never had leisure, or occasion, to make another canoe; that their children, in consequence, had never learned the art; and that, in time, even the tradition of the thing had perished from among them. However, this absence of means of voyaging, explained, as nothing else could, the isolation in which Tolulah had remained. History, I reflected, told us of more than one art, which, like this, had been lost. This strange anomaly, therefore, was not wholly without precedent.

"But you saw bits of the ship, in which I sailed, as wreek on your coast," I replied. "You saw broken spars."

"Yes! and I have heard, that, in my grandsire's time, similar fragments of timber, curiously shaped, and with iron spikes, as you call them, in them, were cast up, on the same beach." This, which I had not heard before, was a striking confirmation of the old Essex gunner's story. "But we never understood the purpose of these bits of wreck. How should we know that they were, as you say, parts of a great ship? The iron was kept as something strange, and now ornaments, as a sacred thing, the great temple; for no one ever thought of subjecting it to fire, and forging it, in the way you describe. Stone, as you know, and sharp-edged shells, are our cutting instruments. Besides, and here is the real puzzle, how do you make your vessels float? I should think they would sink at once."

Civilized people, who accept known facts from their infancy as axioms, can hardly understand how difficult it is for a savage, no matter how intelligent, to believe things out of his ordinary experience. Now this question of navigation was one of this kind. Just as, with us, when iron-ships were first suggested, the unlettered fancied they must sink, so this not unobservant islander, a wise man in his way, could not conceive of a boat of any kind floating.

"But you have seen a leaf, a twig, on the water. It does not sink," I said.

"But the leaf, the twig is light," he replied. "A stone-axe sinks immediately, and your smallest boat is heavier than an axe."

It was no use explaining to him the theory of specific gravity, for his mind would not have been able to conceive even the first axioms of science, so I answered promptly.

"I can build a boat, oh! king, and convince you. I will set about it as soon as I get stronger, if you will appoint me workmen, and bid them do as I direct. You yourself shall sail in it, if you will, and so shall Obeira," I said, turning smilingly to her.

She clapped her hands gleefully. "Oh! that will be glorious!" she cried. "No, you needn't smile, incredulously; I shall not be a bit afraid."

The very first day I was able to walk out, I selected a tree of enormous girth, which I directed to be cut down, for my plan was to build a cance by hollowing out the trunk, no other kind of boat being possible with the limited tools at my command. I was as eager to begin the enterprise, as the king to see it undertaken. In this canoe, it was my purpose, in due season, to make my escape from the island. I had been brooding over the possibility of getting away, ever since I had begun to recover. The thought was with me through the night, and haunted me in the day. Obeira had often noticed my abstraction, and teased me to tell the cause, but I always evaded her. Now, suddenly, a way had been opened. I would have the assistance of the king's own followers in constructing my canoe, and when it was finished, I would load myself with diamonds, and set off on a voyage, to seek some neighboring island, or to take my chance of falling in with a ship.

ship? The iron was kept as something strange, and now ornaments, as a sacred thing, the great down. Literally speaking, it was not cut down, temple; for no one ever thought of subjecting it but burned down. Then a week elapsed before

it could descend the mountain, and reach its final destination, from which it was to be launched, which was at the mouth of the river that ran through the valley I saw from my hut. At last, dozens of laborers were at work, hollowing it out with fire, after which it would have to be shaped on the outside, slowly and laboriously, with stone-axes and adzes. It was a work of several months, but meantime my leisure was spent not unpleasantly, and part of it, indeed, very happily.

For now that I was able to leave my apartment, I made various excursions through the island, sometimes in great state, with the king and numerous attendants, at other times more simply, with Obeira and only a few followers. It was on these latter occasions that I was so happy. Obeira and I would sit, side by side, for hours, on some rocky bluff, looking over the wide, green landscapes below; for the island, being twenty miles wide, and nearly forty long, furnished many lovely valleys; or we would stray off into the deep-shadowed woods, Obeira running before, just as if she had been only a happy child, picking wild-flowers, and singing, in artless innocence and happiness, like a merry bird.

But sometimes sadder moods would come across me, and I would seek the cliffs that overlooked the ocean, and sit, silently, as Napoleon is said to have done at St. Helena, looking across the mighty sea.

"I do not like you to come here," said Obeira to me, one day, almost pettishly, and seizing me by the arm. "Let us go! It always makes you sorrowful to sit on these rocks."

She dragged me away, as she spoke, and I followed, bewitched, for the moment, out of even the thoughts of home, by her sweet smile and her tender manner.

CHAPTER VII.

"I HAVE often promised to show you where to find diamonds," said Obeira to me, one bright morning. "It is a beautiful day; I will take you now."

Followed by four attendants, bearing provisions, and one of them carrying a sort of rude umbrella, in case his mistress should need it, we struck into a path, that led up into the higher hills, where only trees of the temperate zone grew, for I should have already stated that, though the island was in the tropics, parts of it were so elevated, that it had almost every variety of climate. Where the palaces of the king were located, indeed, it was as cool, ordinarily, as in June in New England, though we could see, far away, and on the level of the lower grounds, great palm trees standing up against the sky.

"Diamonds, small ones," she continued, "are found everywhere. As there are places, in your own country, where you say that stone-wood, coal you call it, is found almost entirely, and others where there is nothing but iron, so Tolulah, I suppose, may be called the island of diamonds. The poorest people, by going to one of these smaller streams, that pour down from the hills, can, in a single morning, get a whole handful of little diamonds. The earth, that these rivulets wash down, they rake backward and forward, keeping water running over it, and as they rake, the diamonds sparkle up. We, that is the priests, let these poor people keep, and even wear such diamonds; it is only the larger ones that we reserve for ourselves; and they are but rarely discovered in the lower valleys, but only on the high grounds, where I am taking you, and where they are found embedded in the rock. We ourselves never use the small diamonds, except to make a sort of seed ornament, as you see in my girdle to-day, or to pound them up into powder, with which our mystery-men, for it is an art kept sacred in our temples, polish and cut the larger diamonds."

"That has often puzzled me," I said. "I notice that all your finer gems are cut, exquisitely cut, some of them. How did you ever learn the art? Why, it was unknown, even in Europe, until a few hundred years ago, though it had been practised in India for thousands of generations."

"I know nothing of your India or Europe," she replied; "but the art has always been understood in Tolulah from the earliest times. It is kept sacred and secret, as I have said; but plenty of priests, in the temples, know all about it. Perhaps," she added, "it was brought here by our first great ancestors, and perhaps, too, they came from the India you speak of: for you say, you know, that we must have come from somewhere, and could not have been created here."

As she thus spoke, she led the way, through the loveliest ravines, up, past one table-land and another, till, at last, we stood on a lofty mountain, the loftiest in the island. We were not yet at its summit, however, nor did Obeira propose to take me there. That rose sharp and steep, almost needle-shaped, like the famous Aiguilles near Chamouni, a vast obelisk of granite shooting into the sky. Our destination was lower down, where the quartzy-sandstone, or conglomerate, lay at the base of this upper elevation. But even from here the view was magnificent, for the whole of Tolulah, with its plains, and valleys, and rivers, and forests, lay spread out beneath us, as in a map, the sea being visible all around,

except where the lofty, steeple-like peak, of which I have spoken, shot up behind us. Gazing, in different directions, I could see a dozen valleys, radiating from the mountain, where we stood, as from a centre; and down the hill-sides, in every valley, innumerable rivulets were tumbling. The mists which prevailed almost continually in these high altitudes, added to the fascination of the scene, by now shutting in, and now revealing, the wondrous landscape. Here and there we could see white villages nestled in the valleys, or on some commanding bluff, overlooking the country below, a rude, but stately temple. Far away, on every side, except immediately behind us, glittered and shone, as I have said, the illimitable ocean.

"Till you came here," said Obeira, nestling to my side, "we thought that great sea the end of the world. We did not imagine that there was anybody, but ourselves, on the earth, or any lands beyond. But now we know better."

The innocent trust in me, the perfect faith in what I had taught her, was revealed in eye, and expression, and gesture.

"But we must not stay here too long," she said. "I have got to show you where to find diamonds; and after that, we must take our noonday meal; and then it will be time for us to descend, if we are to get back by night-fall. Look at this."

She walked a few steps to the right, picked up a loose bit of quartz, and knocked off, from the side of the rock, a diamond of ten carats, or more. I followed her, and there, splangled, as it were, all over the conglomerate, were diamonds of priceless size and lustre, as common, apparently, as ordinary fossils are in other formations. All that she had said to me was true. What the coal and iron regions of my own land were to other less-favored localities, this extraordinary diamond island was to other diamond mines. In Golconda and Brazil, diamonds were, at best, rarities; but here they were as plenty as road-side pebbles, or shells on a sea-shore.

I could not help wondering what the effect would be on the world, if ever this island should become open to commerce. "To what will not the vast value of the Regent and Koh-I-Noor sink," I said to myself, "when they have to compete with the virgin treasures of this wonderful soil?"

Meantime, my companion went on, knocking gem after gem out of the conglomerate. Sometimes, the diamond was so deeply imbedded, that her efforts were in vain; but diamonds were so plenty that she did not mind this: she gave a little half-vexed exclamation, and went off to another. She had great dexterity, however, and constantly succeeded where I thought she would fail. Once I offered to help her.

"No! no!" she cried, in undisguised alarm. "The attendants cannot see us," for they had paused, lower down the mountain; "but it is wrong all the same. You must know," she added, hurriedly, "this is a sacred hill, and to gather its diamonds is forbidden to all, except to the higher priests, and those of royal blood. I am both a princess and a priestess, and have a double right to exercise this privilege. But I dare not delegate it even to you."

Never shall I forget the look with which this was accompanied. All this day her manner had been marked by a bewitching tenderness. My heart beat quick and fast. Whose, under similar circumstances, would not?

"You may take as many as you please, however, with you," she said. "If ever you go away from Tolulah," and her voice became swidenly sad, "they will make you rich in your own country. Perhaps some fair girl there will be your wife, and marry you, as we marry when we love, with festive garlands of flowers and dances by the new moon."

Her tones were low and plaintive, as she finished, and I almost thought there were tears in her eyes. Before I could reply, one of the attendants appeared, to say that our lunch was ready.

A sudden change came over her. Never had she seemed gayer, than she now did, while the servants were by. Never had her silvery laugh rung out so clear. And never had she seemed so charming, so fascinating, in every way. She insisted on herself feeding me with the dessert, which consisted of small, delicate nuts, little cakes, and native sweetmeats. She sat by me, and made me open my mouth, while she tossed the morsels deftly in. I have been told that the beautiful Odalisques while away the time, in their Harems, by feeding each other in the same way. I can well understand it. It seems childish to tell of, in print, but it is a different thing when one is the recipient, and when an Obeira feeds you.

It was late in the afternoon, before we could make up our minds to break away from this repast, and it was nearly sunset when we reached the vicinity of the palaces. Even then, we both felt that the day had been too happy, and was still too happy, to part with yet. I suggested, therefore, that the attendants should be dismissed, and that we should follow homewards more slowly, while they went ahead, and announced our coming, and gave orders for the evening meal.

"That is charming," she said, and her eyes

sparkled. "I know such a pretty spot, close by, which I don't think you have ever seen. I will take you to it at once; we have still a little while left before night-fall. Come."

She led the way, accordingly, to a secluded glen, overhung by drooping trees. Through it ran a little stream, that went singing by softly, over a bed of silvery pebbles. We sat down, side by side, on a bank of thick, velvety turf. spangled all over with delicate wild-flowers, that reminded me, now of the Housatonia of my native woods, and now of fragrant violets. Just at our feet, the rivulet widened and deepened into a broad, quiet pool. Obeira challenged me to skim pebbles across the surface with her, and when she succeeded better than I did, clapped her hands and laughed gleefully. But, by-andby, she seemed to tire of this sport. Sitting by the margin of the pool, her little, naked feet peeped out from beneath the hem of her robe. She dipped them, one after another, into the water, glancing mischievously up, to see if I observed her. Then, lifting them just out of it, she coquettishly let the water drip, glittering, from their shining surface. And what pretty feet they were! Atlanta's could not have been more slender or more arched.

She tired of this pastime also, after awhile, and with her hands lying listlessly in her lap, sighed, and gazed dreamily into vacancy. I had often noticed the beauty of her hand, but never so plainly as now: the fingers, long and tapering; the almond-shaped, pink nails: no Marquise of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, even in the most aristocratic times of the old monarchy, ever had one more beautiful! I took up the little hand, that lay nearest to mine, and as I did this, she woke from her reverie, glanced up at me and smiled. The sweet, tender expression was irresistible. I pressed the soft, warm palm instinctively. The slender fingers closed on my own in return, as she looked at me, half fondly, half inquiringly. Her eyelids drooped shyly; the color rose to her cheek; her bosom heaved; her face turned slowly to mine, and our lips met, as it were, unconsciously. My arm stole around her waist, as she leaned toward me; and she hid her blushing cheeks on my bosom.

Suddenly a footstep was heard approaching. Obeira sprung up, frightened, from my side, and stood looking around like a startled deer. The thicket, behind us, parted, and Tootaha stood before us.

She gave a little scream, covered her face with her hands, and fled through the undergrowth in an opposite direction.

I was alone with the king!

CHAPTER VIII.

For a moment I almost expected that he would strike me to the earth. He carried at his girdle, like all men of rank in Tolulah, a stone axe, and his hand rested on it, the fingers twitching.

I rose to my feet. But it was not to fly. Whatever came, I would, at least, face him.

He looked at me with knitted brow, and mouth working, for a full minute.

"You love her," he said, tersely, at last, "and she loves you?"

I did not reply. He took my silence for

"Well," he said, "you shall marry her."

I drew a quick breath, not of relief, but of astonishment. Yet still I did not answer. What could I say? My mind was in a whirl.

"I have seen it coming for a long time," resumed the king. "At first-I will be frank with you-I was not pleased. Why should a princess of Tolulah, I said, demean herself by marrying one not of royal blood, and especially a stranger, no matter how exalted the people to whom he belonged? But when I consulted with the kigh priest, he took a different view of the matter. He said you might be sent, if not from the gods, at least by the gods. I have no son, as you well know, to inherit my kingdom. None of my family are suitable for a husband for my daughter, and a woman is not fitted to govern, at least alone. I see you and Obeira love each other. Why should I stand in the way of your happiness? As the hierophants say, perhaps the gods themselves have had you cast on these shores in order that you may marry the princess and solve this dilemma of state."

He paused, as if awaiting an answer, but I was tongue-tied still. How could I reply? I did not really love Obeira, at least as I loved Bessie Thorndyke. The image of the latter, at the king's question, rose up before me in all its spiritual and exalted beauty. The glamour of the last few hours fell from my eyes. I saw now that it was only my isolation on this island, the daily presence of Obeira, and the magnetism of her beauty which had led her father, and perhaps herself also—ah! here was the pang—to believe I loved her. Between my remorse for that almost unconscious kiss, and my shame at my momentary weakness, what wonder I could not find words to speak!

The king, however, mistook the reasons for my silence.

"I see you have a becoming modesty," he said. "It is an alliance not often offered to any man, and you may well be astonished at it. But I believe you to be brave, able and loyal; and I

give my child to you, therefore, with all my heart." The father was too much for the monarch at this juncture, and his voice shook. "Be true to her. That is all I ask."

After a moment, he resumed, more calmly.

"Say nothing to Obeira, as yet, of this. I myself will speak to her, at the proper time. In a month from now, at the next new moon, you and she shall be wed, with the ceremonies and sacred rights befitting a princess of our royal house."

With these words, he wrung my hand and left me, stunned, bewildered, and still silent.

For awhile I hardly knew where I was, or what I was. But gradually I realized the perilous abyss over which I stood. Thoughtlessly, with no intention of evil, I had yielded myself up to the fascination of Obeira's presence, never asking to what it would lead. Yet I now saw that I had won her guileless affections, and that her father, if not she herself, expected me to marry her.

"And why not?" at this point, asked a voice within me, the voice of the Tempter, the Mephistophles that is ever with us all., "Bessie Thorndyke! Well, what have you to expect in that quarter? Even if you get back to Americawhich you never will-you will be poor and unknown. Her father will not give her to you, as you know, while you remain so. A life of struggle, at the best, lies before you. Should you win fortune and position, at last, it would only be after years of self-denial and labor, when the youth of life will be over, and enjoyment, in its true sense, no longer possible. But here, here, in this lovely isle, everything that heart can desire is to be had for the asking. You have only to speak the word, and you will be a king's son, with boundless wealth at command, and power for life and death over tens of thousands. Yet this is the least of it. Obeira will be your's, wholly your's. Think of it! Recall her artlessness, her bewitching manner, her ravishing beauty, her devoted love for you. Have you no gratitude? Did you, on your part, do nothing to win that love? Ah! you wince, you remember that kiss! Are you a man of honor? Can you desert her? Why do you waver? To have her always by your side, to know that she will give her life for you if necessary, what more can you ask, what more ought you? In colder climes, in civilized lands, women, the best of them, love with unconscious reservations. Society, position, wealth, a hundred things share, with a husband, their time, if not their hearts. But Obeira would be all your own. Your slightest wish would be her law. How can you do better than to accept the lot which Fate has assigned to you, remain in Tolulah, forget the selfish world outside, and be happy forever?"

But would I be happy? Could I even make Obeira permanently happy? This is what I said to myself, or my better angel said. Were ease and luxury, after all, everything? Was the life of a Lotus-Eater, itself, the ideal of existence? Would even the beauty and tenderness of Obeira never pall on me? Would I not be, at best, a prisoner, and would not the consciousness of this, in time, turn my love into loathing and hate? Could I hope, I repeated, ever to make Obeira permanently happy? This was not all. Had I not something within me, did I not feel its stirrings at this very moment, that called for loftier aims? Were intellect, and culture, and what we call civilization, nothing? Could any merely sensuous, tropical life-the life of "soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry"-give me all my nature desired, or help to raise me to that higher plane to which all who are true should aspire? Even in the arms of Obeira would I not sigh for what I had lost? She was not herself a false Duessa, but she would be one to me, and not a Una. My Una was Bessie Thorndyke. Obeira was beautiful, ravishingly beautiful, as the Tempter had said, but it was a beauty that appealed only to the senses, or principally to them. It was a beauty that could never "counsel or command," like the more exalted and spiritual beauty of Bessie Thorndyke.

"Oh! noblest, and highest type of womanhood," I cried, apostrophizing my far-off mistress, "to surrender the hope of making you mine, would be to surrender all that is dearest and noblest in life. If, for a moment, I was disloyal to you, the spell is now broken. It is you, you only, that I love, or have ever really loved. Have pity on me! Do you ever, in your calm and prosperous felicity, think of the poor outcast, whom, for an instant, you seemed to love? It was, perhaps, only long acquaintanceship, and a momentary sympathy for one going away for years, that surprised you into your condescension. But be it a delusion," I exclaimed, in bitter anguish, "come delay, disappointment, heart-break itself, still I will cling to the hope that you may have been in earnest. Better poverty and toil, with you as the reward at last, than ease, and luxury, and power, even with Obeira."

I stopped. Obeira! What had she done, poor girl, that I should speak of her half contemptuously? She had never sought me in any unmaidenly way. It was not her fault that she had not the clear-cut, high-bred face of Bessie Thorndyke, or that culture did not run in her

blood, as in that of her more fortunate rival. She was, in her way, as truly noble as any Thorndyke. But, alas! there were sympathies, there were aspirations—I could not shut my eyes to the truth—which Bessie and I could share together, in which Obeira, if she lived a thousand years, could never have a part. Was I to consider only myself, the question ought to be decided, perhaps, by the love the poor girl had for me. But suppose Bessie loved me also! Had I a right to sacrifice her, the first, in point of time, to love me, and incomparably the higher type of womanhood. No! never!

Yet how could I escape? "It was sheer folly," said my Mephistopheles, "to think of it." The only possible way was through the canoe I was building. Three months, at least, must elapse before the boat could be finished; and before a month I must either marry Obeira, or bring down on myself the vengeance of the king. There was really no choice left for me. To marry Obeira, and then, after the boat was launched, to steal away, was not to be thought of: I could not thus betray and desert an innocent girl; even if I died for it, I would do right. I would keep, in future, at least, to the straight path.

I paced, restlessly, to and fro. Now I thought of Obeira, of her love, and of her tears, and almost wavered. Now I thought of Bessie Thorndyke, and when I did this, I determined to dare everything rather than give her up.

Give her up? Impossible! It would be to }

give up myself, to sink to a lower and lower level continually, to lose all hope of rising to a higher and loftier plane.

"Yet suppose," repeated the Tempter, "suppose you should manage to escape—though, poor fool! there is not the remotest chance of it—and should reach America. It would only be—I repeat it—to find Bessie Thorndyke married to some one of her own degree. She but yielded, that evening, to girlish sympathy, and laughed at her folly the next day, or at most the next week. She has long since forgotten you."

I stopped, and struck my breast, impulsively, as if I could, by that gesture, drive the foul Tempter from within.

"Never," I said. "I will do right, come what will! I have four good weeks yet, and something may happen in the interval: perhaps a ship may discover the island; perhaps—perhaps——"

For an instant I thought I heard a mocking fiend laughing at my foolish hopes: I even looked, quickly, around; but it was only my excited imagination.

"At any rate," I said, "I can die. Always that resource against dishonor. If the king has me killed, I will die faithful, oh! my darling."

But, the moment after, I thought of the equally innocent rival, lonely and deserted, and perhaps broken-hearted, and I sighed, and said softly, with bated breath,

"Poor Obeira!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OVER THE FERRY.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Slow o'er the river the ferry-boat came: Bringing my lover.

"Robin! my Robin!" I whispered his name, Over and over.

Never before seemed the waters so wide;
And never, oh! never,
So slowly slong did the ferry-best glide.

So slowly along did the ferry-boat glide, Over the river.

High rose my heart above trouble and care,
Like the down of a thistle;

As shrilly and loud, on the still evening air, Broke the ferry-boat's whistle.

"Robin! thy Robin is coming to thee!"

The bells were all ringing;

And "Robin, my Robin, is coming to me!"

My glad heart was singing.

Alas! and alas! when the boat kissed the land, And the ropes were thrown over:

Holding her dainty-robes up with one hand, Walked a maid, with my lover.

His eyes they were cast on the face at his side, And seemed loth to leave it; Jealousy whispered, "The maid is his bride!" Could I believe it?

"The maid has been jilted, been jilted, oh! oh!"

The bells were all ringing;

And a weird, weary dirge, in the sharp key of woe, My sad heart was singing.

Swiftly I sped from my false lover's sight, The damp dews were falling.

I heard a quick voice on the still air of night, Calling and calling.

"Evelyn! Evelyn! whither away?

Is this the meeting.

I have looked forward to many a day?

Have you no greeting?

Never a word for the sister, whose name

Hot grew my cheek with the warm blush of shame, And tears came to soften,

The wild, stony grief that was threatening death
To love's tender blossom.

Oh, never again shall a doubt of his faith Darken my bosom.

KITTY ROSS.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

"SHE piecea up every block of it with her own hands, Malviny did." And the proud mother spread abroad the gorgeus folds of the patchwork bedquilt before the eyes of the bewildered young minister like a triumphal banner.

"She thought at first she would have it a album quilt; but, finally, she decided on a blazing star, as Malviny says to me, 'it looks so kind o' heavenly.' You know stars are a bright yellow, and the sky is a blue ground-work jest like this. She thought it gave it a kind of a sacred look. She is dreadful religeus, Malviny is. I have said to her father, many a time, 'If she is ever snatched away from us, Pa, I hope he will be a religious man that snatches her.' A good many told me, when she was a little girl, that she was just cut for a minister's wife, she was so equinomical and industrious. She is an awful worker; there is seven hundred pieces in this bedquilt; that shows some industry, don't it, Mr. Thurston ?"

"I beg your pardon, madam; I am afraid I didn't quite understand you!" His rather dreamy, gray eyes were looking out of the open window, down the emerald, daisy-empearled meadow, stretching away to the green woods.

"I was saying there is seven hundred pieces of calico in this bedquilt; I didn't begrech layin' out the calico for her-not a bit; she cut 'em all out in one day."

"Kitty helped her cut'em out, for I seen her; n' I want a piece of pie, or bread n'butter." Sammy, the fearless, had entered the room, and stood before the authoress of his life, with pleading in his tone, and utter indifference in his demeanor toward his visitor.

"Yes; Kitty helped her a sight," said Mrs. Ross, commencing to fold up the bedquilt, and she added, severely, "Little boys should be seen, and not heard."

"I am tired of bein' seen; I want to be heard a spell; m'eant I have the pie or bread n'butter? I want some strawberries on it. Haint Kitty got back yet? I seen her start for 'em more'n a 'nour ago."

"When Kitty gets a book in her hand, or gets out doors, there is no knowin' when she will be seen again. She is so different from Malviny. Why, if you will believe it, Mr. Thurston, if that she would say that she thought a little bit of moss out of the woods was prettier than this blazing star bedquilt."

As she gave utterance to this astounding atrocity, on the part of Kitty, she stood by the table, folding the article in question; and her last-born, standing opposite her, gazing at her keenly from beneath his torn straw hat, said,

"Malviny's crosser'n a bear, and Kitty haint, She don't order a feller round. What are you steppin' on my foot for, mother?"

"Samuel Ross, do you go right out into the kitchen, and wash your face. I should be ashamed to come into the room where there is company with such a looking face." He did not move, and she continued, with a threatening glance at him; "Do you want me to have a reckoning with you?" Evidently he did not, for this question was potent; he left the room immediately. Mrs. Ross laid the bedquilt in the bed-room, saying, as she came back into the room,

"Malviny will be in, in a few minutes."

Again the young minister's eye wandered out of the open window.

"Isn't that your youngest daughter coming up through the meadow?"

"La, no! She haint my daughter; that is Kitty Ross, my husband's brother's girl. I took her though when she was an infant babe; brought her up on a bottle, and done for her as if she was my own."

"I have noticed her face in church," said he. He did not say that her face in the family-pew reminded him of a mountain daisy, in a bed of hollyhocks. Neither did he find it necessary to tell what an inspiration she had been to him; that when some noble truth came warm from his own heart, the sudden light that would spring up in those shy, brown eyes, had shown him, that, though strangers, they were near kindred. And, if the whole two hundred of his congregation had been absent, and those appreciative eyes present, he would think he had a full house. These thoughts, which he did not speak, were still in his mind, when two doors opened simultaneously, and Malviny and Kitty entered. Malviny had, in her virgin bower, attired herself in her best, to do honor to the young minister, and she sailed in through the hall-door, just as Kitty girl should tell you the truth to-day, I believe entered through the kitchen-door, into the sit-

ting-room, with her basket of berries. She had on a print-dress and a sundown; but she had found a great bunch of wild-flowers and grasses, and her cheeks were as rosy as her strawberries, and her eyes fell shyly as they met the earnest look of admiration the young minister bent upon her, as he took the hand that was free in his own.

"Malviny, you go right into the parlor with Mr. Thurston. I have been waiting for you to come down; and Kitty, you go out into the kitchen-porch, and look after your strawberries. And Malviny," the mother called after them, as they passed through the hall, "you show the minister your feather-flowers, and the hairwreath you have just done."

The young minister, as in duty bound, respectfully examined the flowers, in which the hair of the living and the dead of the Ross family blossomed again. The feathers, haply fallen from defunct ganders, were also faithfully commented upon, and then his attention seemed to be wandering.

"I noticed you had some beautiful flowers in your kitchen garden, as I passed this afternoon."

"Oh! they are some of Kitty's. Father gave her a little piece of ground in the garden; he don't make any difference between her and me, though she is only a girl we took, and is dependent on us for a home."

The color flushed up into Mr. Thurston's face, but any remark he might have wished to make was cut short by the entrance of Sammy, the terrible. He came in with an air of boldness, befitting Robert Kidd, "as he sailed, as he sailed." But a close observer could see that he was inwardly ill at ease, as if he expected his sojourn would be short in that land of promise. His presentiment was doomed to quick fulfillment, for scarcely had his little tow-breeches touched the chair-bottom, when Malviny asked him, with much sweetness,

"Sammy, won't you go out, and get me a drink of water?"

Sammy had no fear of man before his eyes, and he arose in his wrath.

"Yes; gim'me a drink of water! That is always the way! Gim'me a drink of water! an' then, when I go out after it, mother won't lem'me come in again! When a feller is here, it makes you awful dry to have me jest step into the room."

"I shall tell mother of you, Samuel," said Malviny, with a red face.

"Yes! there it is again! gem'me into more trouble!"

"She will have a reckoning with you, Samuel." As we have said, Sammy had no fear of man;

but, before a "reckoning," even his iron courage faltered. Whatever this "reckoning" might be, he had evidently learned, from past experience, that the loss was sure to be upon his side of the account, and at the mention of it he departed, pausing, however, at the door to make up a face at his sister.

"I am so ashamed of him, Mr. Thurston; but we all humor him most to death, and it makes him act awful bad."

"Oh! don't mention it," said the young minister, biting his lip. "But we were just speaking of your flowers, Miss Ross. I think I noticed a kind of rose that was exceedingly beautiful and rare, suppose we go out and see them."

Miss Ross was delighted, of course, to walk even so short a distance with the handsome young minister; and as she told her mother afterward, "as they walked through the front yard, the faces of the three Talmadge girls were so flattened against the window-panes opposite that their noses looked like the pictures of the Hottentots in her old Geography." And Malviny further remarked to her mother that "it was shameful the way those Talmadge girls was after the minister, and they Methodist girls, too, and he an Episcopal."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Ross, "I don't see how folks can make up their faces to act so bold; but it does seem as if some folks haint got no pride."

Excepting a kitten, delivered, in its weakness, into the hands of children, for them to use at pleasure, I think there are few objects more truly deserving of sympathy, than a young unmarried minister. Then, if ever, must he be very circumspect; he must look neither to the right hand nor the left. His persecution is not like the old martyrs, but he will be stoned in the synagogue by soft glances, and honeyed smiles, and endearing words. He will be sawn asunder in the marketplace and the seclusion of his own study, by curious old ladies, who will gather his past history and settle his future. He will not wander in sheep-skin and goat-skin, but in slippers manifold, embroidered with every known device.

If the young minister be cowardly, he is often constrained to gird up his loins and flee to the mountains. But the Rev. Floyd Thurston was not cowardly. From his earliest youth he was noted for his quiet self-possession. He always knew just what he wanted, and he usually obtained it in a straightforward manner. Like Sir Galahad,

"His strength was as the strength of ten, Because his heart was pure."

To do him justice, he was a very pure-minded young man, earnestly devoted to his sacred calling; and although he was talented, rich, and handsome, he was not vain; consequently, he passed unnoticed many things that would have affected a vainer man. I think Malviny had forgotten that the old kitchen-porch opened directly upon the garden, and was not very remote from it. But I think the young minister had not, for his first glance was in that direction, and there sat Kitty hulling her strawberries—and Kitty was laughing.

Down in the meadow that afternoon, Kitty had not been very gay, though she loved every flower and bird, and every little white wanderer of a cloud as well. When her cousin was imperious, and her aunt cross, and she felt herself to be more than ever an alien and an intruder, as their words often made her feel, she loved to get away from it all out into the woods, into the fields; and dear Nature, gentlest of all consolers, how tenderly did she comfort this sweet little soul! It seemed as if it were such a large world after all, and the good God had a place in it for everything. Even the least little mite of a grassspray looked up hopeful, and seemed to feel at ease; and the great, calm heavens overhead never twitted it of being so small and worthless after it had done so much for it, in the way of dew and sunshine.

Sometimes, I am afraid, little Kitty was wicked enough to wish in her heart that the "bottle she had been brought up on," and which her aunt so often set before her, had been broken, and her infant life with it. But this afternoon she was too busy to give way to sorrowful memories or forebodings, for her aunt had ordered her to pick five quarts.

She was willing to work faithfully for her aunt. The neighbors said, "she worked like a slave, and it was a shame!" But I don't think Kitty cherished any revengeful thoughts; she wanted to do her duty, and if it was a loveless duty, it was only the harder for her. She worked diligently, and had gotten her basket nearly full, when down in a corner of the rail-fence, in a clump of alders, she found a bird's-nest, full of little ones almost ready to fly away.

"Oh, you darlings!" she murmured, looking down into it with her soft, wistful eyes. "You happy darlings! that have got some one to love you! Old bird, you needn't stand up there so anxious. Do you think I would harm a feather on their little heads?"

Then she wondered if any one would ever care for her as that old constant bird did for her little ones. She meant really to care for her as Clive Newcome did for Ethel. She had just been reading "The Newcomes." She would ask for nothing else upon earth, she thought, if she could only

be loved like that. She didn't care if it never amounted to anything. Little Kitty did not think of a settlement and an establishment, but all her life her poor heart, her hungry, loving little heart, had been asking for bread, and got only a stone. How beautiful it would be, altogether too blessed for her, she thought, as she went up to the house through the blossomy clover, to have a pair of dark-gray eyes look upon her with loving tenderness. Somehow, lately, all her air-castles-and she was a great builder of them-had raised themselves up in a Gothic form, with a stained window for a background; and all her heroes had looked down upon her with gray, earnest eyes; they had all handsome, dreamy faces, and their hands were spread abroad in benediction. Strange attitude for bold crusaders and knights in armor-but so it was.

When her aunt had dismissed her so summarily from the room, little Kitty was not unhappy; on the contrary, I think she was never so happy in all her life-for had she not met just such a look as she dreamed of down in the meadow. The memory of that was enough to make her bliss; and the berries she was hulling so busily, might have re-ripened beneath the tender sunlight in the brown eyes. But when the young minister looked at her, we said Kitty was laughing, and it chanced in this wise: Sammy, rudely driven from the parlor, had, as he always did, taken his wounded spirit to Kitty; and such solace did he find in her society, that he had forgotten his grief. Yet, still smarting under the sense of the injury his sister had done him, he was in the corner of the porch, giving a theatrical representation of a scene to come off, when he was a wealthy householder, and Malviny a beggar at his gate. Kitty knew she ought not to laugh; but her sense of the humorous was very keen, and Sammy was a zealous, if not a finished performer. His head was just stretched out, waving Malviny scornfully from his palace-door, when, suddenly he dropped his tragic air, and exclaimed, "By Hokey, there they be now!" and, by one of the master strokes for which he was famous, he tripped over the basket of berries, and, entangling his foot in the trailing clothesline that depended from one corner of the porch, he fell headlong to the ground.

The young minister would have disgraced his sacred calling, had he stood coldly by and seen a fellow-being in distress. He released Sammy from his perilous position, wiped the tears with his own snowy handkerchief, and then insisted on helping Kitty pick up her berries.

"Oh, no!" said Malviny, who stood aloof, by

reason of her new muslin dress, which both she and her mother mistrusted "wouldn't wash." But Mr. Thurston insisted. They were the most tantalizing of berries, and, upon finding themselves free once more, had scampered into unheard-of places of concealment. But into their remote fastnesses, behind large, glossy plantainleaves, and golden-disked dandelions, did the young minister follow them, as diligently as he had ever burrowed after a Greek root, and far more delightfully, I warrant. Once or twice, his white hand came in contact with Kitty's little brown pink-tipped fingers, and once her long, sweeping curls grazed his cheek; but he endured both these trials in a true Christian spirit of resignation; indeed, so disciplined was his mind, that I am certain, when she had thus smote him upon one cheek, he would willingly have turned the other also.

The acquaintance, thus begun, Mr. Thurston did not allow to cease; his visits to the farm house were frequent and lengthy. Mrs. Ross openly and friendly, Malviny, demurely, accepted them as tributes to her charms, both as a rich man's daughter, and as a maiden who was alike industrious and economical. So time ran along, till one evening Mr. Thurston walked home with Kitty from an evening meeting. That night, in the sacred retiracy of their bed-room, while on the huge feather-bed, good uncle Phy slept the sleep of the just, Mrs. Ross lay awake in deep thought. Finally, she hunched her husband in the side, changing an incipient snore, into,

"What's wanted, mother?"

"I have been thinking, Pa," was the answer, "that Kitty would like to go away somewhere this summer, and mebby we had ought to let her go."

Kitty was beloved by her uncle, as well as by Sammy, the terrible, and the mother felt that she must be wary.

"You know she has worked pretty hard," she continued, "all the spring, and I spose folks will talk if we don't do well by her. And her aunt Huldy—she is her own aunt, if we never did any of us see her—she has been writing to her time and again for her to come and visit her; and she is well off, and getting pretty well along in years; and she might leave Kitty something. I don't know as we had ought to stand in her light."

"I thought you couldn't spare her, kast summer, when her aunt wrote for her."

"Philander, you little know the feelings a woman has for a child she has brought up on a bottle: I am willing to spare Kitty, this summer."

"Well, well! you women folks must have it

your own way; you will, any way; only she hadn't better stay long."

In this philosophical frame of mind, uncle Phy turned himself to the wall, and resumed his nocturnal music, seemingly taking up the broken note just where it was rudely interrupted by his wife's elbow.

So it chanced that, the next Sabbath, the young minister missed the shy, brown eyes, that had been such a help and delight to him. That day he preached to empty seats, and the next afternoon he found it convenient to call at the farm-house. Malviny met him at the door, radiant and blooming; her mother also was in fine spirits; but they both seemed afflicted with a sudden loss of memory. They couldn't, either of them, for their life, recollect the name of the place where Kitty had gone. But it was a good ways off, and they didn't know but she had gone for good. She wasn't much help to them, and they thought mebby they shouldn't have her come back at all. Mrs. Ross added, however, with some show of sentiment, that "though Kitty was so hard to manage, and so different from Malviny, still, when a women had brought a child up on a bottle, and done for 'em like her own, she couldn't help missing 'em."

Mr. Thurston was not very sociable, Malviny thought, when her mother, as in duty bound, left them alone. He could not possibly stay to tea, and he was just drawing on his gloves, preparatory to leaving, when Mrs. Ress, who had in her loneliness wandered up stairs, rushed into the room with frightened eyes, and waving capstrings. She held a paper in her hand, which she had found in Sammy's room, and then they both remembered that he had been missing since the early dinner. The paper, which the young minister took out of the mother's trembling hand, and read, was as follows: It was written seemingly with much effort, and each line commenced with a capital letter, like peetry.

"I am a going to run away
Where Kitty is I love her oh
Is sweet Kitty is I will
Nott stay where foaks are
Kross and will not give a
Feller 2 peaces of py
When he Are Starvin Hungry
So no moar at preasant
U need not look for me for
Deer parints I will not be took
Alive So no moar from yure Sun
Sammuil

ps I Hoap Malviny wont
Be dry now when she has a Bo.".

As they read, the grief-stricken parent recollected that he had been refused two pieces of pie at dinner. The premises were searched unsuccessfully, and as uncle Phy was absent, Mr. Thurston volunteered to walk to the village, only two miles distant, in search of the fugitive. About half a mile from the village, he discovered Sam, who was resting from his fatigue on a stoneheap, but with his bundle suspended from a long pole, still upon his shoulders. This bundle, as after-search revealed, consisted of a flaming cravat, and a paper-collar of his father's, a box of percussion caps, a steel-trap, an empty powder-horn, a pair of thin, Sunday trousers, a jack-knife, six jell-tarts, and a generous slice of sponge-cake. He scornfully refused to return home, strictly affirming that to Riverdale he would go, to aunt Huldy's, to see Kitty.

"Riverdale? aunt Huldah Bliss?" The young minister's face was radiant. But by putting forth all his powers of persuasion, which so few could resist, he succeeded in bringing the young prodigal home, where, for that night at least, he found there was pie enough and to spare. Mrs. Ross and Malviny overwhelmed the young minister with gratitude, which he received with goodnature; in fact, he seemed to be in such a blissful state of mind, that nothing came amiss to him. But he could not stay to tea; his vacation was so near at hand, he was exceedingly busy.

His vacation! They didn't know he was to have one.

Yes; he was to have three month's vacation the church needed repairs; it had been arranged at the last vestry-meeting.

After he went away, Mrs. Ross assured Malviny that when it made a certain person so happy to do another certain person a good turn, she thought that certain person had better be in a hurry for what might happen. Malviny blushed, shook her head playfully at her mother, and betook herself to her patch-work, for she was now piecing up a sunflower bedquilt.

The third day after the hegira of the terrible, Kitty Ross looked up from her sewing, at the mild face opposite her, which beamed out from its lace ruffles, like the moon from fleecy clouds.

"I shall be just as glad to see him as if he were my own son," said the old lady, impressively, as she folded up her letter, took off her spectacles and wiped them, and looked up at her niece. Little Kitty was sitting in a rocking-chair, before the window, and aunt Huldah thought she looked like a picture, in her white-muslin dress, and her beautiful head resting against the carved mahogany of the old-fashioned chair-

back. There was a wonderfully pretty color in her face, too, as she asked, shyly,

"Why does he happen to come here visiting, aunty, when you are no relative of his?"

"His mother was the best friend I ever had in my life, and when she died, his father was most distracted. They lived next door to me then, and I took Floyd; he was nine years old, right here, and kept him a year. His father died, too, a year or two after that, and Floyd went away to school, and to college, and finally got to be a minister. But he has always considered this a sort of home, and has been here every little while ever since; and if he were my own son, he couldn't be more welcome, for a better boy never lived."

Aunt Huldah gave the letter a final fold, previous to its life-long seclusion in her bureaudrawer, and then exclaimed, triumphantly,

"How glad I am, Kitty, I made you take that sage-tea, last night. You looked dreadful pale when you first came here. Sage is an excellent herb. I havn't seen such a color in your cheeks, never; and your eyes shine just like stars."

Aunt Huldah's sage-tea was, indeed, marvelous in its effects, if that "excellent herb" were really the cause of the brown eye's lustre; for they were, indeed, like stars, and the cheeks—why, sure roses were pale in comparison to them.

So the Rev. Floyd Thurston thought, as he sat by her side in the vine-shadowed portico, through the long, sweet twilights, or wandered through the fields with her, the fields that "ran, dewdabbled to the sea"-for aunt Huldah lived near the sea-shore-teaching her so many things. Why, he knew every thing, Kitty thought. Why, every bird's name, and all the lovely ferns and lichens and mosses, she had loved, without a proper introduction. Why, they were old friends to him: he could name them every one, and the rocks, shale, eocene, and pliocene, and what not. Why, he had only to glance at these solid mysteries, to be able to tell its name and age; and how he could talk about the wonder of their creation. How wonderfully wise he was! And what a marvel it was that he could care for her enough to take such pains to teach her, little, ignorant thing that she was! Thus Kitty thought in her sweet humility. But Floyd Thurston thought that the bright, eager eyes she raised to him, when some new truth dawned upon her; her quick sympathy as he read some choice bit out of Ruskin, Thoreau, or Hugh Miller, was the best reward he could possibly have. Sometimes he would read poetry to her, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "Genevieve," and "Maud," and the "Idyls of the King." Not always then did the

star-like eyes beam fully upon him. The shy eyelids would often droop over them like clouds of snow. He put a wonderful deal of soul into those poems, I can assure you. So, through those long, bright summer days, and early autumn, the young minister taught Kitty the sweetest lesson upon earth.

And in blissful unconsciousness, through these very days, aunt Ross, the schemer, rejoicing in her master-stroke, bought bright colored calicoes for Malviny, to cut into fantastic shapes, and at the same time taught her lessons of economy, befitting the chief lady of the parish.

But, as the last Sabbath in September drew near, the parish became like the troubled sea, which rests not day nor night. Signs had been seen, not in the heavens, but at the parsonage, at which curious heads were shaken. Carpets were visible out under the plum-trees; the curtains in the bay-window were known to be taken down and washed; and, upon good authority, more "groceries" had been purchased at the village-store than had ever gone into that house at one time. This might, it is true, betoken the return of the minister only. The motherly old lady in charge, who had been Mr. Thurston's nurse, was reticent. The best pumper in the neighborhood, (it is needless to say it was a female,) had plied her pump in vain-the well was too deep; no information could be gained. But it was well to be watchful, and it could not be denied that suspicion was abroad.

Miss Hathway, a maiden who had bewailed her virginity, forbid it for me to say how many years, called upon Mrs. Ross on Saturday afternoon, and "mistrusted the minister was going to bring home a wife."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Ross, "I guess I know which way his mind is sot. Malviny, you go and bring out a breadth of your new ragcarpet, and show it to Miss Hathway. Haint that coperas-color splendid? Malviny colored it herself."

Miss Hathway, like the rest of the unmarried females of the parish, had seen visions, and dreamed dreams, in which, if an angel figured, it was not a female angel, but a young man with a long, white robe, like those in the sepulchre. She praised the carpet, but coldly. "She wasn't over partial to copperas-color, she preferred but'nut."

Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the congregation in St. Jude's had not met at so early an hour; and the fans which so wildly fluttered in the air, were but faint symbols of the agitation that shook the breasts of their flutterers. But the sun, which never looked down on a lovelier day, hastened not his chariot. Neither did Mr. Thurston appear sooner than his wont. At precisely half past ten he walked in, and by his side—the fans sunk in the lips of the faint fanners—it could not be! and yet it was! Kitty Ross! Kitty Ross Thurston! for the tender pride and happiness of the young minister's face could not be mistaken.

The faces of Mrs. Ross and Malviny were tablets on which unutterable thoughts were traced. But for them fainting was impossible, for at the first view of the pretty, pretty face, looking out from its white draperies, Sammy, the terrible, rose in his seat, and whispered audibly to the stricken Malviny, who, divining his intent, grasped him firmly by the back of his little plaid pantaloons.

"Leg'go, Malviny! Lem'me go, I say! I will go to Kitty!"

"I'll Kitty you!" she whispered to him, in direful accents.

But this singular threat was powerless. He writhed and struggled, till his mother, like the ancient mariner, "held him with her eye," and assured him that a "reekoning" would inevitably be the result of another movement on his part.

That brought him to his seat, just as Kitty lifted her sweet eyes to her husband's face, and the service began.

LILY.

BY MRS, ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

The day was dying; still and white Sho lay, and watched the coming night. Softly she sighed with falling breath, Oh! tarry not, but hasten, Death! Our tears fell fast; her chiding voice Bade us not sorrow, but rejoice. Rejoice for her on whose dim sight Burst visions of seraphic Mght.

A broken lily, trampled, torn; Her wrongs in silence she had borne. Had, patient, bowed beneath the stroke Whose force her tender, true heart broke. Nor e'en when outraged love and trust Wore trodden rudely in the dust, Had cherished one revengeful thought 'Gainst him who all the ruin wrought. The day was done, the light had fled, With face upturned, she lay there dead. Earth's conflicts now forever past, Peace, rest eternal, won-at last.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered eccording to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72.

CHAPTER II.

GERTRUDE HARRINGTON and Hart Webster had strolled away by themselves, when Clara and Compton disappeared among the laurels. through the apple-orchard, to the ridge of an inlaping hill, they walked slowly, conversing as they went. I do not say that these young persons had fallen in love at first sight; but a feeling of strange and bewildering pleasure possessed them both. Gertrude's beauty was of a kind to fascinate the senses of a young man of keen feelings and vivid imagination, and her intellect, as vet but half developed, astonished him by a sparkle of wit and naive humor, which kept his own faculties at their highest. There was not much of sentiment in their conversation, perhaps, until they reached the summit of the hill, where some soft, feathery larch-trees stood against the crimson sky, forming a sort of temple around a huge fragment of rock, that had been blasted for some purpose years before, and was now overgrown with seeded ferns, and soft cushions of moss, while its crevises were choked up with wild columbines and trailing arbutus. All around this rock a carpet of gray, buck-horn moss crackled under-foot; and, rising against it, like a Druid altar, was the stump of a huge oak, with litchen creeping over the brown bark, and cup-moss studding the top with coral drops. On this side of the rock, fragments had been torn away, leaving a hollow, curved like the seat and back of a sofa, which seemed to be cushioned with greener and richer velvet than the looms of France ever gave forth. Up to this sylvan seat Gertrude led her guest, and stood smiling at the pleased wonder with which he regarded it.

"Why, it is the throne for a fairy," he said, drawing a deep breath; for a love of nature stirred his intellect like old wine. "Surely all this never came by chance!"

Gertrude laughed; his surprise pleased her.

"Not quite by chance. Clara and I only helped nature a trifle. This was our play-house when we were little girls. We were always luxurious in our tastes, you see. When the rain and shadows did not give us moss enough, we brought it in fleeces from the woods; sometimes it died, and

nearly broke our hearts; but we soon learned to bring rich mould with it, and pretty wild-flowers after. See this hollow in the stump, arched like a church-door. Nature did that for us, and gave this dainty fashion to decay. We carpeted it with green, and planted this lawn of violets before it, that our dolls might look out on nothing but flowers. Here, in this hollow of the rock, was our kitchen, where we built a tiny fire of sticks, and broiled leaden fishes, stamped into tin frying-pans. Yonder is the great out-door oven; we built it ourselves, and used to bake green apples in it, which tasted delicious, though they did come out smoky and half-done. This puts me in mind of something."

Gertrude turned away, ran to the oak-stem, and, thrusting her arm through the side opening, drew forth a half-dozen golden and rosy-cheeked pears.

"Of course, we couldn't ask you up to our homestead, without some sort of hospitality. These are from the ripest boughs of our choice old pear-tree. Clara and I took them on purpose for our feast up here. There should have been plenty more; but aunt Eunice caught us at it, and we had to hide the rest under some burdock leaves. To-morrow we will hunt them up. Now don't say that I haven't entertained you like a princess."

Here Gertrude gathered up the pears in the over-skirt of her dress, and brought them to her guest.

How lovely the girl looked, standing before him, with the richly-tinted fruit shining through her drapery, and the golden sunset falling all around her. Flowers would have been out of place in that picture; nothing but the warm, mellow color of ripe fruit could have harmonized with the rare beauty of the girl.

"There," she said, placing herself by his side on the rustic sofa, and giving him the finest pear, while she helped herself to another, "just say if you ever tasted anything more delightful. Clara ought to be ashamed to let us eat them all alone. I do wonder where she has gone. It's abominable in her."

"I dare say she has forgotten all about us,"

131

answered the young man, burying his teeth in the richest side of the pear. "But it is their loss. They don't deserve our compassion—delicious!"

"I thought you would like them," answered Gertrude, in a voice mellow as the pear she was eating. "You ought to, for I climbed up the tree for them myself."

" You ?"

The girl laughed, blushed richly, and played with the fruit, while she cast a roguish, sidelong glance at the astonished young man from under her black eyelashes.

"Oh, yes! Clara and I have nobody else to steal for us; besides, we like climbing—on a ladder you know."

"Oh! with a ladder? That is not so-so dangerous."

"Dangerous? Why, the old pear-tree wouldn't know itself, if we didn't climb it every day when the fruit grows yellow. Aunt Eunice makes believe that she don't know it, dear old soul. I've seen her dodge from the window, rather than be found peeping. Oh! take another; plenty of them—what you want; and I expected you to devour them ravenously. Well, I can't sit holding them. To-morrow will do just as well. Of course you will be here to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes; for several days yet."

"That is splendid! Sure you won't take another?"

Webster shook his head.

"Then here they go back into the fruit-cellar." Gertrude carried her pears to the hollow stump, fell upon her knees, and rolled them in, one by one, upon the bed of moss. When she arose, it was with a little regretful sigh.

"After all, I think the apples tasted better—smoke, ashes, and all," she said, smoothing down her over-skirt; "but one can never go back to them. The poor old oven will be moss-grown like the rest."

There was a tone of regret in Gertrude's voice, as she pointed out these mementoes of her child-hood to the young man—a hint of tears, as if she felt that the innocent joys she spoke of were departing from her that moment forever and ever. It seemed as if she had brought the young man there, that she might render up all these sweet memories to him, and after that enter upon a new life.

"Sit down," she said, waving her hand toward the moss-sofa, as she expressed this feeling with a low, nervous laugh. "Clara and I had arranged to walk up here after tea; but your friend has run away with her, and I must do the honors alone." "It is like taking possession of a throne," said Webster, seating himself. "Ah! if I were a monarch, and you my queen——"

"No! no!" answered the giri, laughing. "I like the throne best which men build for themselves. You see Clara and I made this, and it is our exclusive possession. We helped plant even the little laurel grove."

"You must have been industrious little girls?"

"Indeed we were, and travelers, too. is no describing the journies we made through the woods out yonder. Livingstone never undertook more arduous explorations. Now it was for the first tuft of anemones. Then the young winter green began to sprout, and we roved half the day, filling our little pointed baskets with the fragrant shoots. Then the birds took to building, and we had great fun in searching out their nests, watching the eggs, and reporting the young birds as they came out. Such ugly things they were, too: all heads and open bills. the old birds used to flutter and shrick, when they saw us by the nests. It was good fun then; but since, I have been sorry that we frightened them so. But children are sometimes oruelly thoughtless. Don't you think so?"

"Ignorance of suffering is always thoughtless, I suppose," said the young man, gravely. "You are sorry for the birds, now. Hereafter, I will be for the men and women you may live to pain."

"Why should I give pain to any one?" asked the girl.

"Because there will always be nests to disturb, and hearts to wound."

Gertrude did not answer; she was questioning her heart if it had been really cruel-if it ever could be brought to wound any one; and that young heart, being ignorant of itself, answered, never! Then her eyes fell upon a narrow footpath worn in the grass, which led to a spring in the hollow of the hill-side; and she remembered à cat-bird's nest built in one of the overhanging dogwood-trees, which she and Clara Vane had visited every day, pulling down the bough till their eyes could feast on the speckled eggs, and their cautious fingers touch them. At first the distressful screams of the old birds had filled her with tender sympathy, but, day by day, she had cared less for them, till one morning she bent down that dogwood limb, and found the eggs cold. Yes! she had been cruel then! It was like breaking up a poor family. Could she ever do that in real earnest, and with human beings?

The young man sat looking at Gertrude, to whose face a thoughtful sadness came, born of these questions; and this gave a new phase to her beauty.

- "I have made you serious," he said, with compunction.
- "Because you spoke of possibilities that never entered my mind before. Why should you have thought of them?"
- "Because I am sometimes wounding myself with painful conjectures, and wondering what may be; because I am an egotist, and philosophize from that stand-point, forgetting that others may not be bound up in self as I am."
- "I will not believe that," answered Gertrude, brightening up, and ready to defend him against himself. "No one will ever make me believe that you are selfish."
- "I, at any rate, would rather believe you than myself—so let us think of something else," answered the young man.
- "But how can we, after making each other so sad?" said Gertrude, turning her dark eyes upon him with wistful questioning. "Besides, it is sunset now, and that always depresses me."
- "I am glad of that, for, in one thing at least, there is sympathy between us. In my whole life I can never remember being joyous while the sun was going down."

Gertrude sighed. She was not unhappy, but, in youth, the soul seems to yearn for the romance of sadness. She liked this man all the better because he understood these feelings—and both remained silent awhile.

He was the first to speak, and he did it with an effort, as if throwing off a world of dreamy thoughts.

- "There, the sun is down now, and the faintest rim of a moon is out; just a curve, like the shadow cast from a silver sickle."
- "A new moon? That is ominous or auspicious, as one sees it. Just tell me where it is, that I may find it first over my right shoulder," cried Gertrude, standing immovable, really disturbed with a faint superstition, which had followed her up from childhood.

Webster laughed.

"Turn a little to the left and look up."

Gertrude obeyed him, and lifted her face to the silver crescent with a glance of delight.

- "I wouldn't have seen it over the left shoulder for anything," she said. "A bad omen to-night would break my heart."
- "But you forget that the moon shines on me from the left," said Webster, smiling faintly; for, spite of himself, a gleam of superstition disturbed him.

Gertrude stood a moment in deep trouble; then her face brightened as she turned it upon him.

"You shall have half of my light," she said, with a faint laugh.

Vol. LXI.—9

The young man started up.

"Fifty moons may shine askance upon me, so long as I am permitted to share anything with you; only remember, girl, you are pledged!"

Before Gertrude could answer, or really comprehend the full meaning of this almost passionate speech, her name was called in a long, wailing cry from the orchard.

- "What is that?" she questioned, wildly.
- "Gertrude! Gertrude! Oh! Gertrude Harrington!"
 - "It is some child," said Webster, listening.
- "It is little Patty Vane," answered Gertrude.
 "She is climbing the orchard-fence. What can it mean?"

A tiny figure dropped down from the orchardfence, which was half stone-wall, half rails, and came running toward them, still crying out, amid great wailing sobs,

"Gertrude! Oh, Gertrude! Come! Come!"
Both Webster and Gertrude walked hastily
forward to meet the child.

- "What is it, Patty? Oh! tell me—what is the matter?"
- "Come home! Come home! Sister Clara is dead!"
- "Dead! Clara! Oh, Patty! what does this mean?"
- "She is dead! She is dead!" answered the child, in panting sobs. "Drowned in the mill-dam!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Wild with terror, Gertrude cast one look on her companion, and fled down the hill. She forgot the child and everything else in the mad agony of the moment. Webster was by her side in an instant; but she leaped the fence without heeding him, rushed through the orchard and the flower-beds in the garden, threw herself over the stone-terrace, and in another minute stood, white and breathless, in the crowd gathered around Mrs. Vane's house.

"Where? Where? Oh! tell me!" she almost shrieked, appealing from one to another of the terrified neighbors, who stood helplessly looking at each other like a drove of startled sheep.

"Under the dam," said one. "The canoe upset—both went down!"

Gertrude flung aside the summer-skawl which had kept her from the night-dew, darted through the house, into the balcony, which overhung the river, clinging to the railing, and cast a swift glance up and down the stream. On the opposite bank she saw young Webster, throwing off his coat, and, in the whirlpool of waters just below him, a human form struggling blindly.

Again she swept the stream with her wild glances, and there, in the deep water, on a range with the balcony, she saw the face of her friend, with a mass of hair weltering around it. Quick as lightning the girl sprang to the railing, threw out her arms, and plunge linto the boiling stream. It was an act of desperation; for at the moment, no thought of her power to save prompted it. Still the girl could swim, and her stroke upon the water fell powerfully when she rose to the surface.

Clara Vane had disappeared; but, as Gertrude lifted her head, she saw a mass of loose hair drifting downward some yards below, and struck out to grasp it. The next moment it was gone, and she sunk with it. A cry of despair rose from the crowd that had swarmed into the balcony, and on the bridge. An old woman, who had stood silent on the bank, with clasped hands, and lips pale as ashes fell like a dead creature on the turf. Another woman, who had rushed down to a corner of the triangular garden, shricked fearfully, and flinging up her hands, implored help from the crowd in a wild rush of broken words. A little man, white as the flour that sprinkled his garments, fell upon his knees at the low window of the mill, and silently prayed, for he had no strength to move or speak.

A shout rang up from the bridge. Gertrude Harrington arose from the depth, girding one arm around Clara, and fighting the stream with the other. Her eyes were blinded by the fair, wet tresses that swept across her face; but she kept with the stream, and with desperate force reached the shore.

A little higher up, lay the form of an insensibleman, with blood upon his temple, and an ashen whiteness on his face Webster had plunged into a whirling vortex under the falls, and dragged him up, laid him tenderly on the bank, and then left him to others, while he looked around for some sign of the girl who had gone down with him. He saw her face lifted upward, and that brave girl, on whom the last gleams of day-light streamed dimly, struggling with her toward the bank, which shelved down precipitously just there. Gertrude saw this, and was seized by a spasm of despair. Her strength was failing; the weight upon her arm bore her down. She seized a vine that trailed out into the water It broke in her hand; one cry, one appealing look to the crowd that, to her vision swarmed along the bank like ghosts, and her arm relaxed. But Webster came reeling along the bank, plunged into the water, and, seizing Clara, bade Gertrude support herself with a hand on his shoulder, and }

so drifted down to the level shore, along which the crowd followed, ready to give help.

The giant strength of the young man availed him here. Securing a foothold in a network of roots, washed bare by the stream, he lifted the insensible form of Clara Vane to the crowding hands offered to receive her; then, taking Gertrude in his arms, climbed the bank, holding her close to his heart, and fell down upon the turf, without loosening his hold.

The neighbors were busy enough now. Clara Vane was lifted in two stout pair of arms, and carried into the red farm-house. Young Compton had got back enough life to walk there between two men. Several persons, who had nothing to do, came around Webster, and offered to take Gertrude from his arms; but, after giving himself a few moments for breath, he briefly desired them to take care of the others, declaring himself strong enough to carry her home himself.

Then he was left alone, and she lay, concious, but dreamily, exhausted in his arms. He looked down into her face, all white and wet; he listened to the sobbing breath that shook her bosom; his head drooped to hers, and kissing the quivering whiteness of her lips, he murmured,

"Oh, thank my God! Thank my God it was I who saved her:"

Then Gertrude began to struggle in his arms, and, in the dying light, he could see that a smile stole over the palor of her lips.

"Are you better? Are you getting strength, my beloved?"

This was no time for resentment, even if Gertrude had felt it, against these tender words. Had she not been at the gates of death with this man, whose strong arm had dragged her away, thus saving her friend and herself at once. Had he not a right to love the creature he had saved? Was not peril like their's links of steel binding them together? She raised her arm, to which the dripping sleeve clung chilly, and, winding it around his neck, lifted herself to a sitting posture.

"Yes; I am better; I am strong now. The struggle wore me out; but I have not been insensible."

"Thank God for that," said Webster, thinking of what he had done, and that these broken words were a forgiveness.

"But Clara! Where is she?"

"They have taken her to your house."

"Ah, poor aunt Eunice! This will be hard on her!"

"She will know that you are safe, and find cause only for gratitude."

"And your friend?"

Before Webster could answer, a shadow fell across the grass, at his feet, and a trembling voice questioned him,

" Is she dead?"

"No! no! aunt Eunice; I am only wet, and out of breath; don't be frightened about me," answered Gertrude, reaching up her arms, and beginning to sob.

Aunt Eunice lifted both hands to her face, and Webster saw that she was shaking from head to foot; then she turned upon the young man.

"What on earth are you keeping the child here for, wet through and through, and her teeth a chattering in her head? If she can't walk, ain't you and I strong enough to help her along? Get up, Gertie, if you don't want to catch your death of cold."

Gertrude attempted to obey, but fell back upon the twrf.

Webster arose to his feet, and almost lifted her from the earth. He had one arm around her waist, and was about to move forward, when aunt Eunice came round on the other side, and put his arm away.

"We women can help each other best," she said. "Just hold unto me, Gertie,"

The girl was stoo much exhausted for resistance; but she whispered, "Oh, auntie! how can you—and trembling so?"

"It is only yourself that trembles," said the old woman, austerely; for now that she was getting over her fright, a rigid sense of propriety came in full play; "and that is because you are shivering with cold."

"Yes; that is all. I can walk faster; but you shake so. Were you very much trightened?"

"Me frightened? Who told you so?"

"I thought, perhaps, you might be, for I was under water, and poor Clara clung to me so. Is she well? Has she spoken?"

"I don't know—how should I? Wasn't there trouble enough about you, not but that I am ready now."

"Oh, aunt! go forward, and help. These people will never know what is best, without some one to direct. Remember, a minute may be life and death to her."

Gertrude was frightened by her own words, and seized with sudden dread, attempted to walk more swiftly.

"Do not exert yourself; I will go," said Webster, moving forward. "Have no fear that all will not be done that is possible."

When he was gone, Gertrude leaned heavily on her aunt, and her voice was choked with tears.

"Oh! aunt Eunice, how could you treat him

so? But for him both Clara and I would have been dead now!"

The old woman said nothing; but her arm gave a quick, nervous jerk.

"And Clara's cousin, too," sobbed Gertrude.

They were now mounting the terrace-steps, which were thronged with men and women who eagerly questioned each other about what was going on within.

"Is she alive? Has she stirred yet? Will the doctor never come?" were questions that followed them into the house.

When Gertrude appeared, these questions changed to a clamor of thanksgiving. The women pressed forward and flung their arms around her; the children clung to her skirts, and clamored out their sympathetic joy. The whole crowd was in commotion. But aunt Eunice hurried through it in grim haste, She was bitterly ashamed of her own fainting fit, and fearing that some one might remind her of it, made no answer to their congratulations.

When she came in sight of the open door, which was thronged like the steps, Gertrude grew strong with anxiety, and, regardless of her dripping garments, hurried forward to the room where her friend was lying, still white, cold, and insensible.

Aunt Eunice followed her. Webster had been in advance of them a few minutes, and already a huge armful of kindling-wood had been piled on the kitchen fire, and a feather-bed, with blankets, was being brought down stairs.

"Let the men folks all go out," said aunt Eunice, once more firm and efficient in her own house. "Four or five of the neighbors are enough. Pile on more wood—dry hickory. Don't moan and sob so, Mrs. Vane, we'll bring her to. Betsey Taft, go to the blanket-chest, and bring an armful. That's right, Girtie; you've got more sense than the whole of them."

This encomium was hardly heeded by Gertrude, who was attempting to remove the dripping garments from that cold form, pausing now and then to smooth out the golden hair, and wipe the dank moisture from it, without much regard to the women who stood by, some talking, some in tears, and all helpless as a cage full of frightened birds.

"Do help me!" pleaded the trembling girl, as she strove to take off the wet and soiled dress that had been so crisp and blue only a hour before. "It clings dreadfully, and my fingers trembles so."

"Let me take it off," said the mother, kneeling down by her child. "Who ought to dress and undress her but me?"

The poor woman attempted to take that white arm from its dripping sleeve, which clung to the cold limb like moss to marble, and batiled those fair, quivering hands, until aunt Eunice came up and tore the delicate fabric as if it had been a cobweb, and wrapped the lifeless form in the blanket she had made hot before the fire. But when she attempted to lift the young creature in her arms, Mrs. Vane fired up in her grief, and gathered that form, blanket and all, in a desperate embrace. "No one on earth shall take the poor darling from me," she said. "Who had a right to care for her and tend her if her own mother was put aside? Aunt Eunice is good, as good can be; but she has never been a mother."

Here aunt Eunice stopped beating the feather bed, which lay upon the floor, drew herself upright, and cast a withering glance on the poor, weak mother, who had lost all discretion in her flood of grief. After one long, stern, annihilating gaze, which Mrs. Vane could not see, tears were so thick in her eyes, the outraged spinster snatched up a pillow, pounded it unmercifully, and flung it on the hearth to get hot, much as if it had been a scape-goat for all the sins of that tender-hearted, garrulous little mother.

"Now the bed is ready, will you let us lift her in?"

The old maid's voice softened a little when she saw those great tears rolling down Mrs. Vane's face, and met the pitiful look uplifted to hers, and she added, almost persuasively, " Now you had better."

"No, no! I'm her mother. Do you think I haven't ever lifted her before? Come, Clara, my own little darling-mother will carry you to bed. Oh! put your arms up! Do, do put your arms up! See, Clara, mother is kissing you! Oh! oh! she cannot kiss me again!"

The poor woman, weak, garrulous, but full of motherly tenderness, rose to her feet, and half bore, half dragged that lifeless form to the bed. Kindly hands were ready to help her; but she put them aside with this piteous protest; "I am her mother, neighbors-her own, own mother! Let me do it!"

Love to a woman is strength. This simplehearted mother laid her child tenderly down on the feather-bed and huddled blankets upon her; then fell down by her side, laughing, crying, and pleading for the young creature's life in ungovernable hysterics.

Now aunt Eunice took the lead.

"Let her alone," she said. "Poor thing! she is in no danger; but this other --- Ger- the white lips of Clara Vane, with the passionate trude, stop this shivering, and go to work! | fervor of a loving child.

This is no time for sniveling. Rub her limbs, her chest, her heart-hard-hard! Don't, any of you, be afraid of hurting her. Turn her face downward. Move her! Rock her in the hot blankets! That is something like! There can't be too many hands at work here. You can't come in. Shut that door, I say! Oh! is it you, Mr. Vane? It may be wrong, but I havn't the heart to say, no. Your wife said I have never been a mother-but I can feel. Come in and look at her. We think she is getting warmer. The blue has gone out of her lips. There may be life, if any of us could find whereabouts her heart is."

The little miller crept into the room like a ghost; lifting his eyes to aunt Eunice, he whispered, "Thank you!" and kneeling down by his wife, murmured, piteously, "Mother! Mother! Don't take on so! I am here!"

Mrs. Vane reached up her arms and clung to the little man.

"Oh, Vane! Oh, father! father! It seems as if it was only yesterday you came to the bed, and bent down just so, to look at her, when she was a baby-our first baby, and now she's lying there."

Vane bent down, and kissed the woman, repeating, again and again, "Don't, mother! Don't take on so! I'm here."

"But the doctor! Why don't he come?" cried aunt Eunice. "Don't he know that time is life or death to us."

"He's coming," answered Vane, weakly. "I tried to go after him; but, somehow, my legs gave out, and every step was a mile; but our Patty went by me, just stopping to call out, 'Don't try, par; I'll get him. You go back to marm, and tell her the doctor is coming sure.' There, now, isn't that the sound of hoofs on the bridge? Mother! mother! Don't you hear?"

Mrs. Vane started up, put aside her cap with one hand, while she listened breathlessly, holding back her sobs. The other women, for a moment, stopped their merciful work, and scarcely breathed.

That instant the door was flung open, and little Patty Vane rushed through, her cheeks white, her eyes full of fire, and her hair flying over her face.

"He is coming! he is coming! He's getting off from his horse now! Oh, mammy! the doctor is here. Oh, my! how white she looks! Clara! Clara! Oh, sister Clara!"

Down upon her knees the child dropped, and, flinging her plump arms over that marble neck, fell to kissing the face, the eyes, the forehead, "They move! they move! She kissed me back, I tell you, every one! She kissed me back!" cried the little creature, springing to her feet, and appealing to the crowd. "Oh, Gertie! She did!—she did!"

Gertru-le received the little creature, with a cry of thanksgiving, as she leaped into her arms. Then they sunk down, clinging together, and she too felt a faint motion of life answer her awestricken kisses. It was hardly a breath; but that thrilled her with joy from head to foot. Before she could speak the doctor came in. Little Patty had found him with a patient, more than a mile away; but he had come round by the road, while she, knowing every path in the neighborhood, had taken a short-cut across loss.

"Come here, doctor," said aunt Eunice, "and, if you can tell whereabouts a woman's heart is, I want to know. I shan't be satisfied, by no manner of means, till I hear hers a-beating."

The doctor bent down, and was about to feel for this sign of life, when aunt Eunice laid her hand on his arm.

"Tell me where to find her heart. That, I should say, would be more proper," she observed, with cutting reproof.

The doctor glanced at Clara's face, to which a gleam of warmth was returning, and allowed the spinster to push him decorously back.

"My hand would be quite as satisfactory to the friends here," she observed. "I only wanted to know where to apply it."

The doctor laughed lightly, reached forth his hand, and was about to lay it just above the left side of that long, thin waist, when aunt Eunice drew back with chilling dignity.

This scene was interrupted by a joyous scream from little Pattie, who, nestling herself into the blankets, and close to her sister's bosom, had rested one little hand, by pure accident, on her heart.

"It's a beating! it's a beating. I—I can feel it stir, like a little bit of a bird in the bottom of it's nest. Give me your hand, Gertie, and then say if it don't."

Gertrude gave up her hand to the child, when they both seemed to listen, with doubt and wonder, as infants hear the ticking of a watch. Slow smiles crept over their parted lips, and Gertrude spoke almost in a whisper, with her eyes lifted to the doctor, who stood earnestly regarding her.

"Yes; it beats!"

Here a great sob broke from that side of the bed where the little miller knelt by his wife, and the latter fell upon his neck.

"Oh, father! father! Is she alive? Do you believe it? Clara! Clara!"

" Mother !"

That was Clara's first word when she came to life; and the strangely indistinct object that met her eyes, when they opened so feebly, was a face bathed in tears, a cap all awry, and a tangle of pink ribbons fluttering over it confusedly, all of which brought the word mother once more to her lips, almost with a smile. Then Clara was conscious that a living heart had nestled close to hers, and was warming it into life. She felt the kisses of soft, young lips on her bosom, her neck, and her face. Sometimes both her hands were huddled under the child, who was striving to warm them, while now and then a sweet, cooing voice came out of the blankets, which said,

"Sister Clara! It is me! Your little Patsey!"

There had been great pain, as that young soul took back its life-a feeling of horror and distress, as if the spirit had been wandering in dark, gloomy places against its will; but now a sweet glow of comfort pervaded Clara's whole being; a flood of tender joy seemed to roll over her; warmth itself was an exquisite sensation. The sound of voices gave her a promise of safety. She could only speak faintly, and in syllables: but there was pleasure in this dreamy state of listening. The soft patter of her mother's voice was like music to her, for, weak and futile as it might have seemed to others, every word was full of tender love to her-tender and holy, at one time, for the grateful woman, not knowing how to frame fitting words herself, had broken into the Lord's Prayer, and was repeating it meekly, and in pathetic thankfulness, like a little child, and at the end, the miller whispered, "Amen!" in a voice so humble that no one heard it, save the child that he prayed for, and the wife whom he prayed with.

Meantime there was great cause of anxiety in another part of the old farm-house. Young Compton had managed to reach the terrace, in a feeble way, when he fell insensible on the turf, and was carried into the best chamber, where he lay in a long, dead faint, from which it seemed impossible to arouse him. When the doctor saw that Clara had no need of him, owing to the great care and forethought of aunt Eunice, he betook himself to this chamber, and found his patient threatened with congestion of the brain. In attempting to dive after the girl, whose safety he had imperiled, his head had struck the sharp point of some rock under water, which wounded his temple, and had so disturbed the brain that serious danger might be apprehended.

While Gertrude was busy with her friend, Webster devoted himself to Compton, who was, in fact, more seriously injured than his companion had been. Aunt Eunice, seeing another path of duty marked out for her, left the young girl to the care of her niece, and introduced herself as consulting physician in the sick chamber above stairs. Here some little dispute arose between her and the doctor, who had an idea of his own about the best method of bringing the young gentleman out of his fainting fit, while aunt Eunice insisted on binding his head with horseradish-leaves, and bathing his chest with wormwood and vinegar, before anything else was attempted.

No country doctor that ever I heard of, has the courage to set the superior wisdom of his patients at defiance. So, finding no great harm in horseraddish leaves, and deciding within himself that a hot bath of wormwood, after so much cold water, might give some comfort to his patient, our particular doctor fell into harmony with the old maid, and, while she was out in the garden, selecting the most succulent leaves, and the bitterest wormwood, brought the young man back to consciousness, after his own fashion, gave his directions clearly to Webster, who had tact enough to keep them to himself, and sat by patiently while aunt Eunice applied her remedies. When she observed, in a self-satisfied way, that nursing was more important than doctoring, he agreed with her at once, and added, pleasantly, "especially such nursing as he was sure to find in that house," which brought the grimest of grim smiles into that hard face, and a glass of current wine from the parlor-cupboard, when the doctor took his leave.

Clara Vane was out of danger; but by no means strong enough to cross the bridge that night; so she was taken up to Gertrude's chamber, and buried in the snow-drift of her white bed, with plenty of fine, homemade blankets to keep her warm, and linen, white and glossy as satin, to soften the wool. The poor girl was in a languid, dreamy state even yet; her limbs ached a little, and had lost their elasticity. When aunt Eunice saw this, she ordered a halt in the proceedings, went hurriedly up to the garret, where a bright, brass warming-pan had been put aside for the season, and brought it down, setting it on the hearth, with the handle resting on the seat of a chair. She threw back the lid, and put a generous shovelfull of hickory coals into the pan. Over these she scattered a handful of brown sugar, and marched up stairs again, leaving a thin, spicy smoke behind her.

"Now," she said, calling back from the stairs, you may bring her right along. The bed will be warm as toast when you get to it; and if

sugar-smoke don't take the stiffness out of her limbs, nothing will, depend on that."

Mrs. Vane and Gertrude half carried Clara up stairs, and put on her night-garments while aunt Eunice moved the warming-pan gently to and fro between the linen sheets, leaving them full of comfortable heat and wholesome fragrance.

The poor girl, weak with exhaustion, sunk into the luxurious warmth with a sigh of gentle satisfaction, and, resting down on the pillows, closed her eyes.

Then Mrs. Vane clasped her hands and watered her abundant gratitude with a soft rain of tears. The little miller stood on the stairs watching these proceedings from a distance; and when Clara was in the bed, crept up meekly and kissed her, whispering,

"Don't forget to say your prayers, daughter, for you have been very near to dying."

Clara opened her eyes and smiled. The miller took this for answer enough, and went away, calling out softly to his wife,

"Come, mother! you and I, and little Patty, will go home. I never expected to see the old home with a light heart again."

Mr. Vane looked around for Patty, but she was not in the chamber, though she had come up with the rest. They found her, however, in the entry, sitting on the lowest stair; but when her parents came down, she did not move.

"Come, Patsey, dear," said the father, "we are going home."

"But I am going to watch with sister Clara; she'll want me," answered the little girl, shaking the hair back from her eyes with a willful motion. "We mustn't all leave her; she might die in her sleep."

The miller patted his little girl on the head—he was brim full of tenderness that night.

"Come, come, little Patty, you must go with us. Clara will want lots of sleep, and that we can't help her in. Early in the morning you shall come and see how bright she is."

Patty turned away her head, and lifted one shoulder naughtily.

- "I want to watch with her myself."
- "But she will sleep with Girtie."
- "That's it! Gertie will just go to sleep-then who knows?"
- "Come, come! you must go! It's getting late."

The child left her seat, discontented and pouting; her steps dragged as they led her across the bridge; still she made no further protest, but crept'up to her own little garret bed-room in silence. Country children in New England are taught self-help early. Mrs. Vane never thought

good-night as she crept reluctantly up stairs.

The little miller had not enjoined prayers on his daughter without feeling the need of them himself, but, while he was upon his knees, a little figure came down stairs, glided through the passage, and softly lifting the latch, shut herself outside of the door. With the light swiftness of a bird, Patty flew across the bridge, and up the stone-terrace of the red-house. Many houses in New England are left unlocked, year

of undressing her little girl, and only kissed her ; in and year out. In this village keys were seldom turned. As she had left her father's house, little Patty let herself into that of aunt Eunice's, and crept like a mouse up stairs. The bed-room was dimly lighted by a small lamp, but Patty could see Clara and Gertrude asleep in each other's arms. So, folding her feet under her, she settled down on the floor, and when the girls awoke in the morning, they found her waiting there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

BY JAMES AVIS BARTLEY, A. M.

How charming to my anxious view The humble cot my boyhood knew, Hard by you range of mountains blue, My boyhood's home.

I see the rugged, wooded hills, The meadows by the limpid rills, The light that all the landscape fills This Summer day.

You clump of verdant locust-trees, Whose leaves are trembling in the breeze, And vibrate its soft melodies-I mark it well.

You village, with its tapering spire, And roofs that gleam with golden fire I hall it as I draw yet nigher My boyhood's home.

I reach this, and I fain would find, To please a disappointed mind, Those better beings of my kind-My boyhood's friends.

But unknown faces greet my gaze, In these familiar streets and ways, And unknown voices round me raise A vain regret.

Where are the friends of early years, Who shared alike my smiles and tears? Alas! not one my question hears: 'Tis silent all!

For some have roamed o'er shore or wave; And some are slumbering in the grave; Some false to the dear pledge they gave-And none I find.

Oh, Time! thou tyrant still o'er men! Thou takest our friends, nor e'er again Dost give these to our yearning when They've passed away.

Nor shall our most excessive grief Bring our vain pangs a dear relief, E'en for a space, however brief-They come no more!

Then I will wander o'er the earth, Wherever fortune leads me forth, Who've found at length as nothing worth-My childhood's dream;

Convinced that naught beneath the skies, Man's inward thirst for good supplies, When e'en the truth of hoyhood dies, To live no more!

DEAR, LITTLE HANDS!

BY MRS. W. C. BELL

DEAR, little hands! I loved them so! And now they are lying under the snow. Under the snow, so cold and white, And I cannot see them or touch them to-night. They are quiet and still at last. Ah, mel How busy and restless they used to be. But now they can never reach up through the snow; Dear, little hands! I loved them so!

Dear, little hands! I miss them so ! All through the day, wherever I go, All through the night how lonely it seems, For no little hands wake me out of my dreams. I miss them through all the weary hours; I miss them as others m'ss sunshine and flowers Daytime or night-time, wherever I go, Dear, little hands! I miss them so!

Dear, little hands! they have gone from me now! Never again will they rest on my brow; Never again smooth my sorrowful face; Never clasp mine in their childish embrace; And my forehead grows wrinkled and aged with care, Thinking of little hands, once resting there. But I know, in a happier, heavenlier clime, Dear, little hands! I shall clasp you sometime.

Dear, little hands! when the Master shall call, I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all! When my feet touch the waters so dark and so cold, And I catch my first glimpse of the City of Gold, If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate, Over the tide, where the white-robed ones wait, Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright bands? Will you beckon me over, oh, dear, little hands?

BY F. HODGSON.

"Oh! Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

"Grant us thy peace.

"Oh! Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world.

"Have mercy upon us."

The solemn softness of the voices, chanting the divine words, swelling and rising, filled the groined arches of St. Mary's with floating, lowbreathed echoes of the wondrous prayer, and, with the rest, a fresh, pure young voice floated upward-a voice so fresh, and pure, and tender, that it seemed almost in itself divine.

To this young voice one man had listened through the whole of the previous service. Its first sound had struck him with a strange sense of the sudden thrilling of some subtle, startled chord, touched for the first time in twenty-eight quiet years of life. He had listened for it, in the sounding of the responses, with an eagerness which was almost nervous in its intensity; he had lost consciousness of all else, and had waited for it, wondering vaguely at himself.

The congregation, looking up at the carven pulpit, saw only in this listener, to whom a girl's voice was a new pulsation of the heart, a practical, steady-faced young man, neither prepossessing nor brilliant; only one of the many mediocre respectable young men, who work hard to support their mediocre respectability, though, perhaps, the congregation of St. Mary's had some undefined sense of their obligation to be somewhat interested in this one of the many since he was the hard-worked, not too liberally paid curate of their church.

The Rev. Marcus Nugent, who was then rector, had been absent a few days, and, in his place, Noel Lowther had officiated; and it was, as he led the morning service, that the sweet, young voice broke upon his ear, echoing the responses from the rector's pew. He could not see the face of its owner, clear as the voice was to him. So it was that he was fain to content himself with the listening, which had become so strangely nervous in its eager intensity; and so it was that he was conscious of the listening, in its intensity, being anything but a content. Few of the people who knew him, even though they had been the people who knew him best, would ment in this commonplace, respectable, hardworked young curate, He was not, by any means, a brilliant man, as I have said already; he was scarcely even a popular man. His quiet, inexpressive face, had the look of all such faces, which is more a lack of youthfulness than anything else. His life had been full of silent labor. Perhaps, in its commonplace quiet, there had been a pathetic. undefined incompleteness, and perhaps the sense of it sometimes came home to him with a dull pang; but even at such times, he had worked on in the leaden groove of his everyday-labor as steadily as ever.

The service was over at length, and, as the voluntary pealed forth in parting benediction, the door of the rector's pew opened, and, with the rector's wife, the owner of the voice passed down the broad aisle. She was a fair, pretty, school-girl looking young creature, with one of those rare, purely untouched faces, we see and wonder at, now and then, in some fair girl-woman, before whom lies the world's sad depth of experience, and whose past holds only the innocent memory of childhood. Just such a face as this Noel Lowther singled out of the crowd of onward passing faces. Just such a face as this he saw for a moment-soft-lipped, dove-eyed, and tender, and then she was hidden from his sight. But, as he passed out of the church-door, chance led him by a group of men, who were sauntering homeward slowly, and, as he crossed their path, a few words fell upon his ear.

"The fair, innocent-faced girl, with the yellow hair? Oh, yes," one of them said. "Nugent's daughter-Lilias Nugent. She has just come from school, I believe. Mere child, though -not more than sixteen."

The curate passed on, a strange, quick color flooding his sallow face. Lilias! Lilias! The name seemed so purely fitting, that it thrilled him, just as her voice had done. Lilias! Lilias! He said it to himself, again and again, with something like a tremor. He was afraid of himself. Does it seem impossible or incongruous, that to this staid, hard-worked man, whose life had known no touch of poetic brightness, the innocent girl-face, and innocent, soft voice, were a revelation, and the beginning of an era. And yet this was the case. In a moment he had have imagined the existence of such an excite- awakened to a wild passion of tenderness, that

would grow as the hours grew, and strengthen, as nothing else on earth could gain strength. It was a revelation so clear, and also so bitter, that almost, in a moment's thought, he saw to its ending-to the result of pain into which it would ripen. Is this strange and inconsistent? It may be, perhaps, but it is true.

He went home to his dull, respectable lodgings slowly, pondering as he went. His dingy, little parlor, in the dull, neat street, was cheerless and silent as usual. Oh! the slow working in the leaden groove, that this small room had seen; the prayers that the dingy walls had echoed back-the prayers he had tried to make fervent, and had fancied he failed in, not daring to murmur so far as to think that the dull, unresponsive life made him slow in spirit, and unresponsive also. He was a conscientious man, this curate of St. Mary's. Even the people who liked him least were compelled to acknowledge that, and the most reluctant confessed that he neglected no duty. As he sat by the fire in the small grate, he looked back over his life with a heavier sadness than he had ever felt before. He was pondering over what he had scarcely before put into the form of distinct thought, though its shadow had often hovered over him. He was thinking of the undefined barrier that lay between himself and the world. He glanced at the shabby little pier-glass over the mantel, and found himself coloring awkwardly. He was always awkward; he knew that well-he felt it. constantly. And this one glance at the shabby glass told him all he had unconsciously asked. Poor fellow! That respectable, mediocre face, without one redeeming, or actually condemning point. He only glanced at it, and turned away.

He rese at last, and began to pace the floor. What was he thinking of so steadily, and what was it that the muffled echoes of his footsteps seemed to say? He could see a face like a flower, pure as a child's-a face with tender eyes, and a light shadow of blonde hair on the white brow. The muffled echoes of his feet were saying, with steady regularity, "Lilias! Lilias! Lilias!"

He spoke aloud at length, bitterly.

"Is there a man in the world," he said, "who would believe what I might say to-day, without thinking me a madman? No; there is not one."

There was even a touch of self-reproach in his mind. What right had he to think thus of hera child, untouched by any thought of love as yet? He almost felt that he was doing her an irreverent wrong, reverent as his thoughts were.

He sat down to his modest dinner, when it was brought to him, and loitered over it for an hour,

he took up a book, and began to read, trying to steadily ignoraeverything else. He could not sneer at his sudden, inconsistent weakness, as some men might have done. This was the birth of love, in spite of its sudden inconsistency, and he had an old-fashioned reverence for it, which put beyond the pale of possibility a sneer, even at its mad weakness in himself. But it was a hard task he had set himself, this one of forcing fogetfulness. The pretty face looked upward from the pages of the book, it seemed. He forgot his resolve, and wandered back into his sad dream-land again. Should he ever speak to her, and listen to her sweet voice in answer? He had almost unconsciously noticed the little hand she had laid upon the pew-door, as she came out, and quite as unconsciously he had seen the pretty, pale-violet glove she wore. What, if the time should come when he held this small-gloved hand in his own? For a second his heart quickened into a heavy pulsation, and then he smiled bitterly. Why, he might hold her hand a thousand times, and she would never know that there was a struggle of fierce love going on under the staid, respectable exterior of her father's curate.

The smile had scarcely faded from his face, when a summons at the door aroused him from his reverie. Perhaps there was a touch of fate in it, that the door's opening, revealed to him the son of his reverend employer, who brought to him a message. Mr. Nugent had returned unexpectedly, and wished to see his curate at once, if he was at home.

He would come at once, the curate answered, taking his hat and gloves from their usual corner, in his grave, methodical way.

A queer, stiff silence was upon both man and boy as they walked together down the respectable street. Noel Lowther was not a favorite among children, for the same reason that he was not a favorite among older people. They could not see deeper than the stiff, uneasy manner which the aristocratic members of St. Mary's described as "unfortunate."

"Mr. Nugent is well, I hope?" he said at length, feeling somewhat nervous under the silence.

"Yes, sir," was the child's answer. To any one else he would have said more, but not to Noel Lowther.

It was a mere trifle, the lightest of trifles, this lack of ease in a child's manner, and yet it struck a dull pang into Noel Lowther's heart. He knew what it meant, He had felt it so often, and it had so often forced upon him the recognition of some strange, unconquerable deficiency in himand then sent it away, almost untasted. Then self. He had tried to understand it, and had

failed; he had tried to conquer it, and had failed so often, and with such a dull despair.

The shadow of these thoughts was upon him when he was ushered into the luxurious stillness of the rector's library. It was very still this evening. He had fancied that the whole house was stiller than usual as he ascended the staircase, and when he entered this room, where he was always received, he saw the reason. A softcushioned couch was drawn before the fire, and by this couch the rector was sitting, bending over the cushions, and looking somewhat depressed as he stroked the heap of pretty, bright hair that lay upon them. The curate only saw this pretty, shining hair at his first glance, but his next showed to him the face that it floated back from, and the outline of a slenler figure under the soft folds of a scarlet shawl.

A moment more and he was recognized, and had advanced to the fire, and the quiet, girlish eyes were upraised to his.

"Lilias," said the rector, "this is Mr. Lowther. Mr. Lowther, this little girl of mine is not very well."

There were several faint troubled lines on his forehead as he uttered the words, and, in spite of his evident effort to speak lightly, they were very significant lines to his curate, for they revealed an anxiety which defied him with its secret strength.

A slight, quiet hand slipped from beneath the scarlet shawl, and was extended toward the stiff, embarrassed figure, with a few sweet-toned words of welcome; and then the curate of St. Mary's had touched this hand, and released it, and was sitting a few paces from the couch, pale with inward excitement. He had known it would be so. Just a few words of welcome, a sweet, upward glance, and nothing more. He was to her, in her innocent ignorance, only a staid-faced curate, whom she had glanced at, and welcomed, and simply passed by in thought.

It is possible that no other words would have been exchanged between them, beyond these first words of greeting, had they not chanced to be left alone together for a while; and even then there was a long pause before either of them spoke, for Noel Lowther sat silent, stung afresh with the old sense of his deficiency.

"I hope," he faltered at length, "I hope that your indisposition is not very severe—that you are not seriously ill?"

She looked up with a grave curiosity.

"No," she said, smiling faintly. "Not ill-only not very strong."

When Noel Lowther went back to his cold, dull room, and low, dull fire that night, he carried

within his long unawakened heart a fiercely restrained glow of passionate pain. Before his eyes rose constantly the picture of the quiet, rich room, and the slight, girlish figure lying in the fire-glow, with the light touching her pretty bright hair. He could not forget it-the time would never come when it would be forgotten. It was not for him-the innocent, school-girl face. In his maddest mood he could never hope that the dove-eyes would be raised to his with any shadow of deeper feeling than had been in their depths when they smiled upward, and drooped away, and forgot him. She would never know that he would have fallen upon his knees, to have reverently touched the pretty hair with hand or lip. She would never dream this of him-of this quiet, respectable individual, with the staid face. He sneered at himself then, but only at himself.

He paced the floor restlessly for hours that night, and when, by accident, his eyes fell upon the mirror, he started backward at the reflection it showed to him: the face, a dead white; the dark eyes hollow and haggard.

"If she could see me now," he said, sadly. "If she were to see me now, she would be terrified, dear, dove-eyed child."

She would not have understood him, he knew, even if he had, at that moment, dared to bare to her gaze his innermost soul. She was a child, he a man; and he could imagine how she would shrink from him, if she knew the truth, in all its strange, inconsistent details.

, A very sad romance was the love-story of the Curate of St. Mary's. No one dreamed of its quiet life; no one would have comprehended it. if they had guessed at its existence: and all its concentrated, hidden force wreaked itself upon the single strength of the man whose secret it was. There was not a line deepened upon his face, perhaps, in the first months that followed the Sabbath, when he listened with such intensity to the sweet voice echoing his words; the methodical figure that passed to and fro, and stood in the pulpit, had not altered one whit: but a terrible, inward change had come upon the man. In the past he had tried to subdue himself to something that was at least the likeness of content-and he had fancied that he had not failed; but now a passionate unrest had come upon him. He could not be content-he was not. A wretched nervousness took possession of him, and he could not overcome its strength. The days went by. But every week he heard the girlish voice, and every week he saw the slightgloved hand laid upon the pew-door, as the girlish figure passed out, and down the aisle, among

the sea of moving faces. And thus his torture fed upon itself. He was so utter a nothing to her. Scarcely a week passed without his being forced to stand in her father's house; and he never stood there without seeing her, and holding, for a moment, her innocent, unresponsive hand. There was a pile of her school-books in the library, laid away upon one of the shelves in girlish exultation, and the evening she laid them there, business called the curate to the house, and he entered this room to find her standing before the shelf, setting them in order.

It was one of the things that no after years could cause to fade from his memory-this night, and, above all, the moment when the door opened, and showed to him the slight, blue-robed figure, standing in the rich, half-darkness of twilight and fire, the slender arms upraised, as she replaced a book; the pretty, shining hair, tied back, child-fashion, with a blue ribbon. It seemed that he should remember every detail, from shining hair and ribbon-bow, to the simple little ruffles of white lace around her throat and wrists; even the very pose of the instant in which she turned her fair, tranquil young face to greet him.

"I am putting away my school-books, Mr. Lowther." she said. "They are done with now, quite, and I thought I would put them here, where I can see them every day, and not forget them altogether."

It seemed as though a faint pang struck him. She was laying them away forever, and with them the childhood that was so soon to be of the past alone. What was she burying? dreams were shut in between the closed pages, that might never be aught but dreamingsmockery?

"You do not wish to forget them?" he said aloud, feeling nervously uncertain as to whether he was speaking steadily or not. She answered him with the sweet seriousness habitual to her, touched withal, at this moment, with that shadow of innocent curiousness, for he did not speak steadily. He rarely did speak steadily to her, and his wretchedness of unrest always brought its own wretched shadow of constraint.

"No," she said, speaking slowly, and letting her hand rest upon the shelf, with a lingering touch. "Not forget them. I hardly know why," a half-sad thoughtfulness hovering about her voice. "But I don't want to forget them quite. I think if I did, it would seem a little like-Death."

They had never exchanged as many words be-

clung to them in after years as a memory, and held with the mad passion of despair to the tender echo of her voice. There were hours then when the simple words seemed fraught with a meaning, and when the unconscious touch of sadness seemed to have been almost prophetic.

His last remembrance of her that night was his memory of seeing her stand at the head of the broad stair-case as he went out. She had come out of the library to deliver an added message from her father, and, having delivered it, stood there a moment, one hand resting upon the balustrade, watching him, half unconsciously, it appeared, the swinging hall-lamp concentrating its full flood of light upon her quiet, bluerobed figure, and pretty, bright hair. Such a serene, maidenly young figure it was; such a pure personification of girlishness, that the very sight of her innocent face was a fresh pang to

And so, for the Curate of St. Mary's, the days went on. There was no change in their steady, onward passing-no hope of change. But there came a change at last in the staid, commonplace face. The few people who noticed it most saw it, and wondered at it carelessly; but no one of them understood its meaning. It was such a slight change, after all. Only a little added sallowness, and a greater heaviness of the eyes: but it had grown out of the intolerable unrest of wretched days, and the ceaseless passings to and fro of sleepless nights, of which the dingy walls of the small parlor might have told their own story. There had even been nights, too, when the dull, little room had not confined these sleepless pacings, and when the stone-pavement before the rector's house might have told its story.

Though there were many fair women in the human tide that flowed down the carpeted aisle each Sunday at St. Mary's, there was not one with the radiant, untouched loveliness of this girl-woman. There were men and women who watched for, and loved her, for the simple sake of her rare beauty, and there were none who passed it by unnoticed.

"A pretty child," said one of these watchers one day, as he chanced to be talking to the curate. "Only a child, though, as yet. When she is a woman-!" And he shrugged his indolent shoulders, in careless admiration, for this was but a pretty girl to him, after all, not one of God's angels, as she seemed to the pale-faced, breathless creature who listened.

But one night the door of the rector's pew fore; and, simple as they were, Noel Lowther opened, and the hand in the small, pale-violet glove did not close it, nor the slight, graceful, girlish figure pass out. Lilias was not well, the rector said to his curate, when they met in the vestry. She had not seemed strong of late-he scarcely knew why. Well, the truth was, she never had been strong; and then the faint lines showed themselves again upon his forehead.

Not strong! This was what he said at night; but the next day there floated to Noel Lowther a darkened cloud. She was ill, dangerously. The long night-hours had brought forth this much, that there was no vague anxiety, but a terrible, agenizing fear, in the hearts of those who watched about the pillow where the sweet face rested in unresponsive silence.

Among the many who raised the muffled knocker at the rector's house, that day, came the methodical figure of the curate, who made his few, stiff inquiries, in his usual constrained manner. He had heard that a member of the family was unwell, and so had stopped on his way home, to inquire as to their progress. This was all; but his mediocre face was pale, in its sallow way, and when the servant replied to his question, it became paler still. The invalid was not better, indeed was even worse; and then the woman who gave the answer stood for a moment, looking in uncertain wonder at the odd change which had come over the caller. His pallor had become actually ghastly, and, as he hesitated, he was constrained to remove, with his handkerchief the slight moisture which stood upon his white, upper lip, even on this chilly November day.

"I am-very sorry to-to hear this," he faltered, hoarsely, at last. "I did not imagine there was any danger. I She is so young. Perhaps there will be a change for the better tonight. I hope so. I will call again in the morning." And then he turned hurriedly away.

Through the slowly dragging hours of that sad winter night, a light burned steadily in one window of the rectory, and inside the room its brightness fell upon a shining, tumbled mass of pretty hair, forming a halo about an innocent face upon the pillow; and the watchers who moved noiselessly to and fro, turned back to this pillow always, whatever might have been the task they left it to perform; and every time they turned to it anew, their wearied eyes bore a fresh shadow They lifted the quiet, little of anxious fear. hand sometimes, and held it for a moment; they bent and kissed the white brow; they touched the shining hair with a touch whose very lightness was an agonized caress; but in their fear and grief, not one of them dreamed that there might be near them other watchers than them- { wait and watch the slow change creeping up upon

selves. And yet if one of them had but raised the curtain for a moment, and glanced down into the cold darkness of the street below, she would have seen another watcher-a watcher, of whose despairing dread they knew nothing, but who watched with them, nevertheless. They would have seen a solitary figure pacing to and fro in the dimness, sometimes on one side of the street, sometimes on the other, but always pacing before the lighted window, and never leaving it to go far into the shadow beyond. They would have known nothing of the wild passion of unrest that ruled this watcher's tortured breast; they would have known nothing of the wild appeals that were going up to the Mercy Seat from his wretched soul; they would have known nothing of the voiceless moan his dumb despair was making; but they would have seen that a solitary man watched with them, and, perhaps, those who had seen the watching form before, might have recognized in it the Curate of St. Mary's. They might have seen this figure any night of the many that the light fell in subdued, prophetic dimness upon the bright, fair hair upon the pillow, and they might have seen it any morning of the many that Noel Lowther called to make his methodically-worded, constrained inquiries; but their hearts were so bound within the four walls of the dim room, that not one of them had even the lightest shadow of a thought of its nearness, even when the end came to them, and he shared it with them.

And this was the end. One night as this watcher paced before the glimmering window, he stopped suddenly in his walk, and, standing upon the pavement, looked up-up at the dimlylighted room. There seemed to be a sudden confusion in the chamber. The street was so still in its midnight quiet that he could hear the hurried pacing of feet, and through the lace curtains he saw figures moving about. Then came the sound of opened doors, and the glimmering of lights in other rooms; and, before many minutes had passed, there were other hurried figures in the chamber where the midnight lamp had burned so long, and then-

He looked up, in the blind purposelessness of desperation; he stood still, laboring for breath, and, in a moment more, he had uncovered his head, almost unconsciously, and waited, dumbly looking upward, with the night air blowing on his damp, bare brow, and white, stricken, upturned face. There was silence in the room now -a strange, solemn silence. Ah, my friends! there is only one silence such as this-only one the silence that falls upon us when we waitthe cold face, and stand beneath the shadow of the wings of Death.

And in the still street, below the glimmering window, the silence fell upon the outer watcher, too. He stood outside-he had stood outside all his dull, weary life. A wall of stone was between him and this death-room-a wall of stone had been between him and all human breasts all his life before. There are no words to tell the whole of this man's silent agony; there are no words to tell the whole truth, and show it as it was-as it was in all its height, and breadth, and depth. The innocent life had been so far beyond him; it had been so utterly apart from his, he had never entered into it for one breath's space; he never even stood upon the threshold of its brightness; he had never gained from it a thought or glance, that might have comforted him now. The whole world had stood between them before: the curse of his own dull mediocrity had stood between them-he was not as other men. And now here was death, and he who had suffered the agony of death in life, stood outside, in the chill of the winter's night, and watched the dim light in the window of the room where she lay dying-this girl, this child-woman, whose school-books lay upon the shelf, only a few feet from her death-bed. He waited there; he stood there silent, and deathly faced, for two long hours-for so long the silence reigned, deep and profound. Then he turned away.

There was nothing more for him to do; no more watching, no more waiting. The silence was broken at last, and he who had stood without so long, need stand without no longer. was over. There was a light moving of the hurried feet again; the window was thrown wide open to the night air, and from the room within floated down to the listener, low, passionate cries, and the murmur of comforting, weeping voices. There was no more to do. Even now he might be observed-and what right had he to watch with them? So, from the dim light, which might have been the glimmering of hope for him, he turned away, and passed into the shadow-into the shadow of despair-into the shadow of death.

There was a knot of crape on the door the next morning, when the staid, respectable figure stood there, and the servant who replied to his summons met his glance with eyes heavy with weeping.

"It is useless to ask," he said, in the strange, breathless way the woman had noticed before. "She is——" And he stopped, and pointed with a mute gesture at the crape upon the door.

"Dead!" was the low-spoken answer. "Yes, sir; last night!"

He passed into the house without another word. He had the right there now. They would expect him. Dead! Yes; he had known that hours ago; and yet he had not taught himself to believe it anything but a torturing dream. Dead! with the golden vista of pure, happy life before her, and the school-books only just laid aside in the room beyond. Dead—silent—cold; the sweet face settle! into unanswering marble, the luxuriance of pretty, bright hair, floating back from its fairness, with a touch of heaven's own glory caught in its meshes, to tell of the halo that shone about it now.

He stood in the mysterious dimness before the marble presence at last. The closed blinds shut out all life, it seemed, and the soft gloom was Death's shadow. There was only one thing in the room to this man, the slender, black casket, wherein rested the lost jewel-Life's purest pearl in Death's setting of ebony. The pure cheek rested against the softly-rising pillow of satin; the bright hair flowed softly over it; fair flowers lay in the fairer hands. He had no right to weep. He had been so far apart from her life, and he was so far apart from her innocent, dead body. He stood at the casket's side, and looked down in the utter silence of agony. He had never hoped to wake her to a realization of his man-love; but life's despair was not the despair of death, the dumb pang of looking down upon her sweet, dead face. There was only for him this silence, and this last look. A flower had fallen from its place, and he took it up reverently, and laid it back, near the soft, white cheek, and so dared to touch it. It was despair's fiercest throe, his last farewell-his last. And then he turned away, just as he had turned away in the stillness of the midnight-watch. He passed down the stair-case, where her bright, blue-robed figure had stood, as she looked down at him. He passed out of the door, and into the fast darkening street. The dull room waited for him beyond, the dingy walls, and the old torture of the leaden groove of labor. And to this he went, with his memory of the fair, dead face, in its setting of gold; with the memory of the words the sweet, young voice had uttered, and the echoes had caught up, and carried into the vaulted roof,

"Oh, Lamb of God! who takest away the sins of the world!"

"Grant us thy peace."

"Oh, Lamb of God! who takest away the sins of the world!"

"Have mercy upon us."

THE HUNGARIAN COUNT.

BY K. M'CREDY.

"Children, bring me all your frocks."

"Here, ma"

"Oh, ma! somebody's been sitting on my pink silk!"

"And just look at my buff cambric, ma!"

"There' There Now stop! If it's 'ma' once a day, it is 'ma' fifty times. I do get so sick of it. I wish you were all married''

"So do I," sighed Matilda, the eldest.

"Matilda, before I pack this frock up, I wish you would try it on once more."

Mrs. Simpson triumphantly produced a skyblue tarlatan, much ruched, and beruffled.

Matilda put it on: then she commenced to revolve, slowly, like the wax figures in a hair-dresser's shop.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs Simpson, "if you don't catch a husband in that dress, Matilda, you'll never catch one. I did not have anything half so stylish as that when I caught your father; but then, to be sure, he wasn't much of a catch. I hope you will do better. Six girls to settle in life. Do exert yourselves a little. Don't leave everything to me. Where is your father?"

"He's out on the steps, smoking a segar, ma."
"Just like him; no ambition at all!"

Then Mrs. Simpson stopped talking for a few minutes, and set to work. She worked like alike a whole bee-hive. She would pack a trunk, then take everything out of it, just to put them all into it again, giving herself about four times as much trouble as was necessary. But then she was one of those women who like to be martyrs, or to appear like martyrs-who make themselves out slaves to their husbands and children. The Simpsons' present destination was Long Branch They had examined the column of summer resorts in the daily Herald for weeks, hoping to find something that would combine fashion and cheapness; but as the things are rather incongruous, they, in view of the superior advantages that might be derived from it in a social and matrimonial way, chose the fashionable, and discarded the cheap. Long Branch it should be.

"Because, girls," Mrs. Simpson truly remarked "the beach is such a nice place for flirtations. Not that I, as a mother, would wish to encourage such things. Oh, no!

Mr. Simpson Mrs. Simpson, and six Misses Simpsons, were registered at a Long Branch

hotel. I shan't say which one, for particular reasons. But it was a very expensive one

"Now, Mr. Simpson," exclaimed the madam—the general, I think, we ought to call her—"introduce the girls—introduce the girls! Who were those nice-looking young gentlemen I saw you talking to?"

"Really, my dear, I don't know"

"Quite time you did then. You have no ambition at all, Mr. Simpson. Go, find out, and bring them here."

Mr. Simpson started off on a mild trot.

"Remember, girls," ma said emphatically, after pa had disappeared, "young gentlemen like animation. Bright, sprightly, animated girls are always attractive. Now, I always tried to be amused at your father's little jokes, before we were married. You don't know how well it takes." You see the general understood strategy, and she was explaining her successful tactics to her little army of daughters. "Laugh heartily when the young men say something witty, no matter how silly it really is. Enjoy their little jokes. It pleases them immensely; and, girls, it is a great thing to nave an establishment. Don't forget to be animated."

The six Miss Simpsons giggled, just to see if they could do it. I don't think any one would care to hear them repeat it. Were you ever on a farm! And did you, just before dawn, hear the hens, and the guinea-hens, all begin to cackle? It is not euphonious.

"Ma!" exclaimed Arabella.

"Ma!" called Victoria.

"Mat" said Matilda.

"Ma!" cried Sophia.

"Now! What is it?

"Here comes pa with a young man!"

"Good gracious! Is that all One young man! One young man to six girls! We are not Mormons! Just like your father!"

The one young man was presented, and the six Miss Simpson's bowed.

They all put their elbows back, and hung the tips of their fingers down when they bowed.

The young man hazarded a remark on the excessive heat of the weather, and the six Miss Simpsons giggled.

Their ma looked daggers. It was not the time to giggle. All the girls looked fright-

ened. Altogether, the first evening was a fail- } ure.

The following morning, Mrs. Simpson, the Dauntless, took three timid Miss Simpsons to the bath. They had not bathing-suits for all, it took so much flannel, you know, so they were going to take turns. Matilda went into the water with a gasp, and grasped the rope; she had hardly caught hold of it before a huge breaker dashed her away, and she came flat, along with a whole lot of other people she didn't know at all, in fact she didn't know who she was herself for a few seconds, and when she did, she heartily wished it was somebody else, and that she was safely back in the city, where they didn't have any breakers

Miss Victoria, next eldest of the six, sat in her scarlet flannel suit, with two long, flaxen braids hanging down beneath her hat, high and dry on the sand. Nearer to the water she could not be persuaded to come, and every time that the spray fell on the tips of her canvas slippers, Miss Victoria opened her mouth and yelled. Mrs. Simpson was distracted: Arabella, the youngest, really enjoyed the fun, but then she was the kind to enjoy most everything.

The Simpsons were not quite so comfortable as they should have been in their summer quarters. You know they have a way at these first-class hotels of making you miserable by all sorts of little ingenious devices. For instance, they will give you a cot to sleep on, instead of a bed, which shakes in a most unsteady manner, no matter how steady the sleeper upon it may be. Said cot is usually made with a very remarkably hard head-board, and we betide the unhappy mortal who, in a moment of forgetfulness, drops his head upon the pillow, and gives it a thwack on that board. He sees Jupiter, Saturn and Mars, all in one, for a few minutes after. Such was the Simpsons' experience. They bore their sufferings in silence, with the healing ointment of fashion to assuage them; but Miss Simpson's violet moire antique often covered a very indignant heart.

The girls were excessively fond of dancing, so they attended every hop. Not that they always got a chance to dance, but just to be on hand in case they did.

They were very stylish girls, the Miss Simpsons were. I don't know where you would find six equal to them, They were a great deal of panier, and their hair very much a la Pompadour; and they had the highest kinds of heels to their boots-brass heels, that made music for them, and such a clatter, you would have thought it was the Ninth Regiment out on a parade. Then they had { mantic than an every-day marriage."

all sorts of little ribbons around their necks, with bits of lockets attached. Of a windy day it was quite a treat to see these pennons flying about, like the flags of all nations, at half-mast. It made one feel as patriotic as the fire-crackers do on the Fourth of July. Mrs. Simpson always superintended the girls' toilets herself. She would give Victoria's dress a few little scientific jerks, so that it would have a stylish hang; then she rearranged those new curls that Matilda had just bought, (they cost a great deal, too,) and she made them look just as natural as if they grew on Matilda's head. It is true they were not exactly the same shade as her hair, but then who wants to notice these little defects? The general effect was quite imposing, especially when all the girls stood in a flock, as they invariably did, except Arabella. She would slip away from the family circle, and when questioned about it, would archly reply:

"Oh, never mind; it's all right."

However, she told Victoria, and Victoria, dutiful child, went straight to her mother with the news, that Arabella was having a flirtation.

"And, oh, ma! it is so romantic," exclaimed Victoria. "Arabella says he is a Hungarian Count. She is to meet him, clandestinely, on the beach, this evening."

"A Hungarian Count! Dear me! I must see about this. A title now is something. But perhaps he is poor. Still, a title. Where did Arabella first meet him?"

"Oh! on the beach, several evenings ago, when she and I, as you remember, went out for a walk."

"But who introduced him?"

"Oh! he introduced himself, for, see, it was this way. Arabella was picking up shells, and going close to the water as she did so. Well, a great wave came in, which she did not observe; it rushed up and up the sands, and came almost to her feet; then, for the first time, she saw it, and screamed. The count was walking there at the time, and hearing her cry, hurried up. He was so polite, and well-bred, and was dressed so gentlemanlike, and was so handsome-oh. mamma, dear! I've been dying to tell you."

"And he is really a count?"

"Of course he is. He has, he says, great estates on the Danube, and has only come over here for the summer. He's very romantic; says he never will marry but for love, and wants to marry an American girl, because they marry for love only. I shouldn't wonder," and here her voice fell to a whisper, "if he coaxes Arabella to elope with him-he says that's so much more roMrs. Simpson could hardly conceal her gratification. She began to build castles in the air immediately. Of course, if Arabella married a Hungarian Count, especially one who had great estates, she would ask one or more of her sisters to visit her; and what was more certain than that other counts would be fascinated, and the dear girls married off, one after another, to foreign noblemen. Mrs. Simpson had always heard that the Austrian-court was the most aristocratic in Europe, and she already saw herself a distinguished visitor at that court, because the mother-in-law of numerous Austrian and Hungarian magnates.

That evening, Mrs. Simpson, with her two eldest daughters, went to take tea with a friend, at one of the other hotels. Her motherly heart could not refrain from telling her friend of Arabella's good luck. All at once, in the very midst of her story, Arabella fainted away.

When the usual restoratives were applied, she recovered; but she only said, when pressed for an explanation: "Oh! take me away—take me away!"

But Victoria drew her mother aside: "I know what's the matter," she said. "Only to think of it! The Hungarian Count is the head-waiter of this hotel. I recognized him at once, and so did Arabella."

The four other dutiful daughters were awaiting on the piazza, the return of their mother and the sisters. When they saw Mrs. Simpson re-

Mrs. Simpson could hardly conceal her gratiation. She began to build eastles in the air with one accord.

- "Oh, ma! what is the matter?"
- "That wicked, wicked girl!"
- "Ma, dear ma, what is it?"
- "Go pack your trunks at once; we are going home; and I shall never bring you anywhere again, till you have got some sense."
- "Oh, ma! what is it? You can't leave the Hungarian Count. What will Arabella do? Where is her beau?" asked one of the younger girls.
- "Her beau, the count?" Mrs. Simpson gasped. "The count wasn't a count, at all." Her voice rose to a scream. "He was the headwaiter."

"Oh!" was the answer. "So, Arabella has had a flirtation with a head waiter!"

Arabella hung down her head and wept. Victoria, Matilda, and the three other Miss Simpsons ground aloud.

Mrs. Simpson waved her right hand to the girls tragically.

"Ungrateful children! we start for home at once. Thus ends your summer trip."

Mr. Simpson, Mrs. Simpson, and the six Misses Simpson, with seven large trunks, and two little ones, left the Branch on the next train. They all wore thick veils, except Mr. Simpson. I believe the girls are searching diligently after sense.

Unhappy Arabella!

A SEA-PIECE.

BY JAMES DAWSON, JR.

→ QUAINT old fishing-town, nooked underneath Steep, sterile hills; a breadth of bay before, Backed by a broad, blue stretch of barren heath, That fades away in misty distance hoar. Small coasting craft, each with its one white wing, Wooling the warm airs of the Autunin day, Cleave the near waters; while far out a string

Of fishing-smacks tack inward to the ba
Boats oddly grouped, and boats in ordered rows,
All idly rocking by the water's edge,
Stud the long line of piers. The lighthouse shows
A tall, white pillar on the outer ledge
Of the gray rocks beyond; while overhead
Float fleecy clouds, warm-rimmed with blue and red.

ON A CHILD SLIDING.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

BLITHE and merry, and free and gay, A happy child in her sportive play, Laughing wild in her mirthful glee— What is so fair, so sweet to see?

Nothing to her are frost and snow! They only give her a brighter glow. And clear and blue as the wintry sky Is the light in her mischief-loving eye.

Oh! chi'dhood blessed, that knows no care, Whose tears are never the tears of despair; Sha!! we ever again the dear days know, We knew in our childhood long ago?

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY II. MAY.

We give, this mouth, first, a walking-dress of middle seam of the back, at the waist—as it is mixed gray and black silk and woolen serge. It also done at the sides, where it joins the coat



is made with one skirt, on which are placed four bands, cut on the bias, and piped with black silk or black reps. These bands are grouped two and two, as seen in the engraving. The waist and over-skirt are in one, varying somewhat from anything we have yet had, as the front is cut surplice in the waist, and the front, only about twelve inches long in the skirt, simulating a coat. The back part of the skirt has two widths in it, which are box-plaited under the

middle seam of the back, at the waist—as it is also done at the sides, where it joins the coat front. The difference in the length, between the back and the coat front, is plaited up and fastened at the sides, thus making the drapery full. These back breadths have only one band of trimming. Coat sleeves. The revers on the front of the bodice are of the solid black, same as the bands are piped with. Sixteen yards of serge, and two yards of silk reps, or alpaca, will be required. Serge costs from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard.

Next we give a simple and warm walkingdress for the depths of winter, consisting of skirt, over-skirt, waist, and over-sacque. It is of brown and gold-colored mixed tweed cloth, at



149

and a hall yards wide. Skirt plain, and trimmed with four bias folds, headed by one row of worsted or alpaca braid. Over-skirt quite short on the apron-front, which is rounded at the sides, and trimmed with three rows of bands two inches wide, piped with the alpaca braid. The back is one and a quarter yards long. One width for the fullness, looped in the back. One band, same as the front, finishes the edge. Waist plain. Coat sleeve. Over-sacque, cut in the simple round-sacque pattern; small, turn-over collar; slightly open sleeves. This basque should be either lined with twilled red flannel, or slightly wadded with wool, and quilted. It has one fold like the skirt, and two rows of the braid. Eight yards or the tweed will be required, and one piece of alpaca braid.



one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard, one or alpaca, under-skirt, which is ornamented with a flounce eleven inches deep, put on with very little fullness and headed by a box-plaiting of the same, four inches wide. This brings the trimming up to fifteen inches on the skirt, and is intended for a tall person. Decrease in depth of flounce for a shorter one. The pelisse overdress is of gray merino, cut all in one at the back, separate at the waist in front, where the waist terminates in a little basque. It is turned over with a rolling collar at the throat, or not, as may be preferred. There is no trimming, save a narrow black braid. Coat sleeves quite tight. Eleven yards of black silk for the under-skirt, and six yards of merino for the pelisse. The latter can be worn over any black skirt.

Next is a walking-costume of cloth, such as is known as ladies' habit-cloth, and navy-blue; or it may be made of any of the solid color waterproof cloakings, either blue, green, or plum color. these latter are much cheaper than the habitcloth. The English water-proof cost three dollars per yard, the domestic two dollars, in solid colors, while the others cost from four to six dollars, according to the quality. The trimming is



of Astrakan cloth, cut in strips, and is a very successful imitation of the fur. The under-skirt has one row upon the edge, three inches deep. Skirt just to escape the ground, or if preferred to touch, the trimming must be set up an inch and a half. The pelisse is cut to fit the figure like a tight basque, straight all round, and without looping in the back. It is double-breasted, and fastened with cords, and the old-fashioned frog-button. The rolling-collar is of the Astrakan, and a tiny muff of the same completes the costume. The trimming of the pelisse is two inches deep. Six to seven yards of cloth will be required for this costume, and one and a half yards of Astrakan. This trimming would not look amiss upon heavy, corded reps, if preferred to cloth.

We give, next, an over-garment of beavercloth. This dress consists of a long, loose sacque,



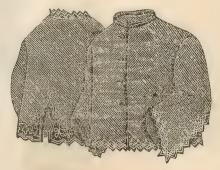
double-breasted, buttoning all the way down the front. A large circular cape is worn over it, deepening in the back, and with the corners squared off in front. Close sleeves. The ornamentations are fringe, velvet, and braid, or cord of silk. The velvet is cut on the bias, four inches deep for the bottom, and three for the cape and sleeves. It is then scalloped out, and appliqued upon the cloth, the edges being covered with

the cord or braid, as seen in the engraving. Heavy, knotted silk fringe is added. This garment could be made of less expensive material: say a gray cloth, with black cloth for the trimmings, with mohair worsted fringe of gray and black, mixed. Two and a half yards of cloth, with three-eighths of a yard for trimming, will be required.

Our two next illustrations are of simple, short sacques, of cloth or merino, braided. The first is slashed at the back, and has the edges pinked out, above which a simple pattern is braided, or



embroidered, either in a contrasting color, or combinations of several colors. The other has the braid put on in double-diamond pattern—the lower edge being cut out when the work is done, to form the points. This is also slashed at the back, and so are the sleeves. Either of these sacques may be used for little misses, for out-doors, or for young ladies for house-jackets. One yard and an eight of cloth, or two yards of merino, will be required.



In the front of the number we give an illustration (back and front) of a very stylish embroidered sacque. The pattern of the sacque is the same in both cases, but the embroidery is different: one is trimmed with fur, while the other is trimmed with fringe. This gives a choice, according to the taste of the wearer.

Also, in the front of the number, a pattern for an embroidered flannel skirt.

In the front of the number we give a front and back view of a boy's evercoat of gray cloth, or mixed tweed. It is double-breasted. The flap has two rows of braid stitched on, and the buttons are placed between. On the opposite side a similar design is placed to correspond. The middle of the back is done in the same style to simulate a slash at that place. At the waist, a band two inches wide buttons in the middle. This may be left out if desired. Coat sleeves, with a turned-back, pointed cuff—suitable for a boy from six to eight years. One and a quarter yards of cloth will cut this coat.

These are the most noticeable styles, for ladies

and chi man, that have come out since our last number was issued. It is our aim, in this department, to select and describe such, so that any lady can make them for herself, or have them made up under her supervision. We give only what are really new and elegant. Our subscribers may rely on always receiving in "Peterson," the real Paris fashions, and the most select and latest even of those. This magazine

not, as so many others are, merely an advertising vehicle to work off the old stock of wholesale dress-makers and dealers in our Atlantic cities. We have no object to serve, except to give the latest and best fashions.

THE NILSSON SACQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, an engraving and diagram of a new style sacque, which has been called the Nilsson Sacque, in compliment to the celebrated Swedish prima donna, whom many of our readers may have heard.

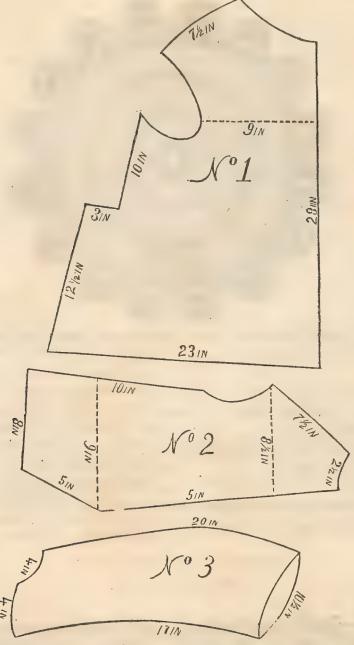
This sacque can be made of black cashmere, Drap d'ete, or fine habit-cloth. It is orna-

mented with embroidery in black silk, to which is added a simple pattern of braiding, with narrow, silk braid, forming the border. Heavy saddler-silk fringe completes this novel and handsome garment. We may add, that the entire ornamentation for this sacque may be done in braiding, if preferred. The heavier

the design, the more elegant, of course. An inter-lining, slightly wadded with wool, should be added for winter wear; but it should also be made separate, so as to be easily removed as

warmer weather approaches, or as may be otherwise convenient.

We also give the diagram, from which it may be cut out.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT

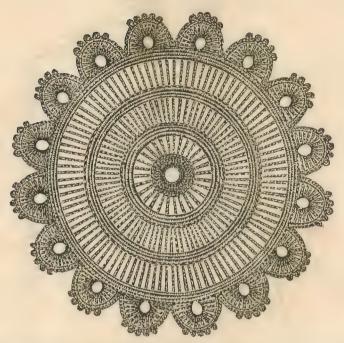
Altogether, this is the most stylish, and will be the most popular, sacque, that has come out this winter.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK,

No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE.

CROCHET MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Begin in the middle with a chain of sixteen stitches; join in a ring.

1st row: Work with the ring thirty-two double.

2nd row: One treble into each stitch of the previous row. In beginning this and all following treble rows, work chain stitches to form the first stitch of the treble.

3rd row: Thirty-two triple-treble, working into each stitch of last row; every treble is separated by two chain.

4th row: Three double under every two chain of last row.

5th and 6th rows: Double working under each previous row.

7th row: Five chain. Put the thread five over the five upper middle stitches.

times round the hook, and work off ninety-six of these five times, worked trebles, with one chain between each.

8th, 9th, and 10th rows are of double working through the stitches as before.

11th row: Ninety-six stitches of five times round the hook, separated by two chain.

12th, 13th, and 14th rows of double, working under as before. In the last round work after every twelve double, eight chain, into which eight chain the border is worked.

For the border, into every eight chain work fifteen triple-treble, with one chain between each. For the outer rows work one double under every chain of last row, with five picots of the chain over the five upper middle stitches.

EMBROIDERY.



KNITTED QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a new design for a knitted quilt.

MAGERIALS.—Five needles, Strutt's cotton, No. 6, four cord.

Each square requires one and a half ounces of cotton; each side of the square should measure nine inches. Six squares required for the width—fifty-four inches; ten squares for the length—ninety inches.

The squares are sewn together on the wrong side.

For an antimacassar fine cotton could be used. For each square eight stitches are cast on; four needles, two on each, and closed in a ring.

1st Row: Thread forward to make one; knit one all round.

2nd Row: Knit plain.

3rd Row: * Make one, knit two. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Knit plain.

5th Row: * Make one, slip one, knit one; draw the slipped one over the knitted one; make one, knit one. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Knit plain.

7th Row: * Make one, slip one, knit one; draw the slipped one over the knitted one; make one, purl two, make one, slip one, knit one; draw the slipped one over the knitted one; make one, knit two. Repeat from *.

8th Row: * Knit three, purl two, knit five. Repeat *.

9th Row: * Make one, slip one, knit one; draw the slipped one over the knitted one, make one, knit three. Repeat *.

10th Row: Knit plain.

11th Row: * Make one, slip one, knit one draw the slipped one over the knitted one, make one, knit four. Kepeat *

12th Row: * Knit three, purl four, knit seven. Repeat *.

The two last rows are repeated alternately with a plain row after the second.

The following rows are increased by one stitch in every division, in every fancy row, till there are nineteen purl stitches.

The corners are ribbed backward and for ward, and decreased by taking two stitches together at the beginning and end of every second row.

NAME FOR MARKING. INITIALS.



STRIPE PATTERN FOR D'OYLEYS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials are rather coarse Irish linen. worked with black or red ingrain silk or cotton, The threads of the open stripes are drawn out, or it looks well in white cotton. The D'Oyleys and fastened as shown in the design. Lines of may be bordered with crochet, guipure, netting, about six threads are left to work the herringbone pattern upon. The embroidery may be | very handsome one.

EMBOIDERY FOR INSERTION.



TIDY OF WASHING JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In our January number we gave an engraving , underneath the highest threads of the canvas. less novel and beautiful. The material is white fringe. cotton Java canvas, and the wools used are scarlet and black zephyr or Pyrenean. The white any dealer in New York or Philadelphia, or lines represent the scarlet, the stitch is darned elsewhere.

of one of these new style tidies. We now give, Between the arabesques there is a border of in the front of this number, another pattern, not { feather stitches. The tidy is bordered with

The washing canvas can be procured from

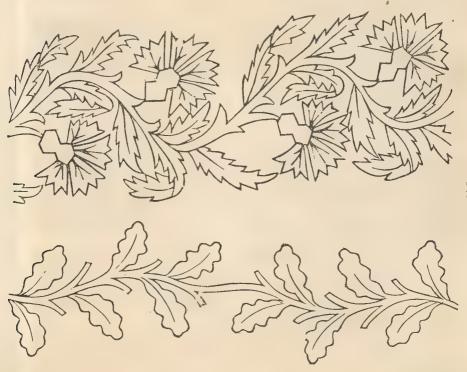
SMOKING-CAP-COLORED PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

printed in the appropriate colors, of a smoking- and green cashmere, though the former is to be cap. It is to be worked, in applique and braid. Preferred.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern. | Brown and green cloth may be used, or brown

EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING PATTERNS.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE WINTER GARDEN .-- In growing plants, in-doors, in winter, the green should be first considered. This is the foundation. When it is well provided, every simple flower that is added to the group gives a new charm: three or four pots of gay flowers, changed now and then, makes the whole arrangement fresher and brighter. Fir-trees and hardy heaths, are just the thing, for example, for a bed of springbulbs. What can be prettier than little drooping firs, with their tassels of brightest green? They look so fresh and elegant as they droop over the gay flowers, or over the little snow-drops that cluster about their feet. The ivy belongs to this group, and so do the periwinkle, little, low-grown junipers, arbor vitæ, box-trees, even-all have been used sometimes with very good effect. Aucubas, too, are so pretty when rather more color is wanted; and there are hardyberried plants which one can often get, and that look charmingly bright. One of the prettlest arrangements for such a group as this, supposing that the stand is long and rather wide, is to have a tall, drooping plant just placed in the center, and two or three rather smaller nearly at each end. Chinese primroses, dwarf asters or chrysanthemums, red and white Van Thol tulips, and white and blue hyacinths, may all be used to advantage, in such a stand, during the winter. As to colors, a snowy white, a delicate pink, a rich, but cold violet, blend well together. If you put these, or something like them, in the center of your stand, and then fringe the edges with pots containing the different colors, each color by itself, you are sure of a fine effect.

Another way of keeping up your winter garden is to use what are called "foliage plants." Several of these are, perhaps, amongst the easiest grown of all our in-door plants; begonias, fer example, flourish so well in rooms. The tuberous-rooted sorts in some ways are the best, because they have such entire rest, and are out of sight when shabby; but there are many kinds, and most of them grow easily. They do the best when they have least sun; but we must remind our readers that no sun does not mean no light at all. For growing begonias there is nothing that makes them thrive so well as a dressing of cocoa-fibre refuse. If you don't want quite to repot and to change the drainage, and so on, the upper soil most likely can still be shaken off gently, and carefully replaced with a coating of the refuse. People will then be astonished to see how fast the plants will grow. Charcoal drainage is also so great a help to begonias that we really think the repotting would be quite worth while to give this-and then some cocoa-fibre over the drainage is excellent. The fibre is short and hairy, the refuse is like brown sawdust.

For watering the begonias tepid water must be used. The L st mode of doing it is to stand the pots in water about half-way up for five minutes. This secures a good soaking, and makes it quite unnecessary to water very frequently. When any sign of dryness is seen it will be time enough to re-water, and people who mean to be gardeners must really look out for such signs. For grouping with begonias, a very good tall plant to use is the Ficus elastica, or Indian-rubber plant. This grows very well in a room, especially if it is sponged well, both leaves and stem, with warm water. The Cissus catterctica is another excellent room plant. It is a beautiful climber, valuable, however, for its foliage more than for its flowers.

Ferns are less easily managed in rooms exposed to much sunshine and much fire heat, because, let alone the glare, the dryness is far too great for them. In rooms, however, of eastern or western aspect that are not kept very hot, many of the prettiest ferns will thrive exceedingly well, amongst others, the beautiful Maiden-hair, which every one wishes to grow. One constant rule may be given for all these room ferns. Dip them every week, and let them soak for some minutes in water a little warmed. It is almost

useless to attempt to water them else, for all the fern roots mat so, and in the pots and baskets the water runs off at the sides, and has hardly a chance of penetrating the mass of fibry roots. Of course, when the basket is dipped, the roots lay in their own store.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES .- Occasionally we receive letters from ladies, saying they would be glad to subscribe for "Peterson," but that having applied to their husbands for the subscription price, they have been answered, "I can't afford it." In one such instance, at least, the husband, to our knowledge, was accustomed to spend twenty times the price of "Peterson," annually, in segars; and we have no doubt there are hundreds, if not thousands, of such cases in the United States. It is strange that men do not see their selfishness in these matters. On their own personal luxuries they will spend liberally. But when a wife wants a small amount, say only enough to subscribe for "Peterson." the answer often is, "I can't afford it." Now every wife ought to have her tastes gratified as well as the husband's. If he has his segar, she ought to have her magazine. Certainly, of the two, the latter is really the most useful. Certainly, also, it does more to beautify and refine a home.

More than this. It would be better for husbands, and is only fair to wives, if wives had a little money, every year, to spend as they please. A correspondent writes on this subject as follows: "I think if men placed more confidence in their wives, giving them money, without knowing just what it is spent for, they would spend less, at the same time have some trifles their taste might covet. It must be mortifying to a true woman, who cannot control this mere pittance, without asking her 'liege lord,' and receive in reply, 'can't afford it.' I have been married twenty years, and have never asked my husband for money or dress. He hands me money, without questions. I get what I like; if he thinks I need more, he gets it. In return for this confidence. I have many times managed to save considerable pin money, and met more pressing demands. I write this long letter, not to annoy, but that you may give some hints in the Editor's Table, in regard to it."

All that our 'correspondent says we cordially endorse. Wife and husband are partners in more senses than one, if the wife attends to the household, she does her share of the work: the husband's work is to make the money to keep the household going. But when the money is made, the wife is as much entitled to be consulted in the spending of it, and to enjoy it, as the husband is. As a rule, wives are not sufficiently remembered in spending an income: the husband claims the lion's share; and—which is the oddest part of it—is often sincerely unconscious that he is doing so. He is selfish without knowing it. We hardly suppose that these remarks will convert any one. But we have thought it our duty to make them, for it is of other things, also, and not merely of "Peterson," that husbands often say, unjustifiably, "I can't afford it."

"THE BEST NOW PUBLISHED."—A lady writes:—"Please receive my thanks for the enjoyment I have received from your excellent book. It still retains its unexceptionable purity. It is quite different from many of the magazines, that give abundant promise of much fruit, but wither in the bud. I think, for ladies, the book is the best now published. Taking a lively interest in its success, I have raised a club of eight."

"Taken for Years."—A lady writes: "Your magazine has been taken by some member of our family for years, and has given the greatest satisfaction. I distinctly remember the time when my mother used to take me up on her lap and read 'Peterson' to me by the hour; but it is now my turn to read it to her; and she awaits its arrival as anxiously as I do myself."

158

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers have thus been sent to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number.

A Widow may be addressed by her deceased husband's name, or initials. The widows of John Adams, or James Madison, for instance, would have been properly addressed, as Mrs. John Adams, or Mrs. James Madison. A letter, designed for a gentleman's wife, may be addressed to her, using his initials, as, for example, Mrs. Schuyler Colfax, or Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

"On! Summer Night!"—An extra illustration, and of that beautiful song, which all lovers of music delight in. Who that has ever heard it sung by the silver-tongued Brignoli can ever forget it?

"Oh! Summer night So softly bright!"

"THE FINEST READING."—A lady writes: "I think your magazine has the finest reading of any I take. I never was so eager for a book, as for the December number, to finish the 'Reigning Belle.'"

FANNY'S FLIRTATION.—This tells its own story. We fear that little Fanny is a born coquette. She is determined to have Charley's rose, indifferent as she pretends to be.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, LL. D., F. R. A. S. Incorporating in the text the author's latest researches, with additions from recent writers, and adopted to the use of students. By William Smith, D. C. L., LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The title of this volume very lucidly sets forth its character. It is really a student's Hallam. To call it an abridgment would mislead: it is condensed and corrected; but the brevity is principally gained by omitting repetitions. We profer it, not only to the original edition, but to the later and revised ones; in fact, we consider it the best Hallam extant. We may add that it is published with the sanction of the deceased author's representatives.

Dogs and their Doings. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B. A., author of "A History of British Birds" 1 vol., small 4to. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whoever likes dogs will like the book. Whoever is fond of beautiful typography and effective illustrations, will not only like it, but be charmed with it. The anecdotes are innumerable, and all veracious: they almost make us think dogs have souls: they certainly prove a wonderful amount of intelligence and reasoning, as well as of heart in dogs. The binding of the volume is particularly rich.

A Noble Woman, By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is the latest of Mrs. Stephen's novels, that has been published in book form. Those who are reading "Bought with a Price," need no further recommendation of "A Noble Woman," for they know, for themselves, how vivid and powerful a writer Mrs. Stephens is.

Gentle Mensures in the Management and Training of the Young. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very excellent little treatise, advocating gentle, yet firm treatment of the young, and urging that such is the best, if not the only, way to train up children aright. Numerous illustrations enforce the text.

Sing-Song. A Nursery Rhyme-Book. By Christina G. Roesetti. With One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations by Arthur Hughes, engraved by the Brothers Datziel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—In every way this is a charming book. The verses are admirable, the illustrations profuse as well as-choice, the paper and printing exceptionably good, and the binding beautiful. We doubt if any book published this season will be so popular with the little folks.

Japan in Our Day. Compiled and Arranged by Bayerd Taylor. 1 vol., 12 no. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—This is the first of a series of books, "The Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," which Scribner & Co. are publishing. The work before us is full of information, and is profusely illustrated. It is not a mere dry compilation, but very entertaining, and will, or ought to be, extensively popular.

The Country of the Dwarfs. By Paul Du Chaillu. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Here is just the book for a boy. Stories of travel and adventure are always welcome, and ought to be, to a high-spirited lad; and this is one of the most fascinating of such narratives. The volume is illustrated with numerous graphic ongravings, among which figure prominently the heuses of the little men, the dwarfs, of whom Du Chaillu tells.

Woman's Worth and Worthlessuess. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The burden of this work is well put by the author in her preface, "The only way out of our estate of sin and misery," she says, "is the slow growth of individual excellence; and it is in the home, the family, that this excellence must be nurtured." This truth is urged and enforced with all the author's known skill and earnestness.

John Thompson Blockhead, and Accompanying Portraits. By Louisa Parr, author of "Dorothy Fox." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—One of the best novels that has appeared lately is "Dorothy Fox." and this is a collection of streets by the same author. "Trethill Farm," "How It All Happened," "A Will of Her Own," and "The Golden Canister," are among the best of them; but all are good.

The Wonders of Water. From the French by Gaston Tissanthier. Edited, with numerous additions, by Schele De Vere, D. D., LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: C. Seribner & Co.—This is one of that valuable series, the "Marvels of Nature, Science, and Art." It has sixty-four illustrations. Both text and illustrations are first-class. The volume is neatly printed, and handsomely bound.

Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Whatever Miss Alcott writes is well written. The present little volume is a collection of stories for children, of which "My Boys," "Tessa's Surprises," "The Children's Joke," and "Patty's Patchwork," are among the best.

Eva's Adventures In Shadow Land. By Mary D. Nuuman. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A book of more than ordinary merit, for children, and quite prettily illustrated.

The Deerings of Medbury. By Virginia F. Townsend. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—The last fiction of a very deservedly popular American writer. It is even better, as a story, we think, than "The Hollands," or the "Mills of Tuxbury,"

Poems. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A very elegant volume, containing many really good poems, and some even more than good.

Cyrilla. By the author of "The Initials," 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Quite as well-written as either of the author's earlier works, and very much better than her last.

Hamah. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A handsome octavo edition of match others already published, and suitable for the library.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CATALOGUE OF T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS gives a list of the best and cheapest novels published in the United States. If you wish a novel or novels, to read in the winter evenings, send for a catalogue and select one or more volumes. Catalogues sent gratis. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Example for the Ladies .- Mrs. Hannah B. Fowler, Newburyport, Mass., has earned with her Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in twelve years, \$6018.25, without paying a cent for repairs.

THE HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS, of "Peterson," are always tested before being printed. Says a lady, renewing her subscription, "they are worth to me much more than the price of the magazine."

DECORATIONS FOR THE TABLE.

IN OFFERING THESE HINTS, we start with the pre-supposition that those who will read them are, like ourselves. namely, destitute of the rich and rare flowers, a bloom or two of which makes the glory of a room. We are writing for those who feel a need for flowers about them, without having the power to gratify that need lavishly and graciously. The most beautiful (artistically) arrangement of flowers that we have ever seen upon a dinner-table, or a supper-table, was a marvel of simplicity and unconventionality. There was, of course, the proper amount of sparkling glass, bright silver, and exquisitely white and wellironed table-linen. Touches of color were put in by means of richly-figured Japanese plates, and dishes that were dotted about holding sweetmeats and fruits. In the center of the table a long, splendidly-carved old black-oak tray stooda piece of genuine old, deep carving, that would have looked rather too solemnly forth from the middle of the festive board, if it had not been the receptacle for a large group of the most magnificent water-lilles. There is no reason why the center of the table should be the most highly favored spot. There are those probably at each end who appreciate what is pretty and sweet to the full as highly as the ones who are immediately in the atmosphere of the center vase. When a dining-table is long, it is easy to decorate it with a just regard to the claims of all who are seated at it; when it is oval, it is easier; and when it is round, it is easier still.

To begin with the long table: Place thin, common red pots, well-filled with that brightest poor man's friend, the ivy, at equal distances down the table. The ivy must be the small-leaved, long-tendrilled sort, in order that it may be spread out over a goodly portion of the tablecloth without looking gaunt. It should grow in a thick, massive manner over the top and down a considerable portion of the sides of tne pots, and it should be very fresh, and free from every particle of dust, in order to look well.

The pots of ivy being placed, a few bunches of Russian violets should be dotted about, in, and among the trailing sprays. These should be placed low on the cloth, and the small, young, pale-green leaves should be freely mixed with the flowers, otherwise they will look heavy and dead. Indeed, really to look well, the violets should be put on the table in thumb-pots (with the foliage growing well over and

small plants, well in bloom, of pink geraniums should be introduced. We would not admit any other color with this arrangement; and we think that anyone who tries it will admit that it is perfect.

A very charming way of dressing a table with berries and foliage alone is this that we are about to describe. In many country districts the bright-berried spindle is found growing wild. There are two varieties that are equally common, we believe. One has a white shell and a bright-red kernel, and the other has a red shell and a brilliant orange kernel. The feathery, exquisitely-hued foliage of the wild tamarisk goes beautifully with these berries. Have them arranged in a circle in the middle of a round table, with a dish of fruit in the center of them; and radiating from that circle have bouquets of holly and privet berries, and a few ferns with broad fronds. If the ferns are unattainable, the light, graceful-waving foliage of the larch is not to be despised.

Those who are happy enough to live where the mountain ash grows can always decorate well. The brilliant rowan berries lend themselves grandly to any tasteful design if they are handled properly. Indeed, it is a hard matter to handle them improperly; for, in spite of their beauty, they have all the hardiness of the north about them, and won't let themselves be crushed and ill-placed.

Ivy, privet, mountain ash, and holly berries, look admirably well, when mingled together, especially if any of the lighter ferns can be got to fringe them. With these berries flowers are not only not necessary, but are better away.

We have decorated a table beautifully with different shades of moss and grasses alone when we have been hard up for other materials. And really the exigencies of the case taught us that the hedgerows and woods are as good to go to as any florist's shop. The moss can be put in any flat dish or plate, or, better still, it adapts itself wonderfully well to the little carved or fretwork plateaus or stands that are so universally made by ladies now. We prefer a dark wooden groundwork to either glass or china for almost every description of flower and foliage.

A small round modern mirror is a boon to those who want to dress a round table. Placed flat in the centre of the table. with a slender glassful of fragile maidenhair ferns on it, it gives a great look of refinement.

The love of flowers, and their culture, is so universal, that but few houses are without their brilliant blooming geraniums, the chaste and stately callax, or graceful fuchsias, brightening the sitting-room windows in winter, and a few sprigs of these, mingled with bits of evergreen, will decorate a table charmingly. Even a few red-cheeked apples and golden oranges, with small branches of green intermixed, will give a look of refinement to the most ordinary meal.

And then the wealth of beauty we have in our summer grasses, wild roses, elder flower and berries; in the goldenrod and asters, and gorgeous maple leaves in the autumn only for the trouble of putting out our hand and plucking.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II .- INCIDENTAL CAUSES OF DISEASE.

Dress .- Intimately connected with necturnal dissipation, as an incidental cause of disease, is the mode of dressing which fashion requires of her worshipping votaries, regardless of comfort, and at the sacrifice of health. For she who attends operas, receptions, or balls, must bare the head, and more or less denude her fair neck and bosom to the keenest winds of a winter's solstice, as well as to the sultry blasts of mid-summer; and thus clad, she, thoughtlessly, passes from a room over, leaving gleams of the red pots visible,) and then a few or hall in midwinter, out into an atmosphere far below the

freezing point; and thus many step as it were from the halls of vanity and pleasure, to the darkened chamber of disease, suffering, and death. For, but few of such participants can be induced to put on either hood or shawl, should they have providently provided themselves with either, at a mother's suggestion; and, as for protecting their delicate feet with gums, against the cold pavement, even though covered with snow or ice, they become shocked at the suggestion of wearing such "clumsy" articles, and particularly since the soles of their boots are "so thick!" And thus they permit the cold to penetrate their shoes, and strike and chill the sentient extremities of the great plantar nerves spread out upon the soles of their feet, and, like electricity, the shock is felt throughout the body, and a quinsy, catarrhal, or rheumatic affection is the result, according as there may be an idiosyncrasy or predisposition in each individual case.

This is no overdrawn picture, for the statistics of the city show that our ladies decimate themselves annually with cheerfulness, for more than one-tenth die of consumption, or other disease of the lungs, either self-induced, or transmitted by a similar course of conduct by their maternal ancestors.

Padding the chest anteriorly, and the back and hips, is very injurious. As this custom is more particularly resorted to when the party is going out to shop, to promenade, or attend receptions, and often upon returning home from either, all these artificial cushions are thrown off from purts over-heated, and in a full perspirable state, rendering her very liable to a catarrh, lumbage, or sciatica; whilst other parts of the body and limbs, though better protected than formerly, when expansive hoops were in vogue, are still too much exposed to the viciositudes of our climate.

Hoops worn in the winter season are undeniably full fraught with the induction of much suffering, and the increase of "female complaints," are largely attributable to this foolish excess of unwise fashion.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

The Month of February.—We have received several lotters asking for information about the proper time to plant vegetables, etc. One lady writes:—"I have derived much benefit from your articles on horticulture, especially on 'Roses and Rose-Gardens,' hast year; but I should like to see, also, something more practical. Many of us, who live in country villages, have small vegetable gardens, and would be obliged if yea would tell us the best varieties, and when to plant them. We go on, year after year, planting old varieties, when, perhaps, with no more trouble, new varieties might give a greater yield, or finer qualities."

In reply, we would say, that it is impossible, for so large a country as this, to tell exactly when to plant particular vegetables. The season is a month, or more, earlier in the South than in the Middle States, and from ten days to two weeks later in New England than in the vicinity of Philadelphia. We can, however, give approximate directions. We shall divide our remarks into two parts, each month, one for the South and South-West, and the other for the Middle States and West, comprising, in the latter division, the entire North.

Very little is to be said about the month of February, so far as the latter is concerned. Simple hot-beds may, however, be now made useful for forwarding your plants, such as cabbage, tomato, egg-plant, etc. If the weather be mild the seeds may be planted, in such, toward the close of the month. In the South and South-West, however, a good deal may be done. Plant peas: for the earliest choose the Extra Early, which, though not the greatest bearer, is unquestionably the earliest known, and is of fine flavor. The Tom Thumb Pea may now be planted with advantage; also a new variety of similar habit to Tom Thumb, but of much greater

value, in our opinion, known as M'Lean's Little Gem. The Advancer, also a new variety, may be safely recommended, for a succession, plant the Early Frame, to be followed by Bishop's Long-pod, Dwarf Marrow, Champion of England, and other approved varieties. See any good catalogue. Becaus plant; Cabbage and Cauliflower seed and sow. Remember, highly enriched and well-tilled soil will alone produce good crops of the Cabbage tribe, which embrace the Turnip and Ruta Baga. The Cabbage Plants from previous sowings transplant; also, the Lettuce Plants, Spinach sow; also, Rudishes, Carrots, Parsnips, Sulsify, and Beets; Asparagus-bods redress. This delicious vegetable may be improved by the application of salt or refuse pickle, of which heavy dressings may safely be given. Grafting execute, if the buds have not started; Squashes and Melons plant, but have at hand the means of protection against hard weather. Don't be deterred from fear of loss by change of temperature; the gardener who counts every liability will be, in the main, behind his more enterprising neighbor. Adam's Early Corn and Extra Early Sugar plant for the first crop, and Brainard's Sugar and Evergreen Sugar at short intervals; plant Early Potatoes.

Seeds, if wanted, may be had of David Landroth & Son, Nos. 21 & 23, South Sixth street, Philadelphia, or of any good dealer, and most will send catalogues, if written for.

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

TRICK WITH COINS.—A person having an even number of coins in one hand, and an odd number in the other, to tell in which hand he has the even number, and in which the odd.

Desire the person to multiply the number of coins in the right hand by an even number, or to conceal the artifice better, name an even number, and tell him to multiply by that. He is then to multiply the number in the left hand by an odd number. He is then to add together the two products, and tell you the total. If the total is odd, the even number of coins will be in the right hand; if the total is even, the even number of coins will be in the left hand.

Example.—Suppose the person has four shillings in his right hand, and three in his left. Four multiplied by two gives eight, and three multiplied by three gives nine. The total is seventeen, an odd number. Now suppose the reverse, viz., four shillings in the left hand, and three in the right. Four multiplied by three gives twelve, three multiplied by two gives ix. The total is eighteen, an even number.

This recreation may be varied in several ways. Thus, if a person has a piece of gold in one hand and a piece of silver in the other, for this purpose you must call the gold by an even number, and the silver by an odd number. To conceal this, say to the person (who has, say, a five dollar piece in one hand and a shilling in the other,) "the five dollars being twenty times the value of the shilling, we will call the sovereign twenty, and the shilling one;" then proceed precisely as before.

You may vary the trick again, so as to tell which of two persons holds the gold, etc., by considering the person to the right as the right hand, and the person to the left as the left hand.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

155 Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Fillet of Veal Boiled.—Bind it round with tape, put it in a floured cloth, and in cold water; boil very gently for two hours and a half, or, if simmered—which is, perhaps, the better way—four hours will be taken; it may be sent to table in bechamel, or with cyster-sauce, Care should be taken to keep it as white as possible.

Boiled Neck of Mutton.-Four pounds of the middle, or best end of the neck of mutton, a little salt. Trim off a portion of the fat, should there be too much, and if it is to look particularly nice, the chine-bone should be sawn down, the ribs stripped half-way down, and the ends of the bones chopped off; this is, however, not necessary. Put the meat into sufficient boiling water to cover it; add a little salt, and remove scum. Draw the sauce-pan to the side of the fire, and let the water get so cool that the finger may be borne in it; then simmer very slowly and gently until the meat is done, which will be in about an hour and a half, or rather more, reckening from the time that it begins to simmer. The turnips should be boiled with the mutton; and, when at hand, a few carrots will also be found an improvement. These, however, if very large and thick, must be cut into long thinnish pieces, or they will not be sufficiently done by the time the mutton is ready. Garnish the dish with carrots and turnips placed alternately round the mutton. The liquor in which the meat is boiled will make excellent broth with the addition of a little parsley, thyme, an onion, and some Scotch barley.

Dressing Cold Meat .- Cut the meat in pieces, and lay them in a mould in layers, well seasoned. Then pour over and fill the mould with some clear soup, nearly cold, which, when left to stand some hours, will turn out to be as firm as isinglass, especially if shank bones were boiled in the soup. Should the cold meat be veal or poultry, the addition of some small pieces of ham or bacon, and of hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, and put between the layers of meat, is a great improvement. Another way to dress cold meat is to have it minced very fine, well seasoned, and put in patty-pans with a thin crust below and above it, and baked in a quick oven. Cold meat, cut in small pieces, and put in a pie-dish, with butter poured over it, and baked until the batter rises. is another good way. Potato-pie is a capital method of using cold meat. The meat should be cut in pieces and covered with mashed potatoes, then put into the oven to bake until the potatoes are well browned.

Turkish Dolmas.—Mince fine one pound of beef and one quarter of a pound of fat; add to them one teacupfull of swelled rice, some chopped parsley, a small eschalot, and pepper and salt to taste. Put some large vine-leaves, or, if they cannot be had, some delicate cabbage-leaves, in boiling water for a few minutes, then place a small quantity of the minced meat, etc., in each, fold the leaf over so as to make it about two inches square, fasten the dolmas up, and place them carefully in a stew-pan, with enough water or broth to cover them; simmer them gently for an hour and a haif, and serve them with white sauce made either with the broth they have been cooked in, or water, flour, yolk of eggs, and butter; add lemon-juice to flavor. Another receipt which I have, gives mutton instead of beef, but the directions for preparing the dish are very similar.

Breast of Veal a la Provencale.—Cut the breast into small square pieces, place them in a saucepan with some spoonfuls of oil, butter, or drippings, onions cut iu thin slices, a bay-leaf and thyme chopped finely, and salt and pepper. Cover the saucepan, and cook slowly for two hours with fire above and below, taking care to stir the contents from time to time. Some minutes before serving, add a little soup stock, and a large spoonful of chopped pursley; put it back on the fire, detach from the bottom with a wooden spoon; let it cook an instant and serve.

Mutton Kidneys Broiled.—Skin and split without parting asunder; skewer them through the outer edge, and keep them flat; lay the open sides first to the fire, which should be clear and brisk; in ten minutes turn them; sprinkle with salt and Cayenne, and when done, which will be in three minutes afterwards, take them from the fire, put a piece of butter inside them, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, and serve as hot as possible.

Potted Veal and Bacon.—Cut thin slices of veal, and the same quantity of nice bacon; then rub together some dried sweet basil or savory, very fine, until reduced to a powder, and lay in a stew-pan a layer of bacon, then a layer of veal, and on this sprinkle the powdered herbs, a little grated horseradish, then again some bacon and veal, and then herbs and horseradish, and a little salt; on this squeze a lemon, and grate the rind, then cover very tightly, and put it into the oven to bake for three hours; then take it out and drain off all the gravy, pour over it a little mushroom catchup, and press it down with a heavy weight, then put it away in a pot tightly covered.

Lamb Chops.—Fry them a light brown in butter, then add a little water, flour, salt, and a dust of pepper, to the gravy; let it brown, and pour it over the chops.

DESSERTS.

Orange Cream.—Pare the rind of a Seville orange very thin, and squeeze the juice of four oranges, and put it, with the peel, into a sauce-pan, with one pint of water, eight ounces of sugar, and the whites of five eggs, well beaten. Mix all together, place it over a slow fire, stir it in one direction until it looks thick and white, strain it through a gauze sieve, and stir it till cold. Beat the yelks of the five eggs very thoroughly, and add them to the contents of the sauce-pan, with some cream. Stir altogether over the fire till ready to boil, pour it into a basin, and again stir it till quite cold before putting it into glasses.

Marmalade Padding.—Take three ounces of fresh butter, clarify it, mix it with three ounces of pounded sugar, three tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, four eggs, one tablespoonful of flour. Beat the mixture all together for ten minutes with a wooden spoon. Line a mould with sweet tart paste; pour the ingredients into the mould. Bake it in an oven for an hour and a half. Stick the pudding with almonds, and serve with custard-sauce.

Lemon Tarts.—Mix well together the juice and grated rinds of two large lemons, half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two eggs, and the crumb of two sponge-cakes; beat it thoroughly smooth, and put it into twelve patty-pans, lined with a light puff pasto; bake them until the crust is done.

CAKES.

Buth Buns.—Mix four tea-spoonfuls of yeast, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of three, with half a pound of flour; put the mixture before the fire to rise. Then rub in three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of powdered lump sugar, and a few caraway confits Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, and mix all well together. Divide the mixture into buns, and arrange them on a buttered fin. Brush them over with white of egg, sprinkle white sugar over them, and lay on some pieces of citron and some caraway comfits. Bake in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Portugal Cakes.—The necessary ingredients are one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, three eggs, a little cream, three quarters of a pound of fine sugar, some currants, and the poel of three lemons. Mix the flour, half the butter, the yolks of hree eggs, tand the white of one. Add sufficient cream to make it into a soft paste, and then add the sugar and the currants, and grate in the lemon-peel, roll out the paste, putting in the remainder of the butter, divide it into cakes, and bake them upon tins.

Tea-cake.—One pint of flour, into which put two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; one cup of sweet milk, into which put one tea-spoonful of soda; two table-spoonfuls of butter, and one cup of sugar mixed well together; then break into it two eggs; add milk and flour; flavor with grated rind and juice of a lemon.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN SATIN.—The lower-skirt is quite plain; the upper-skirt is about the same depth in front as at the back, looped up at the sides with cords and tassels, and trimmed with a band of fur. The jacket is rather loose, with half-wide sleeves, and trimmed with fur. Black velvet hat, ornamented with black feather and pink roses.

Fig. 11.—Walking-Dress of Stone-Colored Cashmere.— The under-skirt has one deep flounce, very fully plaited, and trimmed with two bias bands of cashmere, headed by a row of black velvet; the upper-skirt is slightly looped at the sides, and trimmed with a bias band of cashmere, and a row of black velvet. The busque is cut to represent a vest front, and, with the coat sleeve, with the wide gauntlet cuff, is trimmed like the upper-skirt. Stone-colored felt hat, with black trimmings.

Fig. III.—Bride's-Dress of White Slik.—The skirt is trimmed with bias bands of silk, piped on either side with white satin; then bands pass up on each side of the skirt, and are caught together in three places with white satin bows. The high waist is made with a small basque, headed by satin pipings, and with the wide sleeves, also trimmed with a bias band of the silk, piped with satin, is finished with a rich white fringe. Wreath of orange-blossoms on the head, and a long tulle veil.

Fig. 1v.—Bridemaid's Dress of White Tarlatan over White Silk.—The breadths are puffed lengthwise into bands of white satin, edged on either side with white blond; about half a yard from the bottom of the dress the tarlatan widths are left open, showing three large satin bows on the white silk. The body is made half-high, with square front, and puffed sleeves, and is trimmed with blond, satin, and satin bows. White roses in the hair. It is now customary for bridemaids to wear colors. The satin bands, bows, and the flowers, can be either of light blue, pink, green, mauve, or crimson, as may suit the fancy.

Fig. v.—Carriage or Walking-Dress of Bluish-Gray Silk.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two narrow flounces each headed by two rows of black velvet; the upper-skirt, which falls full at the back, but which is not looped up, is open in front, and trimmed with one ruffle, which nearly reaches the top row of velvet on the lower-skirt, and is headed by three rows of black velvet. The basque is nearly tight-fitting, cut in points, back and front, and is trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the silk, with a black lace of the same width over it, and finished by three rows of velvet around the neck and the wide sleeves. Black velvet hat, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RICH BLACK SILK, ELABO-RATELY TRIDMED.—The lower-skirt has three flounces, put on with a heading, and cut out at the bottom in a bagshaped pattern, which is finished at the edge with a narrow black silk braid. Just above this bag-shaped pattern, on each flounce, is a piping of black satin. The tunic is rounded in front, square at the back and sides, and slightly caught up in the back. This tunic, as well as the jacket, is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Fig. VII.—Walking-Dress of Brown Poplin.—The skirt has but one scant flounce, headed by three rows of fur, the tunic is very deep in front, and quite short, and rather full at the back; that, as well as the small basque, with its very wide sleeves, is also trimmed with fur.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Probably the most popular out-of-door wrap this winter is the double cape, cut up the back, or it is more generally a loose sacque, without sleeves, with a cape falling over it. It is sometimes made of velvet, heavily embroidered, and trimmed with rich fringe; though it is usually of cloth, cashmere, etc., etc., in less costly materials. It has not so dressy an appearance as a tighter fitting garment; but it is comfortable, easily put on, and easily made, and so is popular.

What are called costumes denteles are much worn in Paris. These are trimmed neither with fur, lace, or fringe, but the edges are cut out in round scallops not very far apart. When the material of the costume is silk, these scallops are piped with velvet, and when it is velvet, silk is used for the piping, and the silk is often of a contrasting color. One exquisite dress (scarcely suitable for our working country, but which we describe, in order to show the style) was of prune velvet, scalloped out at the edges, and the scallops corded with paleblue corded silk. The style was original, and it was in exquisite taste. The petticoat was bordered with a scalloped flounce, the open tunic was looped up at the sides, the bodice had deep basques, likewise scalloped out at the edges, and over it was worn a China crepe sash, fastened at the back. Very frequently a fringe is added below the scallops with good effect. An iron-gray poplin dress, scalloped out with black velvet, forms a very distinguished toilet.

Some of the newest dresses are made without tunics, and the skirts flounced up to the waist. In some cases the flounces are bias, trimmed at the bottom, and put on with a cord; in other cases they are box-platted, and again they are scalloped, and corded with velvet, like the dress just described. Of course, these flounces must all be narrow, and there is but little difference between the width of the lower ruffle and the upper one. In these dresses the body has a deep basque, and is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FOR THE LAST TWO WINTERS BLACK BONNETS have been almost universally worn, but this winter they are trimmed with color. A pink feather, a blue feather, or a flower of some bright shade is invariably added to a black bonnet. Colored bonnets are also more general; and for full dress occasions, pale-blue and bright-pink velvet bonnets are coming into vogue. Bonnets composed of two colors are also fashionable, as pearl-gray, ruby velvet, maroon velvet, and light-blue satin; black velvet and pluk satin, etc.

High Hars, somewhat like the Tyrolean in form, are extremely pretty covered with plain black velvet, and ornamented with a tuft of black feathers, a square, jet buckle fastening down a black gros grain roll of ribbon. Bonness intended for demi-teilet wear are trimmed occasionally with either hawk's or pheasant's feathers, arranged as a coronet in front, and turning flat over the crown, not upright, as it was the fashion formerly to arrange them in hats.

LACE is much used for ovening dress, put on in all the devices that fancy may suggest. It trims tunics, forms flounces vandykes, spirals, side trimmings, etc., according to the quantity of lace, or the wish of the wearer.

Weeaths and Half-Wreaths are again becoming fashionable for the hair, in place of the single flower or spray of flowers so long worn.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Blue Poplin for a Small Boy.—The front is made with a plain piece, niedly fitting, which gives it the appearance of a double-breasted dress, and is trimmed with two rows of black relvet buttons. The bottom of the dress is braided with black silk braid.

Fig. II.—Dress of Gray Cashmere for a Young Girl.— The skirt has one deep, full-plaited flounce. The mantle is; of gray cashmere also, reaching half way down the skirt has a double cape, open at the back, and is scalloped out, and bound with black velvet; a row of black velvet heads the scallops, and a bow with long ends is placed at the back of the neck.

Fig. III.—FRONT OF THE DRESS AND MANTLE just described. Fig. IV.—BACK OF THE BOY'S DRESS, (Fig. I.)—It will be seen that the basque is cut up the back, that the dress is full behind, and that it is all finished with black silk braiding.

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IN THE FOREST.

[See the Story.

Filit March



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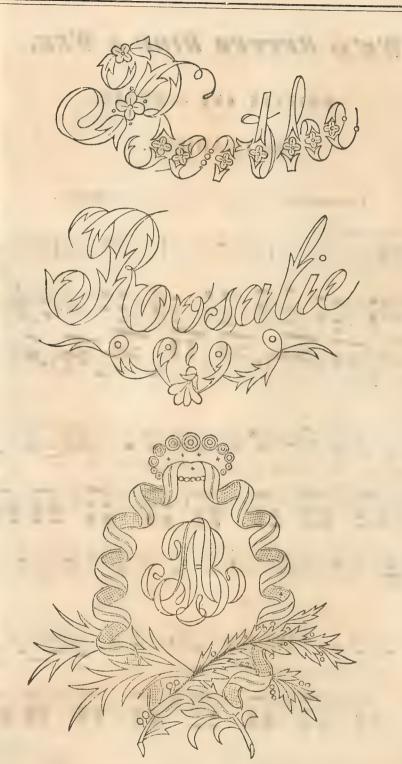


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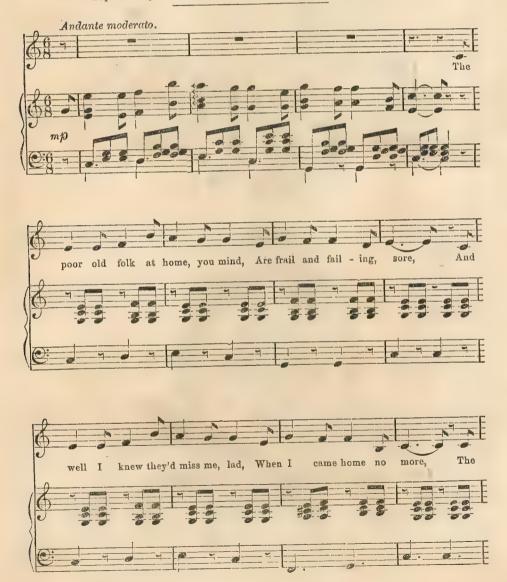
NAMES FOR MAREING. MONOGRAM IN HANDKERCHIEF-CORNER.

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

By CLARIBEL.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Gurden Street, Philadelphia.







RIDING-HABIT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXI.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1872.

No. S.

CALIFORNIA COUSIN.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

SYDNEY STANDISH was at her writing-desk, and this is what she was writing:-

"DEAR MR. MELLVILLE, -I have been dared to write you; and if you remember me, I was never the one to shrink from any challenge.

"But now, what shall I say? I am utterly at a loss to begin a correspondence. Shall I tell you about Mayville, papa's business, or mysulf?

"I shall not ask you to come and see us, although I am sure you would admire Mayville, because I want you to follow the inclination of your own sweet will. I can, however, promise you, if you do come, buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and mustins for tea. The mustins are always composed by my own painstaking fingers, the buckwheat cakes are presided over by aunt Sally, the cook.

" Mayville has just received an accession, in the person of the Rev. John Newton. Besides a distinguished name, he has a distinguished presence. He is six feet high, and not a bit awkward, which is as good as any number of accomplishmeats. He is very agreeable to all of us, though I think he pays special respect to my musias. He looks well in the pulpit, is carnest and good; we are all very proud of him, and some of us, I dare say, very fond of him.

"It is ten long years since I have seen you. Mayville has grown up in that time, and added a factory to her other attainments.

"I believe I have nothing more to say, so sign myself your willful cousin,

"S. L. STANDISH."

Sydney Standish folded, enveloped, and stamped the letter, laughing to herself all the time. Then she ran to the glass, shook her brown hair into order, and tripped down to the parlor. A demure but rather pretty girl sat at the piano, practising. Sydney held up the letter.

"Syd! you never have been so reckless!" cried Sally Standish, rising and going toward

"I have written to Mr. Mellville, and the letter will go to-night," was the laughing reply.

"Syd, I'm ashamed of you," said Sally, and her cheeks flushed red.

"Now don't you worry, you dear, good, proper sister; and just let me have my little fun; you're not to be responsible."

A week passed, and then came the following reply, written in a business hand:-

"MY DEAR COUSIN,-I felt quite honored by your kind favor. My business has been very pressing, and I could not answer you before. I remember you as a child, very well, Notwithstanding you will not ask me to visit you, I have made up my mind that I shall come out sometime next month, and renew our acquaintance.

"As you say, it is ten long years since I have seen you, but you also know that much of that time has been spent abroad. I did not forget my little cousin when in Paris, I assure you, and, in childish parlance, shall bring you something pretty. "ill we meet, au revoir.

"J. C. MELLVILLE."

Sydney laughed and blushed over this letter. She hardly dared to show it to Sally.

"Who would ever have thought," she murmured, "that he would take it all so seriously? And he is actually coming, and Oh! I can't let Sally see it; she will be wild. It seems just like asking for a gift. What shall I do? I.e. evidently thinks Sally wrote the letter."

Sydney's cogitations resulted in another letter:

"DEAR MR. MELLVILLE,-I was so much pleased with your reply: You pardoned my boldness, and are actually coming to see dear little Mayville. It seems such a pity that we are all going away the first of next month. Of course, the house will be at your service.

Vol. LXI.-12

"You say you remember me. You have no idea how plain I have grown. So you will not miss much in not meeting me. Pray pardon my impertinence, (I know it seems such, writing to one who is comparatively a stranger,) and believe me, respectfully yours,

"S. L. STANDISH."

"There, he won come now, certainly," she murmured, "although it is too bad he has neglected Sally so, when he knows what is expected of him. And she likes him, too, the foolish girl; and is so very angry that I have written him. The next time Frank dares me, I'll be more careful what I do."

In due time came an answer.

"Dear Cousin,—Yours received, and I thank you kindly for writing me again. Your permanship is beautiful. You say you have grown plain. I have seen your photograph within a month, and I must frankly acknowledge that I think you have, though this kind of picture seldom does the sitter justice; yet allow me to add that there is a frank, kind look in your face, and a deal of character.

"I was so sorry you are going away after this month. It will be quite as convenient to me to come at once. So I will run down on Saturday, and stay over Sunday. Yours, devotedly,

"J. C. MELLVILLE."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sydney, growing first pale, and then red. "He is coming, and there's no time to stop him now. He will expect to find Sally, knowing nothing about me, his wild, western cousin. He will speak to her about the letters, and then she will tell him they were mine; and I have never seen him—only his photograph. And he's not a bit handsome; and I — Well, I know I am, and Sally is plain; and, oh, dear! what an awful muss! What shall

Sydney was unaccountably silent that day over Monday, and till the week wand the next. There was no help for it, she thought. Mellville would think her a bold, silly girl for writing to somebody she had never seen, they had been engaged ten years.

and who had always been looked upon as Sally's particular property.

She pored over the photograph.

What a pity that he was so plain—a little, short, thin man, with black whiskers.

On Saturday, oddly enough, Sally was to spend the day by the bedside of a sick friend. Sydney staid at home, trembling.

At four o'clock a chaise drove up to the door. Sydney peeped from the half-closed blinds of the upper window.

Out sprang an Adonis—the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life; and as tall as the new minister, only broader in the shoulders. His chestnut curls shone like gold in the sun.

Down went Sydney, her dark, gypsy face all on fire with blushes.

"Cousin Sally!" exclaimed the Adonis, and then stopped.

"But you are not cousin Joe," cried Sydney. "I should think you were thirty, at least," she added, impulsively.

"And I don't believe you are cousin Sally," he said, laughingly. "I'm not Joe, but John."

"And I'm not Sally, but Sydney," said the girl, growing radiant. "You must be the California cousin."

"And you must be the Minnesota cousin. My initial's are the same as Joe's; that's why I happened to get the letter. I'm glad of it."

"And my initials are the same as Sally's," responded Sydney; "and I'm glad—no, I'm not; yes, I am, I mean."

John had to guess what she meant, for she stopped abruptly. Directly, he asked her if they were to have muffins for tea. That broke the ice. Sydney laughed, and chatted, and sang, and told stories about her wild, Minnesota home—and John fell in love with her then and there.

Long before Sally returned everything was explained. John staid over Sunday, and then over Monday, and till the week was out. At the end of that time he and Sydney were engaged. And they were as happy and comfortable as if they had been engaged ten years.

STORM AND CALM.

BY M. COLE.

Over a troubled sea
A lone bird flying;
Under that troubled sea
The sad day dying.

Over a troubled sky
The storm-clouds flying;
Under that troubled sky
A sad heart crying.

Over a new-made grave
A heart's-ease blowing;
Under that little grave
No tears are flowing.

Over that quiet grave
The day is breaking;
Under the smile of God
An angel waking.

THE FOREST. TN

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Neilson, a countryman of yours."

The speaker was Miss Ernest, the hostess, and this was Adelaide's re-introduction to the man she had once loved so madly, and whom she had not seen for six years.

In those now far-off days, Adelaide, for two months, had dreamed as bright a dream of happiness as one could wish. She and Clarke Neilson had not been absolutely engaged, but she believed he loved her, and she was expecting the formal avowal, when she was told, and on what she thought unexceptionable authority, that he had gone to Baltimore to marry a Miss Somebody, a great belle, and a greater heiress. Just at this juncture, too, Mr. Goulburne proposed for her, and, like many another of her sax, she accepted him, in a fit of mortification, pique, and revenge.

Mr. Goulburne was a banker in Paris, and was in a hurry to get back to his affairs. So the wedding came off soon, and poor Adelaide did not discover she had been lied to, till it was too late. It was at the wedding-breakfast, when she saw Clarke appear, and beheld the fury and pain in his eyes, that she discovered the truth. Alas! that look haunted her, all the way across the Atlantic, and for months afterward.

It could not be a very happy marriage after this; but it was, at least, a decently decorous one; and when, three years after, Mr. Goulburne died, Adelaide put on mourning for him, and went to live quietly at Fontainbleau till his affairs would be settled.

For it was yet uncertain whether she would be a rich widow, or have only a smill pittance, besides the house she occupied. Les Chataines. as it was called, was a pretty affair enough, close to the great forest; but what good would it do to h r, if she should not have money enough to live in it?

There was a croquet party at one of the neighbors, for Fontainbleau was full of English and American residents, and Mrs. Goulburne had put off mourning for the first time, when she thus met Clarke Neilson. She thought, at first, she would faint; but women have wonderful command over themselves, and, in a moment, she was talking as easily and naturally as if she had never seen this handsome, agreeable stranger before. On his part, Clarke Neilson, whatever he

"OH! Mrs. Goulburne, how late you are! Mr. ; felt, managed also to hide it. He was rather indifferent, yet perfectly well-bred-too well-bred and indifferent, Adelaide angrily said to herself.

Days passed. Mrs. Goulburne had often wished, in justice to herself, that Clarke should know how she had been deceived. She now hoped that the time had come for an explanation; but no opportunity presented itself. At last, one morning, when Clarke called at Les Chataines, she happened to speak of a month spent at Trenton Falls, where she had first met him, and related some incident connected with a ball, ending with, "But I dare say you have forgotten it-its such ages ago."

"Oh, no!" he answered. "I've forgotten nothing connected with that season. I was fearfully in love with you in those days," he continued, dryly. "Bless you, you were my first real passion!" He finished with a cynical laugh.

She did not know how to reply. He went on directly.

"I sometimes look upon the youth I was, in those days, as a sort of younger brother, somebody quite different from myself, and I pity him, wondering how he could get up such enthusiasm, and be so silly."

A flush of color swept over Adelaide's cheek. She was filled with resentment and shame. Did he think she was seeking to lead him on? Was this sharp thrust designed to show how useless it would be?

"It must have amused you very much! You were virtually older than I," he continued, "for girls of eighteen are always older than men of twenty-three!"

"I remember they were pleasant days," she found voice, at last, to say, speaking as calmly as if the whole thing was a matter of indifference; for, evidently, if an explanation was ever to come, this was not the time for it, nor Clarke's present mood the one in which to listen to it.

"I wonder I ever forgave you," he broke out, now, in a tone totally unlike his former drawl. "You almost broke my heart-you---"

"Oh, Clarke!" she interrupted, almost before she was aware.

The fire died out of his eyes, the passion from his face. Once more that cynical laugh broke

"How like a dunce I talk!" he said. "I be-

lieve, when one begins to speak about an old tenderness, one unconsciously gets theatrical. But I'll not, at least this time, over such a dead bit of romance."

What a horrible mockery to his hearer. For one instant, after she uttered his name, she had thought that the time for an explanation had come, after all; but his sneering laugh, his bitter words, had dissipated that hope again. She could make no reply. She was too near a burst of passionate weeping. And she was hot and angry with thinking what conclusions he was putting on her silence.

"We're both older and wiser," he said "We'el be the best of friends, of course. You shall tell me all your flirtations, and I'll make myself useful, besides getting your help in my search for my blonde innocent, whom I mean to find."

"Don't get on so fast," she replied, having now got control of herself again; and she laughed too; very sweet and musical it was. "Flirtations don't come in my way; but I promise you may help. I've an Album of blonde beauties—come and tell me what is most to your taste."

Idly turning over the pages, Mrs. Goulburne accidentally pushed out of the volume a picture that had not yet been fastened in its place. It fell on the table. Neilson extended his hand, and took it up. As he did so, Adelaide glanced at it, and said,

"Oh! that's my special beauty and pet, Cecile Bernus."

To her surprise, Neilson gave a little start, and absolutely changed color. It was all over in a breath. He was looking calmly at the picture, and beginning to say something, which Adelaide did not hear, in her eagerness to assure herself that he had really started and changed color.

"Did you ever see her?" she asked.

"I was just telling you I met her first in New York," he replied. "After that, I had the good fortune to cross on the same steamer"

"Oh! indeed," said Adelaide, "and where is she now?"

"In England at present."

"I have owed her a letter for ages. Perhaps you could give me her address."

Adelaide spoke so naturally, that only a woman, and a clever one at that, would have discovered she was setting a little trap to find out how far his acquaintance went.

"Milford Lodge, near Leamington," he re-

"I must write it," observed Mrs. Goulburne; "my memory is not so good as yours."

"I have visited at the place scores of times,"

he answered; "it belongs to Charley Bertis, an old friend of mine."

Then, before long, he went away, and Adelaide was conscious of a feeling of pique, and told herself that she was as silly and vain as other women, since she could not bear to discover that a man who had ever cared for her was able to talk in her presence about the possibility of liking somebody else. And in his case, Cecile Bernus was evidently the somebody else, and Adelaide went out for a solitary walk, to think the matter over, and surprised herself by a crying fit, and began to wonder if the world was coming to an end; that she, who never indulged in such nousense, should have turned into a Niobe.

Then she concluded to be honest with herself, and, having made a beginning, she was so with a purpose, and discovered that even after this great lapse of time, Clarke Neilson was not the same to her as another man; that the old dream had only lain perdu under the interests and duties of these past years. She acknowledged to herself, that it was well to know the truth—look it full in the face from the first, and thereby be spared the possibility of making a fool of herself, or having to suffer weeks or months of pain.

"For," she thought, "I've had my share. At least, I don't need to run in the way of it. Now there's no danger. He's engaged—at all events he's in love with Cecile—and the rest will follow. I'm very glad of it."

There was a general meeting that night of the little coterie, and Mrs. Goulburne flashed into such brilliancy, that they all wondered they had never discovered how handsome she was, and argued whether it was her dress, some artful combination of mauve and white, thin, fleecy and soft, or her being in such high spirits that made her face so youthful and fair.

What Clarke Neilson thought it was not easy to discover, from his careless eyes and lazy manner. But he devoted himself to Adelaide, and when the evening was over, she might have agreed with a whisper from some friend that it looked like a flirtation, only he had talked to her as if she were his sister or his confessor, and not as a woman to be thought of in the way of equetries.

But after a day or two, she ceased to think of such things, and they got on admirably. They quarrelled a great deal, it is true; but there are certain kinds of acquaintance, in which quarrels give half the life and piquancy.

I fear that, for a time, just a few days, Adelaide forgot how he had mortified her; forgot the start and conscious look at the name of her beautiful blonde friend; in fact, just forgot to think at all, and floated on in a pleasant dream, suited to the lovely June hours.

It was a Tuesday evening; Neilson had spent the whole morning with her; she was to meet him again after a little at her next neighbors. She was strolling about the grounds in the soft twilight, humming snatches of song, half-unconsciously going over the long, pleasant hours of the morning—not questioning or probing her heart—just happy with neither rhyme or reason.

And down by the gates she saw Antoine, formerly in her employment, now a servant at the house where Neilson was visiting; and Antoine stood stock still, in the middle of the white, dusty road, and stared so helplessly at a letter in his hand, that it was evident if he did not get help in some quandary, he would shortly end in becoming utterly imbecile.

"What is the matter, Antoine?" she asked. Antoine threw up his hands, called, in thankfulness, on his patron saint, and became voluble at once.

Madame had saved him a long walk; she was always a guardian angel! Monsieur Neilson had given him two letters—one to leave for the American gentleman in the village, the other to drop in the post-office box; he feared he had confused them—he could not read the American writing; he had left the wrong letter at the inn, and must have a walk of a mile to be certain; only madame appeared like—like—He nearly choked himself in his efforts to find a worthy comparison. To prevent such a catastrophe, madame took the letter from his hand—looked at the direction—

"A mademoiselle!"

"Mademoiselle Cecil Bernus,
"Hotel du Louvre,
"Paris."

She gave the letter back, very quickly.

"That is the one for the post, Antoine," she said. "Good-night; I hope the good wife was well when you heard," and was gone before Antoine had fairly begun his expressions of gratitude.

Mrs. Goulburne did not appear in her neighbor's salon until rather late; but she was gay and delightful, when she did come, and she allowed Clarke Neilson to make himself as devoted as he would, and he went a long way, as men will. He even walked across the grounds with her to her own door.

And alone in her room Adelaide thought,

"I was right; he did mean to firt with me; he is angry at me still; he wanted to punish me for the wrong he thinks I did him. I'm sorry; I hoped he was better than other men, or women, for that matter! And I suppose I've listened and been flattered, these last days, and he has amused himself with thinking how he would punish me! Fate must have sent Antoine in the way! I have had my mean out! I don't believe anybody noticed anything. It's all plain now! You shan't have the best of me, Clarke! I'll make you own I'm not a goose, not ill-natured; and, when it's all settled, I'll show I'm not a coward, for I'll tell you the truth.''

She sat down and wrote a letter, and the superscription was identical with that on the epistle Antoine gave her to decipher.

The next day Mrs. Goulburne was too busy to see any one; the next, she had gone out to pay visits; so Neilson learned, on both occasions, when he called at the villa.

The third afternoon there came a nitle note for him, in an well remembered hand, and it asked him to come to Les Chataines to a quiet dinner. He was ready enough to comply, and as he entered the drawing-room, filled with the pleasant gloom of twilight, Mrs. Goulburne came forward to meet him—said a few pleasant words—took his arm—drew him on, and he stood before Cecile Bernus.

There was great astonishment on his part. Adelaide floated off to her other guests, and Cecile had an opportunity to explain that Mrs. Goulburne had written her such a warm, urgent letter to come down for a few days, that she could not refuse the invitation. Then the pair exchanged a few mysterious words about letters—then some odd talk, which might be intelligible to them, but Greek to anybody else.

For the following day, an excursion through the beautiful old forest was planned, as it was unknown ground to Miss Bernus. A merry, pleasant day they had, but it is only with a single incident that we have to do. Adelaide had taken pains that Cecile and Clarke should have numerous opportunities for quiet talks; but as dusk came on, and the carriages began to take up their loads, Mrs. Goulburne preferred to be among the number that walked to the gate, and coolly asked Neilson to be her escort.

They were quite alone. Other couples were straying somewhere near, but not in sight. Only, in the distance, Adelaide's carriage was moving slowly along, within hail in case she grew tired of walking.

She and Clarke, and her little pet dog, were alone, and the dog was too busy hunting an imaginary rabbit to notice. The low breeze sighed softly among the stately trees of the broad avenue. The two seemed quite solitary for the moment. Giving herself no time to think, Adelaide said,

- "Now you may thank me—haven't I been goodnatured?"
- "Yes," he answered. But he was far from knowing what she meant.
- "You weren't quite fair, or nice," she went on, "but you thought you had reason, so I am not angry. I've known, for sometime, that you were engaged to Cecile. I congratulate you! Now I can make my confession, and you'll not think so badly of me."

He had begun to speak, but checked himself, and loosened her hand from his arm, and now stood still, with his face turned away.

"You thought, in the old days, I firsted with you. I want you to know the contrary. I was made to believe it was you who had left me in a ridiculous position. Its all over long ago: but I think you did care for me a little, and—and now that you are happy and content, I'm not too proud to want you to know the truth and cease being angry with me."

It was all out—nothing very formidable; she trusted that she had kept her secret. The next instant Clarke Neilson was holding her two hands and saying,

"I am not engaged to Miss Bernus, but my happy! There, I'm off now cousin is, and I forward his letters to her, as her want to talk. Good night."

uncle cannot abide him, and at present she chooses to keep her own secret."

Adelaide was wondering if she could die, or sink into the earth, to get out of her absurd plight. Then she heard him say,

"You were right—I did love you. I was angry—but I loved you all the same—and still do! Good heavens, Adelaide! couldn't you see, these past days—ever since we first met, when I tried to play indifferent and failed! Don't you know, Adelaide, I love you? How is it to be—may. I hope? And you did care—you——"

There was nothing very intelligible or coherent after that for sometime. The carriage was out of sight—the groups back mercifully lingered; they had at least half an hour to themselves, then the sound of laughing voices roused them, and they walked quietly, thoughtfully on toward the gates.

And at bedtime, that night, Cecile Bernus went into her hostess' room and astonished her by an unexpected embrace.

"So it's all settled," said she; "he told me—don't be vexed! He had told me long before of his disappointment. I know you will be very happy! There, I'm off now—I know you don't want to talk. Good night."

ADJUSTMENT.

BY MARIA S. LADD.

Grave and sweet, grave and sweet, Seemeth my love to me. T'me hurries on in measures fleet, When he is sitting at my feet; For love is his minstrelsy.

All day long, all day long,

"Till eve, when he comes to me;
I sing to my heart a pleasant song,
And cheerful fancies around me throng;
For you see, I still am free.

Sweet and grave, sweet and grave,—
And yet, it seems to me,
Though loyal and loving he is, and brave;
He never can be another's slave,
He will his master be.

Yet so true, good and true,
What matters it then to me?
I would not have him like morning dew,
For others to see this flower through;
So, I think we will agree.

EVENING PRAYER.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

BENEATH life's burdens bending, Now, at the close of day, With grief and sorrow laden; Oh, God! for help we pray.

The shadows fall around us,

Deeper and deeper still;

Yet though our steps are fainting,

Help us to do Thy will.

The sky is dark above us, No glimpse of the star is seen, The path is long and dreary; On Thee alone we lean.

In weeping and in sorrow, Until life's day be done; The cross that we are clasping, Must we still bear it on?

What though the spirit qualleth;
Oh, Lord!" Thy will be done;"
For us, the cross and passion,
Was borne by Thy dear Son.

THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124.

CHAPTER IX.

I WOKE, at an early hour, the next morning, aroused by a great outery in the village. What could have happened? I dressed hurriedly and went forth. Were the king's palaces on fire? Had an insurrection broken out.

In a few minutes I had made my way into the crowd, and asked the first person I knew, what was the matter?

He was one of the royal guards, and was already marshaling his men, but he stopped a moment to answer me.

"A monster," he said; "a great sea-monster has appeared off the coast. Messengers have come by royal express to tell the king; for the people, at the mouth of the river, fear it will land and devour them. The whole army is ordered out, the guards to lead the way."

The mouth of the river, thus spoken of, was at the end of the great valley, which stretched away, as I have said, from my dwelling, down to the distant sea. It was the only place, on the whole island, which was really accessible from the ocean; nowhere else was there a harbor; and as it was but a small land-locked cove, strangers might pass it easily unobserved. The royal messengers alluded to were a body of trained runners, who conveyed information on matters of state with inconceivable rapidity. They had now brought intelligence from the coast, in an hour and a half, which would have taken more than three hours by the ordinary methods.

"What sort of a monster?" said I, to the officer, thinking of the stories I had read of the kraken, and sea-serpent, and other hydras of the deep, for I knew the islanders were familiar with the whale, and that it could not be this. "Did the messenger describe it?"

"No, except in the vaguest way," answered the officer. "But it has wings, great white wings like a gigantic bird; it is alive, for it moves back and forth on the sea; they fear it will rise from the water, fly to land, and devour the people."

A monster with great white wings like a bird! What could this be but a ship? Why had I not thought of it at first? Here was a mode of deliverance, opportunely offered, at the very crisis of my fate. For the vessel, from what the officer said about its moving to and fro, must be lying

off and on, in order to communicate with the shore. My resolutions were taken immediately. I would go directly with the royal guards. I would claim the protection of the first boat's crew that came ashore. My escape was certain

In the revulsion from the mental tortures, in which I had spent an almost wholly sleepless night; in the gush of gratitude to a pitying Providence, which had interposed, as it seemed now, in this miraculous way, I rushed back into the house, fell on my knees, and with tears in my eyes, I am not ashamed to say it, thanked God for his mercy.

I had just risen to my feet, when I heard a rustling at one of the mats, and going to it, found a messenger from Tootaha.

"The king," said the new-comer, salaaming low, "especially desires your presence. A terrible dragon, with wings, threatens the coasts, and his majesty—the gods give him strength in battle—is going with his royal guards, and a great army, to exterminate the monster, if it should attempt to land. He seeks your counsel and aid, oh! mighty sir, and would have you accompany him to the mouth of the river."

My heart leapt up at this message. I had secretly feared that the king might forbid my leaving the village, and, if so, I knew it would be nearly impossible to evade the guards set over me. But now my way was clear!

"You have heard of this terrible winged-serpent," said his majesty, who was already at the head of his troops, and in marching trim, as I went forth the second time. "Now, my son, is the time for you to show the courage that I know you to possess; for we shall probably have a great battle; and I wish my people to see that I have chosen wisely in a husband for my daughter, and in the future ruler of this realm."

I was on the point of telling the monarch that the monster was only a harmless ship; but I reflected that, if I did, he might suspect my intention to escape, and leave me behind; so I made no remark, but marched silently on by his side. As we left the village, our course led by the apartments of the royal women, and conspicuous among a group of white-robed, tearful spectators, who waved their hands, and bade us a successful expedition, I saw the tall and grace-

183

ful figure of Obeira, and recognized her shy, tender gesture of farewell to myself. As I saw it, and thought of her love, I felt almost a villain.

We marched with great rapidity, and having left the royal residence, when the sun was not yet two hours high, reached the mouth of the river considerably before noon. As we turned the side of the precipitous hill, that shut in the little, sheltered cove, and the view opened out seaward, I caught sight, as I had expected, of a ship in full sail, with a flag flying, that, even at that distance, I recognized as the stars and stripes.

Travelers have often said, that, in a foreign land, nothing brings the heart into their throat, or the tears into the eyes, so quickly as the unexpected sight of their national flag. It is the representative of home, love, country, everything that is dearest: its subtle associations, its magnetic appeals go straight to the soul. If such is the effect on an ordinary traveler, imagine what the sight of that flag was to me! It was all that it could be to others; but it was liberty also, it was escape from a life-long thraldom.

The time had now come to tell the truth about this strange visitor.

"This is no sea-monster, oh, king!" I said. "It is, on the contrary, one of those ships of which I have spoken. It means you no harm."

The monarch looked at it long and attentively, partly, I have no doubt, to satisfy himself that my explanation was correct, and partly also attracted by the novelty and beauty of the spectacle. For the ship was no ordinary trading vessel, but a forty-gun frigate, and, as the breeze was light, she had everything set that would draw. She was coming toward us on the starboard tack, and it was a splendid sight to see her dark-hull, and above it the tiers on tiers of canvas, foresail, foretop-sail, foretop-gallantsail, fore-royal, and sky-sail, with jibs and staysails in addition, a living pyramid of life and motion! Very soon she were, and the precision and quickness with which this manœuvre was executed made me exclaim with delight. First, as if by the movement of a single hand, all her fore-sails came around, and, for one moment, we saw them directly at right-angles to the mainsails and mizzen-sails. Then, as they filled and drew, her head came sweeping about, the other sails filled, and she fell off on the opposite tack. As she did this, a jet of fire leaped forth, a puff of smoke shot out, and the report of a heavy gun was heard, as if the officer of the deck, seeing the sudden accession to the crowd on shore, had fired it as a salute of konor.

bered, that the islanders were ignorant of the use of powder, and when, therefore, they saw the flash and heard the detonation, they fell on their faces in terror, only the king remaining standing. Even he seemed disturbed, but he looked at me, and my glance re-assuring him, he turned to the captain of his guard and harshly reproached him and his men for cowardice.

"Now I see that you tell the truth in everything," said Tootaha, turning to me. "You have spoken of these fire-arrows before, as well as of the ship, but though I thought the ship possible, I did not believe the other could be. What a great people your people are! Now, inform us, as you doubtless can, why they shot this thunder and lightning at us?"

44 It was as a welcome, I suppose," was my re-"They saw your majesty, with your guards arrive, and they fired what we call a salute of honor. It may have been also to ask you to send off a canoe, for they do not know that you have none."

"Good," answered the king. "I Will they send a little ship to us? You say every one of these big canoes carries several little ones."

"I think they will, if you make signals. Let them see," I added, unintentionally flattering the monarch, "that you have no hostile intentions, and they will come ashore."

I said this, because I began to fear that the captain of the frigate, knowing that he was before a strange island, might have doubts as to the pacific intentions of the inhabitants, and might, therefore, hesitate about sending a boat ashore.

For the first time, that day, Tootaha showed signs of suspicion. He was flattered, however, by what I had said.

"Ah! they fear us," he said. "They think we have hostife intentions. We have none, as the gods know; but why should we meet strangers? If they wish to make our acquaintance," he added, with the pride of a true savage, "let them come ashore themselves."

What should I do? I would have made a signal secretly, but after what the king had said, I knew it would be at the cost of my life. My doubts and fears and hopes, however, were soon solved, and by an incident that was quite out of my control.

All day, clouds had been gathering among the higher peaks of Tolulah, and now they began to descend into the valleys and to portend a storm. The sky, overhead, became overcast; black darkness fell on the landscape; a wild wind arose; great drops of rain began to fall. Then The effect was ludicrous. It must be remem- { the lightning flashed and the thunder bellowed.

Such a storm is always more sudden and terrible in the tropics than anywhere else, and more intense among hills than in a country of plains. On this occasion, the clouds seemed to cling to the mountains, on either side of the valley, and to discharge their artillery at each other, like hostile armies; while the wind, drawn down the narrow passage, as through a funnel, blew with a sudden and terrible violence, that is inconceivable to an inhabitant of temperate climes.

I noticed, from the way the frigate was handled, that her captain had foreseen the storm; for, all at once, the men swarmed into the rigging, the excess of sail was got in, and the ship was made snug and trim. The last I saw of her, just before the squall from the hills struck her, and enveloped her in its black, impenetrable folds, she was under almost bare poles. Then the dark bank of clouds shut in around her, and I beheld her no more.

The tempest lasted for nearly two hours. Rain and hail came down in torrents; the lightning blazed; the thunder crashed; the great trees swayed; nothing was heard but the hiss of the tempest and the reverberations of the electric explosions among the hills. Then the immediate storm passed away. But the thunder had been, as is so often the case in the tropics, only the precursor of a change in the temperature, and a violent gale followed, that blew, without cessation, for two days. It blew, also, directly off shore.

When the hail-storm cleared away nothing could be seen of the frigate. She had evidently put her helm down, and run before the gale, in order to make an offing. The last we saw of her, as I have said, was when the squall shut her in.

We remained at the cove for nearly a week, in order, as the king said, to see if the frigate returned. But the hurricane had probably blown her so far out of her course, that her captain either could not, or cared not to, retrace his steps.

Thus ended my short-lived hope of escape from Tolulah. Only three weeks, were now left to me. Imagine the feelings of despair with which I went back to the royal capital.

CHAPTER X.

I HAD not seen Oberia, in all this time, for more than a week. We arrived late at night, and knowing that it would be expected of me, I pought her in the morning.

I found her among her maidens, who were spinning and weaving: she directing their labors, in person, like Penelope in the Odyssey. I have rorget to say that the cotton-plant appeared to be

indigenous in the island, and that the natives understood how to work its fibres up into thread and afterward to weave it into cloth. It was always a problem to me how the Tolulans knew so little, and yet so much. Some of the arts of civilized life they carried to a perfection as great as is seen in Europe and America: others they appeared to be entirely ignorant of: in short, they reminded me, in their ignorance, as well as in their knowledge, of the ancient Etruscans: and like the Etruscans it was on the cesthetic side of their nature, rather than on the merely material, that their intellect and taste seemed to be developed.

Obeira rose to receive me, with a shy, conscious look, quite different from anything I had seen before. She knew now that she loved me, not as a brother, as she had innocently thought, but in quite a different capacity; her native modesty had taken the alarm in consequence; she could no longer be unrestrained in my presence; it was for me to seek, not for her. Strange, wonderful change, that comes over a maiden, often when not even a word has been said, on either side.

The interview would have been embarrassed if it had continued long. But we had scarcely exchanged greetings, I had not yet relinquished the hand so shyly and blushingly extended to me, when her father made his appearance,

"I have been thinking, all night, of your boat," he said. "Now that I have seen a ship, such as you have so often talked of, I am all impatience to possess one of my own. How soon will it be possible to finish the one you have begun? It would be a grand thing," he added, flinging himself on one of the mats, and looking, with a meaning smile, first at me, and then at his daughter, "if we could celebrate a certain event, by taking a sail in your canoe. My people would then see, in spite of their prejudices, that I had not done wrong in giving Obeira to a stranger."

I looked, in some confusion, toward the sweet girl. But with the modesty, that is instinctive in the sex, she had slipped away at the first words of this speech.

"Well, well," continued the king, observing her flight, "all women are alike. Her mother was just the same. But we love them the better for it," he added, as if he had been a Major Pendenis, at the club-window in St. James street. "A bold, brazen demeanor disgusts us with the sex. However," he added, #4 to come back to the boat. How long, if we do our best, will it be, before the cance can be finished?"

Here, unexpectedly, was a new prospect of escape opened to me! If; by any means, the

boat could be finished before the month was past, I might yet hope to reach my native land. All the minor difficulties, including the almost impossibility of secreting provisions, seemed as nothing. If I could only get the canoe launched, all the rest appeared comparatively easy.

"Give me men enough," I replied, "and I will guarantee that the canoe shall be finished within the three weeks, if not sooner. It is, as your majesty knows, simply an affair of men. The more laborers, the more work: cover the canoe with workmen, and the thing is done in a few days; get the men, therefore, and I will teach them what to do."

"Good! You shall have men enough, a thousand, if you wish," answered Tootaha, speaking like a Pharoah. "What are the common people made for but to serve the state?"

The king immediately sent out his officers to seize, and bring in, laborers; and before night all I needed had been collected. The next morning, by dawn, I was down again at the mouth of the river, superintending them at work. I did not confine myself to burning out the boat inside, and dressing it into shape outside. I set others to making a mast, others to manufacturing a sail, others to preparing cordage, others to shaping out oars. With the rude instruments at my command, it was slow work; but we made progress; and, at the end of the first week, I began to believe in success.

It was fortunate that I had personally to superintend this work, because this gave me an excuse for absenting myself from Obeira. With my present intentions, I could not seek her, without a feeling of treachery; and she was too dear to me, after all, for me to put her to needless pain, or to care to witness her suffering. Yet to avoid her openly would have been impossible. To say nothing of the anguish it would have caused her, such conduct would have aroused her father's suspicions; and I knew enough of his character, to be aware, that on the first revelation of my real designs, he would order me for execution without a moment's hesitation.

A dwelling had been set apart for me, at the cove, where I slept, during these labors. In the corner where my couch was spread, I secretly dug a deep hole, which I covered with the mats on which my bed was laid; and here I concealed provisions, from time to time, especially a peculiar jelly, as nourishing almost as essence of beef, which the islanders made. Of course, if I was detected, my ruin would follow. But I had only two weeks longer to wait; my dwelling was regarded as sacred; and the chances of discovery therefore, were small. The risk would come,

when the boat was finished, and I should make the attempt to carry my provisions to her. But a single dark night, I said to myrelf, would effect my purpose: and, fortunately, there would be no moon, when the time arrived for my escape.

Every few days, however, I had to go up to the royal village, in order to acquaint the king with my progress. At such times, of course, I saw Obeira. Her manner was always the same. Dear girl! no high-born maiden, bred in the straightest notions of conventional propriety, could have acted more discreetly than she did. She never for a moment, attempted to concerd her love; but she was never forward; and, happily, we were never long alone. Whether this was the result of accident, or whether her father had planned it, I do not know. But it was a priceless boon to me.

"If I was with her, and no one by, even for ten minutes," I often said to myself, "she would discover my treachery. A woman, when in love, cannot be deceived. Ah! what a scoundrel, yet an unintentional one, I have been."

For I felt, all this while, that the straightforward, honorable course would be to tell Obeira the truth. But how could I do it? I had not, if you choose, the courage. I fancied that a burst of tears from her would undo all my resolution. Strange and involved situation, in which I could only be true to myself, only keep firm to duty, by what otherwise would have been the basest treachery, and treachery continued from day to day!

Sometimes I even hesitated as to whether I had decided rightly. Again and again I went over the whole subject, as on the evening the king had surprised me with Obeira, and asked myself if I was not wrecking one faithful heart, without any certainty that I was cared for by another. Often a tender, pleading glance from the king's daughter—for she began occasionally to look as if she suspected my real purpose—smote me to the heart, and made me almost resolve to confess the truth, and stay with her forever.

"I see so little of you lately," she said, one day, timidly, yet hardly reproachfully, when we were left for a minute or two alone. "Does your boat really take up all your time?" Her eyes were raised to mine shyly, and she blushed in sweet confusion, as she continued: "I think father and you attach too much importance to haveing it finished by a certain—certain event. What difference will a week or two, sooner or later, make? There is nothing that can compensate for these long, oh! such long absences.

I often think of the dear days before—before this boat was talked of."

She leaned, with both hands, on my arm, and looked up into my face, pleadingly, as she spoke. I knew not what to say. My manner must have impressed her, for she suddenly dropped her hold on me, and regarded me, curiously, for a moment; then turned and walked away, as if offended. From that moment, I believe, she divined semething of my real purpose.

Meantime the boat approached completion. It wanted yet three days to the end of the month, when I sent word to the king, that the canoe was now ready for a trial trip. He returned for answer, by a messenger dispatched immediately, that he would come down to the launch, say the next morning, bringing with him Obeira, the high-priest, and various functionaries of his court, and that I must prepare to make the occasion a festival. The messenger also hinted, at the suggestion of the monarch, that the feast should be given in my dwelling, partly because it was the most spacious in the place, but principally to do the greater honor to the bride.

A few hours later, a train of servants arrived, loaded with delicacies for the table, and at the head of them the king's chief cook. There was no alternative but to accept this new and unaxpected risk. For it was in a corner of my apartment, it will be remembered, that I had hidden the stores for my voyage, and, if they should be discovered, my intentions would be, at once, suspected. Nor was it possible, at this late hour, to seek another place of concealment. I could only await events.

One thing I did do, however. I called together some laborers, and bade them line the bottom of the canoe with stones, for ballast, and over this to spread mats. Then, in the dead of the night, I arose, and taking the vessels for water, which I had already set aside, I filled them, and first being careful to assure myself that everybody was asleep, I carried the gourds to the boat, removed the stones, put the waterjugs on the very bottom, covered them with the stones, and laid the mats over all again.

"That is one risk the less," I said, when I had regained my couch in safety. "It will not now take more than half the time, to-morrow night, to get the food into the canoe. If I can escape detection during the feast, and have an hour at midnight, unobserved, I shall yet be safe."

CHAPTER XI.

THE morning broke bright and clear. Even for Tolulah it was an exceptionally beautiful day.

The air exhilarated one like delicate wine. The sun shone through a golden haze, as on a day in May on the Roman Campagna. The subtle odors from the tens of thousands of wild flowers that bloomed in the valley, and colored all the neighboring hill-sides, fill they seemed a blaze of flame, filled all the atmosphere.

At early dawn I was awake, and had servants decorating my dwelling. The house consisted, as did all in Tolulah, even those of the better sort, of one largeapartment. The floor was swept, and the walls and posts were profusely decorated with flowers. In the corner, where my stores were secreted, I left the pile of mats remaining, on which my couch was usually spread. Here I arranged a sort of divan, on which I intended to place Obeira. I could think of no other way of so effectually concealing what was beneath.

By sunrise the inhabitants from the neighboring hills began to crowd to the cove, for the fame of the launch had been hinted abroad, and thousands came pouring in from every quarter, some bitterly incredulous, and even the rest quite prepared to see a failure. They lined the waterside, and covered the slopes of the contiguous clevations. All were dressed in holiday attire: the men had feathers and paint, the women wore flowers in their hair.

The canoe was the first object visited by all. I had placed a guard about it, and allowed no one to approach too near. But everybody gazed at it curiously from a distance, and discussed the question whether such a new and strange invention was not tempting the vengeance of the gods. "To make a floating house, when it was never intended for man to live upon the water," said several, "is rank impiety." One or two old grayheads predicted the direst consequences, if the king should allow this "mohoda," "no good," to be launched.

The sun was about two hours high, when we heard the sound of the wild, strange music, affeeted by the islanders in their public processions; and immediately after, the king, with his royal escort, was seen descending the path from the hills. First came a few picked men, the tallest in his body-guard; then the musicians; then a score of white-robed priests, walking two and two, and in their center, the high-priest; then the king, attired in full panoply of state, and in stature, thews, and majesty of bearing, the noblest of all; then about fifty young virgins, in white, crowned with chaplets of flowers, surrounding the state palanquin in which Obeira was borne along; then other body-guards; and finally a great crowd of soldiers. As the procession moved on, the people fell on their faces before it, while heralds, appointed for the purpose, cried, "Make way for the great king, the father of his people, and for his daughter, the priestess of the sun and stars. Make way!"

There was to be a slight collation first; then the launch; then the trial-trip; and then a grand festival. I handed Obeira out of her palanquin. She met me with her usual sweet smile, but as I had not seen her for a week, I was struck by her altered appearance. Her eyes were heavy and sad, as if with secret tears; new and then there was a look in them like that of Guido's Cenci. But she replied to my inquiries after her health, by assuring me that nothing ailed her, and then turned the conversation immediately, by asking about the cance. As soon as I had replied, she proposed that we would go in to lunch, pleading fatigue on her part.

This was so unlike the gay, frank, healthful girl, who had crossed half the mountains on the island with me on foot, without fatigue, that my heart misgave me that everything was not right. Had she penetrated my secret, as I had already suspected once or twice before? Was she pining away in consequence? Or did this altered manner portend a change from love to jealousy, and a jealousy that was brooding, in some way, on rovenge?

I had no leisure to speculate on all this. My other guests had to be attended to, especially the king and the high-priest; and the king was impatient that the collation should be over, in order that he might witness the launch. I conducted Obeira accordingly to the seat prepared for her, and went myself to bring fruits and sweet-cakes for her, which I offered, as the custom was for a bridegroom elect, bending on one knee.

"This is rather a curious seat which you have assigned to me," she leaned forward and whispered. "It is unlike anything I have ever seen before. Why am I raised so much higher than the rest? It is the custom, I know," and she blushed, "to give a bride the mat of honor; but I never saw one arranged higher than the king's."

"It is what is called, in the East, that cradle of the world, of which I have often spoken, a divan," I replied. I bowed low as I spoke, not venturing to look her in the face, "It is there, beyond all others, the place of honor. I give it to you, even though the king is present, because, in my land, men are taught to treat women with even greater respect than monarchs."

"Ah!" she said, "is that so?" Then, as if only half convinced, she dropped a conversation, and I was only too glad to escape.

The launch was a success. My canoe glided off her ways without accident, shot into the water, and was then gracefully brought-to by the light cable affixed to the shore. Shouts of applause greeted this first achievement. Next, they boat was towed to a landing, which I had caused to be erected, and then I invited the monarch to enter first, for it would have been against etiquette for me to have preceded him.

This was the critical moment. If his courage had failed, if he had pronounced it "mohode," "no good," the thousand spectators, already prejudiced against it, would have fallen on it, and destroyed it in five minutes. He looked, for an instant, I thought, hesitatingly, at the highpriest, In justice to him, it must be remembered, he had never seen a human being in his life in a boat. How did he know that his weight would not sink it? How could he be sure that the gods would not consider him impious, for attempting it? For Tootaha to enter that boat required as much bravery as for Montgolfier to launch himself in his balloon, with this diffierence, that Montgolfier had faith in his invention, and Tootaha was taking a stranger's word on trust as to the safety of the venture.

He looked, hesitatingly, at the high-priest, as I have said, and then at Obeira. The face of the latter was immoveable. A single word from her, for or against it, would have decided the wavering monarch; but she would not give it. Whatever she thought she said not a word.

"Why should a great king be afraid?" said Tootaha, at last. "The gods," he added, addressing the high-priest, "you say, are not unpropitious!"

"They are not exactly unpropitious, oh, king. They give no opinion, one way or another. They will not answer the oracle at all."

"Then I enter, whether the gods be angry or not. On me, and not on my people, however, be the curse, if one is to fall."

All this time the vast crowd had been hanging, breathless, on the monarch's decision. Probably four out of every five persons present, would not have been surprised, if, when he stepped in, a bolt of lightning had smote him and me to the earth. But when nothing of this kind happened, and when the high-priest also, on my inviting him to precede me, bowed and entered, the great hush of suspense broke forth into a shout of admiration, which echoed and re-echoed among the hills around. While this huzza was still reverberating, I extended my hand to Obeira.

But she drew back.

"No," she said. "I will return to the house

and rest. Not that I am afraid," she added, proudly, mistaking my look. "But I have come a long distance, to-day; and I shall need repose before the great feast, by-and-by. My maidens will watch, out-side, while I sleep."

I was forced, therefore, with many an uneasy fear, to leave her on the shore, while we put off. She waited only long enough to see sail made on the cance, and to be assured, I suppose, of our safety, and then left the water-side, and disappeared within the privacy of my dwelling, while her maidens, in a circle, kept sacred guard without.

I made the excursion as short as I could. I crossed over to the other side of the cove, and would then have returned and landed, for I began to fear, that, in some way, Obeira had suspected the secret of my stores, and had planned this stratagem to gain time to satisfy herself; but the monarch, as excited as a boy with the success of his trip, insisted on prolonging it, and desired me to steer the canoe out toward the sea, or, at least, as far as the gap between two nearly precipitous hills, which formed the entrance to the little harbor. Of course, I could but obey. The boat, I should have said, was slooprigged, with a single mainsail, which, as there was no jib, was stepped well forward, and, therefore, could be handled by one man. I had rigged her in this way, on purpose, for otherwise, even if I escaped to sea, I could not manage her alone. I now sat at the stern, with the tiller in one hand, while I held the sheet in the other, and in this way skimmed her across the cove. tacking, for the wind was ahead, and making short and long stretches, for quite an hour, till I gained the mouth of the harbor, and the long roll of the ocean began to make her pitch in a way that induced the high-priest to look uneasily at the king, who forthwith gave me the signal to return. Then I put her before the wind, and scudded back to the landing, amid a roar of cheers that followed us all along the shore, as they follow the advent to the judge's post of the winner of the Derby.

The trial-trip had been a great success, and it was all the more signal a triumph, because of the incredulity that had preceded it. If the enthusiastic natives had been Oxford and Cambridge men, they would have seized me on my landing and borne me on their shoulders to my dwelling. As it was, they did what they thought was complimentary, they followed me in crowds, not even restrained by the presence of the king, improvising songs in my praise and scattering flowers around me.

At the door of my house Obeira was waiting Vol. LXI.-12

for us. Her cheek was flushed, but whether with pride at my success, or from having been suddenly awakened from sleep, or from some other cause, I could not tell. Her maidens were grouped on either side of her, and they began a song in our praise, which reminded me of those of the Greek girls of old, when they welcomed warriors home from battle.

All through the great feast that followed, during which I sat at Obeirn's side, I could not help feeling and seeing that there was a change in her manner. But it was in her manner only, not in her words. She answered me as kindly as ever, but talked little, except when spoken to.

The festivities were kept up to a late hour. Outside, the people feasted also, singing songs in honor of "the princess of princesses," as the burden of them went, "and the great hero who made houses that swam, and who was to be her husband." As these phrases, in bursts louder than usual, occasionally came distinctly to our ears, the color mounted to Obeira's cheeks, her eye-lids drooped, and her bosom heaved. When night drew on, great torches blazed, and professional musicians, stationed in bands about, struck up, making the air ring with their martial clang.

But the Tolulans were an early people to retire. Besides, in that tropical clime, there is no twilight. The sun rushes down into his bed in the western sea, and darkness, almost immediately after settles upon everything. The festivities within ceased at sunset; and though the rejoicings without were kept up for an hour or more, finely they also ceased, and the visitors from the neighboring hills began in pairs and companies, to wend their way home.

The night was not only moonless, but still, more fortunately for my plans, began to be overcast. When the last of my guests had departed, and Obeira had been conducted, by her maidens, to the woman's apartment where she was to sleep, for no virgin, according to their custom, could remain over-night in a dwelling that a man had ever occupied, I sat down on the pile of mats she had left to await, with what patience I could, the approach of the second hour past midnight. This, as I have said, was the time I had fixed upon for my attempted flight; for at that hour, just before the tropical dawn, the greatest darkness prevailed, and the deepest sleep fell on men.

Meanwhile, however, I removed most of the mats from above the hiding-place for my stores, in order that when the moment came, I should be quite ready. It would take several trips, I knew, back and forth, from the house to the

boat, to transport my provisions, and would consume probably an hour: so it was important that not an instant should be lost, at the last.

Slowly the hours wore on. Never had hours seemed so long. A profound silence brooded over the village. I could hear distinctly, on the still night-air, the low swash of the tide coming in, and the ripple of a little brook, that at some distance, trickled down a hill-side. Occasionally I just lifted a corner of the mat and looked out. Not a human being was to be seen anywhere. The late densely-populated village, that lay behind, was as deserted and quiet as if under a spell of enchantment.

Between me and the landing, where the canoe was moored, was only a narrow slip of shore, for my dwelling was close to the water, and this strip was concealed from the village, to a great extent, by my house.

"It is nearly midnight," I said. "Only one hour more to wait. Everything looks favorable."

CHAPTER XII.

Wirn these words, I dropped the end of the mat noiselessly and crept back to my corner. But as I reached it, I saw, like a ghost, a tall, white figure, emerging from the gloom. It was Obeira who stood as if awaiting me.

My breath caught, my knees trembled under me. For, with that sight, all no hopes were dashed to earth. "She knows my secret," I said to myself, "and has came to upbraid, and then denounce me."

"Hush!" she said, putting her finger to her lip. "Do not speak yet." She herself addressed me in a low whisper, that could not have been heard five feet off. "The guards are all asleep. But if you make a noise, and they are aroused, they will slaughter you, before my fice. Never before was a pure maiden of my race, a maiden of high lineage, in any place, at midnight, except the women's apartments. But I have dared all to see you for the last time. Must it be for the last time?"

She had come close up to me, and I fancied I saw tears in her eyes; there were certainly tears in her voice as she spoke.

"I know all," she said, with such an anguish in her voice. "You do not love me. You are going to steal away. This very night you have planned to escape. I am sure it is to-night," she went on, hurriedly, "because to-morrow we were to return together to the hills, and the day after we were to be married. Oh! you think Obeira weak and foolish, and not wise, like her,

in your own land, for whom, perhaps, you are deserting the poor Tolulahn. But she is truehearted enough to know when love ceases, even if the semblance of it is kept up, and she is cunning enough to find out the stratagems by which she is sought to be deceived. I have seen the change in your manner this long while. I noticed it from the moment our marriage-day was fixed. It was then, too, you made arragements to hasten the completion of your boat: and I have seen how anxious you were to have it done by this time, and how you have deluded my father. Today, when I came here, a woman, who had been my foster-nurse, and who lives in the village. came to me and told me she had seen you, last night, storing away calabashes of water in the boat. This revealed to me your plan of escape. Then the place you had prepared for me aroused my suspicions, and I resolved to satisfy them. Do you think otherwise," she went on, with a grand burst, "that I would have suffered those I loved, my father, at least, to risk life on a new venture, alone, as I did to-day? No! such is not the conduct of the women of my name. But I felt sure you had stores of food hidden away; I suspected they were here; and, if so, I foresaw what they were intended for. Under pretence of a siesta after the collation, I secluded myself in your room; and in this spot, this very spot," emphasizing the words, "I found proof of all I feared. Deny it if you dare."

I could not deny it. Nor could I endure the look of those reproachful, angry eyes. I buried my face in my hands.

She waited silently.

A word from me, I knew, would disarm her suspicions. But I could not lie to her.

"There is only one thing of which I am in doubt," she said, after a pause, her voice growing husky, and speaking now as if she was hopeing against hope. "It may be that you are going away, not because some other woman is dearer to you than I am, but because you cannot make up your mind to live with us poor islanders. Few of my sex, no other one of my blood, perhaps, would have come to you, under the circumstances in which we are situated, and said this much to you. But Obeira has always been frank. She knows that, till this marriage was talked ofand you will do her the justice to admit that she did not suggest it-you were fond of her society. You seemed to love her. She believed, if ever girl believed," and her voice quivered, "that you did love her. Since then, as she said, she has seen a change. But, sometimes, she persuades herself, it is not because of the marriage, ever the hope of seeing your native land. If this is so," she added, earnestly, and she gently, but firmly, removed my hands from my face, "look me in my eyes, and say it, and I swear to you, I, a priestess of the sun and stars, as well as a princess, that, when we are married, I will go with you to the end of the world. We will embark, secretly, we two: I will even desert my poor father: say but the word!"

Her voice was tremulous with sobs that she kept back with difficulty.

But my eyes fell before her. I could not say the word. The very nobleness of this sacrifice appealed to all my better feelings, and made me firm. I had no such love to give as alone could make such a woman happy, and the bitter truth had better, even for her, I said to myself, be faced at once. It might mean death to deny her. But better death than dishonor.

She waited for a full minute: then she flung my hands from her and sprang suddenly to her feet. Her whole nature, for the moment, was transformed. The very lengths to which she had gone, the outraging of her woman's nature in stooping to sue when I ought to have sued, had roused at last even her sweet and innocent temper. Mortification, the sense of slight, the agony of a rejected love, chased each other over her countenance. She was, for the moment, a raging tigress. Her bosom heaved, her eyes blazed, she clenched her hand, she stamped with her feet.

"Traitor!" she said, between her fixed teeth.

"That my father and I saved from death, and succored back to life, and that now insults us.
Oh! that I was a man!"

She clutched the bosom of her dress as she spoke, and seemed as if she would have torn it asunder; then suddenly recollecting herself, she clasped both hands over her eyes, burst into tears, and rushed from my presence.

I sprang to my feet. I knew now that not a moment was to be lost. I must escape, on the instant, or never. In a very little while I would be denounced, the royal guards would be upon me, and I should be a prisoner, or, perhaps, murdered on the spot. Even if I had been base enough now to accept life, on the terms of a marriage with Obeira, she would, I said to myself, disdain the offer, and be all the more eager for revenge. A woman once scorned, I remembered to have been told, never forgave.

These reflections rushed through my mind, as I hurriedly tossed the remaining mats aside, and dragged from the receptacle below a few jars of the most concentrated food there, the famous jelly. It was no longer a question of getting to

the boat, with the month's supply I had calculated on: if I was able to reach the cance with enough sustenance even for a few days, I would be fortunate.

I suppose that when the startled inhabitants of Pompeii were roused by the fiery hail and suffocating smoke, and when, seizing their nearest valuables, they rushed toward the harbor, and were caught, and choked, and buried, and left, charred to after ages, in the matrix of sand and lava, that they felt something as I did, when I filled my arms with the precious jars, burst out into the night, and ran for my life to the cance.

Not a soul, fortunately, was to be seen. Everybody was, apparently, still asleep. I had already crossed more than half the distance between my house and the landing, and yet all was hushed. "I shall escape yet," I cried.

Suddenly I heard a shout, and then shouts and cries from every quarter. In a moment the entire settlement was awake. Hurrying feet and eager cries seemed to start up on every side. But as yet no one disputed my passage, no one was even seen near the canoe.

Breathless, panting, almost exhausted, like a hunted deer, that has been chased by the hounds all day, I reached the landing at last, leaped into the boat, and prepared to untie the cable. The tide had begun to ebb, and was setting strongly out to sea, in which direction also a stiff breeze was beginning to blow.

"I am safe," I cried. But, even as I spoke, I discovered that the boat, instead of being merely hitched, by a loop, to the post, was tied fast. I had no knife ready to cut the rope, but was forced to wait till I would untie it. But my trembling, uncertain fingers delayed for a moment.

This was fatal to me. The cries, the hurryirg feet came nearer, and before I could disentangle the knot, the pursuers were upon me. A savage form, leaping into the canoe, beside me, almost stunned me with a blow from a stone-axe. Others and others followed: the crowd on shore pulled the boat back to land; and I was seized, bound, and flung on the bank, bruised and bleeding, in less time than I have taken to describe all this.

Torches were gleaming from a score of hands, lighting up the faces of the royal guards, and the scene around; the alarm-drum, which the islanders used for a tocsin, was sounding its tom-tom; shouts were heard from the houses of the village, as the suddenly-awakened inhabitants called to each other; women and children, in the distance, uncertain of the cause of the

alarm, were screaming in terror: hurrying feet, louder and more frequent continually, were coming toward me. Everything was confusion and horror.

In the midst of all this, I heard the well-known voice of the king, speaking in tones hoarse with anger, as he strode rapidly through the crowd. The guards opened for him to pass, and he paused above me, flushed, and panting, and in disorderly attire. The high-priest had accompanied him, and now stood by his side.

The monarch looked at me for a moment, spurned me contemptuously with his feet, and then turned to the high-priest.

"I would not have believed it, the traitor!" How he hissed the words out. "I would not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. We took him in, sick and weak," he said, in a voice shaking with emotion, but in a guarded whisper. "We nursed him back to life; we would have given him our daughter; we would have made him heir to our kingdom. Yet all this while he has been deceiving us. He has been going about with a lie in his every action, if not on his lips. That is not the worst. He has robbed us of our daughter's love, and then flung her from him; she, a princess, a priestess, the descendant of a hundred kings! By sun and moon," he cried, vehemently, no longer speaking in a whisper, and to the highpriest alone, but raising his voice so that all could hear, and lifting his right arm to heaven, "by all the stars, by the invisible powers that rule the elements, he shall die; die as traitors die; I, Tootaha, have sworn it."

CHAPTER XIII.

"DIE as traitors die." I well knew what that meant in Tolulah.

Once, during one of my rambles with Obeira, we had come, suddenly, upon a vast temple, built not of timber as the dwelling-houses in the island were, but of stone, and surrounded by a high stone wall. It stood in a cleared space, in the midst of a dense forest; on a raised terrace, and beetled over a vast precipice.

When Obeira saw it she turned away with a shudder.

"Let us go," she said. "I did not know the path led here."

She caught my arm, as she spoke, and would have dragged me away.

"But what is it?" I cried, and stopped.

"It is the Hall of Death," she said, with terror in her hushed voice. "They try traitors there, and condemn them, and afterward they are flung eff the edge of the precipice, which goes sheer down a thousand feet. They are dashed to pieces."

Impelled by an impulse I could not control, I suddenly left her, and following one side of the wall, reached directly the edge of the acclivity. Here, holding on to the branch of a tree, I leaned over and gazed down.

It was an appalling sight. The precipice fell perpendicularly, as Obeira had said, a thousand feet, or more, into a narrow ravine, the bottom of which was full of jagged rocks. The opposite side of the ravine rose as steeply, unbroken by tree or shrub. The ravine itself was narrow, as if the mountain had been cleft asunder by some sudden concussion of nature. Whoever has traversed the Splugen Pass of the Alps, will remember the gulfs that yawn by the road in the Via Mala. Similar to them was the awful chasm into which I now looked down.

In the dim light, at the bottom, I saw, or fancied I saw, white, ghastly objects, like human bones or skeletons. As I gazed, a carrion bird of prey, that had been sitting, humped up on a stone, lazily spread its wings, and flew away down the ravine, diminished in the distance to little more than a speck. My blood ran cold in my veins. I no longer wondered at Obeira.

When I regained her, she was sitting pale as death, with averted face. Hearing my footstep, she arose, and nervously catching me by the arm, hurried me away.

"How could you?" she said, after awhile. "That awful precipice." Then, after a moment, she added. "I suppose it is necessary that great criminals, like those guilty of sacrilege and treason, should die this fearful death; but I never wish to hear of it, much less to see the place, except when duty compels me. It is not often, fortunately, that this dreadful punishment has to be inflicted. Only twice in my memory, has an execution occurred, and both times it was for sacrilege. But in my grandfather's time, they say, there was a great rebellion, and then a score and more of traitors were put to death: and their skulls are all to be seen in the judgment hall: the people call it, in consequence, ever since, the Place of Skulls. As a priestess I have to visit this hall occasionally; but I do not get over it for a week."

This then was the doom to which I was destined! To this terrible death Obeira herself had betrayed me! What must be the change worked in her gentle nature, I said to myself, when she could send me to such a fate?

"Get up," said an officer of the royal guards. harshly, as soon as the king had disappeared, "and follow us."

He accompanied his words with a prick of his spear, and at the same instant the men who had been holding me, jerked me to my feet.

It was the same officer, who, a few weeks before, when the frigate had appeared off the island, had been so deferential to me. His rudeness and brutality showed me, more than anything else could have done, how altered was my position. I rose amid the hootings and yells of the crowd.

My feet had been tied, when I was arrested, as well as my arms, but the first were now loosened. The cords that pinioned my hands behind were tightened, however, and a guard of soldiers surrounding me, we set forth on our journey.

Our way led directly into the hills, and for hours we kept on, at a pace that was almost a run, following one ravine up after another, and penetrating through thick jungles of wood, until, just at dawn, we emerged from a dense forest, and came out on an open space, in which stood a large, low building, surrounded by a high stone wall, that I recognized as the inclosure of the Hall of Death.

A summons, made by blowing through a huge conch-shell that hung at the gate, brought an aged priest to the entrance, who admitted us, after a moment's scrutiny, within the walls. This custodian, being informed of the purpose of the visit, and of the king's commands, bowed low, and conducted us across the open space to a small stone hut, which stood in one corner. This was the prison. Into it I was rudely thrust, and left to reflect, in the profound darkness, on my hapless condition.

Alas! there was little comfort in these reflections. The more I thought on my position, the less hopeful it appeared.

"I am to be punished, not for my apparent crime, the attempt to escape," I said, "but for other things. It is the insult to Obeira, as they call it, which I am to expiate. No agony of body, that can be thought of, will be spared. Doubtless the angry monarch himself is coming to witness and great over my tortures."

The day wore on. I could not, indeed, reckon the hours, for I sat in utter darkness; but I could hear the measured tread of the sentries without; and I thought that, more than once, these sentries were relieved. I was hungry, and consumed with thirst, and my wrists, which were still tightly pinioned behind me, began to swell, and give me the acutest pain.

"It is part of the king's fiendish revenge," I cried, "to break my spirit by starvation, But he shall be disappointed. One thing, at least, is left to me—to die stoically, and not disgrace my name and race."

At this point, all at once, I thought of my mother. I saw her, in fancy, looking for news of me in every arrival from the Indies. But years would pass, and no intelligence would come. I was already the only survivor of our ill-fated ship, and in a few hours I also would be no more. I pictured her going to the door, in the dusk of the evening, as some footsteps, that seemed not unfamiliar, approached her humble dwelling. Then I saw her look of disappointment and agony as the footsteps went on. The fancied scene was too much for me. I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears.

After hours, spent in this way, the door of my prison was opened, and the custodian entered, bearing food and water, which he placed before me. At the same time he untied my wrists.

"Eat and drink," he said, curtly, "and immediately. The great king has come, the merciful, but just king, and the judges with him, and you will be tried at once. Eat, for you will want all your strength, let me tell you, for what is to come."

With these ominous remarks, he withdrew to the door, which he left partially open, so that I might see to eat; and stood there, silent and dumb as a statue.

Beyond him, pacing to and fro, went the sentinel; and beyond that I caught a glimpse of the blue sky, that I was so soon to look my last upon forever!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A MOTHER'S LOVE!

BY H. A. RAINS.

Out! other ones will cheer thee,
With love's impassioned tone,
And smile when they are near thee,
And weep when thou art gone;
And other eyes will brighten
Whene'er thy form they see;
And other hearts will lighten,
But none will love like me.

Our paths in life will ever
Be verging far apart;
But yet what change can sever
Thine image from my heart.
Another heart will bless thee,
And give its wealth to thee;
And other arms caress thee,
But none will love like me.

THE TIGER'S SKIN.

BY AGNES JAMES.

- THE girl in white, with scarlet geranium in { her hair? That is one of our beauties. Miss Lily Darrell. Pretty, isn't she?" said Joe Thornley, putting up his glass to stare at the lady in question.

"Pretty is hardly the word," replied Capt. Lindsay, smiling as he glanced admiringly toward the girl.

A rounded, yet slender figure, about the middle height, but with so erect and stately a carriage as to appear taller. A pure, calm face, almost too pale, but brightened by sweet, red lips, and a pair of lovely hazel eyes. The eyebrows and long, sweeping lashes, were a shade darker than the soft, dusky hair that went waving off from a low, smooth, white brow, and drooped in heavy braids at the back of her head.

More than pretty she was; better than beautiful. A lovely, "spirituelle" face, the captain thought, and he was so attracted by it, that a few minutes afterward he found himself walking up to Miss Darrell under Joe Thornley's guidance, bowing low before the graceful figure, and receiving a smile from those red lips, and a glance from the bright eyes. He stood near her, her dress of white tulle almost touching him, and her lovely face turned toward him. Her voice was low and sweet, and even ball-room commonplaces became interesting when uttered by her lips. The captain and she talked for a few moments about the ocean, bathing, boating, and the different matters in the neighborhood of this special sea-side place. Then they talked of Capt. Lindsay's profession, of foreign countries he had visited, for he was in the navy, and of several naval officers whom Miss Darrell knew.

Before the captain's advent, Miss Darrell had been the center of a little circle of admirers, with a smile and a kind word for each. Now, by some inexplicable woman's art, she had dismissed them all, and all her attention was given to him. This was flattering, and the captain liked it, while he did not exactly understand it.

Presently he found the lady's soft voice growing earnest, and her eyes watching his face eagerly. He was telling her of an adventure in India-a tiger-hunting expedition; and she was asking him quick, eager questions. The hero of the story, at first, only appeared as "one of our fellows," but as the captain proceeded, his name ! floated up from horn, and violin, and soft flute,

transpired. With Lily Darrell's great, sparkling, hazel eyes fixed upon his face, he exclaimed, "Miss Darrell, I don't believe there was ever a braver fellow on earth than that man. Do you know, when the beast stood there, ready to spring, and there wasn't a gun in the party loaded, Edmund Blair just stepped forward as cool as--''

The captain stopped abruptly. What was the matter with his listener? The hazel eyes had seemed suddenly to dilate into terror. The fair face had grown white as death, and a shiver passed through the girl's form from head to foot.

For one instant he stood looking into those wide, burning eyes, bewildered and irresolute,

Then the dark lashes quivered and drooped a little, and a long breath, like a sigh, stole softly over the girl's parted lips!

"Go on!" she said, in her soft eager tones, and again her eyes were fixed on his face.

It was the story of a daring, almost reckless exploit, told with an amount of enthusiasm that supplied the place of eloquence. The captain related it to the end without a question from Miss Darrell, but her eyes told him how it thrilled and fascinated her.

"And Blair brought his tiger-skin away with him. It was for some girl, you know. I've often wondered if she knew what a dreadful risk he ran to get it for her. I don't think she'd like to look at it if she did. Poor Blair! He was a splendid fellow! We all loved him on board the 'Tecumseh!' "

"He was!" said Miss Darrell, with an inquiring look.

"Yes. He is dead now. It was a sad affair. A duel about the girl he was engaged to, and Blair wounded his antagonist, it was thought mortally. His friends hurried him out of the country, and he went to Australia, to the gold mines there, and was murdered by a party of bush-rangers, as he was on his way back to Sidney. At least that's what we heard about it."

Miss Darrell was looking down at the bouquet of flowers she held, plucking one scarlet petal after another from a cluster of geranium, and letting them fall at her feet.

The band was playing Strauss' waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube." The sweet, wild music

and the dancers swept by, swaying to the sway-

Miss Darrell raised her head.

"Did you ever hear the name of the girl to whom he was engaged?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Yes, often; it was Elise Raynal. He spoke of her sometimes to me. Will you waltz, Miss Darrell?"

His arm went round her slender waist, and they floated down the long room to the soft strains of the "Blue Danube."

"What did he say of her?" she breathed softly. "How did he speak of her?"

"As if she had been an empress—an angel. Something as far above him as the heavens. I believe, after all, she was only a pretty little Creole firt."

Surely it was a sigh that fluttered over Miss Darrell's red lips! But her face was turned away now, and the captain could not see it. On, on they swept, borne by the music, as if it had been the waves of the mighty "Blue Danube." Presently he heard her speak again, in tones so low that he bent his head to eatch them.

"Did you ever see him after the duel?" she

Miss Raynal, we supposed. It all happened there. The difficulty was with a Spaniard, and some English officers, friends of Blair's, thinking the man would die, hurried him away. But there had been a quarrel with the girl, of course, or Blair would never have left the island. We knew very little about it. One of the Englishmen wrote to me at Blair's request, telling me of it, and asking me to deliver his resignation at the Navy Department. He said he never saw a more utterly wretched and reckless man than Blair. It was through this same Capt. Howard that I afterward heard of his death. He forwarded me a Sidney paper, with an account of it."

"And there was no doubt of it?" she asked.

"None whatever, I believe. That was two years ago. He had been in Australia two years. If it had been a mistake, Blair would have written to some one. No, there's no doubt of it."

The music stopped, with a crash, and Miss Darrell's hand fell from the captain's shoulder. She took his arm, and they went toward the seat she had left.

"Oh, Lily! I have been looking for you," and a pretty, little blonde; suddenly putting her hand on Miss Darrell's arm. "Mamma says—Why, Lil, what on earth is the matter with you? How pale you are."

"I think I am always pale Rosa," said Miss a favorite nook of hers, where a huge pile of Darrell, smiling. Then she introduced the captain rock protected them from the wind and sun, and

to her pretty little cousin, and stood talking with them, and with others who joined the group. The unnatural pallor left her face, and a color, soft as the rose-colored lining of a sea-shell, stole to her cheek. How lovely and bright her face was! And how fascinating the sweet graciousness of her words and smiles! It was all over, with Capt. Lindsay, long before Rosa's mother, Mrs. Darrell, joined the party, and carried away her daughter and niece. He was deep in love with the hazel-eved beauty; and when she had left the ball-room, all the light and life were gone from it. It was only a warm, crowded, dreary "bore." So he went away to pace up and down the hard beach, under the cool, dark sky, and large calm stars. Long, sighing waves came rolling over the sand to his feet. The cool night-breeze lifted his hair softly; and far away he heard the band playing the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

But the music had ceased, and lights were out in the ball-room, long before the captain sought his room, and fell asleep—to dream of Lily Darrell's eyes.

Capt. Lindsay, had come to the sea-side to spend a couple of days with an invalid uncle. He staid six weeks, and his uncle went away, and left him there. "There's a pretty girl in the case, my dear," he reported to the captain's mother. "A little, Southern witch, with bright eyes and white hands. John does nothing but walk, and boat, and waltz with her. But there are a half-dozen other fellows in the lists. I don't know how it will end."

Neither did Japt. Lindsay know how it would end; but meantime, he was quite contented to spend day after day, watching the varying light in those hazel eyes of Lily's; the flitting color on her cheek, and the faint smiles, that came and went around her sweet, serious mouth; and listening to the low, clear tones of her voice.

"I don't know what's the fascination about Miss Darrell," said Joe Thornley, who was one of her victims. "She isn't gay. You never hear her laugh—at least I never did. She doesn't talk a great deal. But she's so confoundedly pretty, and what she does say, in that soft voice of hers, is so sweet, and—and entirely bewitching, that I can't resist her. I don't believe she's a flirt, either. She doesn't mean to fool a fellow, but she can't help being the loveliest creature on earth."

"The loveliest creature on earth!" Capt. Lindsay thought of Joe's expression, and heartily agreed with him, as he sat with Lily one day in a favorite nook of hers, where a huge pile of rock protected them from the wind and sun, and

afforded a safe and pleasant seat. Little Rosa was there, reading "Owen Meredith," aloud, and Lily sat leaning back, listlessly; a piece of scarlet crocheting in her lap, but her hands folded over it, and her eyes following a distant sail on the blue ocean.

"Here is my favorite. Just listen, captain!" cried Rosa, and she began to read the little pnem, "Aux Italiens."

The girl's voice was very sweet and clear, and the waves murmured a soft monotonous accompriment to its music, as she read how he, whose early love was dead so long ago, sat and listened to Manrico's song in the tewer, and thought of her as those wonderful tenor tones,

"Rang out from the donjon tower,
"Non ti seordar di me."

The captain's eyes rested on Lily's fair face, while Rosa read on, and the poet dreamed of his lost love and their parting.

"In that lost land, in that soft clime In the crimson evening weather.

For I thought of her grave below the hill, Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over. And I thought 'were she only living still, How I would forgive her and love her!"

Something stirred the calm of the fair face Lindsay was watching. A something so untangible, that he could not tell whether she had grown paler, or her lip had quivered, or the long lashes had drooped lower over her brilliant eyes.

Rosa, read on, with a little quiver in her voice. The child's eyes were full of tears too, when she read the words,

" My thinking of her, or the music's strain Or something which never will be expressed, Had brought her back from the grave again, With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved fne then!
And the very first words that her sweet lips said,
My heart grow youthful again.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * And I think in the lives of rust women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But, oh! the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,

'Non ti seordar di me!'

'Non ti seordar di me!'

Every trace of color had faded from Lily's cheek, and the eyes that still followed that far-off sail, were filled with unutterable sadness and longing. She did not move or speak.

Rosa closed the book and looked up engerly. tain, eagerly. "It is p "Isn't it lovely and strange?" she cried. you regret the close of a st But do you understand it? Does he mean that the happiest of my life."

afforded a safe and pleasant seat. Little Rosa she really came back? That she really was not was there, reading "Owen Meredith," aloud, dead?"

"I suppose so," said the captain, absently, recalled from his bewildered study of that fair, sad face.

Lily glanced at the flushed, eager child, and smiled a smile infinitely sadder than tears would have been.

"No, no," she said. "It was only a dream. I think he was tormenting himself with visions of impossible happiness. She was dead long ago. It was only a dream."

Little Rosa sighed, and fluttered the leaves of her book restlessly.

"I wish Owen Meredith wouldn't write such sad things," she said. "It's true, I know, what he says about all things going smooth and even.

> 'If only the dead could find out when To come back and be forgiven.'

But they can't, and why should he make people miserable talking about it? And I wonder what they quarrelled about, he and his early love, and if she died of a broken heart."

"I think he did not love her well enough while she lived, or he would have wished that she would 'come back and forgive,' " said Lily, in that strange, low tone that was as sad as the wistful look in her eyes.

"Yes, it's evident he did not blame himself very much for the quarrel," the captain said, carelessly.

He was not thinking much about the poem. He was engaged in trying to conjecture the cause of that unutterable sadness and despair, in Lily Darrell's lovely eyes. But while he looked at her and wondered about it, she seemed to feel his gaze on her face.

She turned toward him with a smile, and asked some sudden question about the rising tide. Then she began to sing a low, sweet Gondolied, as soft and lulling as the ripple of the waves on the sand.

"You go to-morrow, then, Miss Darrell?" said Capt. Lindsay, one evening, as they sat together in one of the numerous vine-shadowed seats on the long veranda outside of the ball-room windows.

"Yes," she said, in a tone of regret. "We are all sorry to go; but my uncle's business calls him home. We have made a great many pleasant friends here, and are very unwilling to leave them."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the captain, eagerly. "It is pleasant to know that you regret the close of a summer which has been the happiest of my life." Lily glanced up at him with a startled look in her eyes. The moon shone so brightly on her face, that he saw a faint color rising there.

"You know why I have been so happy here—because I have been with you, and I love you," he said, in his grave, earnest way, while his dark eyes were bent seriously and tenderly on her face.

The color deepened on her cheek, and her breath came hurriedly, and her heart beat fast. "Lily, I am not eloquent, you know; but I love you so dearly. Will you marry me?" he said, bending toward her, and never moving his eyes from her face.

She was silent a moment, sitting with her hands lightly folded, and her eyes cast down. What a torrent of contending impulses and emotions rushed through her heart, while she sat there, with the flush ebbing away from her cheek, leaving her still and pallid as a marble statue!

Memories of the past—the sweet, dead past, came vividly before her. A voice, long silent, pleaded against the tones of her living lover. Eyes deep, and blue, and tender, reproached her for her faithlessness. Yet this warm, living love was very sweet to her. And she knew she could make this strong, tender heart happy by one word, one touch of her little hand, one look of her eyes.

She raised her eyes, shining with tears, and looked into the kindly, honest face, and earnest, dark eyes.

"I have wrecked one heart, made one life wretched! May I not atone for it by giving happiness here, by making this life a happy one?" she thought, and in that instant she decided.

"I will marry you," she said, gently, "if you can be content with the love I give you. There is no one living dearer to me than you are; but &f can never love again as I once did."

"I will be content, Lily, my darling! My whole life shall be spent in thanking you for the happiness you give me now," was the eager answer.

"And yet—— I am wrong," she cried, hurriedly. "I have no right to keep back anything from you. Let me tell you all, and you will not love me as well perhaps as you do now."

"No! no! I can trust you. Tell me nothing now. I only know, that of all men living, I am dearest to you. I am not jealous of the past," he said, and his kiss on her lips kept back the words she began to utter.

The Darrells left the sea-side the next day; but Capt. Lindsay went with them, and Miss Darrell's disconsolate admirers were left to openly abuse, and secretly envy him, for, of

course, a rumor of their engagement arose immediately.

However, he accompanied them only a part of the way toward their Southern home, turning aside to "give an account of himself" to his mother and uncle.

It was midwinter before they met again. Capt. Lindsay was detained by his professional duties until January, when he unexpectedly obtained a short furlough, and set out immediately for the city in which the Darrells lived. He had no time to give notice of his coming, and during his rapid journey his imagination dwelt constantly with delight upon the anticipated meeting with Lily. He fancied her start and flush of pleasure and surprise, her sparkling eyes and eager welcome. Her letters had convinced him that he was indeed very dear to her. Though a more exacting lover would have fancied them cold, to him they breathed an affection, not blind or passionate, but deep, true, and lasting. Sometimes it occurred to him that they were more friendly than loving; but then he remembered Lily's quiet and reserved nature, and felt that her calm, gentle words of affection were worth far more than extravagant professions of attachment from a more impulsive person.

It was evening when the captain reached Mr. Darrell's house, and as the servant admitted him, and said that Miss Lily was in, there came a gleam of white, flowing robes, a light step, and an eager voice of welcome. It was not Lily, but pretty Rosa, dressed for a large party, who came to meet him with such white, outstretched hands, and glowing cheeks.

"Lily will be so glad!" she declared. "She has a slight headache, and is not going out. Come, let me take you to her own little parlor."

She led the way through a suit of magnificent rooms, to a small exquisitely-furnished "boudoir," filled with books, pictures, flowers, and musical instruments. The gas-lights in the room shone through shades of alabaster, with a softened brilliancy like that of moonlight. A bright fire glowed in the grate, and a large easy-chair was drawn up near it. There, in that great chair sat Lily, looking into the red coals, and resting her forehead on her slender hand.

Capt. Lindsay stood, for an instant, gazing at her in silence. She looked pale, and worn, and languid; and the corners of her sweet mouth drooped slightly with a weary, sad expression. She had not heard his footsteps on the thickly-carpeted floors, and did not raise her head till Rosa called her. Then she turned quickly.

Darrell's disconsolate admirers were left to She started as she saw Capt. Lindsay, and, in openly abuse, and secretly envy him, for, of an instant, she rose, and came toward him with

a smile. But there was no flush and sparkle on t her face, and her greeting was as quiet, simple, and merely friendly as her letters had been.

Capt. Lindsay was a little disappointed at first, but when Rosa had gone away, with a smiling "good-by," and Lily sank again into her cushioned chair, and he saw how pale and languid she was, he remembered the headache Rosa had spoken of, and reproached himself for expecting any warmer welcome than she had given.

As he sat, looking anxiously at her, and noticing sadly that she had grown paler and thinner since they parted, his eyes were suddenly attracted by the strange cover of the chair in which she sat. It was a large tiger skin, thrown carelessly over it, and covering it completely. Lily's delicate cheek brushed against the tawny hide, and her white hand rested on it as it lay on the arm of the chair.

The captain could not tell why it was; but all that evening his eyes wandered from her fair, sweet face to the tawny tiger's skin, and he found himself lost in speculations about the history of this strange, barbaric ornament of a lady's "boudoir."

He went away, at last, still wondering about it. and feeling sure that it was, in some way, connected with that sorrowful past of hers, the memory of which brought such a sad, wistful look into her lovely eyes. He had said he was not jealous of the past; but it was a feeling very near akin to jealousy that made him pull his hat low over his brows, and walk with downcast eyes and moody face, along the dim and silent streets. Presently, turning from the region of quiet residences, he came into a street where the lamps burned brilliantly before a large theatre, and gay crowds of people were pouring out of the wide, open doors. He paused a moment, stopped by the tide of passers-by, and, in that instant, there rose before him a vision that almost made his heart stand still. There, in the blaze of gaslight, a man stood with the face of Edmund Blair, with his deep-blue eyes, and waving, brown hair, and clear-cut features. It was older and graver than his face when Lindsay last saw it. It was bronzed by sun and wind, and a heavy mustache now shaded the mouth; and the eyes, that used to sparkle so with fun and high spirits, were quiet and grave; but it was the face of Edmund Blair, murdered so long ago in the Australian bush. Lindsay stood speechless, face to face with this apparition, till, suddenly, the quiet eves shone joyfully, a glow of pleasure flashed into the still face, and Lindsay felt his hand seized in a warm, living clasp.

Lily Darrell was forgotten for the next hour, while the friends, so long sundered, sat and looked at each other, with eyes that were more than once moistened by starting tears, as Edmund told the long, sad story of his wanderings and escapes.

"They said I was murdered, but I was only cruelly hurt. I crawled away into the bush. and, after a while, found some natives, who took care of me. I lived through it, and, after many months, I came back to Cuba-to see her, John. I could not live away from her any longer. I found my Spanish enemy alive and well. He saw me, knew me, and was very friendly and kind to me. He told me how he had been induced by a woman, who hated Elise, to deceive me about her. The ring he had of hers was stolen by this woman. The poor child was innocent of everything but a light flirtation, carried on partly to pique me, partly out of childish gayety and lightness of heart. But, she was gone from Havana-no one could tell me where. Her aunt, Madame Raynal, was dead, and Elise had gone away with strangers, relations probably of her mother, who was an American. I could learn absolutely nothing more regarding her or them. And for months I have been searching for her, all over this country, but in vain. I cannot forget her-I never shall; and I shall search for her as long as I live."

The young men sat opposite each other in Lindsay's room, with a little table between them. Lindsay put down the glass of wine he held, folded his arms, leaned upon the table, and reflected.

At last he broke the silence, with the practical question, "Have you advertised?"

"Yes." said Edmund. "I have advertised in a dozen papers, for information concerning Elise Raynal, formerly of Cuba. You did not think I could neglect the most evident means of obtaining the information I wanted?"

"Still," suggested Lindsay, after another thoughtful pause, "she may not have seen it. Or, perhaps-women are strange beings, Blairshe may not wish to be discovered."

Edmund turned to him with kindling eyes.

"I tell you, she loved me!" he said, vehemently. "I believe she loves me now, if she is living. But see here! I will advertise again. I will say now what I know will bring a response from her, if she has not forgotten me."

He wrote a few lines rapidly on a leaf of his pocket-book, and tossed it across the table to Lindsay, who read these words,

" 'The tiger's skin.' If Elise has not forgotten It was no ghost, but Edmund himself. Even that, and the 14th of June, will she let E. B. hear from her? Diego has told me all. Can she forgive him? Address E. B., box 4850, post-office."

Lindsay laid it down, with a perplexed, thoughtful face.

"The tiger's skin! Yes; I suppose she will answer that," he said, slowly.

"Poor child! She trembled, and turned pale when I told her the story of that tiger-hunt. ... I believe she never looked at the skin without a shiver of horror. It was the 14th of June when I killed the tiger, and she said --- I can see her now with her sweet face smiling and flushing, her eyes glittering with tears, and both her little hands clasped tight on my arm, as she said, · I shall always remember that day, as the dearest in the year to me, for then you risked your life to gratify an idle wish of mine; and yet heaven spared you to me.' Ah, my dear, little 'Lise! I wonder if these four, long, sad years have left her still a sweet, loving child. I wonder, sometimes, if she is still on earth. If she could come back to me now, I would love and trust her as I never did before."

"If she would come back to me!" The words rang on in Lindsay's ears, as he sat gazing dreamily into the fire. And vaguely, like half-remembered music, came back the sound of a clear, young voice reading; while the waves murmured a soft accompaniment, and against the gray, storm-beaten rocks gleamed a lovely face, white, still, and sad, with wistful, sorrowful eyes. The waves murmured on, and the clear voice read softly,

"I think in the lives of most women and men, Thore's a time when all would go smooth and even, If only the dead could find out when To come back and be forgiven."

The fire was dying out as the two young men sat gazing silently at it. The city clocks struck two, and Lindsay started.

"Blair;" he said, abruptly, "I have a piece of news to tell you. I'm going to be married, in the spring, and if you wouldn't mind, I'd like you to see her."

"Mind it! I'd like it. I congratulate you, old fellow, and I hope you may be as happy as you deserve," said Edmund, stretching his hand across the table to grasp Lindsay's cordially. "Who is she? Where can I see her?"

Lindsay answered his questions very soberly, sparing him the usual lover's raptures, and then they parted for the time. But Lindsay's thoughts were strangely haunted by Edmund's story, and "the tiger's skin" was in his dreams mysteriously identified with that which draped Lily Darrell's cushioned chair.

Miss Darrell had told Capt. Lindsay that she

had an engagement for the next morning, and would not be at home till three o'clock. That hour found him at her uncle's door. Mr. Darrell himself, was in the drawing-room, and after a few moments' friendly conversation with him, Lindsay passed on into Lily's sitting-room. She was there, pacing restlessly up and down the room, with flushed cheeks and gittering eyes. She came quickly toward him, as he entered, and he saw at once that something unusual had occurred.

"I must speak to you now," she said, vehemently, standing before him, with her hands tightly clasped together. "I must tell you how, years ago, I loved some one else, more, far more, than I can love you now. He is dead, and I have tried to forget him, and to be happy in making you happy. Oh, believe me! I have not been as selfish as I may appear. I wanted so much to atone for my foolish, wicked conduct, by making one life brighter with my loveand I do love you. But to-day I can think of nothing but the past, for-I may have been dreaming, or mad-I have seen him. He passed me quickly, in a crowd, without looking at me, Yes, I may have been dreaming, but it has brought the past back to me so vividly, that I know I can never forget it. Oh, forgive me! I never meant to wrong you. I do not ask to be set free now, unless you wish it. I will do as you please; but, oh! you see what a wrecked and wasted heart I give you?"

She turned away with a tearless sob, and putting her arms on the back of her great chair, bent her face upon it, and stood there, quivering with violent emotion.

Lindsay, stunned and speechless, could only gaze at her with despairing eyes. She was lost to him. He felt that, even while he loved her more passionately than ever, and longed, with all his warm, honest heart, to soothe and comfort her. Every one of these bitter sobs that shook her slender figure, went like a keen knife to his heart.

In the drawing-room, Rosa was playing the "Blue Danube" waltz, and the soft, swaying strains filled up the dreary silence between Lily's sobs. Lindsay was trying, vainly, to speak the words that would separate him from Lily, and from happiness. He knew they must be spoken, but he could not utter them.

Lily suddenly raised her head and glanced at him. "See!" she cried, passionately, her hand still resting on the tiger's skin. "He loved me so dearly, that he periled his life to gratify my lightest wish. He gave me this, and it was stained with his heart's blood."

A wild fancy darted into Lindsay's brain, as he listened to her words.

"Lily! Oh, who are you?" he cried. "Am I, too, dreaming? Are you Lily Darrell, or Elise Raynal?"

She gazed at him with startled eyes and lips apart.

He read her answer, in the sudden flush that dyed her cheeks, and with a groan he buried his face in his hands.

A light touch roused him from the stupor of amazement and despair into which he had sunk. She was standing near him, with her soft eyes bent pityingly and yet entreatingly upon his face.

"I wanted to tell you long ago," she said, gently, "but you would not let me. But I would not have married you without telling you all. I am Elise Darrell Raynal, but here they call me Lily. I love the name, for he, too, called me his 'Fleur de Lis,' sometimes. When I came to my uncle, they said I must not be called Raynal any longer; for there was such a deadly hatred between the families. At home, in Cuba, they would not let me keep the Darrell in my name. I did not know it was my name till my aunt died, and my uncle Darrell came to take me away. You see I did not mean to deceive you, and yet," here a deep flush crimsoned her cheek, "when we talked of him, of Edmund, and you said Elise Raynal was a little Creole flirt; after that I was a little afraid to tell you. My friend! My lost Edmund's friend! I wanted you only to think well of me! Forgive me, for all the pain I give you. Do you think my heart does not suffer with yours?"

Never had she looked lovelier in his eyes, than she did now, as she stood bending toward him, her hand on his arm, her sweet eyes shining through a mist of tears, and her red lips quivering with distress. So lovely, so gentle and beseeching was her face, and he must give her up! He dared not look at her longer. He dared not trust himself to think, or to listen for an instant, to the wild, insane impulses that seized him. With a groan, he threw off the hand on his arm, and rushed from the room. He did not heed Rosa's call, nor the frightened face with which she rose from the piano, and came toward him as he passed through the drawing-room.

On, into the street he passed, and then he hurried recklessly along; anywhere that the fresh air might blow upon his brow and cool it, and drive away the thousand devils that tortured his heart with their evil suggestions. Was there any crime too deep and deadly to be done, that

he might keep that sweet face beside him all his life; that he might hold that gentle hand in his, till death should divide them? Sharp and mighty was the struggle between good and evil in his strong heart. But it was over at last.

Edmund Blair, sitting dreaming by the glowing grate in his room, was startled by a step behind him, and a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned to meet the gaze of Lindsay's eyes, gleaming with unnatural briliancy, from a face white, and set as that of the dead.

"Why, Lindsay! What is the matter? Where have you been?" he said, in astonishment.

"Hushi! I cannot talk to you. I have found her. Come with me to her," he answered, hoarsely:

"Who? Miss Darrell?" asked Edmund, in perplexity.

"Elise Raynal. Come with me instantly." He turned and hurried away. Edmund followed, half believing his friend had gone mad. Not a word would he answer to Blair's questions, and at last they both walked in silence along the streets, till Mr. Darrell's door was reached. Brushing past the surprised servant without a word of explanation, Capt. Lindsay led Edmund at once to the door of the little parlor.

Here a sound of voices checked them for a moment. Lily was speaking quickly; "Can it be a frightful jest? No, no, Rosa! I tell you he is fiving! See! Read for yourself! He is living! I know it, and I shall see him!"

Lindsay opened the door, which stood ajar. There, in the great chair, with its cover of tiger's skin, sat Lily, with scarlet cheeks and burning eyes. Rosa was kneeling on the rug at her feet, holding a newspaper in her trembling hands, and reading something to which Lily pointed.

The sound of the opening door made them both look up. Rosa started to her feet, and put out her hand to take Lily's. Lily rose and glanced at Lindsay, then beyond him, and her eyes fell upon Edmund's face.

For one moment both of them stood mute and motionless. Then Edmund sprang forward.

"Elise! My darling!" he cried, stretching out his arms to her.

She looked at him, gravely, for an instant. Then a faint, sweet smile stole to her lips, and with a sigh of perfect happiness, she came to him, and was gathered close to his heart.

When, at last, she raised her head from that half-swoon of bliss, Lindsay was not there!

Months afterward, when Elise was a young, happy bride, with eyes of light, and a laugh as joyous as Rosa's, she went again to the old resort by the sea-side, and Lindsay saw her there.

He was very grave, but gentle, and kindly as ever, peculiarly so to her and her husband; but he was not with them much, devoting himself completely to the care of his invalid uncle.

As months went on, they frequently met him, in different places, and at last he happened to be stationed in the city in which they lived, and came often to their house, the most loved and valued of their guests.

It was not strange, that, meeting sweet Rosa almost daily, he should at last learn to love her with all the love that was left him to give. Perhaps he was influenced by the discovery, accidentally made, that she had long loved him in secret. However it was, he married her, and she never thought him cold or stern as some did.

"He loved Lily, of course. Who could help merry as her gay, light heart.

it?" she argued. "But now he loves me, and I am perfectly happy!"

But, sometimes, his face wore a strangely sad and weary look, which all Rosa's kisses could not banish. And once, when she was playing for him her very sweetest airs, and her fingers wandered, half-unconsciously into the swaying rythm of the "Beautiful Blue Danube," he put his hand out, and caught hers abruptly.

"Don't, child! You hurt me!" he cried, almost sharply.

Rosa looked at him with wide-open, surprised eyes. He smiled, and stooped to kiss her white forehead.

"I beg your pardon; but I never like to hear that waltz," he said, and Rosa, with a nod and smile of tenderness, dashed off into a galop, as merry as her gay, light heart.

VALE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY KATE L. JEWELL.

Standing on the shining hill-tops,
Looking through the mists of years;
Lo! a valley, calm and peaceful,
To my longing sight appears.
Oh! how sweet this vale of childhood!
Round whose bournes the gray hills rise;
Happy valley! smiling upward,
To the soft and tender skies.

White the clouds that fleck the azure,
Bright the sunshine over all;
Soft the shadows, lightly flitting,
That upon this valley fall:
Ever fresh the dews of morning;
White the lilles at our feet;
Laughing rills, and merry songsters,
Join in chorus, clear and sweet.

Never storm-clouds rise in fury,
O'er the hills that watch-care keep;
And the angels in the valley,
Never leave their guard, nor sleep.
It is near the gates of Heaven,
Far from wiles and ways of sin;
Often can be heard the music,
Of the harp-strings touched within.

Oh, the valley! angels guard it;
All of fear and sin withhold;
Guard and guide the little pilgrims,
Safe within your love enfold;
When they leave the dewy meadows,
For life's burning, rocky way,
Guide them, e'en across the river,
To the realms of endless day.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE RAIN.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

They fall upon my roof to-night,
And sadden me again,
In sandals, soled with ruys of light,
The soft feet of the rain;
The solemn, sad-voiced wind the while,
Like a lone mourner grieves,
As Autumn's withered leaves they pile,
High up beneath the waves.

They mind me so of other feet,
Who come to me no more;
Of swift-winged joys, so fair and sweet,
Gone by forevermore.

And over all the years now dead,
Thought spreads her wings again;
As on the roof-tree, over-head,
I hear the Autumn rain.

Oh! sweet remembrancer of them
Who slumber 'neath the sod;
Whose raiment's tear-bespangled hem,
Trails o'er the paths they trod,
Bring me from out the realms of space,
A solace for this pain;
Step quicker yet, go on apace,
Oh! soft feet of the rain.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"ELINOR! Elinor!" aunt Fanny's voice echoed sharply from her dressing-room. "Are you not ready? The clock has struck the quarter, and it will take half an hour to get there."

"Yes," Mrs. Keith's soft tone answered.
"Alice!" to her maid, "Take Mrs. Vanderventer's shawl to her, and say that I will be
down in a moment. You have forgotten my diamond pins for her coiffure; leave the keys, I
will lock my jewel-case."

She looked at herself in the mirror with a curious smile, as the servant closed the doora smile that was strangely unsatisfied, and followed closely by a sigh. Yet many women would have worn a look of proud consciousness, if the glass had reflected for them such a fair, oval face; eyes, whose liquid depths made you uncertain whether to call them gray or violet; and hair, curling in lovely little rings, as a child's would, above a broad brow, childlike in its grave purity. To-night she wore a dress of purple velvet, with quaint, square waist, and elbowsleeves that she had herself drawn the design for, taken from a picture in the Pitti Gallery, which she had greatly admired, and which her artist's eye saw would harmonize wonderfully with her own peculiar beauty. Some rare old Spanish lace was drawn around the half-low neck of her dress, and a frill of the same cobweb texture, fell away from the round arms, making them look the fairer for their yellow setting. On her neck, a single string of pearls, evidently of great value, and in her pretty, shell-like ears, pear-shaped pearls, swung against her slender throat, making one wonder what dusky Indian princess had first worn those marvels of the deep, and whether she graced them half so well as their present possessor.

Elinor Keith looked at all these details of her toilet with a practised eye, very much as one would gaze at a picture which you were about to present for criticism.

"Aunt Fanny will be satisfied to-night," she said, half aloud, as she moved away from the mirror, and took up the keys to close her jewelcase. "Where did Alice put my ruby, I wonder?"

She opened the lower drawer, carelessly. It was empty, except for a little dark object that lay far back on the velvet cushion. Mrs. Keith

paused; her hand shook a little as she took the trifle up.

It was only a little cross of Scotch cairngorm, set in silver, with a few tiny pearls in the raised rim, and a cipher in the center—a St. Andrew's cross, of no particular value, yet her eyes grew moist as she looked at it.

"How strange, that I should have taken it up to-night!" she thought. "Let me see! seven years ago, nearly—is it not? I was only sixteen then. Wouldn't aunt Fanny rage if she knew I had kept that still! I wonder if he is wandering on this wide earth yet." Her lips began to tremble; she stood irresolute for half a second.

"Just for once," she said, aloud. "I can wear it now, surely, without harm to any one."

With a hasty hand she unclasped her pearl bracelet and caught the little cross in the clasp, where it hung pendant against her white arm; then she locked her jewel-case, took up her white satin cloak, trimmed with swansdown, and went swiftly down the stair-case.

Mrs. Vanderventer nodded approvingly at her beautiful niece, as she surveyed her from head to foot. "Sir Harry will want your pertrait painted in that dress," she said. "You look like a Venitian beauty of olden time, Elinor."

But Elinor only smiled, absently, and followed her aunt to the carriage. As she stepped into it, a fold of her cloak caught on the knob of the door; she jerked it loose, impatiently, and, unheeded by her, the cairngorm-cross (which, in her haste, she had fastened insecurely) fell from her bracelet to the pavement. Quite unconscious of the loss, Mrs. Keith took her bouquet from Alice's hand, and was borne swiftly down the street.

The smart lady's maid stood for a moment watching the carriage, and then walked back to the house, and her thoughts might be transscribed in this wise:

"Mrs. Keith do grow handsomer than ever. Sir 'Arry Dacres' man says his master's very far gone. I should think he ought to be, traveling after us to America. I've my donbts whether I'll like it there, myself; but if Mrs. Keith marries Sir 'Arry, we'll all come home again, no doubt. I wouldn't leave at all, except that she pays like a duchess; and my perkisites is a pretty penny."

As Alice disappeared, a Hanson cab rattled up to the curb-stone, and a tall, military-looking man, wearing an officer's cloak, sprang out of it. "Pshaw! This is No. 38," said he, turning back to the driver. "I said 58, my man, and be quick about it, for I have an engagement to dine at eight, and you'll have to get me to Portland Square in a terrible hurry."

He paused, however, to light a segar, before stepping back into the cab, and, as he dropped the little wax-match, his quick eye caught a glimmer of something bright at his feet. He stooped to pick it up, and only seeing that it was a trinket of some sort (he did not stop to determine what,) he put it hurriedly in his vest-pocket, and jumped into the cab, giving the driver an additional injunction to "hurry."

There was a well-bred pause of admiring surprise as Mrs. Keith entered Lady Dacre's draw-The hostess had been confiding to several of her particular friends present her admiration of the wealthy American whom she had known so intimately in Rome last winter. Truth to tell, Lady Dacre's intimacy had been chiefly with aunt Fanny; the dowager and Mrs. Vanderventer had tacitly agreed that the beautiful young widow would be a most eligible match for He was Lady Dacre's brother-in-Sir Harry. law, and a bachelor, of perhaps forty-five, gay and agreeable as ever. He had been very fast in his youth; but a gallant army record had partially effaced that stigma, and he had also won a brevet rank at Sadowa, having served in that campaign under King William. Mrs. Vanderventer had a latent affection for titles: but she much preferred an English coronet to either the French marquis or Italian duc, who had pursued her neice that winter; and she thought that Gen. Sir Harry Dacre, K. C. B., was sufficiently high-sounding to impress the ears of Therefore, title-loving New Yorkers at home. when they came to London, for part of the season, the Dacres had been excessively polite, and aunt Fanny had mingled in a set of English society eminently satisfactory to her. And now they were going back to America in a week, and Sir Harry had taken passage by the same steamer, not daring to propose, as yet, to the woman with whom he had fallen so madly in love; but hoping that circumstances and the voyage combined, the close acquaintance into which they were sure to be thrown on ship-board, might propitiate the fair lady, and incline her to give a favorable answer to his suit.

Lady Dacre greeted Elinor with her usual kind interest; but to-night, Elinor fancied that there was a shade of *empressement* in the welcome,

which gave her an uneasy sensation. Sir Harry was at her side in a moment, noticing immediately that she carried the superb hot-house flowers he had sent her that morning. And then, after a few low sentences, he begged permission to present a friend to her, and Elinor assented, carelessly enough.

"He was my aid in my last campaign," said Sir Harry, in a hurried undertone, as somebody crossed the room in obedience to his gesture. "A volunteer, like myself, and, I believe, a sort of Scotch countryman of yours, although he has taken a new name, with a fortune, lately. Mrs. Keith, let me present Capt. Fraser—Gray. I declare," with a laugh, "I always forget that addition of your's, Fraser. The old name comes more easily."

Elinor raised her eyes; it took all her selfcontrol to restrain a start, as the new-comer bowed, gravely. Involuntarily, her hand sought her arm, under cover of her fan; with a pang of mingled regret and relief, she found that her cross was missing!

"Oh, your beautiful pearls!" cried Sir Harry. The nervous fingers had snapped the string of her bracelet, and the pearls rolled away on the floor. Both gentlemen endeavored to catch them as they fell.

"I think they are nearly all here," said Elinor, finding her voice with a great effort. "Pray do not incommode yourselves; nay, I insist!"

She said "insist;" but the tone was one of entreaty, and as Capt. Gray placed the two pearls he held in her hand, she saw that his face was very pale.

But Lady Dacre rose, and Sir Harry offered his arm, and Elinor swept out to dinner with a heavy heart, saying to herself, "How changed! Oh, how changed he is! Will aunt Fanny know him, I wonder?"

Her senses cleaned a little as she took her seat; but she found that Capt. Gray was at her right hand, and could only comfort herself by being thankful that he was not opposite where she could meet his gaze. Ignore him she could not, even if she had not been tormented with a constant, hungry desire to hear his voice, for Sir Harry kept dragging him into their conversation, and Elinor was obliged to smile politely, and endure her martyrdom with what fortitude she could.

The dinner ended at last, and Lady Dacre carried her lady guests away with her. Elinor got into a corner of the drawing-room, with a huge pile of engravings before her; she wanted to calm herself, and think out what she should do. But she found that instead of determining

what her future course was to be, she was going back to the old, dangerously-sweet days of which she had not dared to think for so long, trying to stop the tumultuous throbbing of her heart, as she realized that she had looked into Andrew Fraser's dark eyes again.

Sir Harry found a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Keith. an impossibility, when he came back to the drawing-room. She sat talking in her sweet, calm manner, that was so winning, because of its perfeet naturalness, and the three men at her side were in no haste to leave their position. Capt. Gray was at the other side of the room, devoting himself to a very pretty girl, and it was only as she was leaving, that Elinor had an opportunity to say a word to him. She was standing by Lady Dacre when Capt. Gray approached his hostess. and an elderly dowager tapped Lady Dacre's arm, and interrupted his adieu. He drew back a step, and, looking up, found himself standing next Elinor. In his slight confusion he said the very thing that he had wished to avoid,

"How long do you remain in London?"

"Only a week," she said, fixing her lovely eyes on his with a gaze in which, to his surprise, he read sorrowful reproach. Could she let him drift away forever, without a word of explanation? "We are at 38, Harley street, Capt. Gray. Will you come and see me before I leave?"

He looked at her, almost sternly; but the soft eyes never quailed; they met his with a calmness that, for some strange reason, made his heart beat wildly. Aunt Fanny's voice behind him recalled him to his senses; he bowed, gravely, and answered,

"If Mrs. Keith really wishes it! Yes!"

She shivered a little at the scornful emphasis; but she accepted Sir Harry's arm a moment after, with her quiet grace, and left the room.

"A deuced lucky fellow, eh?" said Jack Levison, gayly, as he tucked his arm in Gray's, and went down into the street. "Sir Harry's going in for a grand coup, it's plain to see. What a beauty she is; are all your country women dowered that way?"

"Yes," Gray said, laughing. "I'm afraid you'll have to give us the palm for that peculiar type on our side of the Atlantic."

Levison urged his companion to go to the club; but Gray pleaded an engagement, and got away from him. The engagement was pure fiction, however, for he went back to his chambers, and sat down to think over the evening's encounter.

And so this was the woman that the world had made of Elinor Erle; little Nora, as he used to call her that happy summer at Sharon. How had the weak, heartless girl he had been brought to believe her, kept that child's eyes and smile? Why, her look, as she asked him to come and see her, was the very timid one of old, before aunt Fanny got her in her clutches. Could it be possible? But, no. he knew better. Had she not even sent him the very gage d'amour, which he had made special point of asking not to part with? He was too old to be fooled with a smile or a look; he would meet her on her own ground, now; and, thinking thus, his segar went out, and he put his hand in his pocket to find a match. As he did so, his fingers encountered a little, hard substance, and remembering, suddenly, that he had picked up something in the street. he pulled it out to look at it.

Heavens! That wasn't it, surely? Was he taking leave of his senses, or was that the very cairngorm-cross he was just thinking about? It could not be possible, for that was locked up in his desk, where he had been fool enough to keep it all these years. Utterly bewildered, Capt. Gray opened the desk, to assure himself that, in some fit of absence of mind, he had not dropped the cross in his pocket by mistake. There lay the box he kept it in, and, yes! there was the cross!

He rubbed his eyes; he looked closely at both crosses. They were precisely alike; the most scrutinizing eye would fail to detect any difference in a casual glance. But, as Capt. Gray compared them, he suddenly remembered that one day, in sport, Elinor had scratched her own initial in his cipher, taking a crooked pin to do it, as he sat laughing, at her side. Was the pinscratched "E" there still? Yes; but not on the cross he had been keeping; he found it on the one he had picked up in the street!

Capt. Gray sat there half the night, staring at the twin crosses, as they lay before him. He was no nearer solving the mystery, however, and, at last, he threw himself down for a few hour's sleep, which could hardly have been refreshing.

But the next morning, as he sat over his coffee, a bright idea dawned upon him. He would advertise the cross he had found. If Elinor had lost it—but he did not dare to finish the supposition even in his thoughts.

The next day, Mrs. Keith, looking for her own advertirement in the Times, offering a large reward for a cairngorm-cross, set in silver and pearls, "of much value to the owner," saw, directly opposite, in the next column, a notice describing her lost cross, "which the owner can obtain by calling at No. 58 Harley street, and proving property."

Why that was her own street, and only ten

doors off. How extremely fortunate; and Elinor rang hastily for Alice. The maid came, directly, and her mistress told her of her loss, and showed her the advertisement.

"I want you to go to No. 58, and get it for me," said Mrs. Keith. "You can take my purse, and, if necessary, pay ten pounds reward. I mean to wear it to-morrow at Lady Erskine's morning concert; mind you don't come back without it."

Thus admonished, Alice put on her bonnet and shawl and hurried away. She was gone nearly half an hour, and when she re-entered Mrs. Keith's room, her face was very red, and she looked both angry and excited.

"If you please, ma'am," said she, with a pert toss of her head. "I don't like to go of such errands. I never saw such a himpudent fellow in my life; no, never!"

"What do you mean?" asked Elinor. "Where is my cross?"

"The gentleman have got it ma'am, and he won't give it up; no, 'not for no manner of reward, says he. A very handsome man, and his rooms all filled with pictures and 'hobjects of virtue.' I told him my mistress had sent me for her cross, which he had advertised; and then he asked me to describe it, and just because I said there was twenty pearls around it instead of eighteen, he'd not give it to me. No, ma'am! He said he would deliver it to the howner, and nobody else. Says I, 'do you suppose my mistress is coming here to ask for it?' He smiled, and asked who the lady was. Which I flatly refused to tell him; for I thought, ma'um, as you might not like me to give your name to such a queer-behaving person. He made me point out our advertisement in the Times, and he gave an odd start when he saw the number of the house. '38, in this street,' says he, and then he told me to tell my mistress he would deliver it to the howner."

"I never heard of anything so extraordinary," cried Elinor, her color rising. "I don't think he can be a gentleman, Alice.'

"He had the look of one, ma'am," insisted the girl, "And more than that, I told him you wanted it to wear to-morrow at Lady Erskine's morning concert-"

"What did you say that for?" interrupted Elinor, impatiently.

"Why, ma'am, I just thought I'd let him know as it was a real lady he'd been so rude to. 'Lady Erskine,' says my gentleman. 'Oh! at her Richmond villa-yes, I know her.' And then he stopped short, and said to his servant (who had 'you may show this young person down stairs, And that's all, ma'am, every word. Wouldn't Mrs. Vanderventer call for the cross, for it's my opinion that the gentleman have seen you, and wants an excuse to speak to you."

"No!" cried Elinor, hastily. "I forbid you to say one word to my aunt on the subject. It was very provoking; say no more about it; I will get some one else to attend to it for me."

Alice suspected that the same one referred to might be Sir Harry; but she knew her mistress too well to venture upon making the remark: and so she went on dressing Mrs. Keith for a drive in the Park, in silence.

But, although she made light of the matter to Alice, Mrs. Keith was very much troubled at heart. It was quite impossible, from past circumstances, to appeal to aunt Fanny; she would only sneer at the whole thing, and, very likely, tly into a rage. It was equally out of the question to ask assistance from Sir Harry; "poor. Sir Harry," as Elinor called him, to herself: being now fully convinced, that whatever happened, she could never become Lady Dacre. Would Capt. Gray call; and if so, would it be possible for her to refer to old days, and ask his advice in her dilemma? For what might be not infer from her having kept the cress; Elinor's face fairly burned with a mixture of emotions, and catching a glimpse of it in the mirror, sheblushed yet more, and declared herself to be an idiot.

But one cannot carry all they think in their countenance, for society to speculate upon, you know; and Elinor's fair, childlike brow, wore its usual calmness, when she alighted from her carriage at Lady Erskine's door with aunt Fanny. the next day. Her ordinarily pale checks had a rose-tinting, which made her more than usually lovely; and Mrs. Vanderventer noticed the color, and said to herself. "She is making up her mind! to it! I shall call her my lady before I die."

Elinor had time to grow weary of the music: before Sir Harry arrived, and she almost lost her self-possession, when she saw both him and Capt. Gray making their way to her chair. Fortunately, she had time to recover herself before: they reached her; but, as she looked under her half-drooping lids at her old lover, she saw something in his face that she could not account for, and impulse made her half-extend her hand to him. It was taken, and detained for half a second. What had changed him, thus?

The day was excessively warm, even for early June, and Sir Harry proposed an ice, presently, and took Elinor cut to eat it. Somehow, try as stood grinning behind his chair all the time,) he did to slip away from his friend, Sir Harry

Vol. LXI.-14

could not accomplish it that morning; for the } first time, he anathematized Fraser secretly, and mentally styled himself a confounded fool for having introduced him to Elinor.

"Is it not too crowded here for you?" asked Gray, at last, as Sir Harry, (much to his annoyauce) was captured by an elderly gentleman. wearing an Admiral's uniform, "Would you like to walk in the grounds. Mrs. Keith?"

She hesitated for so brief a second, that it was barely perceptible, and then she put her beautiful white arm in his, and walked outside the tent.

"Such a perfect day," he said, after a pause. "I wonder if our June at home is any fairer than this? To-day, is like old times." His voice lingered a little on the last words.

Her resolution was taken on the instant: she would seize the opportunity and make him speak; she felt, for a moment, perfectly reckless.

- "I should hardly think you would care to wander backward," she said, pointedly.
- "Because you cast me off! Well! I lived thorough even that," he said, bitterly.
- "How do you dare to be so unjust?" voice faltered now; his words had stabbed her. cruelly.
- "Well, was it not so? Can you not let me wander away from you in peace? I sought for no redress after your message, Mrs. Keith; I accepted my fate at your hands."
- "At my hands!" They had wandered down the slope, and she seated herself in a garden chair, for the simple reason that she trembled too much to stand. "Andrew are you mad? I cast you off-never! When aunt Fanny told me what you said, that dreadful day, it nearly broke my heart."
 - " And that was-"

"That her arguments had convinced you that we were too poor to marry, and you 'would not see me again, for fear my tears would break down the resolution which your judgment had made you form.' Oh! I said it over often enough to remember the exact words. How dared you think me as weak as that? Those words made a woman of me, before my time. I wonder how I have kept any freshness in my nature."

" Nora!"

She looked up, through her indignant tears, to see the fond, teasing face she well remembered. "I wonder why you kept that?" he said, ab-

ruptly.

She gave a little cry. "My St. Andrew's Cross !"

"Did you keep a ray of love for me with it?

man has been fair to me all these years? Will you have the cross back again, Nora, darling? Then you must take me with it!"

The cairngorm-cross dropped from the trembling fingers. He was answered in the sweet, eloquent eyes that gazed shyly up into his.

- "But, Andrew," said the perplexed Elinor, finding her voice again, "I am sure of nothing-
 - "Except my love."
- "Nothing!" she repeated, with a blush. "Will you tell me what you did say to aunt Fanny?"

His face darkened.

- "Shall I tell you what she said to me? That she had convinced you that you were too young to bind yourself, and that you did not feel that you knew your own mind; you released me, entirely. And then she added (it rankled the sorest of all, Nora,) that you could not trust yourself to tell me, for fear of my persuasions: you refused to see me, or say good-by."
- "And you flew into one of your hot fits of passion, and left Sharon that very night; and I had no clue to your whereabouts, until I saw your name in the steamer's list!"
- "But your aunt had!" he interrupted. "For she sent me my poor little cross, the only lovetoken that I ever gave you."
- "How could she?" cried Elinor. had it, always, until I lost it, here, in London, two nights ago."
- "True! Shall I tell you what clever Mrs. Vanderventer must have done? She had it copied, so exactly, that but for my sudden recollection of the day you scratched your initial on it (do you remember?) I could not have told them apart. Look?" and he gave her the second

She sat looking at both, for a moment, in amazement.

"And pray, how did you get my cross?" she said. "I had almost made up my mind to ask your assistance in rescuing it from the hands of the very odd person who claimed to have found it. And he sent me such an impertinet message, Andrew! You don't mean that it was yourself?"

Capt. Gray's laughing face must have answered her, for he was prevented from further speech. yb the appearance of aunt Fanny, herself, leaning on Sir Harry's arm.

- "Elinor," said she, in a very angry voice, "I should like to know what you are doing out in this hot sun. You will tan yourself frightfully."
- "I never tan, aunt," said Mrs. Keith, coldly. "I don't think you remember Capt. Fraser Gray; we used to know him, long ago, in America. Do you care to hear that, for your sake, no wo- as Mr. Andrew Fraser. He has found a little

cross of mine, which I was unlucky enough to lose. Won't you fasten it on for me, Capt. Gray?"

She extended her lovely, fair arm, and, as he bent down and clasped the cross on her bracelet, there was something in the tableaux, that conveyed a sudden pang to poor Sir Harry.

"Shall we walk back to the house?" said he, offering his arm to the enraged old lady.

"Yes, yes," said she, regardful of the propricties even in her wrath and disappointment. "I must be growing an old woman, or I should have recognized Mr. Frazer. Elinor, when you are ready to go home, I am."

But Mrs. Keith, smiled a little triumphantly, as she took Capt. Gray's arm; and I regret to record, that she kept her aunt waiting a good half hour, while she wandered about with her lover.

"Pon my word, Mr. Charles," said Alice, to Capt. Gray's man, as they rolled along in the second-class carriage, on their way to Liverpool, thence to take the steamer, "it was all every bit as good as the story of the 'Fair Araminta,' your master coming home with my lady that day, from Lady Erskine's concert! Why! you could have knocked me down with a feather, when I saw him, whom I'd made so bold as to call a him-

pudent fellow, right to Mrs. Keith's face! Mrs. Vanderventer's old Somers (praise goodness! we left her behind; her tongue goes like a mild-clapper;) old Somers told me that your master was Mrs. Keith's lover years ago, and the old lady separated them, and then worrited her till she married rich Mr. Keith, who only lived a twelve-month. And now your master's come in for a fine fortune, and finds Mrs. Keith over here in London, thanks to her losing her cross. Many a time I've seen it, in her jewel-case, and, Mr. Charles," lowering her voice, confidentially, "I'm certain I never put it on for her that night she lost it. And so it's all like a novel, and we're going to have a grand wedding in New York."

"Sir Harry were considerably cut up, eh?" said Mr. Charles, inquiringly, as Alice paused for breath.

"Laws, yes! He gave out he had orders for India; but I guess Mrs. Keith knows better. And yet, for all your master's so nice a gentleman, I'm very sorry for poor Sir 'Arry."

And I do not doubt that, sitting in the other compartment, watching the happy faces opposite her, aunt Fanny pondered upon the sudden downfall of her titled hopes, and echoed, with all her heart, "Poor Sir Harry!"

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

CHILDREN of the immortal bowers!
Early faded, earthly flowers;
In our dreams you sometimes bless us,
And your infant arms caress us.
Shining tresses touch our gray,
Soft cheeks bloom o'er our decay,
And we waken purified,
By our dwelling at your side.
If to you eternal dome,
E'er these wandering feet may come,

Lead me not, where saint or bard,
Claim their high or grand reward;
Nor where Heaven's dread warriors wait,
Bidding from the Infinite;
But within the lily-meadows,
Where may full no blighting shadows;
Where life's crystal streams do well,
And the angel children dwell,
Let my humble footsteps rove,
With the little ones I love.

LOVERS.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

Arm-in-arm across the purple heather,
Young and vain;
In sunshine, and the Summer's golden weather,
And russet grain.

Slow winding, by the reeds and rushes,
A dusky path;
Where plaints the night-wind, 'tween the gushes
Of the river's wrath.

Meekly she comes, with check and bosom Full of hope;

And sweet as any fragrant blossom, Upon the slope.

Proud as a warrior to advancing foe,

He at her side;

Nor marks the babbling night-wind, or the flow

Of any trivial tide.

And life is full of ebbing tides and rushes,
And winds that sigh; *
And tenderness, and mournful little hushes,
And things that die.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE PATTY, sprang to her feet, and shook out the thick masses of her hair before the glass, satisfied that no further toilet was necessary to a watcher who had been asleep all night with her dress on.

"There, now, you are both wide awake, and bright as new dollars. S. I reckon I'll go home, and help marm get breakfast ready."

Clara, who was half awake, sat up in bed and watched the quick, vigorous action of the child, as she swayed her hair to and fro, using her brush as if it had been a currycomb, and herself a restive colt.

- "Why-why, Patty, dear, is that you. Over here so early?"
- "Yes, it's me, sure enough; but I came late, not early.
 - "Late-why, dear, it isn't quite daybreak yet."
- "Well, I know that," answered the child, brushing away with renewed energy. "There it is again, all tangled up; these new-fangled brushes are just awful. I came back rightaway last night."
 - "You came back, and alone?"
 - "Just so !"
 - "How could they let you?"
- "Didn't ask 'em. Cut and run after they had gone to bed. Well, not to bed in earnest: for I heard par praying about you like anything, and mur, just saying amen! amen! amen! as if she wanted to catch up with him, and couldn't. I knew they wouldn't be listening then, so put for the brilge -that's how I did it!"
- "Oh, little Patty! how could you?" cried Clara, with so much tenlerness in her voice that the little girl dropped her hair, and flung both arms around her sister's neck.
 - "It was, 'cause I couldn't help it, sister Clara."
 - "You precious, naughty durling!"
- "I was afraid they would let you die in the night."
 - " Poor child!"
 - "Girtie, there, sleeps like a mole-and I knew
- Five oil I go to bed with that old mill-dam going on like a roaring hon, just as if it meant to drown'd you over again. I tried to be good and knelt down to say my prayers, but the water | random, like that; but I will tell you what you

seemed to kind of howl at me, and when I come to the little prayer, and said, 'now I lay me down to sleep,' I knew it was an awful fib, for I couldn't do it. Haven't slept a wink, and didn't mean to. That's all about it."

Clara had intended to reprove the affectionate little thing, but that was impossible; so she gave her half a dozen kisses instead, and whispered her that she might wake Gertrude, who lay smiling in her dreams as if rocked on a bed of water-lilies.

Little Patty needed no second hint, but flung herself upon the sleeping girl in a burst of glee, patted her cheeks, pulled her hair, kissed the breath from her lips, and filled the room with laughter.

- "Oh, you little wretch!" cried Gertrude, seizing upon her childish assailant, and rolling her over and over amongst the pillows. "How dare you kiss me so?"
- "Because I dare." answered Patty, shouting with merriment, which softened into exquisite pathos; "because you shan't have anything but kisses all your life, for diving down after our Clara. I saw you do it; and I love you. Oh, how I do love you! I wish every kiss was a silver dollar, and I'd just fill this room with 'em."
- "Hush! hush! or the sick gentlemen will hear
- "So he will," answered the child, holding a finger to her lips; "for he's wide awake enough. I peaked into his room just as the day broke, and he was talking to himself like a house afire. The other gentleman was a trying to pacify him. but he couldn't. My, wasn't his cheeks red!"

The two girls looked at each other, anxiously. "He must be very ill," faltered Clara-and her

own lips grew white. "Yes!" answered Gertrude. "Who would have thought that pleasant day could end in all

this. But Mr. Webster is with him." Clara began to dress herself in nervous haste. "Shall I run for the doctor?" said Patty, dividing her hair and braiding it with her nimble

fingers.

"No!" said Gertrude. "We must not act at

may do; just run in and ask Mr. Webster to send as word how he is."

Patty started.

" Be careful, and make no noise."

"I'll creep like a mouse," answered the child.

"Don't speak loud! Remember!"

"I'll give him a little mite of a whisper, right in his ear."

"That's a good girl!"

Away went Patty, with one half of her hair braided, and the other hanging loose. She pushed the door of the spare chamber open so carefully, that Webster started, when he found her close to him.

"Please, gentleman, Clara and Gertie want to know just how he is getting along?"

Webster smiled, the naive carnestness of the iittle girl interested him. The position was so piquant, as she pointed over her shoulder to the sick man, that he gazed upon her for a moment without answering.

"I mean him!" she whispered, nodding toward the bed. "They wan't to know!"

Webster took the tiny hand which was helping out her whisper with quick gesticulation.

"He is ill-very ill, I fear!" he said.

Patty's eyes grew wild and large.

"Is he going to die? Oh, gentleman! don't let him do that; he tried so hard to get our Clara out of the water."

"No, child, I hope it is not so bad as that; but we can tell better when the doctor comes."

"Shall I go after him?"

" No, not yet."

"But I can cut across lots, and it won't take me no time!"

"That is a brave girl; but I think the doctor will come early, of his own accord."

Patty drew a deep breath, and stood irresolutely, as if she wished to say more, but did not exactly know how.

"You can tell the young ladies."

"The who?"

" Miss Clara and Miss Gertrude."

"Oh, our girls, you mean! Well, I'll tell 'em."

"Say that he has slept a little."

Patty nodded, and answered.

" Just so."

"But he has some fever!"

" Is that why his cheeks are so red?"

"I fear so."

"And his lips so dry? Hark! he is asking for drink?"

A pitcher of water stood on the table. Patty lifted it with both hands, poured some of the cool liquid into a glass, and held it to the sick man's lips. He raised his head and drank eagerly.

The child's eyes sparkled, and a bright smile came over her face.

"He likes it!" she said, in her pretty whisper." Just as soon as I can get some one to draw it, he shall have some, cold as ice, from the bottom of the well. There, now! just lie down on the pillow, and go to sleep, like a dear, good gentleman. It'll do you lots of good."

Patty smoothed the pillow, and touched the burnning cheek with her little hand; then the lips she had moistened moved, and uttered a name.

"Clara!" cried the child, in great glee. "He thinks I am Clara. I'll go and tell her." Away the child flew, radiant with what she conceived to be good news.

"Oh, Clara, what do you think! The gentleman thought that I was you, and called me Clara, when he was almost asleep."

Chara was dressing herself before the glass, and a red flush came over the face reflecting hers, till she was ashamed to look at it.

Gertrude saw the flush, and spoke for her friend.

"That's nothing, dear, Patty! people always talk nonsense when they are feverish. But how is he this morning? That is what I want to know."

"Talking and fever!" answered the child, promptly. "The gentleman said fever, and I heard him talk with my own ears. He wanted drink, too, and has got to have it, cold as a stone; that I gave him has been standing all night. Wonder where Betsey Taft is. She's got to sink that bucket now, I tell you."

Again the child flitted from the room, and in a few minutes Gertrude and Clara heard the old well-pole creaking like a rheumatic limb, as it descended into the depths of the coldest spring in all that neighborhood.

"I wonder!" said Gertrude, half selfishly, half in compassion for her friend, "I wonder if it would be very dreadful for us to go in and see for ourselves."

Clara did not speak, but Gertrude saw a sudden flush of light pass over the face in the mirror.

"I don't think there would be any harm!" she continued.

Clara was very busy with her hair, but she answered in a low, hesitating way, "that there really could not be anything wrong in it, though aunt Eunice might think so."

"She needn't know!" said Gertrude. "Anyway, it is the right thing to do, and I'm going. Come!"

The two girls stole into the hall, and knocked softly at the door of that spare chamber. It was opened by aunt Eunice, carefully dressed, with

her hair done up tight from her face, and with a rigid twist behind.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the old maid, holding the door half open.

"Oh, nothing, aunty!" answered Gertrude. "Only as you are here, we thought there could be no harm if we come just to inquire about him."

"Well, he's sick enough, thanks to your harumscirum ways, and that canoe, which is about as safe as a bread-tray."

"Can't we just step in, aunty, dear?" said Gertrude, putting one foot over the threshold.

"What for? It is no proper place for young girls."

"But you are here, aunty!"

The demure innocence of this little speech, brought the first quiver of a smile to the woman's mouth.

"Me! as if there wasn't a difference."

"But so little, aunty, dear !"

"Is he very ill?" Clara ventured to ask. "Can't we help a little?"

Clara's sweet, anxious face, lifted to hers, really touched the old maid more effectually than Gertrude's pleading and adroit flattery, which pleased the ancient female, though she had a grave sense of its unsoundness all the time.

"Well, if you want to so dreadfully, come in; but step light, and don't make any noise."

Gertrude passed in first, and, while Clara stood, pale and quiet, with noiseless tears dropping down her cheeks, as she gazed on the man who had nearly lost his own life in saving hers, her friend was exchanging broken whispers with Webster, who had forgotten to release the hand she had given with the first greeting, and in truth was holding it in a warm clasp.

"You are safe. You have no cold; no injury of any kind. Make me quite sure of that," said the young man.

"Oh, I was never better in my life!" she answered. "But, you?"

"Can't you see that I'm all right?"

"But you look pale!"

"That is from the gray light, and I am rather anxious about our friend there. It will be impossible for me to leave him, I fear."

Gertrude lifed her eyes an instant, and dropped them again; but not till he had seen the pleasure that brightened them.

"Of course you cannot leave him," she murmured. "It would be cruel."

That moment little Patty came through the open door, carrying a pitcher between her two hands, which bore her down with its weight.

"There," she said, lifting it to the little round table, and shaking the drops from her hands,

"that is something worth while. It was enough to make one dry to hear it a trickling down the bucket."

Clara stooped down, and kissed the child, leaving a stain of tears on her bright, young face.

"Dear little Patty," she murmured.

The child looked at her with earnest gravity.

"Sister Clara, never mind about going home just yet. I mean to help marm get breakfast ready, and wash up all the dishes. It's easy enough, when I stand on a chair. So you never mind. Only don't cry any more. I don't like it."

Shaking her demure little head, Patty went away, resolved to do such prodigies of work that no one should miss Clara at home; but she saw the doctor, when half-way down the terrace, and ran back.

"He's coming; the doctor is just here!" she proclaimed, in an excited whisper. "I'll tell him to come right up."

The next minute she met the doctor at the door, and, after telling him that he was wanted dreadfully up stairs, took to the bridge, and got home just time enough to meet her father at the gate, with the key of the mill in his hand.

There really was positive cause for apprehensionin that sick-room. Guy Compton had received serious injuries on the chest and head, fever intervend, and delirium set in. For some days his state filled the whole village with anxiety; but good professional care, and such attention as few men ever received, soon brought him to a state of convalescence, and he was drawn back to life with some of the sweetest ties that ever entangled themselves around a sick bed.

During three or four days, Webster and Gertrude were unremitting in their attendance in the sick-room; but there came a time when their presence seemed quite unnecessary; and aunt Eunice began to remark, that when Clara Vane was seen crossing the bridge, Gertrude began to prepare for a walk, and Webster found confinement indoors oppressive. She also remarked that the invalid became wonderfully anxious that his friends should take the air about that time, and found the society of Clara Vane ample compensation for their absence.

When the old maid mentioned this to Mrs. Vane, the good woman smiled, and smirked, and shook her cap-ribbons with a knowing flutter.

"Young people would be young people," she said; "and as for her part, she never could forget the time when she and Vane—Little Vane people used to call him—was just as crazy to get off alone, with nothing but apple-trees, and juniper-bushes, and birds, to hear what they said, which wasn't anything in particular; till the

very last, when Vane just asked her to marry him, out of hand, which she had been expecting, and rather wondered that he hadn't done it before. No harm had come of that; so she wasn't going to make or break matches. Miss Harrington could do as she pleased; but there wasn't many such young fellows in the State as Hart Webster. He was a connection of hers. If that was what troubled Miss Eunice, why of course she had but to say it, and——"

Aunt Eunice broke in here, and, for a moment, stopped this swift current of words, which threatened to go on forever.

"I spoke about it," she said, "because the neighbors will talk, and——"

"Of course they will talk. What can stop 'em? Why, it was just so about me and Vanc. 'When are you a going to be married?' says one; 'I haven't had my invitation to the wedding,' says another, and all the time I didn't know more about it than they did. Only Vane kept a coming and coming; but it all came out right, you see."

"But these young people may have no idea of marrying," said the old maid, thrusting in her sentence by main force.

"Oh, yes, they have; trust'em for that. Why, there wasn't a minute of all that time that I wasn't a thinking about it; and after we were married, Vane told me the same thing. He was hankering to speak out all the time; but didn't know how to bring it in naturally. Young people are always thinking about it. Human nature is human nature all over the world."

Notwithstanding all this amount of human wisdom, which came upon her in a deluge, aunt Eunice was anxious about the state of affairs in her own house. Perhaps some remembrance of her own youth deepened these feelings, for she had been a fair girl in her time, and people hinted that a great many sad and tender memories had carried her, year after year, to the hill-side graveyard, where the tombstone of a young clergyman, who had died in her father's house, was just beginning to have moss upon it.

There was no longer any excuse for Webster's stay at the farm-house; for Compton was now able to sit at the window, and walk a little on the terrace; but the young man lingered yet, and as the miller, proudly considering him as his guest, urged his longer stay with the most cordial hospitality, aunt Eunice could find no excuse to interfere. One day, however, she happened to meet Vane on the old bridge, where he was taking a silent survey of his own mill, which was really a picturesque building, and worthy of attention in an artistic point of view.

- "Fair sort of a building; don't you think so?" he observed, as aunt Eunice paused by his side, and folded her arms on the railing, preparatory to a reasonable talk.
- "I think so, for it was the first thing I can remember. The farm wouldn't seem like home without that old mill."
- "Yes," answered the little miller. "The sound of the water-wheel is pleasant. I wonder who will have it when I'm gone."
- "I sometimes ask myself that about the farm," said aunt Eunice, with a sigh. "It isn't many females that could carry it on, and I shouldn't like to have it sold out of the family."
- "Oh!" answered the miller, "as like as not your girl will marry some smart young fellow, who will double its value; for, as you was saying, aunt Eunice, farming comes hard on womenfolks."

Aunt Eunice shook her head,

- "I've about given up hoping for that," she said. "Gertrude don't take to work with a will; and she's——"
- 'She's a proper, purty girl, aunt Eunice, and it ain't astonishing if she does look a notch above farming."
 - "You think she will?"
- "Why not? I haven't seen a harnsomer girl than your Gertie for many a year. She might marry a lawyer or a judge. Who has a better right?"

The color came into aunt Eunice's face. She had brought the conversation round to the desired point.

- "Speaking of lawyers, didn't some one tell me that your nephew had studied law?"
- "I don't remember speaking of it; but he has, and is making a smart beginning. His father was a lawyer before him, and just such a looking young fellow, when he married our Mary. I may as well own up to it. We were a good deal uplifted with that wedding. I only hope that your girl will turn out as well."

Aunt Eunice sighed, and answered thoughtfully,

- "I hope she will; but who knows?"
- "Well, I reckon it wouldn't be hard to guess. Things look a good deal that way; don't you think so? Not that you can be much of a judge."

A faint color mounted slowly to the old maid's face, and, if Vane had been looking, he might have seen her lips quiver.

"You are thinking of your nephew?"

"Yes; who else? Now, I tell you, it looks like it. What keeps the young fellow here so long? You are busy about the house; but I have my eyes about me, and, while the mill grinds, I

sometimes look out of the window. How many times, now, on an average, do you think I have seen that young couple sitting under the old willow, opposite to my mill? Why, every day, for a week; sometimes with their heads bent, and talking to each other so carnestly; sometimes looking at the water, without a word; in fact, I know the signs, aunt Eunice, and they are all there."

"I have thought it myself," said aunt Eunice, frankly. "Now tell me, old neighbor, is there anything I can learn of this man that should make me afraid to believe it?"

"What! Nephew Webster? I never heard a word against him in my life. A finer young fellow there doesn't breathe. He may have had his wild scrapes at college, but that amounts to nothing."

" You know this?"

"Know it! Who should be acquainted with him, if I am not? He is my own sister's child. Wouldn't it be strange now if you and I were to turn out relations? The girls have always loved each other, like sisters, and my running a mill won't hurt him."

"I think they love each other!" thought the old maid; but, for the world, she would not have framed these words into speech; for something in her own heart made her sensitively delicate when the affections of another woman were concerned.

"There! There they go now!" said Vane, suddenly, leaning over the side of the bridge. "I say, aunt Eunice, do you see where her hand is—locked fast in his; and I'll be bound their two hearts moving together like double mill-stones. I don't think it's of much use asking questions after that. If they ain't beginning to understand each other, you and I needn't trouble ourselves to guess about it."

CHAPTER V.

Those two young people, sitting under the clump of willows below the dam, had no idea that they were objects of attention. They were so deeply absorbed in each other, that it is doubtful if they would have regarded the figures on the bridge, even if they had looked that way. There had been silence between them for a long time—such sweet silence as is to the expression of love what perfume is to the flower. I think her hand was in his, though both seemed unconscious of it. Sometimes he would press that shapely hand closely, as if nothing in heaven or on earth could tear that clasp asunder. Then his fingers would relax, while his brow became

serious, for thoughts of wisdom would creep into his love-dream, and trouble it.

Gertrude thought of nothing but the exquisite happiness of the moment. She had no need of worldly knowledge, or thought of future care. Such things had never yet found a place in her life.

"To-morrow I must go," said Webster, dreamily, as if speaking to himself.

The hand in his gave a quick flutter, like a bird frightened on its nest.

- "To-morrow!" she said. "No! no! that is too soon."
 - "But I have been here more than a week."
 - "A week! But it seems so short a time." Webster held her hand closer, and murmured,

"Ah! who so keen-eyed, as remarks, The ebbing of the glass; When all its sands are diamond sparks, That glitter as they pass,"

Gertrude looked up, and smiled; then cast down her eyes, and sighed. Would he really ga home on the morrow?

"And shall we ever meet again?" she asked.

"This would be a bitter week in my life, if I thought not," he answered, almost passionately. "But you——"

She looked at him earnestly.

"Why, this one week is my life," she said.

He threw one arm around her waist, and held her close to his heart, which was beating so ve hemently, that she struggled a little to free her self, while her own panted with something like terror

"Not yet! Not till you say that you love matter that you know how wildly I love you!"

This was said with an outburst of feeling that revealed some wild struggle of his ardent nature

- "Speak to me! Speak to me!" he added, impatient with her silence. "Have I not said that I love you?"
- "What shall I say? How can I answer? My lips do not frame such words easily," she murmured, creeping back to his heart.
- "You have answered," he said, pressing his lips to hers. "What have words to do with a love like ours. That which I have felt, no human being could speak. Do you understand this, my darling?"
- "It is easy to understand so much, that I never dreamed of before!" was her tremulous answer.
- "Did you guess; did you know, that I lost my heart on the very day we met, my beautiful one?"
- "I only know that I have been very happy since then; but now you talk of going away!"
 - "I must! You will understand that; men must

toil; that those they love may be sure of a future. I never knew what ambition was, till now. Believe me, dear one, you shall have no cause to blush for this hour, or the man you have made so happy. We may have a struggle at first, but even then, richer people shall be forced to look on us with envy."

"I haven't thought of that; why should we care whether men envy us or not? Is it so important to be rich?"

"People think so!"

Gertrude blushed and hesitated as she spoke again.

"Then we need not care, for aunt Eunice has got the best farm in the village, and she means to give it to me!"

Webster laughed; her idea of wealth amused him.

"It is the same as mine now!" continued Gertrude, generously. "And aunt wants some one to take the care off her hands,"

"I think we must let her endure it a little longer!" said the young man. "You and I were formed for the world, and must try our fortunes there. Aunt Eunice and her farm will be a capital retreat, when we get tired out with other things; but I am afraid, neither of us would be content with them for life."

"Perhaps!" said Gertrude, thoughtfully. "I know it is very dull to me, sometimes. Like a dream from which I shall wake to real life, by-and-by, it always seemed to me that some one would come and take me away."

"As I will come, after a year or two!"

A shadow fell upon Gertrude, A year or two seemed like eternity to her. Webster did not observe this, but went on.

"By that time, I shall have got a foothold in the profession, and a place in society, which you can share with honor . No, no, my girl! beauty and grace like yours were not made to fade away in a small country village. With love, youth, and resolution, what cannot be accomplished!"

Gertrude's cheek was burning. Out of his newly expressed love, sprang an ambition, which kindled her whole being. Yes, she would share this man's life; all that was strong and powerful in him should be matched by her own exertions. If men looked up to him, women should envy her. She, too, would find a high place by his side, wherever he might be. While he was preparing for the battle of life, there was study for her—accomplishments to be mastered—experience to obtain. At the end of their engagement, he should find her prepared for any position which lay before him in the future. During some moments, ambition crowded love to the wall.

It was only for a few brief moments. While all her thoughts were in a tumult, he had dropped worldly calculations, and was asking her over and over again for some fresh assurance of love. In his eager longing for a certainty, which only time can give to any human being, he broke into entreaties and passionate exclamations which soon won her to more endearing confidence, and then, full of infinite contentment, they fell into silence; and so the soft purple of twilight gathered around the willow, and veiled in the heaven they had made for themselves.

"Gertrude! Gertrude Harrington!"

Up from the circling arm of her lover the young girl sprang with a little fluttering cry of dismay; for the voice was that of aunt Eunice, and the tall figure of that ancient maiden loomed upon them from the soft mists on the river's bank.

"Gertrude Hamilton, if you don't want to catch your death of cold, go right straight into the house, and tell Betsey to make you a hot cup of tea. Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Webster, you're not made of sugar or salt, to melt under the first drop of dew."

Webster hesitated; but aunt Eunice seated herself on an upheaving root of the willow, and folded a heavy plaid shawl about her, as if she at least was prepared to camp out for the night.

"Keep your seat! keep your seat!" she said, with a benign wave of the hand. "Gertie, knows the way, and I want to have a little honest talk with you!"

Webster stood watching Gertrude, as she went up the path, with an eager longing to join her; but when she disappeared from the terrace, he resigned himself to fate, and sat down by the old maid, who folded both arms tightly in her shawl, and sitting upright with her back against the trunk of a willow, addressed him.

- "Mr. Webster!"
- " Madam."
- "If my girl had a brother or a father, it isn't at all likely, that I should have interfered; but being as it is, I feel necessitated to——''
- "Do not hesitate, my dear Miss Harrington. There is nothing you can say that will give me pain or offence."
 - "Both being far from my mind!"
- "You find me extending a visit, which should have been a brief one, to a most unreasonable extent!"

These words struck aunt Eunice, in her most vulnerable point. Hospitality at the red farmhouse, had been almost a religion, ever since she could remember. The very idea, that she could feel it a burden stung her with humiliation.

"No, Mr. Webster, it isn't that! I beg you

wouldn't think it, for a minute; but I ought to be a mother to that girl. What mother would let her stay out of doors with a stranger, to this time of night, without feeling it her duty to ask the meaning of it?"

"I will spare you the embarrassment, Miss Harrington, for I feel sure it is not a pleasant duty you assume. Only a few minutes ago, I was asking your niece if she would one day become my wife!"

"You were asking her? Well, sir? Well, what did she say to that?"

"Nothing I think, that you could object to; unless there is something which you desire for your niece more than I can give. Aunt Eunice, pray, congratulate me, and open your heart to a man, who will do his very best to make that sweet girl both happy and prosperous."

Here the young man held out his hand with such frank cordiality, that aunt Eunice let the shawl drop loose from her shoulders, and sat staring at him in blank amazement.

"So, then, you are engaged!"

"So far as we two are concerned; but nothing can be complete without your consent!"

"And the girl loves you?"

"She will not say no, if you ask her."

"You will not take her away from me?" cried the lone woman, with a sudden pang of anxiety.

"Not altogether; but a man worthy to be that girl's husband, must be in the world, and ready to hold his part there."

The old maid dropped her arms, and great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, this is hard, awful hard!" she moaned.

"Yes!" said Webster. "It is hard that the happiness of one human being should be obtained at the expense of another; but that is the fate of too mauy."

"I have loved her all her life!" pleaded the woman. "And you, only one little week. I knew that it would come; but that does not make it the less hard to bear."

"But she will not love you less, aunt Eunice!"
The old maid smiled through her tears, though
Webster could not see it. To be called aunt
Eunice by this splendid young fellow, thrilled
her to the heart; but the feeling melted away
into deep sadness. There, in the soft purplish mist,
with the willow branches rippling to the water,
his voice sounded like another voice heard years
and years before, on that very spot, while the
slow, mellow sound of the mill-dam flowed on as
it was flowing now; as the river of time had
flowed when it carried that one soul into the
ocean of eternity. The old woman's voice was
entirely changed when she spoke again.

"You love this girl?"

The question was solemn and impressive. Webster answered it in the same spirit.

"With all the strength of my being!"

"And she loves you?"

"I think so."

"Then you are indeed my nephew. Hart Webster, you may kiss me!"

The young man leaned forward and touched those thin lips with his own; he did not know it, but since that evening under the willows, which had come back so vividly into her life, the kiss of no man had met hers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

BY THE REV. J. HARRIS, M. A.

Last night, while glancing to the sky,
Where stars were brightly shining,
I know not why, I heaved a sigh,
As though I were repining.

But while I gazed I breathed a prayer
From out a full heart welling,
That when I died, e'en with them there
Might be my future dwelling.

At once a meteor bright and c'ear Seemed from the azure falling, As though an angel's list'ning ear Had heard the sound of calling;

And hearing, too's the muttered hope Back to the sky returning; While I with Faith's bright telescope, And heart with love all burning, Looked still beyond the starry sky.

And there, in glory sitting,

Beheld beneath the throne on high

That messenger most fitting.

Can it then be that angels rove
Throughout the vault of heaven,
And, borne on wings of holy love,
Teach God's glad tidings given?

Or take back from this lower earth
The hopes that sinners cherish?
Then meteors gleaming in their birth,
May fade, but never perish.

Twixt Heaven and earth I hear a sound Of angels quickly moving, While moteor stars which shine around Their diligence are proving.

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

BY DOROTHY DALE.

THE doctor's office was like himself, large, with one very genial sunny side.

The doctor's sunny side was not for the benefit of every chance-comer. The eager crowd, who jostled him and each other, in their daily strife for gain and for power, knew nothing about this side of the doctor's nature. To them, he was as cold and ungenial, as the eastern end of his office, with its one window, where the sun took a hasty peep in the morning, and got out of the way as fast as possible.

But to a chosen few, many of them Christ's poor, who, though they have no money in their purses, yet have infirm and aching bodies to be healed, and souls that have often thirsted in vain for the milk of human kindness—to them he was sunshine in the midst of clouds and storms, God's token that He had not clean forgotten them. He beamed upon them in their cheerless homes, and by their sick beds, not like a ray of sunshine, but like a whole flood of it; such as in wintry days streamed, without let or hindrance, through the great bow-window, which formed the southern side of the doctor's office.

In the summer, the old elm in front built up such a wall of cool, protecting foliage, that the sun could only dodge in occasionally through the fluttering leaves, and never had the ghost of a chance to make himself troublesome.

And here, in this great bow-window, was the doctor's sanctum sanctorum. In the center, stood his well-worn study table, in an orderly state of confusion not to be rashly meddled with; and on either side, a wide, old-fashioned sofa, where he dozed comfortably after dinner, and a low, roomy arm-chair, whose leathern depths were immensely favorable to meditation and evening segars.

This grouping of the furniture was never changed. No other position of the room was ever made use of, and the tall book-cases, and prim, straight-backed chairs had it all to themselves.

The doctor was a bachelor, in good and regular standing. He had never shown the least inclination to desert the ranks he had entered; even when great inducements had been very plainly set before him, so that at last he seemed to have lost his place on the list of eligibles; and Melissa Brown—the old housekeeper, who had come there with the doctor and his mother

twenty years before, and since the old lady's death, had reigned supreme over the domestic kingdom—had finally dismissed the one fear by which she had been haunted, that of a young wife to rule over her, or set her adrift.

One afternoon in June, Melissa went to the doctor's office, and saw there a sight which so upset her mental equilibrium, that she nearly forgot the message she had gone there to deliver. The apparition was nothing more startling than the doctor seated in his big arm-chair by the east window; but Melissa trudged back to her kitchen, talking aloud to herself, as was her custom whenever she was excited.

"Dear me! What can be the matter? Twenty years and up'ard, I've lived in this house, and the doctor has never sot in that east window afore, to my knowledge. What can it be!" she ejaculated at intervals, as she went about her preparations for supper.

When the doctor sat down to his evening meal, Melissa peared at him through her great silver-bowed spectacles, expecting to discover, in his face or actions, symptoms of mental aberration. Seeing nothing, however, to confirm her suspicions, the wary dame still resolved to keep a sharp eye on him.

The next day she dodged about the house with unusual activity, made several errands to the office, and managed to know pretty accurately what the doctor was about. The old arm-chair had resumed its place, everything seemed to be going on in the track it had traveled for a score of years, and Melissa began to think that she had alarmed herself for nothing, after all.

"The doctor ain't as young as he was; mebbo he's kinder freaky!" she soliloquized.

To be on the safe side, however, she contrived to get up a matter of business for his attention, at the same hour in the afternoon as that in which her nerves had sustained such a shock the day previous. Knocking at the office-door, and receiving no answer, she proceeded to enter, but stopped on the threshold, struck with dismay. The doctor was not there, but his armchair had again strayed into the east window.

Eyelids and hands both went up with a horrified jerk "Well, did I ever!" exclaimed Melissa; and having come to the conclusion that she never—at least, not for the space of twenty

215

years; she resolved to approach the east window and reconnoitre. What she saw there, made the old dame quake. "Aye! aye! that's the game, is it?" she mumbled under her breath.

To be sure, it was nothing more formidable than a rather pretty young lady, in a white dress and broad-brimmed hat, and a little girl eight or nine years old. The elder was at work among her flower-beds, while the little one skipped about, now here and now there, with all the lightsomeness and inconsequence of a butterfly.

Melissa would not have been so much disturbed at discovering her neighbor's yard bristling with cannon, all mounted, and opening their black mouths in the very face of the east window, as she was by the peaceful batteries that looked out from under that broad-brimmed garden hat.

Her unlimited confidence in the doctor's ability to accomplish anything he wished, would have led her to believe that he could easily avert the former evil, but as for the latter-was he not already giving in?

When he broke up the habits that had come to fit him like his clothes, and took to watching his pretty, young neighbor two days in succession, it was easy to see what might happen.

"There's no fool like an old fool!" snapped Melissa, and she sidled nearer to the window, and adjusted her spectacles to their proper level, determined to have a fair and square look at the unconscious offender.

"She ain't awk'ard-I'll say that much for her!" Melissa whispered to herself. "Handles that rake ast if she knew how, and wa'nt afraid on't. S'pose she thinks it shows off her figger."

Thus maliciously accused, the "figger" stopped work for a few moments, and standing erect, rested one hand on the rake-handle by her side. This brought her into a position which drew from her sharp-eyed observer, the following little involuntary burst of admiration.

"Wall, she is a pretty build-no mistake! As straight and as trim as a young popler, not a bit stout-but none of yer pinched-up, waspish waists, that look as if you might snap 'em in two with yer little finger."

A gust of wind, coming up suddenly, kindly aided Melissa's observations. As the protecting hat blew off, she exclaimed,

"Wall, I du declare! If she hain't got jes sich great, dark-lookin' eyes as that ere picter in the parlor. She's got sunshiny, brown hair too, and a cheek like a peach. I allus knew the doctor had a good eye, and I s'pose he's fairly in it every afternoon, quite unconscious that her

took. She's a wholesome lookin' young woman, there's no denyin'; but as like as not its only skin deep."

Melissa went back to her kitchen, in an agony of curiosity about these people. In general, she concerned herself very little about her nextdoor neighbors, who changed nearly every year. Provided, they kept their chickens out of her vegetable garden, and didn't want to "borry" too often, she seldom meddled with their affairs.

As for the new-comers, who had moved into the house the first of May, she had scarcely given them a thought. Now, however, she resolved upon a thorough investigation of their affairs, and promised herself to find out whatever was to be known about them.

She collected her wits, and formed them into a committee of ways and means, for the prosecution of the investigation; and her wits, though old, were by no means slow. The result achieved, may be summed up in the following items of information.

The new family, was found to consist of Mrs. Bliss, and her two daughters, Georgiana and Maud-the name of the former being generally shortened to Georgie, and that of the latter, lengthened to Maudie.

Mr. Bliss, who had been dead about a year, had been a generous, open-handed man, always doing a flourishing business, and living luxuriously, but, unfortunately, quite careless about "making the ends meet." He never gave himself any serious concern about that bugbear of prudent, cautious men-a rainy day. It never came to him, for he died suddenly; but it did come to his family, when his business affairs were found to be in an inextricable state of confusion, and the sale of his house and the greater part of the furniture, barely sufficed to pay his

Then it was that his family removed to a house in the suburbs, depending upon the income from a small property belonging to Mrs. Bliss, for the payment of their rent and their partial support, while Georgie made up the deficiency by teaching in the city, whither she traveled by omnibus every day, rain or shine.

It was a dreary change for these women, accustomed to such an easy-going life; but they were brave, and made the best of it, and contrived to extract no little pleasure from their country home.

The flower-garden was a never failing source of occupation and enjoyment, and Georgie worked

neighbor, the doctor, was making a study of her, and dame Melissa, eyeing her jealously, discerning, with prophetic vision, the future molester of "her ancient, solitary reign."

One afternoon in August, Georgie reappeared, after several days of heat, too intense for gardening, in which the doctor had missed the wide straw hat, bobbing up and down over the flower-beds, and the white dress, flitting about through the wilderness of bright colors and sweet odors.

Presently, Maud came out, but not with her usual hop and skip. She came with a slow step, and a world of woe puckered into her little face. She was coming to her sister for sympathy, in that calamity which has befallen mortals since the days of Paradise—nothing to wear.

"Oh, Georgie!" she sobbed, "Isn't it too bad? The girls are going to have a fairy party in the woods, next week, and they want me to be the queen; but I can't go, because I haven't any dress to wear."

"Poor child! How destitute you are!" Georgie said, with a solemn face.

"I mean, I haven't any white dress," said Maud. "Mine is so torn and stained, that it isn't fit to wear, and mamma says she can't afford to get me a new one now."

Georgie gave one thought to the time when new dresses were to be had for the asking; but the next moment the little troubled, tear-stained face was between her two hands, and she was dealing out unmeasured comfort.

"Don't break your little heart, Maudie, dear, and we'll see what can be done. I'm. fairy enough to conjure up a white dress, I hope, and you shall be queen yet."

Just then, a bright thought struck her, and lifting the dainty folds of her own dress, she exclaimed. "Why, here is the very thing! You shall have it, Maudie, and I will go to work at it this moment. Come, fairy queen!" And seizing Maud's hand, they both scampered into the house.

The doctor, eaves-dropping and spying behind the shelter of his blinds, saw Georgie appear in the window soon after, in a fresh lilac print. She was very busy, and her soissors were gleaming in and out among the thin, shimmering folds of her white dress.

"There's a woman who loves somebody else better than herself!" said the doctor, under his breath, with an odd sort of glimmer about the eyes; and something very like a sigh found its way out of his broad chest, as he left his seat by the window, and began pacing up and down the office.

Melissa, on the lookout in the room adjoining, listened to his footsteps for the next half . hour, and then trotted off to her kitchen. ejaculating.

"Oh, Lord! I guess it's all day with the doctor."

There was no more gardening for a week and at the end of that time, Maud burst her chrysalis and came forth, a veritable fairy. The bluest of violets—just a match for Maud's eyes—nestled here and there in the folds of her snowy dress, and pretty, blue ribbons tied back her willful, yellow curls. The most exacting of the fairies couldn't have asked for a prettier queen.

The day of the party was the closing day of Georgie's school, and she was to have gone to look after the little queen; but Mrs. Bliss went instead, and Georgie staid at home to make the best of a raging headache, which had been gaining upon her for the last two or three weeks, andon that day seemed to have reached its climax.

The long ride, to and from the city, in the jolting, rattling omnibus, the walk over heated pavements under a burning sun, and the five hours work in the school-room, had been too severe a tax upon a frame wholly unused to such toilsome experiences, and the next morning, the fairy queen—turned mortal over night—was dispatched in haste for the doctor.

Georgie was in a raging fever, talking wildly and tossing restlessly to and fro, and Mrs. Bliss felt that there was no time to lose; else, knowing nothing of her medical neighbor, she would have sent to the city for their family physician. But somehow, when the doctor came, she seemed to feel an instinctive confidence in the great, powerful-looking man, and when Georgie quieted down under the soothing touch of his big, strong hands, her doubts vanished utterly.

The doctor looked grave, and his verdict was, typhoid fever.

No need to describe the weary, anxious days and weeks which followed. They are only too well known. But, thank God! the worst was over at last, the danger past, and the days of convalescence at hand.

Georgie's good constitution asserted itself, and she regained her health and strength so rapidly, that the doctor was soon forced to confess that she could safely dispense with his professional visits. For daily calls he could no longer find the shadow of an excuse.

Georgie was anxious to have the doctor's professional calls at an end; for visions of evil to come, in the shape of around bill, had already begun to haunt her. "Had she worked hard all summer," she asked herself, pitifully; "just to earn money enough to pay for being ill?"

She talked the matter over with her mother, and they determined to ask for the bill at the first opportunity.

The opportunity arrived within the space of half an hour, and the doctor was requested to have his bill forthcoming at his next visit. He promise I, and stayed away a fortnight.

Melissa took heart again, and began to flatter herself that the tide had turned. Mrs. Bliss wondered, and Georgie said that the doctor seemed glad to have her off his hands; neverthelesss, he felt rather sore at being thus neglected and at last took to watching her neighbor's front door.

One afternoon, Mrs. Bliss went to the city, for the first time in many weeks. During her absence the doctor called. He had been very busy, he said, and knew that he was not needed; his patient was getting on famously,

Georgie looked out of the window into her garden, and remarked that she must go to work among her flowers soon, or the weeds would be the death of them all.

"Not yet, Miss Georgie," said the doctor. "The weeds will be the death of you, as well as of the flowers, if you attack them now."

"Oh, I feel quite strong!" insisted Georgie.

"But not strong enough for any exertion," the doctor gravely replied. "And I must take this opportunity of saying, that I hope you have no intention of resuming your occupation of teaching this fall!"

"Indeed I have, sir," Georgie replied, quickly, trying to feel immensely strong in view of it.

"Then let me assure you," said the doctor, "you must, on no account, attempt it. It will never do."

"And how are we to do without it?" Georgie asked herself, as she felt her heart sink several degrees, and wondered to herself if the doctor knew how cruel he was. She supposed he didn't, but, between you and me, I believe it was only a cunning way of his, of making the poor girl feel what a weak, tender, helpless little thing she was, and how much she needed a willing heart and strong hands (like his for instance) to take care of her. Cowardly, wasn't it?

Presently, Georgie thought of the bill, and sked for it. The doctor hadn't brought it.

"But I can give you the amount," said he, and taking a memorandum-book from his pocket, he tore out a leaf and made an entry upon it. Then he walked over to Georgie's sofa, and handed it to her, saying,

"Miss Georgie, if you cannot pay me what I ask, I am a bankrupt man!"

Georgie was about to inqure, indignantly, what reason he had for doubting her ability to pay her debts, when her eye glanced at the paper in her hand, and she read there. "Your own dearest self."

All the blood in her body seemed to take a sudden leap for the roots of her hair, and crumpling the little document nervously in her fingers, she stammered, "But doctor—"

What that important little conjunction was to have signified, no one ever knew, for she got no farther, and the doctor took it up.

"But Georgie, you're the warm-hearted, loving little woman I've been waiting for these years. I wasn't quite sure you were the one, until I saw you giving up the white dress you used to look so bonnie in, for the little fuiry queen."

"Why, how did you know about that?" asked. Georgie, who had got her breath again.

"Oh! I've been watching you all summer. I've been the veriest Jesuit that, ever looked and listened."

He took her hand between his great, brown palms, and, oddly enough, from habit, his fingers wandered off to her pulse. I do not think he found them beating very calmly. Under other circumstances, I am sure he would have considered the symptoms alarming; but I think he knew what he was about; at any rate, he didn't seem to be discouraged, and went on saying.

"Oh, Georgie! With God's help, I brought you back safe from the jaws of death. Now I want you, to have and to hold, all the days of my life. Haven't I earned a right to you?"

Whether this style of reasoning, commended itself to Georgie, I cannot say. Some might think it unprofessional, but it evidently answered the purpose; and Georgie was brought over to pay the doctor what he asked, and save him from bankruptey; for when Mrs. Bliss returned home unobserved, and made her way to the parlor, she found them in such an unmistakably loverlike position, that she stopped on the threshold utterly aghast, while her bundles tumbled out of her arms, and lay about her like so many horror-stricken exclamation points.

The doctor took Georgie by the hand, and led her to her mother, cudgelling his brains, by the way, for an appropriate speech.

But Georgie wound her arms about her mo-

ther's, neck and said, in a comically plaintive voice,

"Oh, mamma! You see the doctor has taken me for debt."

So the doctor's bill was paid; but with what fortitude dame Melissa contrived to endure the infliction of a young wife in the house, tradition saith not.

LINES FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

BY N. F. CARTER.

Twenty-five years! Hand clasping hand, Climbing the hill-sides of duty together, Under the radiant leadings of love; Trustingly true in the stormiest weather, Patiently, hopefully watching for signals of promise above! In the dry sand. Up the rough steep, among briars and thorns, Into the vallies of gathering gloom; Out of dark nights into rosiest morns, Out of the brake into meadows of odorous bloom; Guided by pillar of cloud, or a pillar of flame-Resolute ever, and ever the same! Loving and helping each other, Trusting and blessing each other, Treading serenely life's opening ways; Destinies linking and blending,

Twenty-five years!
Heart linked to heart,
Singing the anthems of love's sweet selection,
Harmonies heralding fullness of bliss,
Mingling the treasures of growing affection.
Born of a life in its ripeness akin to a bettor than this;
Never apart!
Sharers together in sorrows and joys,

Aims, aspirations united in one; Hopes, with a fruitage no blighting destroys,

Brightening, we trust, for the glory unending,

Under the smile of blossoming, hurrying days!

Under the beckening of Faith to a future to be,
Freighted with promises, sunny and free;
Living and planning together,
Sowing and reaping together,
Harvests of gladness from pathways rejoicingly trod;
Under Fruition's caressings
Joyfully garnering fullness of blessings;

Kept by the mercy and crowned by the goodness of God!

Twenty-five years!

Honors be yours;

In the pure light of a home-life begun,

Garlands of laurel for victories olden;
Flowers from heart-gardens, most fragrant and rare;

Silver mementoes foretelling of golden,

Should the fleet years under God be so lengthened, in answer to prayer:

Glory allures, Kindles her beacons to stimulate on, Gilds the great crosses in time to be borne;

Tints the dark clouds of days over and gone,

Brightens the crown of love cares to be worthily worn!

Follow the localizers and block with great love as of ald.

Follow its leadings and blest with sweet love as of old, Bravely climb up to the Wedding of Gold! Watching and praying together,

Hoping and waiting together,
Till, with a life-work triumpantly done,
Ripe for a holy communion;

Heaven shall award you a blissful re-union, One for the glorified years and forevermore one!

DESERTED.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

Night after night she hears the wild winds blow,
The owl hoots over head with doleful cry,
And noiseless footsteps ever come and go,
As shadows pass her slowly, slowly by;
White faces turn on her, white hands reach out,
And touch her own, and clasp her in the gloom;
She lieth still with phantoms round about.
The shapes that wander through her sleeping-room.
"Oh, God!" she cries, "the nights are very long,
I wait forever in the ghostly gloom,
I am alone and lonely," is her song;
"Alone, save for these phantoms in my room!"

The day comes on, the shadowy phantoms flee, She sitteth at her casement lone and lorn; Across the dreary plain she looks to see Him who comes not, and ever night and morn, She prays and hopes; hot falls the scorching sun, Low lie the flowers, but lower still her heart Whithin her breast, as he, the faithless one
Comes never more; as all her hopes depart,
She crieth out, and making bitter moan—
"He loved me once, he loved me once I know;
I am so weary waiting here alone,
When will be come? How long must this be so?"

The twilight comes, fast falls the chilly rain,
No more across the plain her sight can go;
The rain-drops beat like hands against the pane,
But faster still her heavy tear-drops flow;
Alone she ling'reth through the cold and heat,
Suns rise and set again through bloom and blight.
She listeth for the sound of human feet,
But only sees the phantoms walk at night;
She waileth, "Flowers die and die, but I—
I cannot die, nor love of him, nor woe,
These do not die," then comes her doleful cry,
"How long, oh, God! how long must this be so?"

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This dress is of striped mohair in two sizes. The



narrow stripe is used for the foundation, and the wider one for the trimming. Of the under-skirt. one deep flounce, slightly full and straight, headed by a band of the same, cut on the bias, stitched down by the machine. The over-skirt has the short apron front, which is now so popular, and the back trimmed up the backseam; which seam is left open for ten inches, making the points as seen. The basque fits the figure; slashed, back and sides. Open sleeves. A narrow bias band trims the over-skirt and

WE give, first, a walking-suit of striped mohair. I four yards of the wide, will be required. These mohairs cost from thirty-seven up to seventyfive cents per yard.

> Next, but in the front of the number, is a walking-dress of brown merino. The underskirt of this costume has two ruffles, cut on the bias, five inches deep, and put on with a cord, forming a heading. The ruffles are bound, top and bottom, with the same. The lower-skirt is almost as long as the under one, and nearly as wide, trimmed with eight or ten rows of narrow, black worsted braid, or quarter-inch velvet ribbon, simply looped at the sides and back. The waist terminates in a small pointed basque at the back, and tight-fitting points in front, trimmed to match. Small coat sleeve. Ten yards of merino, at one dollar per yard, and six pieces of velvet ribbon, at forty cents per piece, will make this pretty walking-dress. The worsted braid would be even less expensive.

> A walking-sacque, a pattern suitable for drap d'ete, cashmere, poplin, merino, serge, or any



material of which such garments are usually made, consists, first, of a gored sacque, from twenty-seven to twenty-nine inches long in the back, where it is slashed, as seen in the design; over this is a circular cape, which is cut directly in half, meeting only at the neck. This uppercape is scalloped, and bound with silk coat braid, with three rows of the braid laid on flat. This braid may be varied, either with narrow silk folds, or velvet bands, cut on the bias. Of material, five and a half yards, twenty-seven inches wide, are required, and twenty-five yards of braid, and eight buttons. This garment may or may not be lined with silk, as preferred Price of pattern fifty cents.

Braided walking sacque, cut in the sacque style and material, with the exception of the



cape, which is not open up the back. The trimming consists of narrow silk embroidery braid, put on in a simple scroll pattern, with two plain rows underneath. As may be seen, the design, is carried up the front, where the intervening space is filled up with the braid, carried backward and forward, in regular rows, up to the neck. The edge of both the cape and sacque are further finished by one row of knotted or bullion fringe, four inches deep. The same quantity of

material is required for this as for the former one. Of fringe, seven and a half yards will be required.

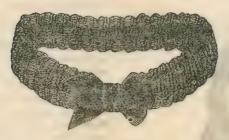
Also, in the front of the number, is a walkingdress for a young lady, which, for simplicity of cut, style, and trimming, is unexceptionable. It is made of a light silk and wool material, called Poplinette, and comes in the shades of gray. This dress consists of an under-skirt rather longer than ordinary, and a trifle fuller in the back, perfectly plain, and provided with loops underneath, near the waist, in order to shorten it for walking, if desired. The over-skirt is cut exactly like the under-skirt, only shorter, being about nine inches shorter in front, then sloping off to the back, where it is looped, and slightly at the sides: this is ornamented with a band of black silk, cut on the bias, put on the edge, where it is finished with one row of bullion fringe. The waist is plain and round; over it is worn the jacket, for walking, which is cut with the figure, but not fitting tight; slashed at the back to the waist. Open sleeves, all trimmed to match the over-skirt. The jacket may be cut surplice in front, with a rolling collar, if preferred, For the coming season, it would probably be more desirable.

Next we give the front and back view of a sacque with a hood—the kind called "Milkmaid"—which is very popular this season on all sorts of outside wraps, from the water-proof up. This design is of navy-blue cloth. The sacque is slashed at the back and sides; the edges bound with a black military braid. Line the hood with black silk, and finish with pendant cord and tassels. The coat sleeve has a cuff set on with two buttons at the back of the sleeve. One and a half yards of cloth, eight yards of braid, eight buttons, a quarter of a yard of silk.



CHILD'S CRAVAT: CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



crochet hook, ribbon, for bow.

work, only on one side, three chain in each row treble, one double-treble, one treble, and again for the first treble, and one treble in each suc- one double.

MATERIALS: Blue and white Berlin wool, bone ceeding chain. Work the length required to go round the throat; for the edge, with white wool, With blue wool make a chain of ten stitches, work into each edge-stitch, one double, one

SACQUE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

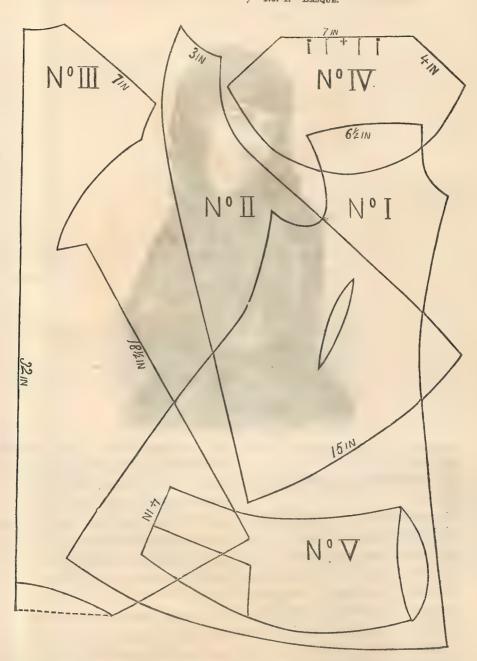


We give, this month, a new and pretty sacque; and terminates there in a small plaited basque. for a little girl about twelve. The material may It is ornamented with a gimp and fringe trimbe chestnut-colored cloth or cashmere. It fits ming. We give, also, a diagram by which it may closely to the figure in the back, as will be seen, } be cut out.

No. 1. FRONT OF SACQUE.

No. 2. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 8. BACK. No. 4: BASQUE.



No. 5. SLEEVE. suitable for spring; but cashmere is cheaper and more appropriate for this season of the year.

PELERINE AND MUFF: KNITTING AND TRICOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATRIALS: Berlin wool of twocolors, or white and colored.

The foundation is in tricot, plain, with raised stripes, but the border consists of knitted plush stripes.

For the pelerine, make a chain of 159 stitches. At the beginning and at the end of each row returning, decrease always one stitch, and in the middle decrease two. The two first rows are plain, then follow three pattern rows, with the pattern loops reversed. The pattern is worked exactly like that of the garter. These patterns, however, must be separated by one stitch. In the last of the four next plain rows upon each half of the collar, a decrease of one stitch must be made three times at regular distances; three more pattern rows, and one plain row, in which the decreasing is repeated a few times, completes the foundation. Round the slope for the neck there are three loop stitches (plush knitted

rows,) in working which the chained-off stitches are taken up in the same manner as for the heel of a stocking; for each loop, the thread is only laid once round the finger. The loops falling downward require a separate knitted stripe for the outer edge of the collar, which is afterward sewn on, on the wrong side. After four loop rows in a chain of sixty stitches, the plush stripe for the front edge of the collar must be continued with six stitches (including the first and last stitch. The collar is fastened with a chain-stitch of wool, four times double, with tufted tassels.

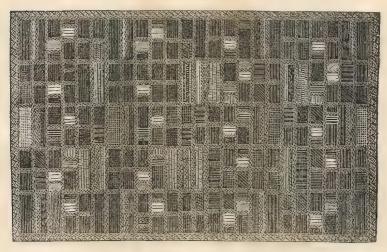
For the muff, which is in the new shape, and fastened round the neck with a chain stitch chain of wool four times double, begin in tricot at the narrow end of the middle stripe, for which make a chain of twenty-two stitches; at the beginning and end of the first row in chaining off, three patterns are worked, separated by one stitch;

ten stitches remain plain in the middle. After eight pattern rows, there must be an increase of one stitch at the beginning and at the end; after every four rows the increasing is repeated as far as the thirtieth row. The breadth of the plain middle stripe is the same throughout, whils the pattern stripes become broader. The second half of the muff is worked the same, in the oppo-

site direction, and finishes with twenty-two stitches. The plush stripes for the side edges are thirteen stitches broad, and one hundred and fifty-four rows long. Thick, wooden needles are used for the colored lining, which is knitted in plain rows forward and backward. The wadded muff has a cord and tassels, like the collar, at the sides.

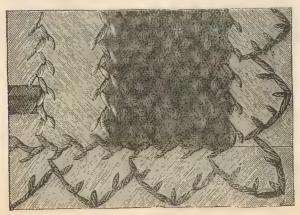
BEDSIDE CARPET IN PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS: Ends of cloth and flannel, white, yellow, and green Berlin wool.

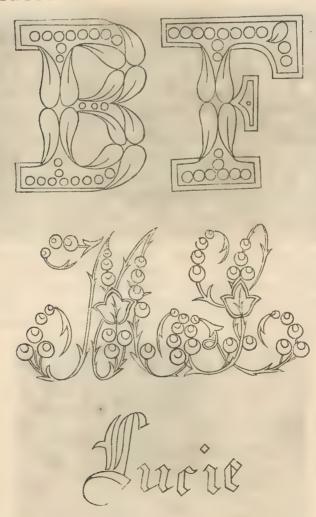
The separate pieces are seamed together at the back, and the seams must be damped and pressed before the herring-bone pattern shown in the full size in the cut below is worked. The carpet from which the engraving was taken was forty-two inches long, and twenty-three and a half inches wide. The cross-pieces of pink flannel are each three-quarters of an inch wide, bordered by herring-bone stitch of white Berlin wool. For the two longish squares



put regularly between the pink flannel stripes, and one and a half, and one and a quarter inches long, red and white flannel are taken and edged round with orange-colored herring-bone stitch. All the other patchwork parts decorated with herring-bone stitch are of brown, gray, and more especially, black cloth, the latter prevailing, which is plain, striped, and figured. The longest cloth stripes, the middle of each being marked by a pink flannel stripe, are each one and a

quarter inches wide, and four and a half inches long, the others, on the contrary, each one and a half inches wide, and one and a quarter, and two and a half inches long. A pink flannel stripe, enlivened with green, and from three-quarters to one and a quarter inches wide, gives the outer edge of the largest part all round. The carpet must be lined, and, when finished, edged with black woolen carpet fringe. It makes quite a cheap and pretty affair.

INITIALS. NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILD'S JACKET: TRICOT, CROCHET, AND TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



colored, two ounces white, Berlin wool.

The foundation is in tricot, in which always the rows forward are worked with white wool, and collected together on the needle, and worked off with colored wool, which forms a fine, white net over the colored rows. The trimming is entirely white, and consists of a few rows of ribbed crochet-double always on the back thread of the preceding row-and a row of tatted scallops with two threads. The jacket, as well as the sleeves, is always formed of straight crochet parts put together. For the jacket, commence with eighty stitches for the under-edge of the back; crochet forty rows straight upward, and then separate exactly in the middle in two separate straight halves, and work fifty-two rows for the front part. The slit, the opening for the

MATERIALS: One and three-quarter ounces | throat and front, are formed by the elasticity of the work. The trimming is of white wool, and is worked into the first row of the crochet round the edges.

> A rib of one row is first worked: then in working the second rib, this trimming is worked on to the outer-side edges of the crochet. These edges are then joined together, leaving an opening four inches long, for the sleeves. From the under-end another opening must be left, measur, ing two inches. Each sleeve requires a straight foundation of twenty-six rows, worked upon forty-eight stitches. The sewing together requires one white rib for the upper, and two for the under edge. The tatting may be easily worked from design, and sewn on to the jacket. A chain of double wool, with tied tassels, fastens the jacket.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Some New Dresses .- We have just had a letter from Paris, describing some of the more extravagant dresses that have appeared there lately. Worth still continues to excel all his rivals in the brilliancy and tone of his costumes. He contrives colors, especially this season, in new and striking ways, but always having warrant in Nature, as a true artist should, for what he does. He has been making a great many cloth costumes, especially polonaises, called Incroyables, somewhat in the Directoire style. The cloth used is that called printemps—a peculiar shade of gray. The polonaise opens in front, so as to show the petticoat, which is ornamented en tablier; buttons embroidered with silk, the color of the polonaise, are sewn down the front of it, and at the back it is looped up en eventail, with numerous plaits fastened down at the top with an agrafe of gimp. The front of the Incroyable describes a waistcoat, with deep basques; the eleeves are not wide, but are turned up with revers. A faille cravat of the same printemps color is fastened a certain distance from the throat with a slip-not; the ends continue to the waist, where they are again fastened with a similar knot. There is no waistband. Some of the Incroyables are not made with a waistcoat in front, but are cut in the polonaise form—the bodice and skirt in a single piece, like the Gabrielle or princesse dress. These latter have very large revers in front-a la Directoire-which revers are continued round to the back, where they form a short cape reaching only to the shoulders. These polonaises are worn over either black velvet or marron faille skirts. For ball dresses Worth now combines tulle with velvet, and the result is most distinguished. For example, an evening-dress: a profusion of mauve tulle flounces, veiled with mauve tulle, and studded with tiny sprays of white jasmine; a small tunic, exceedingly short and well-rounded in front, of prune-colored velvet, edged with fringe to match; the tunic forms two wings at the back; bodice of prune velvet, with folds arranged heart-shaped a la Grecque, and a tuft of white jasmine on the left shoulder.

Here is a ball toilet: A white tulle skirt, striped all over with cross-bands of white satin; these bands descend quite straight in front, and turn squarely at the bottom of the skirt. Tiny white convolvuli were studded upon these bands. White satin tunic, forming a train at the back, and decorated in front with a fringe of convolvuli. White satin bedice with tulle folds on berthe. Flowers on the left shoulder.

Another ball toilet. Pale pink tulle dress over pink satin, Tulle tunic, composed of several tulle skirts, one over the other, and each draped; tufts of daisies were studded gracefully over it. At the edge of the tunic an exquisite flounce of Alencon lace. Pink tulle bodice, with bouillonnes, and a berthe of lace below; daisies arranged among the bouillonnes. On the left shoulder there was a black volvet bow, with flowing ends, which fell as low as the edge of the tunic. Wreath of daisies fastened at the side with a black velvet bow, upon which was fastened an agrafe of diamonds.

A novel feature about tunics is the tying them at the back with three bows, arranged one over the other. These bows are made either of faille, or of velvet, according to the material of the dress; they are rather large, but have short ends. These tied tunics are draped, or else they are open in the center of the back. The open ones take the form of two wide scarf ends, and terminate with loops of ribbon. A

wide scarf now often replaces a tunic when the skirt is ornamented with a profusion of flounces,

Caps are very much worn in Paris, so that some persons think they will drive out the chignon. These caps are adopted by young ladies as well as middle-aged ones, and are very fantastic in form; the most approved being hood-shaped. They are made of fine muslin, delicately embroidered and trimmed with rich valenciennes lace; they terminate with a deep flounce of point Vaiguille; a bow of gros grain ribbon is fastened at the top of the hood, the ends falling over the shoulder. These gros grain bows are generally made of two contrasting colors—light-blue and prune, pink and marcon, black and green, the selection of color depending on the complexion of the wearer.

More Truth Than Poetry.—One of that much-abused, yet often deserving, class, domestic help, wrote the other day, to an editor. "Ladies is too apt to blame us for their own ignorance. Housework doesn't mean housekeeping; but half of them that gets married, expects us to do their duties for them, and presarve their want of knowledge a saycret. Every gintleman that marries thinks he has a prize that will make his home next door to Paradise; and almost every one of them finds there's a mistake somewhere, and blames poor-Biddy for it." There is more truth than poetry in this.

CURIOUS CONTRAST OF COLOR.—At a reception, at the Dorial Palace, in Rome, lately, an American lady, formerly Miss Field, but now the Princess Triggiano, appeared in a bluesatin petticoat—a smoky blue—with a dull yellow flounce, trimmed richly with elegant lace, and a train of smoky-gray satin. The dress was by Worth. The effect was very striking. The colors, apparently so inharmonious, were toned together so judiciously, that the result was perfect harmony. But no other artist would have attempted it.

Somebody to Teach Her to Dress.—The Princess Marguerite, who will be Queen of Italy some day, dresses as badly, it seems, as an Englishwoman. She appeared at the theatre, in Rome, recently, in this absurd toilet. Fink faille, with a black velvet jacket, sleeveless, and around the edge of the pink, open sleeves, between the rich, white lace and pink sleeve, was a fall of chocolate-colored gauze; over the pink skirt was an over-skirt of the same chocolate gauze!

"THE KITTENS."—Different from either of our preceding embellishments, this year, but equally charming. In these steel-engravings "Peterson" has no rival. To see a magazine on a center-table, with elegant and costly steel-engravings, instead of cheap wood-cuts, is a sure proof of refinement and taste.

"Would Nor Do Without Ir."—Says a lady, when sending her club for 1872:—"I have taken your magazine for three years. I think it the best I have seen. I would not do without it in the house for anything."

NEVER SAY OR DO A RUDE THING, EVEN IN JEST.—There is no real humor in hurting other people's feelings. If you doubt it, have it tried on yourself.

A Mother Should let a child know, from the first, that her "no" means "no," as well as that her "yes" means "yes."

Additions to Clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers have thus been sent to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number.

"FOURTEEN YEARS."—A lady sends a club, and writes:
"I have, this year, three more names than I generally send.
One lady in my club has taken your magazine for fourteen
years, and says she could not think of doing without it."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Myself: A Romance of New England Life. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.-This is a novel of much more than average merit. It appears anonymously, and has indications of being by a new hand. Readers who delight in the sensation school, who believe in "Ouida" and swear by Miss Braddon, will probably pronounce it dull; but those who fike naturalness, whose tastes are not too vitiated for life as it really is, will be more or less pleased with it, according as they prefer country to town. The earlier chapters, which describe a New England rural neighborhood forty years ago, are, to our thinking, the best. There is one devoted to an old-fashioned "training," which is equally graphic and humorous. The author's success in depicting the so-called "upper-ten" society of Boston is less decided, probably because he knows nothing of it from personal observation, whereas no one can doubt his familiarity with life on a New Hampshire farm. The plot is ingenious, but spun out at too great a length, and the main incident-that on which everything turns-is one that seems to us quite impossible. There are evidences, in the book, that the author knows something of law, yet the trial, at which the plot finally unravels itself, could never have been allowed to be conducted in the way it was, except, perhaps, before some ignorant justice, such as we have seen in the woods. It must not be supposed, from all this, that we find no merit in the work. The story, with all these imperfections, is pleasantly told, and has a free, healthy atmosphere about it, which is really

Ten Thousand a Year. By Samuel C. Warren. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philadu: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.-There are some novels that are popular from the first. They appear one day, and the next everybody is talking of them: they make their writers famous in an hour, as it were. Of this class are "The Three Guardsmen," by Dumas; "Charles O'Malley," by Lever; "Pickwick," by Dickens; and "Ten Thousand a Year," by Warren. For a whole year and more, during which it appeared, serially, in Blackwood's Magazine, "Ten Thousand a Year" was the talk of all literary circles. One of its characters, Oily Gammon, became as popular almost as Pickwick. Another, in a different way, Tittlebat Titmouse, was as much talked of as Samuel Weller. The heroine, Kate Aubrey, has rarely had her equal, even in fiction. To this day "Ten Thousand A-Year" holds its place as one of the novels, not only that every one should read, but that every one should have in his house. The present is a neat, double-column octavo edition, bound in cloth, just the edition for the library.

A Compendious Grammar of the Greek Language. By Alpheus Grosby, Professor Emeritus of the Greek Language and Literature in Dartmouth College. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York and Chicago: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.—It is more difficult to make a short Greek grammar, than a short Latin one, from peculiarities inherent in the former language. But Professor Grosby may be congratulated on quite a success in the work before us.

Physiology of the Soul and Instinct, as distinguished from Materialism. With Supplementary Demonstrations of the Divine Communication of the Narratives of Creation and the Flood. By Martyn Payne, A. M., M. D., LL. D. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers .- This treatise is designed to prove the existence of the Soul as an independent, self-acting, immortal and spiritual essence. It is a powerful assault on Materialism, and coming from a doctor of medicine, it has even more than ordinary significance; for no men are more tempted to become materialists than doctors, principally, because they see so much of the body and its influence on the spirit. Dr. Payne's profession, moreover, by making him familiar with physical facts, enables him to meet the materialists on their own ground. The volume is a large, handsome octave of seven hundred pages. A portrait of the author adorns the title-page.

Aunt Patty's Scrap-Bag. By Caroline Lee Hents. 1 vol., 12 me. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—When a book has survived into a second generation, and still continues popular, no other proof is needed of its substantial merits. We first read "Aunt Patty" thirty years ago, and we have read it anew with fresh zest. The present is a very handsome edition: the binding especially being particularly elegant. The filustrations, which are numerous, are by Darley, and in his best voin.

Fair To See. By Laurence W. M. Lockhart. 1 rol., 8 vo. New York: Hurper & Brothers.—This author made his first appearance, a year or two ago, in a racy, haif-rollicking novel, in Blackwood's Magazine, called "Doubles and Quits." This new story from his pen will be eagerly sought after by all who have read the first. Eila, the unprincipled, yet fascinating little flirt, is drawn to the life. Morna, her stepsister, and the real heroine, is also very natural.

Ballads of Good Deeds, and other Verses. By Henry Abbey. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—As this title implies, this volume is principally devoted to poems, which celebrate good or kindly deeds. But there are other stanzas in a different vein. Of these, "While the Days Go By," appears to us the best. 'All, however, are pervaded by a truly noble and Christian spirit.

Water and Land. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is another of that excellent series, "Science For The Young," which the Messrs, Harper have just inaugurated. Mr. Abbott has a special gift for compiling books of this kind, and the "Water and Land" is one of his very best efforts. The volume is profusely and handsomely illustrated.

Teacher's Guide; Companion to Bartholomew's Drawing-Book, No. I. By W. N. Bartholomew, Professor of Drawing in the English High and Boston Normal Schools. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.—This is intended for teachers and students using the well-known Bartholomew Drawing Books. It is a revised edition, and is full of capital illustrations.

Ashletics; or the Science of Beauty. By John Bascom, Professor in Williams College. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York and Chicago: Woodworth, Ainsworth & Co.—This may be considered a compact, and, on the whole, excellent treatise on the principles of taste. The author is not quite up to Taine, however.

A Treatise on English Punctuation. By John Wilson. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York and Chicago: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.—The popularity of this treatise is proved by the fact that it has passed through twenty editions. Young writers, printers, and correctors of the press, will find it of great service.

A Rent in A Cloud. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another of Lever's always pleasant fictions. The edition is a cheap one, in double-column octavo.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"A Noble Woman" is the name of a new novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Its pages are replete with incidents of absorbing interest, and her admirers will read it with avidity. The leading characters are carried through a series of exciting adventures, all of which are narrated and drawn out with such ingenuity that the reader's attention is kept on a tension of interest from the opening page to the close of the volume. This is the great secret of Mrs. Stephen's success—her readers cannot get out of her influence. She gives you a thrilling story, pure and simple, and she leaves the whole affair in the hands of her readers, feeling quite secure of a favorable verdict on every new emanation from her pen." A Noble Woman" is complete in one large duodecimo rolume, bound in cioth, price \$1.75; or in paper cover, \$1.50.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have also just issued a new, complete, and uniform edition of all of the popular works written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. This edition is complete in seventeen volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$1.75 each, or \$29.75 for the complete set, in a box. The volumes are sold separately, or in sets. The following are their names:

A Noble Woman, The Rejected Wife. Palaces and Prisons. Mary Derwent. Married in Haste. Fashion and Famine. Wives and Widows. The Old Homestead. Ruby Gray's Strategy. The Heiress. The Curse of Gold. The Gold Brick. Mabel's Mistake. Silent Struggles. Doubly False. The Wife's Secret. The Soldier's Orphans.

Copies of either, or all of the above books, will be sent by mail, post-paid, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of price, in paper covers, for \$1.50 each, or in cloth, for \$1.75 each; or they may be had of all booksellers, T. B. P. & Brothers will send a copy of their Book Catalogue to any person writing for one.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The Raisin (Michigan) Record says:—"The Fobruary number of this favorite magazine is already upon our table. It contains, as usual, one of the finest steel engravings, besides the very latest fushionable plates, the most interesting stories, and choicest miscellaneous reading. We hardly see how any lady can do without it. We are always ready to recommend it, as it contains just what they want, and always makes its appearance first."

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EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. Mary Hacher, Muscatine, Iowa, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine since September, 1857, and earned from \$10 to \$20 a week, making dresses and cloaks, from the finest to the heaviest, and her machine is now in as good order as when she bought it.

"ITS STORIES THE BEST."—The Minonk (Ill.) Journal says of Peterson's Mugazine:—"Its stories are conceded to be the best published."

HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ART OF MAKING A SALAD is one of those attributes with which everybody credits himself, whereas in truth it is possessed by a very small number of the favored few.

There are, however, salads and salads, graduating from the simple repast got together extemporaneously to the most elaborately prepared viands, culminating in the glories of a delicious lobster salad. Even the simplest form of salad admits of preparation on several different principles. Our own method is diametrically opposed to the common practice, but let our readers give it a trial; they can but return to the other system if they do not like our directions.

The ordinary plan may be exemplified by the following directions for a lettuce salad: Wash and pick two or three well-bleached lettuces, taking off the outer leaves; the dry them well in an open wicker-work basket made with a handle, swinging it to and fro at arm's length to get rid of the water, and cut them across a few times (not very small;) mix a saltspoonful of salt into a tablespoonful of vinegar until dissolved, and pour it over the salad, adding half a spoonful more vinegar to suit the palate if desired; then pour in three tablespoonfuls of Lucca oil, sprinkle a little pepper over this, and mix the whole with a wooden spoon and fork, and keep turning the salad over and over as you mix it, until it has well imbibed all the ingredients. A few nasturtium flowers are often added, which give a far more pleasant zest than Cayenne pepper; watercress, purslane, or mustard and cress may be introduced if agreeable. In this plan the vinegar is first added to the washed salad, and a large amount of stirring is required to diffuse the oil, so that the salad should not taste oily.

Our system is the opposite. The lettuce (and we prefer that most delicious of all lettuces, the soft Neapolitan, the merits of which are appreciated by but few cognoscenti in this country)—the lettuce, we say again, should not be washed if the process can be dispensed with, but if necessary, each leaf should be separately wiped, cut up, and put into the bowl; now add the oil, and stir until each portion is covered with a thin film; then stir together in your salad-spoon the salt, vinegar, (which should be real French,) pepper, and a little powdered white sugar, without which no good salad was ever made. Add these to your lettuce, stir, eat, and be thankful.

If you like additional flavors, they may be added. Mustard may be mixed with the vinegar, and Cayenne used with the vinegar, and Cayenne used with or instead of common pepper. The remotest suspicion of scraped onion or shallot may be added—not large slices, which will make you odorous for a week, and other vegetables, as beet-root, cresses, lamb's lettuce, etc., may be introduced, but let the grand principle still remain, namely, that the salad be dry, and that the oil be universally diffused before the vinegar is added. By so doing the salad is never greasy, and the vinegar and other adjuncts preserve their true flavor, not being absorbed by the vegetables. So much for the preparation of a simple salad.

CHICKEN AND CELERY SALAD .- Well-fattened chickens of medium size, tender and delicate, make better salad than large, overgrown ones. Put them on to cook in the morning, and save the water they are boiled in for soup. When cold, remove the skin, and cut the flesh in pieces, the size you prefer. Some like the meat very coarse-others choose it quite fine. This is entirely a matter of taste. When cut up, throw over the dish a towel, slightly damped in cold water, to keep the meat from drying. Take the best celery you can get, and cut it of the size you wish. Cut celery in bits about one inch long, and half an inch thick. When the celery is cut, put it between clean cloths to dry perfectly, and then prepare the dressing. For dressing the two chickens, take three-fourths of a bottle of the purest salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of the best mustard, the yolks of two raw eggs, and of twelve hard-boiled ones. Put the eggs to be boiled in a sauce-pan of cold water, over a quick fire; bring to a boil, and let them boil hard ten minutes, then drop them into cold water. When cool remove the shells. Break the raw eggs, and drop the yelks into a dish large enough to make all the dressing in; beat them, stirring the same way for ten minutes; then slowly add the mustard, mix it with the eggs thoroughly, then add the teaspeonful of the best vinegar, and, when this is well mixed, add the oil, a drop at a time, stirring constantly, and always the same way. Rub the yelks of the hard-boiled eggs very smooth, and stir in lightly a teacupful of vinegar, and pour it slowly into the first mixture, and stir it together as lightly as possible with a silver fork. Now season the chicken and celery with salt and pepper, and as soon as ready for use, pour on the dressing. If set where it is too cold, in cold weather, the dressing will curdle.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. III.-Transmission of Disease.

It is from this fashionable dissipation, conjoined with improper diet, and imprudence in dress, previously spoken of, which violates the plainest laws of health, that so many of our daughters are illy fitted to become wives and mothers; and hence it is, that we see, on every hand, a sickly, puny offspring—so much suffering in single, so much sorrow in married life.

The course of conduct now pursued by the daughters, wives, and mothers of the land is the prolific cause of the degeneracy of the race! The physiological condition of the human family is being reversed-sickness is becoming the rule, health is the exception. For we find, by the records, that one-fifth of all born die within one year, and more than one-third of the whole number perish by disease, either acquired, induced, or transmitted, before they reach their fifth year. Marasmus, cholera infantum, and scrofula in one or other of its manifold phases, or some other hereditary disease, carries off one child after another, until the anxious, suffering mother is finally bereft of all, and is found weeping, like Rachel of old, for those who are not. And many of those who survive for a long period, live only to struggle with all the consequences of weak, inherited constitutions, to perish finally, just as they begin to fulfil the ardent hopes of anxious parents, and the expectations of interested friends; or perchance, should life be still further vouchsafed them, they carry with them, as long as it lasts, a state of health which deprives their "minds of elasticity, their tempers of serenity, and their duties of enjoyment."

The young, married woman, or expectant mother, is generally too little aware of the selemn truth, that the health and vigor of her effspring depends much upon her care and prudence during the period of gestation, and that she may entail upon its tender organism the ills of a weak, suffering, brief existence, by an ignorance or willful neglect of well established physiological laws. Mothers should be deeply impressed with the remarkable and intimate connection between parent and progeny—that no important change can take place in the mental or physiological condition of the one, which is not liable to produce some corresponding change upon the condition of the other.

For instance, if she partakes largely of rich, high-seasoned or indigestible food, and merely induces dispepsia, with acidity or heart-burn, and persists in this course, and becomes a mother, this injury to her digestive organs will quite probably be manifested in her infant by feeble digestion, colic, flatulency, irregular state of the bowels, with a strong predisposition to choiera infantum or diarrhea of chronic character. And thus she brings suffering and death, perhaps, to

to a boil, and let them boil hard ten minutes, then drop them \ her infant, and much anxiety, loss of sleep, and necessarily into cold water. When cool remove the shells. Break the \ impaired health to herself.

Oh! that the daughters, and wives, and mothers of our blessed country were wise! That they would pause in their thoughtless career of foolish indulge zes, and consider whither this course of conduct leads. Happiness is, or should be, the chief aim of all while on earth, and it is that which all rational creatures desire. This state can only be obtained through health, and health attained only by a proper respect and obedience to well-known physiological laws.

All violations of these laws, whether by loss of sleep, in eating or drinking; by the exhibition of excessive anger, or the immoderate exercise of any of the passions, are full fraught with injurious consequences to the future race.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to add, that not only are physical qualities of races and nations transmitted, but amily likenesses, stature, physical strength, and physical deformity—that idiocy and various propensities, moral, intellectual, and selfish, are all stamped more or less indelibly upon posterity.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

MONTH OF MARCH.—In the Middle States and West, if the temperature prove mild, proceed as indicated below; otherwise, delay until more favorable weather.

Artichokes, dress, plant. Asparagus, sow, plant roots-those two years old esteemed the best. Beets, Extra Early and Early Turnip, sow. Cabbage, sow in sheltered place, if not already in hot-bed. Carrots, Early Horn, sow. Cauliflowers, attend to those under glass. Celery, sow. Cress, sow. Composts, prepare. Dung, prepare for later hot-beds. Horse-Radish, plant. Hot-beds, make, also force. Lettuce, sow, pick out. Mushroom-beds, attend to. Mustard, sow. Onions put out as sets-those known as "Philadelphia buttons" much the best. Parsnips, 83 w-the sugar is the best. Peas, Extra Early and Early Frame, sow. Also, M'Lean's Advancer and M'Lean's Little Gem. Potatoes, Early, plant. The Early Goodrich continues to secure admirers, but the Early Rose will, we think, distance it; it is admirable in every respect. Radish, the Long Scarlet and Red and White Turnip, sow. The "Strapleaved Long Scarlet," an improvement on the old Long Scarlet, we recommend for trial. Rhubarb, sow; plant roots. Sage, sow, plant. Tomato, sow in hot-bed. Turnip, Strap-leaved Early Dutch, sow.

Southward of Washington, Peas, continue to plant. Cabbage Plants, from Winter beds, transplant, especially Landreth's Large York, which is superior to the imported, being larger, and bearing the heat better. Remember, to have fine head Cabbage and Lettuce, deep culture, and highly manured soil is required. Onions and Leeks, sow. Turnips, sow a few, they may succeed. Potatoes, plant. Carrots and Parsnips, sow, if enough were not sown last month. Mustard, Cress, and Curled Lettuce, for small salad, sow at least once a fortnight. Parsley, sow. Tomato, sow in warm situation: those from the hot-bed may be set out. Peppers, sow close of this month. Melons, both Citron and Water, sow. Cucumbers, sow. Okra, sow; also, Squash and Pumpkins. Beets and other root crops sown last month will be advancing; they should be thinned and cultivated. Celery and Spinach, sow. Asparagus, beds dress, if not already done. Strawberry-beds, set out. Artichokes, if slipped and dressed last month, should have at-

For seeds, write to Landreth or Dreer, of Philadelphia; or Bliss & Sons, New York city; or Briggs & Bros., Rochester, New York, or other dealers. But see their advertisements in this magazine.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS

To make Stock for Soup.—Take from five to six pounds of the top part of the leg of beef, tie it with twine, put it into cold water, and let it heat very gradually, and stew for one hour, taking off the seum; brown an onion, cut up some carrots and turnips, a little celery, a bunch of herbs, a leek; let all stew (not boil) together from four to five hours. Pour the soup into a tureen, with vegetables left in. The meat can be served as bouilli in a dish with sauce piquante. A few cloves stuck into the onion will improve the soup.

Scotch Broth.—Put a pint of Scotch (not pearl) barley into a gallon of cold water, with a large carrot cut into dice, three enions, and three pounds of the scrag end of a neck of mutton; after a time add three or four turnips, also cut in dice, and keep it stewing, not boiling, for six hours, skimming it frequently. Should water require to be added, let it be boiling. This is for a small quantity of broth. Before serving, shred some parsley very fine into the tureen, and pour the broth upon it.

Jenny Lind Soup.—Take three quarts of white stock, seasoned with white pepper and mace; put into it three ounces of sage, and let it boil for twenty minutes, stirring it occasionally. Beat the yolks of four eggs with a gill of cream, and mix with the soup immediately on taking off the fire.

FISH.

To Use Cold Cod .- Even the very scraps left on the bones of a large cod may be utilised, and make a most savory dish. Pick the flakes of fish away from the bones and skin before they get cold. When wanted, put them into a stew-pan, with what is left of the sauce (oyster, anchovy, or other) with which they were originally served. Add a dozen or more fresh oysters and their liquor. If those are not enough to moisten the fish (and it only requires to be just moistened,) make up the deficiency with a spoonful or two of melted butter. Warm very carefully over a gentle fire; when once hot through, set it aside. Surround your dish (previously well-heated) with a wall of delicate mashed potatoes, so as to leave a hollow in the middle. In this hollow deposit your warmed-up fish, with its sauce. Sprinkle, over the fish only, grated bread-crumbs or biscuit raspings; set it for a few minutes in a sharp oven, or under a salamander; and, when nicely browned on the top, serve.

To Pickle Herrings.—Wash fifty herrings well, and cut off their heads, tails, and fins. Put the fish into a stow-pan, with three ounces ground allspice, one tablespoonful of coarse salt, and a little Cayenne. Lay the fish in layers, and strew the spice equally over it, with a few bay leaves and anchovies interspersed. Pour over the whole a pint of vinegar mixed with a little water, Tie a bladder over the stew-pan, and bake in a slow oven. Skim off the oil, and with a little of the liquor boil about half-a-pint of claret or portwine. The fish should be baked so slowly and so thoroughly that when cooked the bones should not be perceptible.

Cold Rock Fish, Soused.—Extract the bones from the cold fish which may have been left from dinner. Season the fish with Cayenne pepper, salt, a few grains of allspice, one or two cloves, and a sprig of mace. Put the fish into a deep dish. Boil enough vinegar to cover the fish, and pour it over boiling hot. In twelve hours it will be fit for the table.

DESSERTS.

A Sweetmeat Pudding.—Cover a dish with thin puff paste, and lay in it freshly candied orange, lemon and citron, one cunce each, sliced thin. Beat the yolks of eight and the whites of two eggs, and mix with eight ounces butter, warmed but not oiled, and eight ounces white sugar. Pour mixture on the sweet-meats, and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Chean Puddings .- Pease Pudding: Ingredients, one pint and a half split peas, two ounces butter, two eggs, salt to taste. Put the peas in water, and float off any that are discolored. Tie them loosely in a cloth, leaving a little room for them to swell, and put them on to boil in cold water, allowing two hours and a half after the water has simmered up. When the peas are tender take them up, drain, and rub them through a colander with a wooden spoon. Add the butter, eggs, and salt, mix all well together, then tie them up in a floured cloth, boil the pudding for another hour, turn it on a dish, and serve very hot. Seasonable from September to March. Sufficient for five or six persons .- Plain Boiled Rice ; Ingredients, half a pound of rice. Wash the rice, tie it in a cloth, allowing room for it to swell, and put it in a sauce-pan of cold water. Boil it gently for two hours, serve with stewed fruit, jam, marmalade, or sugar; if for servants, golden syrup or molasses. Time, two hours after the water boils. Sufficient for five or six persons .- Baked Rice Puddings: Throw six ounces of rice into plenty of cold water, boil it gently for eight or ten minutes, drain it well, add a quart of milk, let it stew until tender, sweeten with dark sugar to taste, stir into it slowly one or two eggs, well beaten; add grated nutmeg or cinnamon to flavor it, and bake in a gentle oven for one hour. A glass of brandy or whiskey added is a great improvement.

The Hedgehog Plum Pudding .- This very rich pudding is made as follows: one pound each of muscatel and sultana raisins, chopped, one pound of currents, one pound of finelychopped beef suct, one pound of fine moist sugar, two ounces each of candied citron, lemon, and orange, sliced, half the rind of a lemon, finely chopped, two ounces cach of bitter and sweet almonds finely chopped, a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, the same quantity of salt, one pound of fine bread-crumbs, and three-quarters of a pound of flour. Mix these all thoroughly together; then beat up nine eggs and a wineglass of ale, and stir into the pudding, beating it up till all is well blended; tie in a cloth, and boil for nine hours. Have ready four ounces of blanched almonds, and as soon as the pudding is dished, stick them over it closely: make an opening in the center and pour in two glasses of brandy.

Custards.—Throw into a pint of new milk part of the very thin rind of a lemon, a little cinnamon stick, and two ounces of loaf-sugar; let them simmer till the milk is nicely flavored, then strain, and turn into it the thoroughly beaten yolks of four eggs; mix together, and then pour the custard into a jug; set this over the fire in a pan of boiling water, and keep the custard stirred gently, but without ceasing, till it begins to thicken; then move the spoon rather more quickly, making it always touch the bottom of the jug, until the mixture is brought to the point of boiling, when it must be instantly taken from the fire, or it will curdle in a moment. Keep stirring it till nearly cold, then add some brandy and a few drops of the essence of almonds. This makes a small quantity of custard, but enough for a tipsy cake, or perhaps it would fill eight custard glasses.

Sponge Pudding.—Butter a mould thickly, and fill it three parts full with small sponge cakes, seaked through with wine; fill up the mould with a rich cold custard. Butter a paper and put on the mould; then tie a floured cloth over it quite close, and boil it an hour. Turn out the pudding carefully, and pour some cold custard over it. Or, bake it, and serve with wine-sauce instead of custard.

A Nice Winter Pudding.—Peel and core five or six good-sized apples, boil them with four or five cloves, beat up and sweeten them as if for sauce, mix, with a pint of bread-crumbs, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, three well-beaten eggs and nutmeg, if the flavor is approved. When all is thoroughly stirred together, put the mixture into a buttered mould, and boil or bake for two hours.

Sir Watkin Wynn's Pudding.—One half pound suet, one half pound bread-crumbs, one half pound powdered lump-sugar, the juice of two lemons and the rind of one finely grated. Beat well the whites and yolks of two eggs; nix all together and boil in a mould for two hours. Serve with winesance. This pudding, when boiled, will keep any length of time.

Huster's Pudding.—Mix together one pound of flour, one pound of finely-chopped suet, one pound of currants, one pound of chopped raisins, four ounces of sugar, the outer rind of half a lemon grated, six berries of pimento finely powdered, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; when well mingled, add four well-beaten eggs, a glass of brandy, and one or two tablespoonfuls of milk to reduce all to a thick batter; boil in a cloth nine hours, and serve with brandy sauce. This pudding may be kept for six months after boiling, if closely tied up; it will be required to be boiled an hour when it is to be used.

CAKES.

Nourmahal (lake .- Cut four slices of sponge cake, about an inch thick and of an oval shape, but each slice smaller than the others. Spread a thick layer of apricot jam upon the first and largest slice, and then lay the next sized slice upon it; spread the second slice with apple marmalade, and cover with the third size, which is to be spread in like manner with strawberry jam, and covered with the smallest size. Press the top lightly with the hand, and with a sharp knife cut away the central part, so as to leave a wall about two inches and a half thick, which is to be trimmed outside. Mash up the part removed from the center with equal parts of white wine and brandy, sufficient to flavor, and stir in some thick custard, then pour into the center of the cake. Whip the whites of two eggs into a stiff froth, pour over the whole, heapidg it well up in the center, and shake sifted sugar thickly on, then place in a quick oven until the frosting is set in. A few pieces of strawberry jam, or any other preserve, placed round the bottom of the dish give a finish to the whole.

Easter Eggs.—Take a clean egg, rub a little annatto on one or two places, drop a little finely-powdered cochineal on one or two other places, and, if desired, rose-pink and cudbear on different places; these all on one egg. Then tie the egg in a piece of rag, and place it in a pan of cold water; when it boils take care not to let it boil too fast, but just to simmer for half an hour. It makes a pretty variety to tie an egg up in onion peel and boil it in cochineal water. To dye plain mauve, put a very little finely-powdered cochineai in water; when dissolved, boil the eggs in it half an hour. To dye plain yellow, use annatto or saffron. Logwood dyes black; rose pink or cudbear are both pretty colors. You can boil as many eggs at once as your pan will hold, taking care they do not boil too fast to knock against and break each other.

Yulo-tide Cake.—Place a pound of fresh butter in a pan; keep it near the fire till melted; stir into it a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, a good tablespoonful each of beaten alspice and chnamon; by degrees put in the yolks of ten eggs and their whites separately whisked to a froth; add one pound of candied citron-peel, sliced thin, two pounds of grocers' carrants, cleaned and dried, two ounces of blanched sweet almonds, a pound and a half of flour, and four ounces of brandy; mix all well together, and bake it for three hours.

Sweet Biscuits.—Rub four ounces butter well into eight ennces of flour; add six ounces of loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, the white of one, and a tablespoonful of brandy. Roll the paste thin, and cut it with a wineglass or cutter; egg over the tops of each with the remaining white, and sift on white sugar. Bake in a warm oven.

Bavarian Rusks.—Four ounces of butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one spoonful of good brewer's yeast, one pennyworth of the patent, or two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and two pounds of flour. If yeast is used, it must be mixed with the sugar, and a little warm milk poured into the center of the flour in a deep pudding-basin, and left to rise for about an hour, when the sponge is sufficiently light. Mix with it and the rest of the flour the remaining milk, the eggs, and a little salt, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon; then put into a buttered tin, set it to rise for another hour, then bake in a moderate oves, and when cold, cut the cake into thin slices, and dry them in a quick oven, having previously thickly sprinkled them with pounded-sugar.

Easter eggs are very pretty when dyed with cochineal, anatto, or saffron. Nothing is done to the eggs beforehand; they are merely boiled for about twenty minutes. They are dyed all colors—red, purple, yellow, and black. They are called pace eggs, and are much prized by children.

SANITARY.

Chilblains.-To prevent chilblains, the best plan is to take as much exercise as possible, and avoid tight wristbands, garters, and everything that prevents the circulation of the blood. The most frequent cause of chilblains is the warming of numbed hands and feet at the fire; this habit should be carefully avoided. Encourage children to use the skipping-rope during cold weather. This is a capital preventive, together with regular washing and rubbing the feet. We give a few household remedies for the cure of these disagreeable companions: Take half an ounce of white wax, one ounce of ox-marrow, two ounces of lard; melt slowly over a fire in a pipkin, and mix them well together, then strain through a linen cloth. Before going to bed, spread the ointment on the parts affected, feet or hands, taking care to wrap them up well. Lemon-juice rubbed on the inflamed parts is said to stop the itching. A sliced onion, dipped in salt, has the same effect, but is apt to make the feet tender. When the chilblains are broken, a little warn: vinegar, or tincture of myrrh, is an excellent thing to bath. the wound and keep it clean. Another useful remedy is a bread-poultice, at bed-time, and in the morning apply a little resin ointment, spread on a piece of lint or old linen.

Cold Cream.—Obtain half a pint of rose-water, half a pin' of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of white wax, and half an onnce of spermaceti. Let these ingredients be all melted together over the fire, and then beat them until they are cold. It will require about an hour to beat it sufficiently, when it should be like cream, not granular. An ounce of honey may be added, and will be liked by some persons, but it prevents its being beautifully creamy.

How to Cure Chapped Hands.—Take three drachms gum camphor, three drachms white beeswax, three drachms spermaceti, and two ounces olive oil. Put them together in a cup on the stove, where they will melt slowly and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them.

Bran Tea.—A very cheap and useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pain. Put a handful of bran in a lint and a half of cold water; let it boil rather more than half a hour, then strain it, and, if desired, flavor with sugar and lemon-juice; but it is a pleasant drink without any addition.

Inflamed Gums.—A drop or two of camphorated spirits, rubbed on the gums, will allay inflammation.

To Remove a Whart.—Rub sal-ammoniac on the whart twice a day until it disappears.

Simple Remedy for Diarrhea.—A strong tea made of the root of the blackberry.

An Excellent Lip-Salve.—Obtain an ounce of gum Beujamin, one ounce of borax, quarter of an ounce of spermaceti, two pennyworths of Alkanot root (to give color.) a large juicy apple, a bunch of black grapes, quarter of a pound of butter, free from salt, and two ounces of beeswax. Chop the apple, bruise the grayes, and put all the ingredients into a tin saucepan. Simmer them gently until the wax, etc., are dissolved, and then strain the mixture through a bit of linen. When it is cold, melt it again, and pour it into small pots or boxes, or form it into cakes in the bottoms of teacups. This is very good for rough skin, or chapped lips.

Beef-Tea.—The best method of making beef-tea for a sick person, or for children, is the following:—Place the chopped, lean beef, free from fat, with more than a pint of water, in a close earthen vessel, (a jar, in which prepared table salt is sent out is best.) in the oven, and after a few hours, serve it with cubes of hot toast, and salt, dropped in just before it is used. A very small portion of Liebig's prepared soup gives a richer flavor; but this is not actually needed for a s or person.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Fig. 1.—Walking-Dress of Buff-Colored Fouland.—
The skirt is short, and trimmed with four ruffles, put on two
together, and above each couple is a heading of white Cluny
lace; the tunic is short, and made to look as if it was simply
doubled up. The jacket is short, slit up at the back, round
at the sides, and trimmed with Cluny lace; short, black velvet
such tied at the back. Bonnet of yellow straw, trimmed
with black feathers and velvet.

Fig. II.—Traveling-Dress of Small, Gray and Black Prade.—The skirt has a broad band of gray around it. The tunic is short, and turned under like the buff foulard just described. The small basque is open at the sides and back, and with the sash-ends and sleeves, is trimmed with a band of gray, edged with white worsted fringe. A plaid shawl makes a beautiful costume of this kind. Brown straw hat, trimmed with brown ribbon.

Fig. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF FINE GRAY CASHMERE.— The skirt has one scart ruffle, and two bias bands of cashmere embroidered-silk. Large mantle of gray cashmere, richly embroidered, and trimmed with heavy, black, ball-frings. White bonnet, with gray plume, and blue tulle veil.

Fig. iv.—Walking-Dress of Rich Emerald-Green Populn.
—The lower-skirt is trimmed with one deep but scant flounce, laid in 'three plaits together, at long distances apart, and trimmed with a band of black velvet, put over straps of velvet, which are pointed at the top and bottom; the tunic is short and round, opening in front, and trimmed with a scant ruffle, headed by two rows of narrow, black velvet. The basque is cut to fall into the figure, is quite short behind, and round at the sides, and is trimmed with a ruffle with a narrow, plaited heading. The pagoda sleeves and front are trimmed with narrow, velvet ribbon. Black straw hat, trimmed with black tulle, and mulberry-colored ribbon.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress of Poppy-Colored and White Detains, Striped—The skirt is quite plain. The basque is of gray cashmere, without trimming, confined at the waist by a broad sash of poppy-colored ribbon. Gray hat, with gray and poppy-colored plumes.

Fig. vi.—House-Dress of Black Silk.—The underskirt is of black velvet and silk striped; the upper-skirt is of silk, quite short, with an apron front, edged with a black feather trimming. The back of the silk skirt is quite long, and is trimmed with a double ruffle. There is a snort skirt above this long one, which is trimmed with two rows of feather trimming. The edge of this skirt is turned back at the side to form revers. The waist is round and high, and with the sleeves, is trimmed with a narrow feather trimming. Fig. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRES OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with one broad band of black velvet; black velvet polonaise made quite long, turned back from the front, and trimmed with a very heavy passementeric triunning of gimp and frings. The ornamentation at the back corresponds with the trimming on the skirt. Pagoda sleeves. Pink silk bonnet.

FIG. VIII.—RIDING HABIT OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH.—The skirt is one yard and an eighth in length, and is gored so as to fit the figure easily at the top, but to have no fullness in it. The basque is close-fitting to the throat, with plain coat sleeves, and is trimmed with a few small, flat buttons on the seams. Long, white gauntlets. Rather low-crowned beaver, with a blue well tied at the back.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS.—This figure is fully described in "Every-Day Dress" department.

Fig. x.-Walking-Dress, which is also fully described in "Every-Day Dresses."

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is almost too early in the season to chronicle any very new styles, though everything which has been imported, points to greater simplicity in dress. Our French fashion-plate shows this; less trimming on the skirts of dresses; less of the exaggerated puffiness which has disfigured our pretty women so long, and consequently, a greater economy in quantity of material, though, with many, this is replaced by a costlier quality. Although the graceful draperies are still retained, the line of the figure is not deformed by the immense puffings and bunchings of the past year. All walking-dresses are short, though some are long enough to sweep up all the dirt from the streets. have often protested against this untidy fashion. For the house ordinary wear, the skirt may be longer, lying on the ground two or three inches, and for more full dress, the train is very elegant, though that is not worn as long as formerly.

THE New Colons are of the loveliest and most delicate shades, and such faint tints as our grandmothers were, which we must acknowledge are more beautiful than becoming, except to fair young girls; for older or plainer persons they want character.

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We give the latest styles of bonnets; and it will be seen that they do not vary much from those worn during the winter.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Black Velvet Sacque for a Little Girl.—It is made long and loose, and is trimmed with a narrow band of chinchilla fur. Dress of white pique, with white ruffles on the bottom. Black velvet hat, with white feather.

Fig. 11.—Girl's Dress of Blue Casimere..—The skirt is plain; the body is cut rather low, with a rever, and is worn over a rich, white che lisette.

Fig. III.—Dress of NAVY-Colored Poplin for a Girl.—The skiri is quite plain, and the waist made with a basque. Long, close sleeves. The upper-skirt is of steel-colored poplin, ruffled, and gathered up on the hips.

Fig. 1v.—Boy's Polish Dress.—Close-fitting trousers, which come just below the knee. Jacket of dark-green cioth, trimmed with fur. Cloth cap, trimmed with fur.

FIG. v.—Dress of White Pique for a Little Cirl.—The dress, unic, waist, and sash, are all trimmed with a plaited ruffle of white muslin.

Fig. VI.—Young Girl's Dress of Brown and White Strutted Cashmere.—The waist, sleeves, and skirt, are qu'te plain. One skirt of black silk, carelessly looped up at the sides with a peasant's waist, and basque of black silk. White straw hat, trimmed with brown feathers.



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Peterson's Macazine—April, 1872



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"TCHUDY."

[See the Story.]



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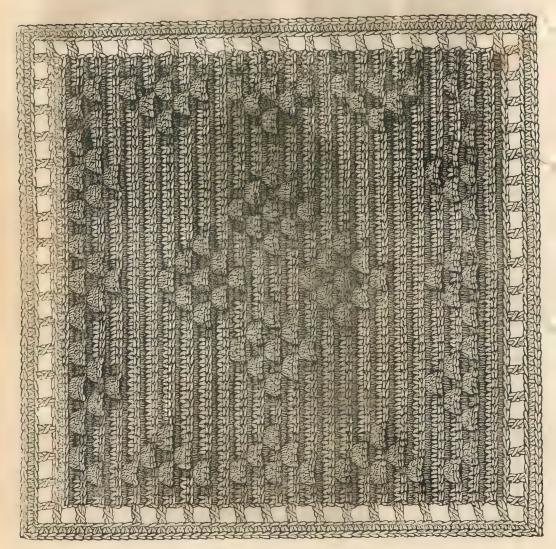
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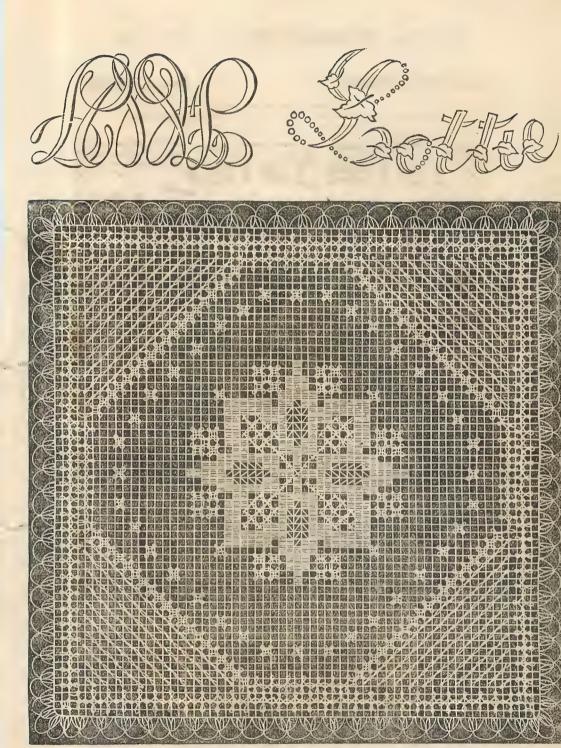
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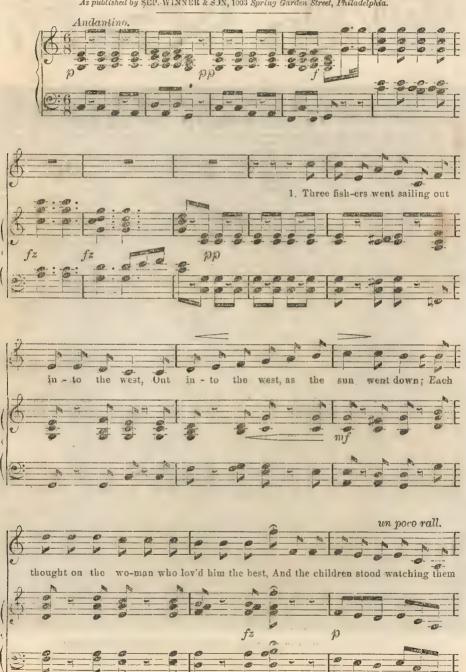
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THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

Words by REV. C. KINGSLEY.

Music by J. HULLAH.

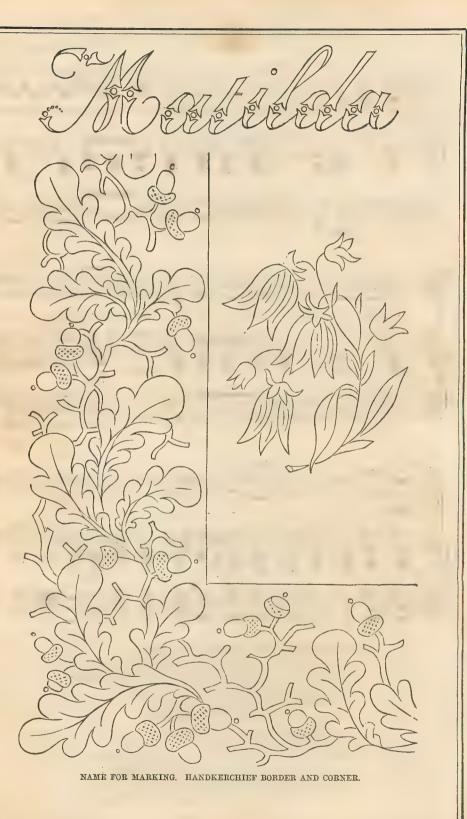
As published by SEP. WINNER & SJN, 1003 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.







- 2 Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r, And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown! But men must work, and woman must weep, Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep, And the harbor bar be moaning.
- 3 Three corpses lay out on the shining sands, In the morning gleam as the tide went down, And the women are weeping and wringing their hands, For those who will never come back to the town; For men must work, and woman must weep, And the sooner it's over, the-sooner to sleep And good bye to the bar and its moaning.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1872.

No. 4.

BERENICE CUDLEIGH'S HASTY WORD.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Mrs. Chudleigh opened the door of her cottage, and came out into the midst of the gloomy, freezing cold, a wistful, anxious look on her white, wan face. Putting her thin, childish hand to her mouth, she called, "Bennie! Bennie!"

Presently there came an answer.

"Yes, I am coming, mother!"

And simultaneous with the answer, a sturdy little figure appeared upon the summit of an icy knoll.

"Ah, Bennie! I have been so anxious, and you are so cold!"

"Not a bit; but I took a longer tramp than usual. But only see the faggots! they're as clear and rich as butter!" and the sturdy little figure advanced, drawing after him a small sled, heaped with pine-knots.

The woman's wan, moonlight face lit up to absolute radiance, and a tenderness that was touching, beamed from her great, blue-gray eyes, as they rested on the boy—a stalwart, sturdy little fellow, robed and wrapped like an Esquimaux, with white hair, and an honest, manly face. Ben Chudleigh's very own boy!

Berenice Chudleigh thought this, as she put out her child's hand, and helped him along the icy path that led back to their sea-bound cottage, the sled of pine-knots rattling at their heels. It was seeing the father re-produced in the boy that filled her sad eyes with such unspeakable tenderness. When they had crossed the threshold, she kissed him, parting the flaxen locks on his brow. The lad blushed like a girl at her caress, and then fell to unloading his sled, and heaping the fire with faggots.

"There, now, mother," he said, as the ruddy blaze shot up the broad chimney, "isn't that nice? Now you shall sit down, and get real warm, and I'll make the tea; I'm such a strong fellow, I never get tired."

She sat down, smiling fondly upon him from the cushioned-chair he drew up before the blaz-

ing hearth, and Triton, the hoary, old sea-dog, stretched himself out in the opposite corner, with his nose between his paws. Then Bennie made the tea, and they drank it; and Triton snapped up a cracker, and a morsel of dry cheese, and went back to his slumbers.

The mid-winter night fell darkly. The wind fairly howled amid the pine-hills, and the frozen rain tinkled on the roof like grape-shot, while down upon the lonely sands, the wild sea moaned and thundered.

Bennie threw on fresh faggots, and got out his illuminated primer to amuse himself, while his mother did her sewing; but somehow the bright pictures failed in their usual interest. His ears were full of the sea's wild sobbing, and his blue eyes—bold, kind eyes, so like his father's—wandered furtively to his mother's face. A lovely face, fair and refined; a face that, in its early bloom, when all its rare colors were unfaded, and all that superabundant gold-brown hair was in its glory, must have been wonderously beautiful. But now, ah! so indescribably sad, so full of an undying remorse!

The lad's eyes filled with childhood's quick tears as he watched her, and his face grew solemn with a vague, doubtful wonder.

"Mother," he said at last, just the least quiver in his voice, "Mother, was it all right between you and father when he went away? I've wanted to know so long."

The mother looked up, startled and amazed; a swift, burning red shot up into her white cheeks, and then she let her head drop forward on the sewing-stand, and burst into passionate sobbing. The child grew pale with fright and pain.

"Oh, mother! poor, dear mother!" he whispered, going to her side, and dropping kisses and caressing touches on her bowed head, "I'm so sorry." I didn't think it would hurt you so!"

She drew him to her bosom in silence, and

249

still sobbing. His childish question had cut her heart like a knife. "Was it all right with her and father when he went away?" Ah, no! it was all wrong; and now, God pity her! it was too late ever to make it right—the cruel wrong must live through all time, and eternity, perhaps!

How vividly, sitting there in the ghastly glimmer of the firelight, did she remember that last parting, three weary years ago! Bennie was but a wee lad then, and his father, who had followed the sea all his life, was starting on a long voyage. He wanted a paper of some importance, a promissory note, or something of the kind, and came to his wife for it.

Berenice, his pretty girl-wife, had taken care of all his papers, and all his money, since the first day of their happy marriage, he being a great, careless, loving, fiery-hearted fellow, as sailors usually are. But Berenice was quite busy that morning, getting his outfit in readiness; and the March winds blustered down the cottage-chimney, and puffed the smoke and ashes about, and put her out of humor; and, perhaps. for all her sweet, child-ways, and rare beauty, this petted wife of Ben Chudleigh, was a bit impatient and quick-tempered by nature, or because of too much petting and indulgence, as is oftener the case. At any rate, after a hasty search for the note, she declared that it could not be found. and that it had not been intrusted to her keeping. Ben opened his handsome blue eyes in amazement.

"Why, Berenice," he said, not a hit cross, only decided, "you know I gave it to you. I always give you things I wish taken care of."

"A foolish habit, too," retorted Berenice, spitefully. "Why not take care of them yourself? And you may hereafter, I won't have my desk crowded with any such rubbish," and making good her words, she tossed the papers she had been overlooking on the floor.

Ben looked down at the promiscuous heap. There were receipts and business papers, and amid them, old love-letters, and tufts of faded blossoms, that had passed between him and Berenice in the days of their courtship.

"Why, Berry," he began, and then finding his voice unsteady, he stopt short, and turned away.

His wife saw in an instant what she had done, but with the perversity of a child, instead of trying to make reparation, as her woman's heart yearned to do, she made matters worse.

"I shan't look another bit," she said, petulantly, pushing the papers aside with her pretty foot. "I've wasted half the morning already. You bother me so, I wish you were gone." "I'm going now, then, Berenice. Good-by!"
He did not even turn to look at her, but strode from the room, and out into the yard. Bennic was playing before the door-way, and Berenice standing breathless, heard him kiss the child, and say,

"Good-by, little one! Be a good boy to mother, don't forget!"

That was the last. When, after a moment of stunned bewilderment, she hurried to the door, he was gone.

But he would come back! All day long, sitting with Bennie on her knee, she said it over and over, he would come back, and they would make it up.

But night came, and in the dusk of the March sunset, a sailor came up for her husband's seachest. Berenice was too proud and sensitive to ask a question, or send a message; but the long, lonely night subdued her pride. As soon as the sun rose, she made her way down to the pier, where his vessel lay, but it was too late—the craft had sailed at daybreak, and her husband was gone.

Berenice went back to the cottage, her heart feeling just as if a poisoned thorn were piercing it; and through all the weary days that followed, the misery did not abate. But a letter would come! That hope she lived on, day by day.

March blustered by, followed by capricious April, and May hung her dainty bloom on all the ocean cliffs. Then, instead of the hoped for letter, she received the terrible tidings that his vessel had taken fire, and gone down in midocean. He would never come home again!

Month followed month, year drifted after year, and Berenice lived, and Bennie grew up to a sturdy lad, never forgetting his father's parting command. He was a good boy to his mother; but all his simple, unaffected devotion, so like his father's, could not drive the unspeakable sorrow from her eyes, or the stinging remorse from her heart. And now she sat there, by the blazing fire, with her thin hands clasped, and such a wistful, hungry look in her great, shining eyes, that poor little Ben felt awed and frightened, and crept away to his bed in the corner, not daring even to kiss her again.

But the child could not sleep. He lay listening to the voice of the winds, as they roared and whistled through the pine-hills, and to the ceaseless mean and thunder of the sea, raising his head ever and anon to look at his mother's white, sad face, and wondering in his child's heart, if God and his angels were so good and merciful, why they did not do something to comfort her. A strange, terrible feeling came over

him, an indescribable prescience of something to come.

"Mother!" he called, gently, sitting up in his bed. "Oh, mother! what is it? I can't tell but I feel something; indeed I do, mother!"

But she did not heed him. The old sea-dog lifted his pointed ears, and listened intently; then he arose, and pattered across to the chird's bed, with a look half human in his eyes. Bennie laid his cheek against his shaggy head.

"What is it, Triton?" he whispered.

The dog listened again, then he bounded to the door, and began to scratch and sniff beneath it.

"Oh, mother! mother!" called Bennie, in amazed affright.

She arose with trembling hands, and a deathwhite face.

"Why, my boy, my darling," she whispered; then she went to the door, and opened it.

Triton stood an instant with his ears erect, and his nose to the ground, then he shot off, making great, flying leaps, and uttering short, exultant cries. Impelled by something stronger than herself, or her own will, Berenice followed him, and poor, affrighted little Ben was left alone.

Out through the wild, dark night she went, down to the bleak, icy cliffs, and there, standing upon the desolate sands, his black, burley figure sharpely defined against the pale, winter sky, she saw the form of a man, with Triton leaping and barking around him; and never pausing, never stopping to question or wonder, but impelled by a wild instinct, she flew on, and on, until she fell breathless and senseless at his feet.

When she awoke to life again, she was in the cottage, lying on Bennic's little bed, with the glimmer of the firelight before her, and Bennie himself was hanging over her, patting her cheeks with his chubby hands, and kissing her vigorously, his blue eyes shining with a look they had never known before. Then a wild, vague hope thrilled through her, and she started to her feet with a cry that rung above the din of the storm.

Yes, there he stood, bronzed and worn, and changed, but with the same honest, kindly eyes, Ben Chudleigh, her own husband. He held out his arms, but she went down prostrate at his feet.

"Oh, Ben! Oh, my husband! my darling!

"Oh, Ben! Oh, my husband! my darling! forgive me! I know that God has, because lie has given you back to me."

And Ben, sobbing like a woman, gathered her up in his strong arms, kissing her lips wildly.

"There's nothing to forgive, Berry," he said, at last, when he had command of his voice, "I was most to blame; I shouldn't have gone off in a pet. But I meant to come back; but our vessel failed to put in at any of the ports, and when she took fire, I just did escape with my life. A foreign vessel picked me up, and took me to Calcutta. At last, thank God! I am at home."

Berenice did not speak, she only clung to him with her radiant eyes fixed upon his face,

Little Bennie, his bare, brown legs showing beneath his scanty night-robe, looked on wistfully for a moment; then he stole forward, and threw his biggest pine-knot on the fire. The blaze went dancing up the chimney, and Triton, shaking the sleet from his shaggy sides, stretched himself before it. Bennie smiled with satisfaction, and crept to his mether's side.

"Mother," he whispered, "shall I make another tea now, for father?" Then lingering a moment, and resting his flaxen head against the seaman's shoulder, he said, "I didn't ever forget your last words, father; I have been a good boy to mother. It was grieving so for you that made her look so white and sorry."

And his father, gathering him to his breast, as if he were a babe, wept over and embraced him.

"Aye, my lad," he said, "and both mother and you are done grieving for all the rest or your days, if father can make it so."

And Bennie made his second tea, and they drank it together, and the storm lulled, the wild, mid-winter night giving birth to a morning of unspeakable joy and brightness.

CLOUDS.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

When winter-prisoned long in city rooms,
How pleasant to refresh the narrowed sight
With the grand outlines of the clouds, alight
From dawn, blue noonday, sunset's golden glooms;
Bridging the wind in one long arch of white;
Or, seaward piled, austere with stormy dooms;
Some, cold and vague, like lonely fortresses

Of Winter, stationary, far to sea,
Loom proud against the blue north, and the stress
Of icy currents driving lazily.
Some minatory, and red with sunset wind,
Or, hung in drifts of rose across the air—
Like footprints left by angels, passing where
The sighs of fancy echoes sweet would find.

EXPERIMENT.

BY E. B. RIPLEY.

MARIAN sat in the extension-room, hemming (Marian; but not more, I am sure, than you detowels for Mrs. Meddowes; the other boarders amused themselves in the parlors. It cost her nothing to withdraw from them; she felt alien in that circle, of which "style" was the deity, and efforts after "style" the worship. Here the companionship, if not stimulating, was at least kindly, and she wrought with diligence, dreaming, meanwhile, dreams, sweet or sad.

The door-bell rang, and she paused a moment, with suspended needle, chiding, as she did so. her own foolishness. For weeks, now, she had looked and listened, hoping ever for a letter or an arrival, and still in vain. To-night her long watching was rewarded; a card was brought in, and her face grew radiant as she glanced at it.

"Oh, Mrs. Meddowes!" she exclaimed, springing up, "it is Geoffrey! He has come home!" With the next thought her countenance fell. "What shall I do? I can't bear to meet him before all those people!"

"If you would rather see him in this room, my dear," suggested Mrs. Meddowes, doubtfully, with a glance at the loaded work-table.

"Oh, yes; if you will be so kind. Ask him in here, Bridget, please," said Marian, hastening to set the room in order.

Mrs. Meldowes was yet more doubtful of the expediency of the move when Geoffrey Elliott entered. The rosewood and brocatelle of the parlors were certainly much better suited to such a tall, elegant young man, than the worn carpet and sofa of the extension-room. But the two young people took little heed of outward surroundings; each eagerly surveyed the other's face, noting its changes, recalling familiar lineaments. They were of an age when such changes can be marked with pleasure. Mrs. Meddowes watched the pair, and funcied she saw a probable solution of Marian's difficulties.

"I expected to find you at your uncle's," said Geoffrey, presently. "I went there almost as soon as I landed. But Mrs. Keith told me you left them some time since."

"Yes," replied Marian, a little embarrassed. "I have been with Mrs. Meddowes several months."

"Your aunt told me all about it," continued Geoffrey. "You preferred to be independent, she said, and she praised you very warmly, served."

"She is very kind," returned Marian, with some inward bitterness. "However, I was quite sure already that she approved my course." And she indulged in a brief wonder at the case with which people can represent facts to suit their own convenience. Still, it was true enough; she had preferred independence-under the circumstances.

Then they talked of Marian's loss; that death which had left her orphaned and alone. Geoffrey had known her father, and could speak of him in terms that gratified and consoled. Seeing at last how sad, though dear, the subject was, he led her gently away to other themes-their past, his travels, his future plans. While they spoke a burst of music sounded from the parlors; a voice rose clear and sweet, filling the air with melody. Geoffrey paused in the midst of a sentence, to listen.

"Who can sing like that?" he asked.

"It is a Miss Walton," said Marian. "Hasn't she a superb voice? I sometimes think I need hardly miss the opera when I can hear her so often. Her mother is a widow, and there is another daughter, quite beautiful."

"Will you go in, and be introduced, Mr. Elliot?" said Mrs. Meddowes. "You will find them very nice people to know."

"Thank you; not to-night-another time I shall be glad to meet them." It was the answer that pleased Marian best; she wanted him all to herself this first evening.

How one arrival can change everything! The realm of the boarding-house, which had been, till now, so dull and drear, grew suddenly cheerful to Marian. Her day's duties, with Geoffrey to be seen at the end of them, lost their wearisome monotony. Heedless pupils, discordant pianos, endless strumming of dismal exercisesall these sank to merest trifles. She came down to breakfast, looking so bright, that any one who cared for her must have noticed it. But people were occuried with their own affairs; or, if there were any stray glances, Josephine Walton, radiant in morning beauty, absorbed them. Only Mr. Hastings, the quiet personage who was Marian's vis-a-vis, looked up from his toast and eggs, and remarked the new brightness of her

face. It was becoming, he thought. It had grown a habit of his to notice, in his silent fashion, her aspect, day by day; each little characteristic movement or expression was familiar to him. They rarely exchanged a word; but this morning, chancing to meet her in the hall, he snoke.

"You look as if you had heard good news," he said.

She was a little surprised, but responded frankly. "Do I betray myself so soon? Yes; it is very good news to me. An old friend has come home-to stay, I hope."

"Indeed!" he said, seeming interested. "Is it any one I am likely to meet?"

"Quite likely, if you are here at evening. I shall be glad to have you know him."

Mr. Hastings bowed, and passed on. "Him!" It was a man, then. What of that? No concern of his, certainly; yet he was conscious of feeling not quite pleased. He half-smiled, detecting the feeling. "Reasonable," he thought. " Did I expect her to sit there the rest of her life, that I might study her face at will? It is just possible she may have other plans!"

Marian felt a little pardonable pride in presenting Geoffrey to the circle in the parlors. He was so superior, she considered, to any gentleman the Waltons knew. Having introduced him, and exchanged a few social commonplaces with the young ladies, she withdrew, as it were, to contemplate the scene apart, and observe the impression made by her hero. It was quite equal to her wishes. A handsome young man, fresh from European travel, gay, companionable, had plenty of recommendations in himself. These were not lessened by the knowledge which Mrs. Meddowes had imparted during the day, of his excellent position and prospects.

"A friend of Miss Keith," observed Mrs. Walton, inquiringly, at the close of these communications. "Anything especial, do you understand?"

"Why, no; not at present," Mrs. Meddowes answered; "but you know how these things are likely to turn out, when a pair of pleasant young people are a good deal together." And Mrs. Walton, assenting, saw no reason why her own dear girls should not improve their opportunities. So Josephine and Elinor gave the newcomer their best attention, and their sweetest smiles. Between the two he was so much engrossed, that he had only now and then a word for Marian, while Mr. Hastings gained scarce a syllable, beyond the courtesies of introduction. A book, however, readily consoled him. From its shelter he observed the movement of affairs, when the housemaid dusted the room. With

and felt a foreboding sympathy for Marian; sympathy which, had she once suspected it, would have appeared of all things most foreign to the occasion. She was only pleased, thus far, in seeing Geoffrey pleased-proud of the admiration she was sure he must excite. Anything else came later.

Of course, Elinor was asked to sing, and complied with her usual ready grace. She had a delicious voice, which taste and study had done their best to perfect; no wonder that Geoffrey listened with delight. "I have not heard you yet," he said, turning to Marian, after a time.

"And will not to-night," she answered, smiling. "Some other evening, perhaps, when we are alone. You couldn't enjoy it after this."

"When we are alone!" Words so easily spoken, so difficult of realization. Often as Geoffrey came, the requisite solitude did not occur. The door was sure to open, presently, and Mrs. Walton sailed in, stately in silk and embonpoint, or Elinor appeared, in search of a piece of music. Once there, how soon, how naturally, they absorbed Geoffrey's attention! The parlors were common ground, of course; yet Marian sometimes felt impatient. The Waltons should remember, she thought, that old friends might like to talk occasionally of things a little different from the everyday themes of mere acquaintances.

One evening there was unwonted freedom: both mother and daughters were at the operathe parlors quite empty and deserted. If Geoffrey would but come now, what a long, quiet visit, what a good talk of old times they might have! Even as the wish flitted through her mind, the bell rang, and he appeared. had an hour or two entirely to themselves : Mrs. Meddowes just looked in, nodded a friendly greeting, and went about her household cares. But it was not the delightful interview that Marian had anticipated. Geoffrey was not in spirits; he seemed absent, pre-occupied. He quite forgot to ask for the music, promised so long ago. Not that she cared for that; she was willing enough, at any time, to be excused from display of her powers; still she noticed the omission; and she could not but see, and be troubled in seeing, that he did not enjoy the evening as she had supposed he must. At his next coming she watched him carefully; saw how his eye sought the door from time to time; how his face brightened when Elinor entered. She turned away, walked to a table, and mechanically took up a book; a dismal annual that had lain, month after month, untouched by mortal hands, save

as in a dream, the wide-eyed beauties staring or simpering at her from the page; and all the time a voice kept saying, "Is it so? It must be, and I did not see it. Oh, it cannot be! But it is—and I shall have to see it!"

Only one person noticed her; the others were in the group that always formed about the Waltons. Mr. Hastings, sitting a little apart, saw something, and divined the rest. "Poor little soul!" he thought. "I knew what was coming. I wish I could help her, but what can any one do?" He hesitated a moment, then addressed her. It was better to recall her to herself before her agitation was observed. She started at his voice, but controlled her own, and replied. The answer given, she would gladly have kept silence, pondering her own bitter thoughts, but he talked on. The effort, however unwelcome, of attention and response, calmed her a little.

Presently, Josephine Walton crossed to her from the other group. "We are going up to our own room," she said. "Mr. Elliot wishes Elinor to sing, and you know this piano is sadly out of tune. You will come with us, of course." Mr. Hastings was also asked, but excused himself. Josephine was in high spirits. "How you have been flirting to-night!" she said, as they went up stairs, a little behind the rest. "I was never more amazed than to see you forsake us all so coolly, and march across the room. Mr. Hastings, too, who never speaks to a lady! It was a regular coup de main."

Marian's notions were, perhaps, a little prim. She did not admire this style of jesting; it was opposed to her canons of good taste. But she was thankful for it, no less; glad if any one could imagine her in spirits for flirtation.

The evening was got through, somehow; then came solitude, and the inevitable misery of reflection. "They have so many friends," she thought, "so much to make them happy, and I had no one else. Just one to think or care anything about me! And now to have him drawn away, absorbed by them, entirely forgetting me! Oh, it is too hard! If he had been my brother, I should have felt it so. I should have wanted to have some one who prized me first of all."

Very likely; but the course of events does not change because mortals find it hard. From this evening it became more manifest what that course would be. Elinor's fascinations began to be openly acknowledged. Hitherto Marian had been the ostensible object of Geoffrey's visits; it was for her he inquired; if others wished to see him, it was in her society that he must be found. But now, the Waltons, more secure of

their position, ceased to haunt the parlors; Geoffrey sought them in their own apartments. Marian grew used to his studiedly-careless conjectures as to whether Miss Walton were at home to-night-his suggestion that they should ask her for a little music. By-and-by she found it unnecessary to accompany him; in time, he went directly to their rooms, without the ceremony of asking for her, in any way. It came about quietly enough; no one was surprised, not even Mrs. Meddowes, though she was sorry to relinquish the hope of her young friend's establishment. Indifferent persons might wonder, casually, how Miss Keith took this state of affairs; how she liked having her friend monopolized so soon, but no one dwelt much on that aspect of the case. Marian's manner gave them no encouragement to do so. She was on perfectly good terms with the fair betrothed, and was often asked to spend the evening with her. Sometimes she accepted, enduring with stoicism the spectacle of Geoffrey's devotion; sometimes refused, quite secure that she could be spared.

About this time her music-class enlarged, and demanded more of her attention; her presence had always been so unobtrusive that seriousness and quiet were not likely to be remarked in her. Even Geoffrey was quite at rest. He had, at first, some misgivings; knowing how, on his own part, certain vague fancies had hung about her image, till dispelled by a more powerful charm. But these, he thought, she never could have shared; to her he had been simply a friend, and nothing more. The conviction was too welcome not to be readily adopted.

The one person who suspected her trouble knew little of it; could hardly guess, in his calm, middle-age, how this heart of youth was wrung by suffering; how, without hope or interest, life appeared. But he saw enough in the pale cheek, the eyes often heavy from sleepless vigils, to move compassion. "Poor little thing!" he thought again. "If one could only help her!" He could lend her books, of course, and did it. He could talk to her, now and then; betoken a friendly interest; show that he considered her of some importance in the great, busy house, where she was so little heeded. But he knew, none better, that such things would not go far as balm for heartache. She was grateful; she thought kindly of him when she thought at all. He prized the slight inclination of the head, the gentle smile, with which she greeted him at table, more than he knew. She was here still for him to study; and nothing of graceful, still less of pathetic, escaped him. A tender pity

one thing, certainly, that he could do, or could } attempt. It would be a sacrifice to give up his freedom, his bachelor independence; all the more. that he was not at all in love. And it was not likely that she would care to accept; he should only have the little mortification of being refused. It was bad enough to risk refusal, when the thing sought was what one really wanted. Or say acquiesced; it would be only as relief from trouble another had caused her. It wasn't flattering to one's pride to be looked at merely as an alternative. Still, of course, he could do it if he chose. How would she take it? Would a ray of pleasure brighten her face, or would she simply decline, in a calm, collected manner? Well, there was no occasion for haste, at any rate.

No haste, certainly. Yet, spite of this superabundant leisure, the die was speedily cast. A favorable moment, a look of unwonted friendliness from Marian—a something or nothing, decided him. Having once begun, he was earnest enough; no listener could have suspected that he was making a sacrifice of himself. Marian did not, assuredly. She heard him with agitation, but with kindness. "I am so surprised," she said. "I never dreamed that you thought of me in that way."

"But now that you know it?"

She shook her head gently. "You are good, very good, and I am most grateful; but it cannot be."

"Will you not tell me why?"

Her cheek flushed; she hesitated. "Because I do not care as much for you as I ought to do," she said, at last—"as much as you deserve."

Surely Mr. Hastings had his answer now, had satisfied the demands of benevolence, and might, with clear conscience, retire from the field. But he felt a strange unwillingness to do so.

"You dislike me so much then?" he asked.

"What a question!" she said, quickly, putting out her hand to him, "How could you think me so ungrateful?"

He kept the hand thus obtained. "Do not answer me now," he said, persuasively. "Wait—as long as you like. A month—six months. See ment.

if you cannot learn to care for me. Or are you not even willing to try?"

"I am not so selfish as that," she replied half-smiling; but an anxious look succeeded. "I am afraid—no! it is best to decide now."

"You think I shall blame you if you say no, after all? Reassure yourself. You shall be acquitted of all fault. Only remember that your consent will make me very happy. On those terms will you delay?"

She acquiesced. Mr. Hasting's experiment was fairly begun.

Can such attempts succeed? Are we to believe that the sharp sting of unrequited love may pass imperceptibly away? That the romantic passion of youth may give place to an affection based on gratitude, esteem, kind feeling? It would seem so in this one case.

Two months later all the house were talking of the engagement. Mrs. Meddowes rejoiced heartily in the good fortune of her young friend; the others made comments, after their kind.

"Still waters run deep," observed Josephine Walton. "Do you remember that night when she left us all, and made such a dead set at Mr. Hastings? She knew what she was about, you may be sure, though she is such a quiet little thing that nobody thought anything of it, and, by all accounts— Well, she will have a much finer establishment than you can hope for, Elinor, at least while the older Elliotts live."

"I wonder if she knew he was so well-off," observed Elinor.

"Oh, of course! Mrs. Meddowes told her, I haven't a doubt, and put her up to it. I wish she had given me a hint; Miss Keith might not have found it such plain sailing. She has indemnified herself pretty well for losing Geoffrey, that's certain."

Such comments, had they heard them, would scarcely have disturbed the happiness of the betrothed. Life had grown sweet again to Marian; hopes and interests revived afresh. And years, as they passed, only caused Mr. Hastings to felicitate himself anew on the result of his experiment.

DESOLATION!

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

On bended knees, in faltering prayer,
She strives to quench her woe and fears;
Pain pales her lips, her pleading eyes'
Soft azure light, are dim with tears.

Strives with her hungry, human heart, Praying for strength this cross to bear; Yet deeper, darker, deadlier sweep The sombre surges of despair.

For through her life, its every hour,
Two fond, false eyes forever burn;
And when her lips would form a prayer,
They only cry, Return! Return!

THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 193,

CHAPTER XIV.

My coarse, scanty meal had scarcely been dispatched, my small gourd of water drained, when the door was flung wide open, and a file of soldiers entered to conduct me to the Hall of Death.

The place of judgment was, as I have said, an unusually spacious building, and it was now crowded, as well as the inclosure without, with a dense mass of human beings. It consisted, on the inside, of a single long, low apartment, in the center of which, facing the entrance, was a sort of tribunal, not unlike the seat of the presiding judge in an American court-room. On either side of this seat, ranged in an elliptical curve, were about a dozen other seats. The central one was occupied by the high-priest, in his official robes: those to his right were filled with gray-bearded persons of lower sacerdotal rank: those to the left were occupied by whitehaired warriors.

All my judges were known to me personally, and had been full of deference the day before: with some I had even been intimate; but now, as I glanced along the line of faces, there was no pity to be seen, but only a cruel, hard look, that but too surely portended my doom.

Above the seats of the judges, and just under the eaves, was ranged the row of skulls of which Obeira had spoken. It is impossible to conceive the ghastly effect of these grinning, horrible objects. My very blood ran cold as I caught sight of them. In civilized countries, such an exhibition, in such a place, would now be considered melo-dramatic. Yet it was only a century ago that the heads of the victims of the '45 were left to bleach in the sun and wind on Temple Bar. Here, among a semi-barbarous people, this ghastly show seemed not out of keeping, at least, with other things, and really did strike a sort of animal terror, even in me, for a moment, as the axe, carried before an accused traitor, in Westminster Hall, would do to this day.

But I rallied instantaneously. Whatever wrong I had, unintentionally, done to Obeira, in winning affections that I could not return, it was not such a wrong as merited the cruel death before me.

heard a low exclamation, as if of mingled rage and disappointment, and looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I beheld the king. who sat, his face half-muffled from sight, in the shadows, behind the high-priest, a little to the left of the latter. Apparently, he was present merely as a spectator. He had thought that the hideous adornments of the court-room would have unnerved me, and not observing my momentary shrinking (for it was too temporary for any one to have seen) he had, unconsciously, given vent to his feelings of baffled exultation. This little episode restored my courage.

"Do your worst," I said to myself. " Not a muscle shall quiver. You shall see how an American can die."

An officer of the court, like an attorney-general at home, but dressed in long, flowing robes, and apparently of priestly rank, rose directly after my entrance, and proceeded to state my crime. He used, here and there, a word, which my limited knowledge of the language prevented my understanding; but I comprehended, generally, what he said; and it was an exaggerated statement of my offence, so far at least as it bore against the state; for the name of Obeira was not even mentioned, nor any allusion made to my relations with her. I reasoned from this that the pride of the father and monarch refused to acknowledge publicly my real fault. I remembered, now, that he had sunk his voice to a whisper, even in the first excitement of my arrest, when speaking to the high-priest. It was clear that I was to be tried and condemned, as many a state prisoner has been before, and will be again, I fear, on charges invented to conceal the true crime.

There was a certain rude eloquence in the speaker, that, after awhile, began to impress even me. Has the reader never been in a situation, in which, though the one most interested, he or she has seemed to himself or herself to be a mere spectator? This condition of mind comes in dreams, sometimes; and now and then, though not so often, in real life. It came to me now. As the orator inveighed against my attempt to deceive the king, which he called treason, my conduct really did begin to seem to me, even in this As I straightened myself, in this manner, I matter, indefensible; and I recalled what Warren Hastings said to a friend, after listening to Sheridan's invective against himself, "Am I, indeed, such a villian?"

"Think, fathers," said the speaker, "of the baseness of this traitor! He ate the king's bread, he slept in the king's houses; he was the recipient of kindnesses innumerable from his majesty: he pretended to be the humble servant and friend of the monarch of this realm; yet all this time he was secretly plotting to escape, all this time he was making a tool of his sacred majesty, yes! a tool, in order to compass his base ends."

As he spoke thus, he raised his voice to an indignant shriek, and ar shiver ran through the court, for, to trick the king, supposed to be almost divine in his origin, was sacrilege in the eyes of the hearers.

"You all know, priests and warriors," he went on, "that no person has ever left this island; that it was not even supposed any person could ever get away; that it was regarded as an impossible crime, like the murder of a parent by a child. Ordinary treason is a small thing in comparison with so audacious an offence. More than this! When a subject of his majesty rebels-and rebellion, as we all know, is rare-the offender is generally some poor, ignorant creature, who has been misled; whom his majesty has never seen; who owes, to speak charitably, nothing to the king personally, but only obedience to him as the representative and head of the state. But this traitor, this vile wretch," and raising his tall figure to its: fullest height, he pointed his long, thin forefinger at me, speaking in tones of withering scorn, "this vilest of vile wretches, who was found dying on our shores, and was nursed back to life by his sacred majesty himself, owed, in consequence, everything to the king in person; and when he turned traitor; become traitor, not only to the state, but to his benefactor and preserver. Fathers, venerable fathers, never before, in the history of this realm, thanks to the powers of the air," and he raised his hands and eyes appealingly on high; "was such a crime known.".

A hum of angry assent ran along the bench of judges, that deepened to a roar, as it spread through the crowd: and every face was turned on me, crueller, and harder, and more pitiless than ever.

The orator continued, in the same strain, enlarging, skillfully, on my treachery, as he called it, to the king; and finished, at last, in a burst of indignant horror at the enormity of an offence, which combined, he said, sacrilege with treason.

When he had concluded, I had supposed that {

an opportunity would be given to me to make my defence, and I had already arranged into something like consecutive order the pleas I intended to urge. I had resolved to deny, from the outset, the jurisdiction of the court. I would contend. I said, that, not being a subject of the island, I could not be held amenable for a breach of its laws. I would urge, moreover, that, as an attempt to escape from Tolulah was an unheard of offence, against which there was no ordinance, it could not be considered a crime: Much the less, I would say, could it be regarded as a crime in a stranger, whose first duty was to return to his native land. This, and more; I intended to plead in my defence. If I was to die, I would. I reflected, at least say words, that, in after years, might be remembered, and might make some of my judges, perhaps, regret the part they had taken in my doom.

I rose to my feet, therefore, when the speaker sat down. But I soon discovered, that, if a semi-barbarous court has the form of fairness, it is the form only. It has only been within a few generations that a man, accused of treason, has been allowed, even in civilized lands, the aid of counsel. I had hardly begun to speak, before I was violently dragged down.

"See the ingrate," cried the prosecuting officer, jumping to his feet: "He flies in the face of the court. He insults these venerable halls. Fathers, you, yourselves, one and all, have been witnesses of this, as well as of his treasonable attempt to escape; and I call for justice. Justice, justice," he repeated, his voice rising higher and higher; "justice at once; and let him be gagged, if he should attempt to disturb this august body by speaking."

He probably feared I was going to drag in Obeira's name, and had been instructed by the king how to act in such a contingency. His violent harangue produced the effect it was intended it should. 'A cry arose, at once, and ran from one end of the judges' seats to the other, for justice. "Justice!" was the shout. "Justice, justice, oh, most just of high-priests!" The venerable men even rose from their seats, drowning my attempts to speak, and only ceasing when I desisted. Meantime, the crowd of spectators cried "justice, justice," and surged forward, as if they would tear me limb from limb, could they but once get at me.

Little, however, did the king and his counsellors know me. I would have submitted to have had my tongue torn out by the roots rather than have mentioned Obeira's name. To me the poor, dear girl was sacred If I had anything to thank the king for, it was that he had kept

her name, her pure, unsullied name, out of this discussion.

When I found that I was not to be allowed to speak, I folded my hands over my breast, and no longer tried to rise to my feet. This action was considered as signifying that I would be silent; and the clamor immediately ceased at a sign from one of the court.

The high-priest now got up, slowly, and looking first to right and left, along the rows of judges, turned his cold, stern gaze pitilessly on me.

"Stand up," he said, briefly.

I rose, a soldier on each side of me.

He looked at me more sternly than ever. I returned his look unflinchingly.

"Fathers," he said, turning again to the judges on either side, "you have heard the crimes of which this man has been accused. It is for you, now, to pronounce his doom. Every one of you has been witness to the manner in which his majesty has treated him, for so long a time; and most of you were present, as I was, when he attempted to escape, last night. What is the fitting punishment for such a combination of atrocious crimes?"

He turned, as he spoke, to his left, where the warriors sat, and addressing, by name, the one furthest from him, said,

"What shall the penalty be?"

The warrior rose, looked at me, and then turning to the high-priest, bowed, and said,

" Death!"

"Is there any mitigation of the usual doom of a traitor?"

"None."

The judge then sat down, when the high-priest, turning to the right, asked a similar question of the judge furthest off in that direction. The answer was the same,

"Death !"

Again the high-priest asked if there was any mitigation, and again came the reply,

"None."

So it went on. First a warrior, then a priest, was polled, as would be said, in our courts, and the reply from each and all was the same,

" Death !"

All this time the king remained in the shadow behind the high-priest's seat, with his face partially muffled in his robes, taking no part in the proceedings, except, as each judge, in succession, pronounced the fatal word, his head was bowed, as if unconsciously, in significant approval.

The silence was death-like. Not a foot or hand moved in the vast concourse. Nothing was heard but the sternly-pronounced word of con-

demnation, that came, sharp and incisive, across the hush, like a black ballot falling into the fatal box. When the last judge had spoken, a deepdrawn breath went through the room, the listening spectators finding, in this way, a temporary relief to the strained tension of their nerves.

Then the high-priest turned again to me.

"I also," he said, "vote death. I also declare there is no ground for withholding the usual punishment of a traitor. On the contrary," he continued, raising his voice, and regarding me fixedly, "if the laws offered a more disgraceful, or more painful mode of death, I should be the first to advocate inflicting it; for your crimes, miserable man, have transcended, as you are well aware," emphasizing the words, "all the crimes heretofore known, or existing among us. You come of a strange and hateful race, as your base conduct has shown: probably a race allied with the evil powers of the night and darkness. Any death we can inflict is too good for you. My sentence is, that you be taken hence, to the place whence you came, and be there confined in total darkness, fit type of your future doom, till sunrise to-morrow, and that then you be hurled from the traitor's rock, and lie unburied, so that the fowls of the air may devour you, and your ghost walk forever unforgiven."

He resumed his seat, after these terrible words. At the same moment, my guards pulled me down, while a hoarse murmur of assent and gratified rage ran through the assembly.

The spectators now began to move from the room. The judges rose from their seats. The king had already disappeared.

"Come, get up," said an officer, after a moment, rudely shaking me by the shoulder. "Or must we make you?"

I turned on him a look of proud scorn, rose without a word, and followed him out of the hall. A strong force of soldiery made way for us through the crowd, with some difficulty; but the obstruction was rather the result of the dense throug, than of any attempt to anticipate the law. The mob scowled at me, ominously, as I was conducted out; but that was all: here and there, however, I heard appointments made, between acquaintances, to be early at the traitor's rock in the morning.

At the door of the hut my hands were again tightly pinioned behind me.

"There," said the officer, when he had finished this task, thursting me in, "go in, and digest your treason. It will be all you'll get to eat, in the way of food, till you breakfast off the precipice, to-morrow; and I doubt if you will like that any better."

With this coarse jest, and a brutal laugh, he left me.

I sat down, and burying my face in my hands, said to myself,

"It is all over. Never shall I see my native land again, or the home of my birth. Never the dear faces of my mother, or Bessie." I gulped down the words. "I am to die, to-morrow. And by a shameful, painful, perhaps lingering death, amid the jeers and execrations of thousands."

I shuddered as I said it.

CHAPTER XV.

Ar last, exhausted by my various emotions, I fell asleep. It must have been long after nightfall, and I must have slept several hours.

I was awoke, suddenly, by a ray of light falling on my face, a ray that seemed, strangely, to come upward from the floor. Opening my eyes, and rallying my bewildered senses, for at first I could not recollect where I was, I became conscious that some one was interposing between me and the light, A moment after, a trap-door, of the existence of which I had been ignorant, on the opposite side of the hut to that where the guard was stationed, revealed itself. This door was now open, and through the aperture streamed the light that had aroused me.

I looked, confused, around. A voice, at my side, said.

" Hist !"

Glancing up, in mute surprise, for it was a voice that I knew, I recognized Obeira.

With an instinctive gesture I shrank from her. I had resigned myself to my fate. I had even forgiven Obeira her share in it. But this coming to exult over me, in my hour of agony, roused all the bitterness within me.

"Are you satisfied?" I said. "Behold your work! Sweet work," I added, ironically, "for a woman!"

The tears rose to her eyes.

"Cruel, cruel!" she cried.

"You think I wronged you," I went on. "So you did me this wrong in return. Well, we are quits."

In answer she stepped swiftly forward, and cut the thongs that bound my hands, with a knife that she drew rapidly from beneath the folds of her dress.

"There," she said, "you are free!"

Then she fell back a pace or two: the knife dropped from her nerveless hands: she burst into tears.

"Free!" I cried, straightening out my arms,

numb with long stricture, and scarcely crediting their release. "Free to escape if I can? You do not mean it?"

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, and looking at me pleadingly, with her great, soft, sad eyes, "you do me foul wrong. It was not I that informed on you. It was accident."

"Accident?"

"Yes!" She spoke eagerly. "Or rather my father's guards. They were stationed all about, out of sight, but on the alert, as they always are around a royal residence. They saw you leave the house, and, at first, thought nothing of it; but when they discovered the object of your destination, their suspicions were aroused. They gave the alarm. In a minute the whole population was aroused."

I was stunned, as if by a blow. Could this, indeed, be true? If so, how I had misjudged and wronged her.

"Believe me," she said, with an emotion that shook her whole frame, "I would have died sooner than betray you. I was angry with you, for awhile, I confess; but never angry enough, never base enough for that. Oh! forgive me for the way I spoke, the words I used last night! I did not mean it; indeed, indeed, I did not!"

Her tone, her look, her whole demeanor convinced me she spoke the truth. My heart smote me for my injustice.

I advanced to her, knelt at her feet, took her hand, and reverently kissed it.

"I am the one to ask for forgiveness," I said, "and since your looks show you have pardoned me, death itself will now have one less pang."

She shuddered at the fatal word, and I felt her hand tremble in mine.

"But you are not to die," she cried, stooping low over me, and whispering earnestly, "I have come to set you free. Don't you understand?"

"Set me free!" I spoke bitterly. "There are a thousand soldiers outside (I can hear the sentries pacing before the door) and tens of thousands of people, who, if I escaped the guards, would fall upon me."

"Not in that direction," she said. "Of course, escape on that side, is impossible."

With a quick gesture, however, she pointed, as she spoke, toward the other side of the hut, where the trap-door still remained open.

"Your way of escape lies there," she said, breathlessly. "There, where I entered. On that side the hut abuts on the precipice, and you can gain the edge of the ravine, if you are cautious, without being detected; for nobody will suspect you of attempting to fly in that direction; and, indeed, nobody knows of the outlet but a

few faithful persons and myself. I learned it in my capacity as priestess. My father even is ignorant of it. The priests had it made that they might interrogate, in secret, criminals guilty of sacrilege. Listen! I have bribed a guide to conduct you to the shore, where the boat lies uninjured, and where you can embark, undiscovered, if you reach there before sunrise; for nearly all the inhabitants of the village, with thousands of others, are up here, waiting for tomorrow." She shuddered again at this fatal remembrance. "The path from here leads, almost precipitously, down the face of the cliff: but a bold, cool foot can follow it, especially with a guide ahead: I have come to-night by one as perilous. When it reaches the bottom, it follows the ravine, which shortly unites with another, and that with others, till finally the coast is gained. This route is but half the distance of the ordinary one to the coast. My foster-mother. of whom you heard me speak yesterday, is there. and has promised me that the boat shall be provisioned and ready for you. Go, not a moment is to be lost. But sometimes, if ever you reach your own country, give a thought to Obeira."

Her voice broke down, at this, and she finished with a choking sob.

I pressed a last kiss on her hand, rose from my knees, and made a step in the direction she indicated.

Then, all at once, I stopped, and returned to where she stood.

"But what will become of you? If your life is to pay for mine," I said, "I will not stir a step."

"I am in no danger," she answered quickly.
"My share in your escape will probably never be discovered. My father fancies I rejoice in your doom, for he judges me by himself. Oh! he does not know a woman. Besides, if it is discovered that I released you, I am still the daughter of a king. I am a priestess besides, and my life is sacred. Not even the king chartouch me. Go, I implore your every moment is precious: the sentinel, now on duty, has been bribed; but his successor is not, and if the latter comes before you depart, not even I can save you."

I still hesitated: Was she deceiving me?

"Here," she said, rapidly stripping her arms and neck of the diamonds that adorned them, "these baubles, you say, are valuable in your own country. Take them, and when you reach home, when you are happy with her you love, think that even the poor island girl loved you a little."

She broke down with another great sob, which she tried in vain to check.

I was touched to the heart, by this offer, even more than by her freeing me. As she had said, "little did we men know women."

"No," I cried, refusing the proffered gifts. "I should despise myself if I took your offerings. I owe you my life: that is enough: God in heaven bless you!"

At this moment the tread of feet outside was heard, as if the sentry was about to be relieved.

"Fly, fly," she panted, and pushed me toward the outlet. "In a moment it will be too late. We shall be heard talking; the guards will rush in, and you will not be left alone again till sunrise. Oh! do not hesitate an instant."

"Will you swear that you will come to no harm?"

"I swear it."

"And what will be your lot in all these future years?" I had turned away, and now paused to ask this question; for a sudden dread had come upon me, she was so composed and calm. "You will try to be happy?"

: She shook her head sadly.

"Happiness is not for such as I. I shall devote myself to the priesthood," she said. "I shall resign my rights to the crown, and cease to be a princess. But, oh! if you ever cared for me, even for an hour, go, or it will be too late."

I hesitated no longer. The new sentry was heard taking his place at the door; another word would be fatal: with a last look at Obeira I darted through the opening.

The trap-door led downward, through a passage cut in the rock, and ended on a thin, narrow ledge. Two men stood, as if on guard, on either side of the outlet on this ledge.

I had hardly realized all this, when I heard the rustle of female garments behind me, and beheld Obeira.

She put her hand over my mouth, to stifle my exclamation of surprise, and said hubriedly.

"I have closed the door behind me, undetected; it is so nicely fitted that it cannot be discovered. No one will ever know how you escaped. My path lies here." (I could see no path, however, but only the wild, almost precipitous face of the cliff.) "My guide waits for me. Yours is there, and that is your escort; you may trust him implicitly. Farewell! The God, whom you speak of, have you in His keeping, and lend you safely to those you love."

With these words she turned from me, and, almost before I was aware of it, had disappeared, silently and swiftly, around the opposite corner of the precipice.

I stood, for an instant, bewildered. I remembered what a horror Obeira had of this place. Yet she had come, and in the dead of night, when it was more ghastly than ever, braving its nameless terrors, in order to release me from prison! I knew also, from a glance at the wild, precipitous descent before me, in which not even the shadow of a path was visible, how dangerous must be the way by which she had come.

"Brave, noble girl," I said to myself. "Oh! if the fates had been but different."

A touch on my arm aroused me. My guide had crept, stealthily, up to me, and had, in this way, arrested my attention.

"I cannot answer for your life," he said, "if you waste another moment; and I have sworn, by all the sacred oaths known to us, to conduct you in safety to the coast."

Without reply, I turned, and following him, we plunged together down the gloomy precipice.

The night was moonless; but the stars shone, and though the shadows in the ravine were deep, there was still light enough to pick our way. There was no trodden path, but my guide soon showed himself to be a competent cragsman, and availing himself, now of a slight projection in the rock, now of a crevice, he worked his way downward with inconceivable rapidity, pausing occasionally to look back and see if I was following. At any other time, perhaps, I would have shrunk from the task. But I was flying for my life, and not only did my intellect seem sharpened, preternaturally, by the consciousness, but my muscles were stimulated to additional strength, and my eye to unwonted accuracy. Every now and then, my guide stopped for a moment to recover breath, and at such times I looked up to the top of the cliff, to see if there were any signs of my escape having been discovered. But no lights flashed, no shouts were heard. More than once we started a night-bird, that lay hid in some cranny of the cliff, and it went clanging, with dark, bat-like wings, and discordant cries, down the ravine.

At last, we reached the bottom, when our progress became more easy. Here we paused again, and again I looked up. But my flight was apparently still unknown. Black and sharp, the outline of the wall above, like a silhouette, rose against the sky, but no life was seen anywhere, no voices were heard, everything was still.

"We have no time to spare," said the guide, at last, preparing to resume our journey. "We have still a long distance to go."

"But the princess," I said, holding back. "Do you think she is safe?"

I had hoped, before we left the foot of the Vol. LXI.-18

cliff, to have some assurance of this, and it was for this that I held back.

"The princess had not far to go, and though the way was difficult, she had traversed it once before," answered my companion. "Besides, it was not so wild as ours, as I know by experience. But stay, what is that?"

As he spoke, he pointed to the top of the cliff, at some distance from where the wall terminated. A white object, diminished in the distance almost to a speck, was distinctly visible. As I gazed, shading my eyes with my hand, this object assumed the form of the upper part of a woman's body.

"It is she! It must be she," I exclaimed.

"Yes! it is the princess," answered my guide, after a long look. "She waves something. It is a scarf. She has made us out, even in the darkness. We stand, as you see, in bright starlight just now. But that will never do. Others, too, may see us. Oh! you have been imprudent, both of you, to show yourselves in this way."

I paid no heed to his words, but jumping on a higher rock near, and standing out in the starlight, more prominently than before, I waved back an answering signal.

It was evidently seen, for it was replied to.

"This will never do," said the guide, interfering now authoritatively, and pulling me down from my conspicuous post. "I have promised to answer with my life for your safety. Come."

I never saw Obeira again.

In due time, we reached the cove, and found everything, at the landing, prepared for me.

The village was almost deserted, as Obeira had said, and what few inhabitants remained were buried in sleep. Fortunately for me, clouds had begun to gather across the sky, so that objects could not be seen more than a dozen yards off.

As we stealthily approached the landing, a dark, crouching figure suddenly rose up, that startled me at first.

"Stay, do not be alarmed," said a woman's voice. "It is all right. I am the foster-mother of the princess, of whom, perhaps, she has spoken. I have myself seen to everything, and kept watch that nobody might interfere."

"Then the sooner you are off, the better," interposed my guide. "In a little while, day will break, and your flight will be discovered; for, at that time, the guard will open the door of the hut to awaken you. The alarm will be given, immediately, by fires and smoke, from hill-top to hill-top; and this cove will be the first point to which suspicion will be directed.

owe something to ourselves. As your flight is known only to us t

two others. If you get off, unperceived, the means of your escape will always remain unknown. But if we are detected helping you, we shart pay for it with our lives. In with you, in the name of all the powers of the air, in, in."

While he had been speaking, I had been hastily examining to see if everything was right. I found all to be correct, sails, mast, rudder, water, and provisions. Hurriedly expressing my thanks, I leaped in, and pushed off.

The moment I was fairly afloat, and moving into mid-stream, both my companions turned and disappeared in the gloom.

A light breeze was blowing, of which I took advantage immediately, by setting the sail, and steering for the mouth of the harbor. The current, which was running out, assisted me.

Bit by bit, the well-known shore glided by, till soon the tall cliffs, on either side, showed that I was approaching the open sea. A few minutes later I felt the long roll of the ocean.

When day broke, I was fairly out on the broad Pacific, with the loud booming of the breakers heard astern, and the white line that marked the coral-reef, stretching, for miles away, on either side behind me.

Just at that instant, I saw, on the cliffs, at the harbor entrance, a bright flame shoot into the sky, while, further inland, column on column of smoke rose into the morning air.

They were the signals that my flight had been discovered.

CHAPTER XVI.

But I was safe, as I knew, for the present. The first thing I did was to fall on my knees, and devoutly thank God for my deliverance.

Very soon, before the favorable breeze, the island faded in the distance, and, when night fell, was out of sight astern.

As soon as I began to drop the island, I examined my stores of food and water again. I found comparatively ample quantities of both. By Obeira's orders, which her foster-mother had carried out thoroughly, the canoe had been filled to its utmost capacity, principally with the very provisions I had myself collected for the purpose. I made a rough calculation, and found that I had enough food to last for six weeks, or even longer, if I put myself on half allowance. Of water there did not seem to be so great a store.

"I will keep away on this course," I said. "I have no compass, but I can sail by the stars, and unless a great storm should come up, of which there is little danger, fortunately, at this season and in this latitude, I shall, I think, hold my

way. Sooner or later I shall reach the track of vessels crossing the Pacific, and fall in with one of them: or if I miss this, I must, in a couple of months, at furthest, gain land."

But my favorable prognostications were not realized. Day followed day, night succeeded night, until I had been nearly two months at sea. Yet still I met no sails, still I saw no land. Long ago I had put myself upon half rations of food, and now my scanty allowance of water was almost gone. I doled it out to myself by the thimbleful, and though hourly tempted to increase the quantity, had still the resolution to refrain. But my thirst grew to be intolerable. Fever, too, began to fire my veins. At times, I am confident, I was slightly delirious.

Only an over-seeing Providence, in this strait, could have preserved my life. To this day, I can scarcely conceive how it was that I resisted the temptation, when the fever was on me, to exhaust the little remnant of water left to me.

One of my last recollections is of finding, between two water-gourds, the only ones that remained, a large parcel. At first I had no idea how it came there. I opened it with some curiosity, and to my surprise discovered that it contained a quantity of rough diamonds, many of them of the greatest value. I now recognized the gems which Obeira had gathered for me, on the day we visited the diamond mountain. These jewels I had carried about my person, until the night before the launch, when, in the prospect of my speedy escape, I had secreted them between these two very gourds. The terrible events that had ensued, and that had followed each other so rapidly, had altogether driven this treasure from my memory.

"If I ever reach America," I said, "they will give me a fortune, they will smooth the way for my marriage with Bessie Thorndyke. I will divide them into four separate parcels, for better security, and sew them up in different parts of my different garments, securely. In that way, if I am shipwrecked, and have to swim for my life, I may be able to save part of them, perhaps."

I had still with me the housewife my mother had given me at parting, and taking out a needle and some thread, I sewed up the diamonds. I remember but little more after this. In a day or two I fell into a sort of stupor, at times rallying, as I have seen the dying. After that I lost my senses altogether.

I have a dim memory, however, of being lifted out of my canoe, taken up the side of a ship, and laid in a comfortable berth; of seeing faces about me; of hearing somebody give orders to turn the canoe adrift; of then sinking back into the utter forgetfulness, from which these events had roused me.

My first real consciousness was when I opened my eyes, and beheld a weather-beaten man sitting by me, whom I knew afterward to be the captain of the ship.

"Well," he said, "I've pulled you through, though I hardly expected it. I've been doctoring my crews, all my life, but never before had such a tough case. However, you'll do now. You had a high fever," he continued, in answer to my inquiring look, "and have been delirious. But there, don't talk. Drink this, and go to sleep. After a while you'll be stronger, and then we can hear all about it."

"One word," I said, as I pushed the cup away, temporarily. "What did I talk about?"

"Oh! of everything. Two names, especially, Bessie for one, and the other some outlandish thing I can't remember."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes!" The captain began to laugh. His genial laugh made me resolve, at once, to confide in him, when the time came, for it was the laugh of an honest, kind-hearted man. "You talked, like so many others, down with fever in these latitudes, of an island of diamonds. It's an old tradition of the bucaneers, and a favorite yarn to this day in the fo'castle; and, strange to say, it always flies to the brain when sailors get delirious. But there; I'll not say a word more: drink at once."

A week later, when I was able to sit up, and the captain and I were alone in his cabin, I said,

"You have never told me how I came to be carried into your own quarters, and treated like a son, instead of being put into the forecastle, and left to take my chance of recovery like a dog."

"Well, you see," answered the captain, "we sighted a queer little craft, one day, that, on a nearer approach, turned out to be a canoe, with a dead man, or what seemed one, lying in the bottom. I launched a boat, of course, and had the dug-out brought alongside. The minute I saw you, I ordered your neck-tye to be loosened, to give you air; and then I noticed how white your skin was, and knew you wasn't an ordinary seaman. So I said, 'there's a story to this lad; he's been a Robinson Crusoe; and this canoe he has made himself,' and with that took you in here. You see,' and here his voice shook for a moment, "I once had a son myself, and he was about your age, and didn't look unlike you when he died. But. I do believe the sailors

would have murdered you, some night, for you raved of nothing but diamonds. They'd have killed you, and cut you up, to find the diamonds inside of you, ha! ha!"

"But I didn't rave."

"No, no, that won't do," said the captain. "If ever a man had a fever, you had; and if ever a man was out of his head, you were."

"I admit both the fever and delirium. Still, I wasn't raving, at least when I talked of diamonds."

For answer, the captain put out his hand, and felt my pulse. Then he bade me show him my tongue.

"It's very odd," he said. "You haven't a bit of fever; clean tongue, regular pulse; and yet you're as crazy as the man in the moon."

I replied, by putting my hand in my pocket, where I had discovered my diamonds untouched the first day I regained my clothes, and producing a handful of the uncut gems,

"Do you know," I said, "what these are?"

The captain turned them over and over; went to the cabin-window, the more clearly to examine them; looked at me, looked again at the stones; and then burst forth,

"What? God bless me? Real sparklers! You've been telling the truth, then. Well, all my life, I've been saying that the yarn about the island of diamonds was a darned lie, and now, in my old age, I've got to take back my words. It's confounded hard on a fellow."

I burst into laughter. The captain spoke in a tone, and not merely with words, that showed he considered himself dreadfully aggrieved.

Then I told my story. Of course, I suppressed everything that concerned Obeira. But I described the island, and also how I had made my escape, by getting the king's permission to build a boat, and then taking flight in it.

I ended by saying,

"You have helped to save my life. Oblige me by selecting one of those diamonds for yourself."

With much difficulty, I persuaded him to take one of the gems, he insisting, all the time, that he was being overpaid.

"I'm in for a voyage up the west coast," he said, "away as far as Alaska, to trade in furs, and so forth; and it will take two years; but as soon as I get clear of my articles, I'm going for that island. You couldn't give me the least idea, now, of its latitude and longitude?"

a moment, "I once had a son myself, and he "Not the least," I replied. "You know where was about your age, and didn't look unlike you you picked me up, and I had been, at least, two when he died. But, I do believe the sailors months at sea, drifting about, I fear, hither and

thither. To look for the island, I suspect, would be, as they say at home, like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack."

"So it would, so it would. A man might spend a lifetime at it, and fail after all. I'll think about it. Besides, nobody would credit the story. My old woman herself, I do believe, would think me crazy, if I talked about it, and might clap me in a mad-house, as I'm told they do everybody, now-a-days, they want to get rid of. No, my lad, we'el keep our own counsel; but," and he laughed again, good-humoredly, "we'el keep our diamonds also."

I parted from the captain a few days after, when we met a ship bound for Bombay. At Bombay I took the overland route to Marseilles. At Paris, I remained for a week, to dispose of part of my diamonds; and then went on to Amsterdam, where I sold more; and after that took passage for London, where I got rid of the remainder.

I lost no time in these transactions, as I did not wish any one sale to transpire until all were effected; and to have thrown the entire lot of diamonds on the market in one place might have produced a glut. I heard, afterward, that the diamond merchants of Amsterdam, whither all gems find their way eventually to be cut, were puzzled, and are puzzled to this day, as to the source from which so many jewels, all so large and of so fine a water, had come.

I placed my funds in the hands of Baring Brothers, a house which I recommend to all my friends, engaged my passage on the Cuba, and landed at Boston wharf, just a year and threequarters from the day I had first sailed.

CHAPTER XVII.

I had written from Marseilles, so that my mother had known, for a fortnight, of my coming. I had entered into no detail, however, except to say that I alone had escaped shipwreck, and that I had, by a rare stroke of good-luck, which I should explain on my arrival, fallen into a competence. I sent my love to Bessie, "if," as I added, significantly, "she had not forgotten me."

I ought to have gone, at once, on landing, to the owners of the ship in which I had sailed; but I felt, that, in my present circumstances, I could do pretty much as I pleased: so I resolved to defer this visit to the next day, and jumping into a carriage, I drove out immediately to Cambridge.

It was dark when I came in sight of the dear

old home, and I saw, at once, that the steamer had been telegraphed, and that I was expected; for every window was a-blaze, from top to bottom; and quite a crowd of urchins had collected at the gate, as if aware that some event of more than usual importance was going on.

My mother stood waiting, with open arms, in the door-way. For a moment I saw nothing but her. At last, she released me from her tearful embrace.

"I must not keep you all to myself, for others are waiting for you," she said. "Oh! what a happy night—thank God! thank God!"

She pushed me forward, as she spoke.

The burly form of the good old doctor now appeared, half filling up the little vestibule, and behind him the tall, stately figure of white-haired Gen. Thorndyke. My heart now began to beat fast. Each of them, in succession, wrung my hand, till I thought they would wring it off. Both made way for me, immediately, however, as if there was something yet to see.

I hastily passed through the vestibule, my pulses going faster and faster, and entered the parlor. I think Gen. Thorndyke himself noiselessly closed the door behind me.

A tall, graceful girl stood, with one hand on the centre-table, as if leaning there for support. Her bosom rose and fell under its snowy covering; her face was rosy red; her eyes had a look, half laughing, half crying.

It was Bessie Thorndyke, and in an instant we were in each other's arms. Our lips, for the first time in our lives, met in a kiss.

"You don't think I was unmaidenly to come to greet you?" said Bessie, almost in a whisper, nestling to my heart. "But pa knows all, and so does your mother. I couldn't go on deceiving pa, so I told him, the very day after you left," here she blushed charmingly, "and he was so good: he said he could not desire a better son than you; and so, and so," she stammered in sweet confusion, "it was arranged, that, when you came home, if you hadn't changed your mind, as you write you haven't——"

I interrupted her, at this point, by kissing her again.

After a minute she went on.

"So, when you sent that message from Marseilles, through your mother, I knew——"

There was another interruption, and then I finished the sentence,

"That you might come here. God bless you, darling, for coming!"

"There, there, that will do," she said, at last, breaking from my arms. "Too much of a good thing, you know," and she shook her finger,

saucily, at me. "Really, you have forgot yourself, sir; you are keeping your mother and the rest out in the cold. Come in, mother," how prettily the word sounded from her, and opening the door, and going up to my mother, she kissed her, laughingly adding, "who in the world could have shut you, and pa, and the doctor out ?"

What a happy party it was that sat down directly to supper! I always drank coffee, even at night; and my mother's coffee was famous; but never had coffee tasted so good.

"You Turk, you," said Bessie, as she put another lump of sugar into my cup. The tea, as mother and Bessie vowed, was equally celestial. Gen. Thorndyke and the doctor emptied plate after plate.

As the feast went on, I told, in rapid words, my adventures, suppressing only those portions that I had resolved no one but Bessie should ever know. When I came to speak of the island of diamonds, everybody stopped eating, and very soon the doctor and Gen. Thorndyke began to exchange significant glances of incredulity. As for Bessie and my mother, however, they were women, and would have believed, dear souls! anything I could have said.

I hurried over events as rapidly as possible, when I saw these looks exchanged, and summed up by producing a bulky pocket-book.

"The long and short of it," I said, "is, that, after I was found and nursed back to health, I lost no time in plotting how to escape. I brought with me, of course, some diamonds. The finest of all," I continued, laying a superb one on the table, "I reserved for Bessie, if she still remembered me: others I brought home for mother, not forgetting smaller ones, fit for gentlemen's studs, for Gen. Thorndyke and the doctor," and I laid other gems, as I spoke, before my amazed auditors, "while the rest I turned into hard money, which I deposited with Baring Brothers; and here, as you see, gentlemen," and now I addressed myself to Gen. Thorndyke and the doctor, "are bills of exchange, the duplicates of which will follow by the next steamer, for rather more than two hundred thousand pounds sterling, which, as I make it out, represents over a million of dollars in our money."

It was a sight to see the doctor, during the delivery of these final words. He took out his spectacles, put them on, looked at the diamonds, regarded me as he would have regarded some strange lusus-naturæ brought to him to inspect, took off his spectacles and rubbed them again, critically turned Bessie's diamond in the light, picked up one of the bills of exchange and said Gen. Thorndyke, laughing. "But he would

held it close to his eyes, looked at me again in wonder, counted the bills, and then broke forth.

"Heavens and earth," he cried, "have the Arabian Nights come again? Am I alive? Are we all dreaming? Bless my soul, if the prodigal hasn't returned," and he looked quizzically across at me, "only, instead of bringing husks of corn, he has brought us Sinbad's diamonds."

After awhile, when the amazement and excitement had somewhat subsided, the doctor

"You really, now, have no clue by which to find the island again?"

"None," I said, and turning to Bessie, I continued, "nor do I want any. I have had enough of sea-going. This," and I raised her hand and kissed it, "with Gen. Thorndyke's permission, shall be my island of diamonds."

"With all my heart," said her father. had my sanction, long ago, my dear boy."

"Only take care, take care," said the doctor, turning to Bessie, and twinkling his eyes humorously, "that your Aladdin don't look for a princess now."

I do not think that Bessie shared his pretended fears, if I may judge from the glance which she gave me as I turned, deprecatingly, to her.

The doctor could not get over the excitement for a long while. He rose directly, and began to pace the room.

"What a pity you haven't the latitude and longitude of the island, or, at least, some approach to them. I don't say it altogether in a mercenary spirit," he said, seeing my amused smile, "I speak, in part, in the interests of science. Why, bless me, such a thing was never heard of before. Diamonds as thick as blackberries!" The South African diamond fields, it must be remembered, had not been discovered at that time. "It's a marvel, a miracle in fact. I wouldn't have believed it, not even from you, you young dog, if I hadn't seen the gems and counted your bills of exchange."

"There is but one clue, and that a very vague one," I said, and then I told about the frigate, which had lain off the island for part of a day. "If we could get at the logs of all our men-ofwar, that were in the Pacific, last year, and discover which ship was blown off an unknown island, out of the usual track of vessels, in Octoher, for I remember the month, then we might learn what you wish to know."

"The doctor talks very positively to-night,"

the world. He's too lazy. Somebody else will have to discover this island."

I have no secrets from Bessie. The very day after my return, I told her all about Obeira, concealing nothing. She shed many a tear during the recital. "Oh! the dear, self-sacrificing girl," she cried, "How I love her."

Then, after a moment of silence, her hand re-discover the Island of Diamonds.

not go a hundred miles for all the diamonds in / stole into mine, and she added reverently, "Poor Obeira!"

> Bessie and I have been married for several years, and are supremely happy. We often talk of Obeira. It is our daily prayer that she still lives, and sometimes thinks of us.

> Perhaps we may yet hear of her, if some lucky navigator, blown out of the usual track, should

MY ANGEL.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

MERRY, little footsteps, All the live-long day, In and out the parlor, Never tire of play; Eyes of deepest azure, Beam with heavenly light; Lips, at evening, whisper " Mamma, dear, good-night!"

Busy little fingers, In my work-box play; Then, with fond caresses, For the mischief pay. He, the Rock Eternal, Whence each blessing springs, Gave to me this angel, Lacking only wings.

"Precious little sleeper," Every night I say; On her cheeks press kisses, Where the dimples play. Tears are swiftly falling From my brimming eyes; Darling little angel, Sent from Paradise!

Merry, little footsteps, Bounding through the door, In and out the parlor, Gladden me no more; Eyes are scaled in slumber, With their beaming light; Lips have said, forever, "Mamma, dear, good-night."

Busy little fingers, Idle are to-day, Clasping snowy blossoms, In their folds of clay: He, the Rock Eternal, Whence each blessing springs, One bright Sabbath morning, Gave my angel wings.

Precious little sleeper, Couch is made for thee, Where a mother's kisses Are denied to me: Tears again are falling From my blinded eyes. Darling little Alta Lives in Paradise!

A MEMORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I STROLL adown the orchard lane, Where walked, but one short year ago, One who'll not walk with me again, In this, my earthly path, I know.

Here blushed wild roses, wet with dew: And, gathering some, we chanced to see A sparrow's nest, half-hid from view, Beneath the leafy canopy.

And here I gathered, from the moss, Some purple pansies for her hair; My heart thrills with a sense of loss; The flowers are here, and she is-where?

"Oh, pansies are so sweet!" she said, And smiled, the while she spoke, at me; "They always hold, alive or dead, This meaning, 'Oh, I think of thee!"

Here, on this knoll, we sat to see The Summer sunset die away; We heard the humming of the bee, And song of sailors down the bay.

We saw the white-clouds drift o'er head, Like white sails on an azure sea; "The argosies of hopes," she said, "Come sailing back to you and me."

And here I whispered, at her feet, Some words I thought her glad to hear; Swift, even now, my pulses beat, And dream again that she is near.

Again I hold her hand in mine; I feel her breath upon my cheeks; While through my veins, like draughts of wine, A strange bliss riots, when she speaks.

About my face the breezes blow Her yellow hair, to bind me fast In love's bewitching spell, and so I dream again, as hours go past.

I dream again ! Ah! I could close My tear-dimmed eyes, and think her here, And smell the purple pansy's blows, And hear her say, "I love you, dear!"

LITTLE POLLY LAMBERT.

BY F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC., ETC.

least not for Capt. Chesebro. It might have been pleasant, and doubtless was, for Teddy Vesev. inasmuch as the amiable Teddy generally enjoyed life pretty well. It might also have been a pleasant recollection for the six charming bridemaids in white tulle and white violets, but it was not pleasant, as a recollection, to the gallant Guy. It is not agreeable, under any circumstances, for a man to be forcibly reminded that he has made an awkward blunder; and Capt. Chesebro had made a very awkward blunder, indeed, and was frequently reminded of it in a most nettling manner. The fact was, the fair bride elect had been too much for him, as she had been too much for dozens of men like him, during her brief but triumphant belledom, and it was decidedly rather trying, after having followed her lead persistently during a whole season, to be unexpectedly reined in by an invitation to act as groomsman at her marriage with the cotton-spinning Midas, who had carried off the popular but calculating young lady over the heads of the less successful. The recollection of the foolish things he had done, the foolish speeches he had made, during the past winter, and, above all, the insane sense of security he had allowed to take possession of him, was the least comfortable part of the gallant Guy's experience. He could remember times when he had been so complacently certain of success, that he had not been afraid to let people see it. Elinor Grantligh, with her calm hauteur and self-possession, was just the very woman to suit his fastidiousness, he had told himself a hundred times. No other woman could have suited him so exactly, and accordingly he had been duped with as self-satisfied a serenity as any more commonplace individual might have exhibited, and had only been awakened from his tranquillity by the sudden announcement of the pending marriage, followed closely by the solid bridegroom's invitation. And this was scarcely the worst. It seemed almost like insult added to injury, that the bridemaid who was to be his portion was a distant relative of the solid bridegroom's, and the daughter of another cotton-spinning Midas. But there was no help for it. There was no refusing the invitation without calling forth remark; and so the inwardly-chafed ex-lover had i

It was not a pleasant thing to look upon, at been obliged to go down to Cumberwolde with ast not for Capt. Chesebro. It might have been easant, and doubtless was, for Teddy Vesey, affair. Still he could not help chafing over little asmuch as the amiable Teddy generally enjoyed Polly Lambert.

"Who the—who is little Polly Lambert?" he had said to Teddy Vesey. "What sort of a girl is she? Who are her people?"

"She's a very nice sort of girl," Teddy had answered—"though she isn't on the Elinor Grantligh style. She is a good-natured, plump little thing, with big, soft eyes. Pretty figure, too. They are Manchester people, you know. Old Lambert is a cotton-spinner, and he has a pretty figure, too—in the three-per-cents."

"Oh!" Chesebro grumbled. "I begin to understand now. Little Polly Lambert is a little snob, with a cotton-spinning papa, whose pretty figure covers a multitude of sins. A good-natured thing in Elinor Grantligh, to hand me over to her, wasn't it?"

He was very much out of humor, and might have made a great many rash speeches, if Teddy had not interposed with his usual good nature.

"Wait until you see her," he said. "You will like her well enough then. She's a nice, comfortable little girl. I know her, you see. Bless my life! I have known Polly Lambert ever since she was ten years old."

And when he met her, Chesebro found some faint consolation in the discovery that Teddy was not wrong after all. Little Polly Lambert was really not so bad as he had expected, being a small, serene young lady, all dimples, and soft, babyish curves, and lovely gray eyes, and having, withal, a most wonderful air of innocent, unsophisticated self-possession. And by the dimples, and the pretty ways, Chesebro had been consoled for the prestige of Manchester; and finding that little Polly Lambert was not only pretty in a babyish way, but had an odd sort of popularity, patronized her, and graciously condescended to be amiable for her benefit.

But the festivities had come to an end, and the house of Grantligh was quiet once more. The waves of excitement had circled back to the shore of customary country quiet; the white tulle and white violets had been packed in numerous trunks, and carried back to London with the respective wearers, and, among the rest, Capt. Chesebro, with Teddy Vesey, had taken his depar-

94:7

ture to Chesebro Larches, East Cumberwolde, the residence of his cousin, Mrs. Alicia Chesebro. Guy was a favorite of Mrs. Chesebro's, and so was Teddy Vesey, and, accordingly, an almost imperative invitation had stopped them on their way homeward.

"I want to hear all about the wedding," she had written, "and so does Ralph. You know, even the people who like her least, care to hear about Elinor Grantligh. Besides, I want to show you a specialty of mine, who is going to spend Christmas with me. I want Teddy Vesey, too. You remember I always liked Teddy Vesey, and so did Ralph."

And in obedience to the command, the two had come to East Cumberwolde and Chesebro Larches, instead of going back to London; and here, a few hours after their arrival, were lounging together in the smoking-room, waiting for dinner and watching the rain: Chesebro himself, in secret discontent; Teddy Vesey, with extreme complacence, as he lay stretched fulllength upon the sofa. Teddy was a contented individual, be it known, and albeit had no Elinor Grantligh to look back upon. The wedding had been a very pleasant affair to him, in connection with which the white tulle and white violets were only additional sources of enlivenment; the only drawback to his enjoyment being that he had been handed over into the custody of a majestic belle, who overpowered him. Teddy's predilections inclined very strongly toward girls like Polly Lambert.

But, as he paced to and fro, Chesebro had no thoughts for the young lady in question. Her pretty face and pretty humility had roused in him, for the time, a sort of indolent appreciation, but the sentiment had passed away with the carriage that bore little Polly Lambert out of sight.

"A nice, commonplace little creature," he had commented on her from the first. "Goodnatured and pretty, in a way, too; but not my style of woman."

So Polly Lambert had passed out of his mind, and he was pacing the room in a terribly discontented frame of thought, as he looked back over the past winter. But he stopped his walk at last, and threw his half-smoked segar into the fire.

"I believe I will go down-stairs," he said to Teddy. "I am tired of this. Perhaps Alicia is in the parlor; and Alicia always keeps a man alive."

"All right!" Teddy answered, contentedly.
"I can do very well here until dinner. I say,
Chesebro!"—singing out suddenly as the door

was closing on his friend's retreating figure—"I say, who was the specialty your cousin spoke of? I forgot to ask."

"Don't know," was the reply. "We shall see at dinner, though, if it wasn't some of Alicia's nonsense." And shutting the door behind him, Chesebro made his way down stairs.

It was dull enough outside to make the parlor look very bright by contrast, as he opened the door. There was a big fire burning cheerily in the grate, a jewel of a work-box stood open on the table, and on an ottoman upon the hearthrug sat a figure which certainly was not Alicia's. It was a comfortable little figure in one of those bewildering scarlet Zouave jackets, and in this case the bewildering jacket fitted to a miracle the softest curves in the world. Chesebro saw this, and saw, also, over the nut-brown head a hand with dimples instead of knuckles, holding a white marabout fan, and as he took a step forward, the head turned, and he confronted, to his amazement, a serene, babyish face, whose big, limpid gray eyes met his with the greatest complaisance.

"Miss Lambert," he said, in doubtful wonder. "Is it possible!"

"Dear me, Capt. Chesebro!" exclaimed the young lady, innocently. "Is it possible? How glad I am to see you!"

Chesebro was mollified. She was pretty enough despite her utter insignificance, and her cotton-spinning papa, to render the last clause of her speech of a mollifying nature. It was added so innocently, too, that it would have been a very stony-hearted individual who could have remembered the cotton-spinning papa to a disadvantage at such a moment, and Capt. Chesebro was not stony-hearted. He came forward to the fire and sat down with a polite speech, to the effect that he was overwhelmed with delighted surprise, which compliment the young lady accepted very demurely.

"It was odd I did not guess at your relationship to Alicia before," she said. "I might have known. Chesebro is such an uncommon name—so old, too, you know," meekly. "Alicia is an old schoolmate of mine. We were at Darville's together, though I was only one of the little girls when she left."

She had a pleasant way of prattling commonplaces; she was pretty, and had an appearance of humility, which was very soothing. Accordingly, Capt. Chesebro listened condescendingly, and permitted her to amuse him in her small way.

But now and then he felt a recurrence of a surprise she had caused him once or twice before. She was so very innocently candid, indeed; she had such a placid way of saying astonishingly frank things at intervals, and then stepping back into the pretty babbling again. Of course, it was not possible that there was anything under the surface of the innocent face and limpid eyes, but still she gave rise to conjecture.

"It was so like Elinor," she said once, "not to see that poor Teddy would have enjoyed himself so much better with me than he could with Miss Majoribanks," Miss Majoribanks had been Teddy's bridemaid. "If I had been Elinor, I think I should have seen in a minute that you would have liked Miss Majoribanks best, and Teddy would have liked me."

Chesebro stared at her for a minute dubiously. He had a faint idea that if Elinor Grantligh had made such a speech, it would have been the subtle prelude to a subtle satire; but girls of the Lambert style are not prone to satire, and the big, limpid eyes were so extremely frank at this particular moment.

"Why?" he asked. "I really do not quite comprehend why I should like Miss Majorihanks."

"Don't you?" she answered, serenely. "I should have thought differently. You see, Miss Majoribanks is more like Elinor—more stately and grand, and—and uncomfortable. She is a belle, too, Miss Majoribanks. Oh, dear me! She would have pleased you much better than I could."

Whereupon Chesebro was so utterly bewildered that he had no word of reply to make, and was fain to be silent, while the young lady proceeded as calmly as ever.

"Teddy is an old friend of your's, too, is he not?" she asked.

He replied affirmatively.

"I thought so," with the extreme candor again. "As for me, I have known Teddy all my life, nearly—ever since papa was only a book-keeper at Foley & Shaw's."

Chesebro almost lost his breath. This was even worse than he had fancied. The cotton-spinning was bad enough, but a book-keeper at Foley & Shaw's was a straw too much. But she did not seem to care about it. She went on prattling, every delicate little dimple expressing the screnest unconsciousness of having said anything unusual.

"She doesn't know any better," Chesebro commented, inwardly. "It is the result of Manchester, I suppose."

She was popular enough in the Chesebro house- Polly Lambert, at ten years old, must have been hold, it seemed, when the host and hostess just the straightforward, simple little soul that made their appearance, and Teddy was wonder- she was at twenty. She had been very fond of

fully glad to see her. She had a habit of making quick little pointed speeches, Chesebro discovered, and her round, mellow little laugh was always the signal for a chorus of merriment; so, in default of having nothing better to do, he watched her languidly over his wine and filberts; and, as a result of his observations, decided that, though she was not at all averse to Teddy's delicate attentions, she did not receive them with any of the pretty demonstrations of awe she appeared to unconsciously exhibit toward himself. She chattered freely enough with Alicia, and Ralph, and Teddy, but when she spoke to himself, he noticed a meek dropping of her soft voice, and a deprecating upraising of her limpid eyes, that was very pleasant in a small way, particularly after Elinor Grantligh. She was very fond of Alicia-bewitchingly fond of her; and she made a beautiful little picture of herself after dinner, by dropping on to a low footstool at her feet, and holding up the fan of white marabouts, to shield her face from the fire, talking the while, and every now and then appealing to Chesebro in a manner that made him forget his grievance, for the time, at least. Still he could not help wishing, occasionally, that she would not be so extraordinarily candid. He liked to hear her odd, unsophisticated speeches, but the revelations she made once or twice in the course of the evening, startled him not a little.

"Do you remember how good you were to me at school, Alicia," she would say, serenely; "and how you used to give me your dresses when I got shabby? I shall never forget the blue silk your dressmaker made for me out of that old one of your's. I never liked a dress so much in my life."

And Teddy had his share in the remembrances, too. She had struck up an acquaintance with him when she went to Foley & Shaw's with messages for her father. Foley was Teddy's godfather, and Teddy's susceptibility had scarcely increased with his years.

"We were dreadfully poor then," she said.
"Poor papa only had a hundred a year, you know, and I was always out of shoes. Shoes were always the difficulty, weren't they, Teddy? Have you forgotten the day Mr. Foley gave me five shillings, and you went with me to Salomon's to buy a pair?"

These innocent recollections delighted Teddy beyond measure. He had not forgotten a single incident in the odd, childish friendship; and, from his reminiscences, it appeared that little Polly Lambert, at ten years old, must have been just the straightforward, simple little soul that she was at twenty. She had been very fond of

Teddy, and was just as fond of him now. It, seemed natural for her to be fond of people in an affectionate fashion, like a good-natured child. It was not difficult to comprehend why she was popular. Chesebro had thought her simply an ordinary, pleasant, nice-looking little thing, and wondered at her small triumphs at Elinor Grantligh's wedding; but now he began to half understand how, to the majority of persons, her unsophisticated little incongruities would have quite a fascination.

It was little Polly Lambert who was the life of the small party that evening; it was little Polly Lambert who drew them all unconscious captives at the wheels of her innocent, triumphal car; and it was little Polly Lambert who that night smuggled her small, unpretending self into the thoughts of both the impressible Teddy and his more lofty friend,

"Nice little girl," Capt. Chesebro condescendingly remarked, as he put out his light before retiring. "Simple and untrained, of course, but pretty and good-natured. The very girl to suit Vesey, and fellows of that class."

"She grows prettier every hour," said Teddy, in his room. "She does, by George! And I like her better, too. It's a good thing for me that I am a little ahead of Chesebro."

And in her room litte Polly Lambort sat curled up at Alicia's feet, with her innocent, brown locks tumbling down over her shoulders, mermaiden fashion, and her small, plump figure folded in a most resplendent blue satin-lined wrapper. She had been talking about things in general, and finally had slipped upon the

"And, dear me!" she was saying, guilelessly, "how very handsome Capt. Chesebro is! How very much handsomer than poor, dear Teddyand I always thought Teddy was handsome. Alicia?" questioningly.

"Well, my dear?" Alicia answered.

"Was -- Well, is-is it true that your cousin was in love with Elinor Grantligh?"

"I don't really know," was the reply. "I fancy so, however."

"Dear, dear!" with meditative innocence. "And she married Mr. Smithers! What herrible taste in poor Elinor; and how-how very uncomfortable for your poor cousin, Guy."

This speech was made with the most sympathizing candor in the world, and in the softest of demure voices; but just at that moment Alicia Cheseboro met the limpid gray eyes, and met them, too, with the queerest of looks, and then, after a moment's silence, in which Polly gazed

say, Mrs. Chesebro began to laugh, as if her unsophisticated young friend had said something very funny, indeed.

"Oh, Polly! Polly!" she exclaimed. "Oh! you hardened little sinner!"

Whereupon the young person in question dropped her limped eyes demurely, but, in defiance of the demureness, smiled also, until every soft little dimple in her unsophisticated face became doubly accentuated.

Just one week-just seven brief days-and yet in their lapse Capt. Chesebro's opinions had become very much deepened and strengthened. He had arrived at the agreeable conclusion that if ever there had existed a young lady utterly without guile, that young lady was his cousin's friend, little Polly Lambert. The truth was that little Polly Lambert's star was in the ascendant. From patronizing her, and allowing her to amuse him, the gallant Guy had begun to like her in a certain negative fashion, and from liking her had gradually fallen into forming indolent plans regarding her. She was so very pretty in her simple style; she was so very modest; she was so-well, so actually respectful, that it was impossible to feel totally indifferent toward her. It was so evident that she liked him, too; and her efforts to please him were so innocently transparent. He accidentally expressed his admiration for flowers as an ornament, and she appeared among them with a creamy white rose, from Mrs. Chesebro's hot-house, in her pretty hair; he said he liked Byron, and the next day found her poring over a handsome edition in the library; he sighed, and she looked at him sympathizingly; he yawned, and she offered to play chess with him, and then, after pretending to make strenuous efforts to conquer, let him win the game in a manner most edifying to behold. She lamented that she could not play billiards. and after almost snubbing Teddy when he wanted to teach her, accepted Chesebro's first offer, and was so prettily awkward about her first efforts, that he was obliged to hold her round, babyfied wrist in instructing her. She had a voice like a robin's, and she sang delicious trilling little songs, that were like a robin's, too, until Chesebro gradually awakened to a consciousness that even Elinor Grantligh had no such brightness as this. He began to pay her little attentions, and she received them with such an appearance of timid gratitude, that he was absolutely touched. It was so very simple a task to please her, that he began to take a sort of interest in it, and at length his condescendingly gallant speeches became a kind of negative love-making. at her with the greatest sweetness, strange to finally he began to give her advice in small doses,

which is the most positive sign of the earlier stages of such a man's love. He kindly told her of some of her small faults, and gave her a hint as to his objection to the merciless candor.

They were alone in the parlor together the evening he comported himself thus amiably, and Polly was sitting, as usual, on a low foot-stool, clasping both her dimpled hands on her lap, and regarding him admiringly, with her limpid eyes upraised to his. She thanked him with as innocent a gratitude as a young lady without guile could exhibit; and she did not drop the limpid eyes from his face as she spoke.

"It is so kind of you to tell me about these things;" she said: "so very kind, indeed, Capt. Chesebro. You are so like dear Alicia in that. I am sure I appreciate it, too. I must seem so very stupid after Elinor Grandligh; but you know I am a silly little thing."

He felt himself coloring uncomfortably, though he made a miraculous effort to regain his composure. He could not tell exactly why it was that he would rather have had his insanity revealed to any one than this unsophisticated little plebeisn, with her innocent ignorance. But she had found him out, it seemed, and quite understood his discomfiture, for the next minute she broke out with an expression of sudden, be wildered misery that was almost pathetic, notwithstanding that the awkward frankness exhibited itself more than ever in the earnestness of her self-reproach.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "How awkward I am! I ought not to have said anything about that; ought I? But I am so forgetful. Pray forgive me, Capt. Chesebro."

What could the unfortunate victim do but feel that he was looking rather ridiculous as he endeavored to appear self-possessed. Little Polly Lambert had decidedly the best of it, though she bewailed her blunder with most pathetic sweetness, and apparent ignorance of the fact that she was only making matters worse.

"But—but——" she stammered, timidly, at length. "If it would not be rude to say so, indeed I think it is no wonder that you cared for Elinor. She was so beautiful and stately. She would have suited you so well, and yet she married Mr. Smithers," dropping her voice and her limpid eyes both at the same time.

It was too bad. Was it possible that little Polly Lambert, who was so quick at times, knew no better than this, and could not see that from Capt. Guy Chesebro to Mr. Smithers was from the sublime to the ridiculous? It was a peculiarity of hers, he had noticed, this making innocent, inopportune speeches, that were oddly un-

complimentary in the demureness of their timid compliment. She was always making them, and always with such a modestly admiring air that it was impossible to suspect her of any subtle impertinence. She was pretty enough to be forgiven, however, and she was marvellously pretty this particular evening. She would never be an Elinor Grantligh, of course; but Chesebro was just beginning to experience a sort of melancholy reaction. He was half inclined to look over the cotton-spinning papa, and the unfortunate prestige of Manchester, and console himself with her. He did not anticipate any trouble with Elinor Grantligh, and it was not likely that he would see obstacles in his path to the heart of a yielding, commonplace little person, who listened to his most careless speeches with admiration. There was nobody in his way-nobody but Teddy Vesey; and Teddy, with all his good looks, and good-nature, was not a formidable rival.

Upon very slight incidents frequently hangs a great deal of significance; and from one of the slightest of the incidents occurring this evening, much of significance may be drawn. The captain had been making himself very agreeable indeed. He had made a great many amiable fine speeches, and had even been kind enough to turn over the leaves of the music as Polly sang her robin-like little songs, and among other things he had mentioned, during a conversation, that blue was his favorite color; that it was becoming to most women, and that it was especially becoming to persons with brown eyes and sea-gray eyes. There was nothing prettier, he said, than such a woman Some celebrated individual had rein blue. marked that nothing was more charming than a woman in white under a green tree; but it was his opinion that a bit of bright blue color in a landscape was perfect. This was what Capt. Chesebro said, and little Polly Lambert listened and smiled, until all her soft, white dimples became notes of admiration as she modestly agreed with him.

A few hours later, as Alicia was standing in her dressing-room, loosening her hair for the night, she was startled by the sound of a faint tap on the door, and, opening, she confronted her friend, looking like the most delightful of little ghosts, in her elaborate night-wrapper.

"Alicia," she said, "that blue, cashmere morning-robe of yours. Where is it, dear? I want you to lend it to me."

For a moment Alicia Chesebro looked at her in bewildered silence, and then she actually began to laugh, as if she was threatened with hysterics, though the innocent face of her midnight visitor was as guileless as ever. had done before.

But Polly was immovable. She smiled with the extreme candor of simplicity, in her radiantly tranquil eyes; but she said nothing that could possibly tend to explain the intensity of her friend's extraordinary amusement.

"Where is it, dear?" she asked. " Please lend it to me, until I send for mine. I do so like blue, you know, and it is so becoming to me, and I have nothing blue with me."

And, the next morning, when Chesebro sauntered into the breakfast-table, his first glance encountered Miss Polly, looking absolutely charming, her delectable, little plump figure attired in a soft-blue morning-robe, belted in around the tiniest of waists, with guileless, little ruffles of white lace about her babyish wrists and babyish throat. Such a serene glance as she met him with. She was talking to Teddy when he came in; but she stopped as he entered, and greeted him demurely. That blue morning-robe fairly touched him, it was so transparent a bit of simplicity.

Matters progressed very smoothly after this. Teddy was comparatively thrown out of employment, and Chesebro had his time fully occupied. He played billiards, he played chess, he read and talked to her, while she sat on low foot-stools, and crochetted wonderful things out of bright wools. She prattled, she sparkled, she babbled, she asked his advice about everything, she wore blue dresses and ribbons, and even blue kid slippers. Ralph Chesebro began to open his eyes; but Alicia said nothing, only looked on in a puzzling kind of comprehensive silence. The only thing that broke the smooth current, in its flow, was the arrival of Christmas day, which brought a host of visitors, and with them brought a slight surprise, to Chesebro at least.

The white tulle and white violets made their appearance again, and he was bewildered to find that there were dozens of men who were anxious to make themselves extremely agreeable to the wearer. They crowded round Miss Polly's chair, and admired her openly among themselves, they diplomatized to gain a dance with her, and strategized to hold her fan, while the object of their mutual adoration mounted her small triumphal car, placidly, and made a Juggernaut of herself in driving over human hearts. There was no room for Chesebro near her, and she seemed to have forgotten him altogether, which was somewhat trying under the circumstances. But it showed him that he had, to some extent, blundered. The dimples and incongruities were even more popular, in their way, than Elinor Grant- {

"Oh, Polly! Polly!" she exclaimed, just as she | ligh's majesty of style had been, and he would have been very unlike a man, indeed, if he had not found both dimples and incongruities all the more charming for their being in such great request. But, after her triumphs, the pretty Juggernaut came back, and seemed to take quite kindly to milder excitement.

"It is so pleasant to be quiet once more," she said, the morning the last visitor left the Larches. So many people separate us all. It is so much nicer to know there is nobody here but Teddy, and Ralph, and Alicia-and you and I."

After this manner things went on until the small circle had remained unbroken for nearly a month, and Chesebro was beginning to enjoy himself extremely, in a quiet way, and Polly Lambert was becoming a more satisfactory study every hour. What then was the surprise of her complacent admirer when he found himself checked more suddenly than he had ever been before in his life!

They had been spending a wonderfully pleasant evening together, during which the young lady had displayed even more sweet humility than usual, and had sung the most charming of the robin-like songs, and finally had subsided on to her foot-stool again, with her atom of hands clasped upon her knee, and her good-natured little face looking as simple and honest as possible.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, at last. "How forgetful I am; I was going to do something dreadfully stupid again. I was actually forgetting to tell you that I am going home to-morrow."

Now, Chesebro was not prepared for this; he really was not. That she should have such a piece of news to tell him, was startling enough; but that she should tell him with as placid a face as if she had been announcing her intention of going into the next room, was too much, all at

He could not understand it in the least. He stared at her, for a moment, in blank silence, and then blundered out a few words, amazedly,

"I don't exactly understand you," he said, awkwardly. "You don't really mean to say you are in earnest?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" serenely; "but you see I forgot to tell you before. I am such a careless, little creature, you know. I am so glad it occurred to me just now. It would have looked so rude, if I had gone away without bidding you good-by. I shall be gone before you come down in the morning, as I leave by an early train."

It was not encouraging this. For the next five minutes Chesebro's head was in a whirl. Great generals frequently bring about great victories by movements unexpected by the enemy; and really this movement of little Polly Lambert would have done honor to the greatest of generals, both in its suddenness and its result. Of course, little Polly Lambert was not a great general, and her sudden announcement could only have been made in the greatest innocence; but it had its result, nevertheless. It had the effect of opening Chesebro's eyes to the fact, that it would not be so easy, after all, to part with this commonplace, good-natured little-creature. The paternal Lambert was not an agreeable subject for meditation; but his daughter would make a more affectionate little wife for a disappointed man; and, naturally, in her tender humility, Polly Lambert would accept gratefully the ashes Elinor Grantligh had left. There was a melancholy satisfaction in referring mentally to said ashes; and it was soothing to know that there was an impulsive, simple, loving little creature, ready to pour out the warm libations of her whole soul, even on the cold altar of his dead affections. There were many men, too, who would gladly have offered fresh hearts in exchange for Polly Lambert's. Teddy Vesey, for instance. Teddy would naturally be "cut up," when he knew the truth; but it could not be helped. But he would be honest with her; he would tell her how little he had to give, and how he would try to make up by tender assiduity, for his unavoidable defections; and then she would be grateful in that pretty way of hers, and cry a little, perhaps, resting her pretty brown head on his shoulder. His heart stirred pleasurably at the thought, for, notwithstanding the ashes, it was by no means disagreeable to anticipate. He had read of men doing such things before, and they had always been uncommonly fine fellows, and had come out surprisingly well in the end, winning the very women their betters would have shed their hearts' best blood for. He would speak now; he might as well. Alicia and Ralph had gone up stairs, and the unconscious Teddy was, to all appearances, slumbering peacefully on the sofa, in a shadowy corner. He glanced down at the small, plump figure, and felt a certain satisfaction in the babyish softness of its curves. Polly was looking into the fire, in pretty meditation, and the long, curling lashes cast a soft shadow over her velvety eyes and smooth cheeks. She looked so harmless, so charming, so guileless. The only drawback to Miss Grantligh's charms had been a slight suggestion of spirit; but there was nothing indomitable about little Polly Lambert. Oh, dear, no!

He rose from his seat, and going to her side, took the plump hand in his own with a gracious at-

tempt at tenderness. He was somewhat disappointed to observe that she did not blush, as he had expected. The fact was, she did not blush at all, only looked up at him with a self-possessed little smile, expressing perfect freedom from embarrassment. He felt that he could have done himself greater justice if she had not been quite so thoroughly at ease; but he managed pretty well. He was very honest about the matter-he could afford to be with little Polly Lambert. He told her with great generosity exactly how little he had to offer herself beyond the ashes of an embittered heart; and he told her with beautiful frankness how her simple generosity would console him for what he had lost. He was very well satisfied with his progress, though: in the course of a few moments, she withdrew her hand. and clasped it with the other on her knee, looking placidly up at him just as she had done at first. He could not help wishing, however, that she would blush a little; but she did not blush. though he fancied that she paled slightly once or twice, and he was sure he saw a queer sort of look about her eyes.

But at last he ended, and having ended, awaited a reply; and as he looked at her, to his intense astonishment, there was a dead silence of a few minutes, in which little Polly Lambert also looked at him with steadfast serenity, that queer look still growing in her eyes.

At length she spoke.

"Capt. Chesebro," she said, in a particularly clear, steady little voice, "have you been proposing to me?"

He started as if she had shot him—the steady little voice was such a surprise.

"Is it possible you did not understand me?" he stammered, not able to say more.

She smiled a curious little smile, most puzzling to behold.

"I thought I understood you," she said, sweetly; "but it was such a surprise, you know. I suppose I ought to thank you. I do thank you, too. How very kind in you to give the preference to me, when any one else, who was humble enough would have done almost as well. It was so good of you. After Elinor Grantligh, too"the queer little look was growing most curiously in the eyes she kept sweetly fixed on his face. "I hardly know what to say," she went on, placidly. "You see I had no right to expect it. and it seems such a pity that it should be thrown away upon me, and that, after all, I should be obliged to appear as if I did not care very much about it. But, of course, I naturally do care about it, very much, indeed; and I dare say, in time, might have learned to appreciate it still

more, and be very humble and thankful, as I i first, and whirled him at will round her hypoought to be under the circumstances. I am very sorry, Capt. Chesebro, but I am afraid I shall be obliged to say, No! Teddy will tell you why."

"Teddy?" addressing the queer figure in the corner. "Are you asleep?"

There was a stir among the sofa-cushions, and Teddy, rising from his slumbers, came out of the shadows just as Polly Lambert got up from her foot-stool with her guileless eyes shining, and a most beautifully brilliant, but unaccountable, rose-red blooming on her cheeks. She went to Teddy's side, and laid her hand upon his arm with a little gesture, most oddly suggestive of proprietorship.

"Teddy," she said, with merciless sweetness of manner, "Please tell Capt. Chesebro why I am obliged to say, No! when he asks me to marry him."

The tranquil Teddy slipped one arm around the young lady's waist, looking most complacently beaming and wide awake.

"Tell him why?" he said. "Of course I will. You see, Chesebro, the fact is, she has promised to marry me."

Little Polly Lambert smiled again, patting Teddy's arm with a pretty sort of protecting pleasure in him.

"Yes," she said, "I am engaged to Teddy. To tell the truth, I believe I have been engaged to Teddy all my life. Teddy, dear," with a little laugh, "do you remember when we did get engaged? Wasn't it when you went with me to buy the shoes at Salomon's ?"

"I believe it was," said Teddy, appearing rather puzzled. He was used to Polly's little whims, but he did not exactly understand Chesebro's dumbfounded face.

And as for that gentleman himself, he had reached the end of his tether, and was actually pale with the intensity of his discomfiture.

"If I had understood-," he began stiffly, when Polly interposed, with demure meekness.

"Oh! it doesn't signify at all," she said, "if you will only forgive me for seeming so ungrateful. Teddy doesn't care-do you, Teddy? He is used to it. You see, we don't tell people about it, because it is nobody's business but our own; and we have been engaged so long, that we trust each other. Teddy never loved anybody but me, and I never loved anybody but Teddy-so we are quite safe. There, now you know all about it; so I am sure you will forgive me before I say good-by-won't you?" And as she left her lover's side to offer him her hand, he saw in the unsophisticated eyes, what he had never before dreamed of, namely, that little Polly Lambert had read him through and through from the Chesebro."

critical little fingers.

"Do you forgive me?" she asked.

He bowed in silence.

"Thank you!" she said, with an air of extreme humility. "And, as you are so kind, I will give you a farewell piece of advice. The next time you propose to a woman, be as honest as you please, but if you think you are doing her an honor, don't tell her so. Good-by!" and making him a grand, sweeping, ludicrous little curtsy; she ran out of the room, and all was over.

She was gone the next morning before he was down, as she said she would be; but she had not gone without a discreet farewell shot; and the first time that Chesebro was alone with his cousin he found this out.

"And so you proposed to Polly Lambert," she cried, with a twinkle in her eyes. "Oh, Guy! Guy! I thought you would have known better. and was amusing myself with watching the game. Is it posible you could not see that little Polly Lambert is the most consummate little flirt in Christendom?"

Chesebro replied indefinitely, looking nervous; but Alicia pretended not to see it.

"She is a queer little creature." she said. "It's odd, too, how passionately fond she is of Teddy. I believe a rough word from him would break her heart, audacious as she seems. They have been engaged ever since they were children, and Teddy fairly adores her, and lets her have all her own way, and flirt as desperately as she pleases. He knows she does not care the snap of her saucy little finger for any one on earth but himself. There are very few people, though, who will ever understand Polly Lambert; but Teddy understands her, and I think I do, too. They are to be married in March."

And in March they were married, and Teddy was an envied man. And, as Mrs. Vesey, little Polly Lambert was as demure, and piquant, and serene as ever. The Veseys were a happy couple, people said, -and they were by no means wrong. Little Mrs. Polly grew more charming every year, and her house became the most popular establishment in London. Her wicked little speeches were related as bon mots worth repeating; and in her affection for her husband, she was quoted as a pattern of wifely demeanor. Perhaps some impulse of penitence made her try to console Chesebro for her past iniquities by treating him very graciously whenever she met him; but in defiance of her charitable motives, there was a suspicious tremble of all her dimples when she said. "Teddy, dear, here is my old friend, Capt.

A ALLEGORY ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

"FATHER can I have the old mare to go to } Jonesville to-night?" says Thomas Jefferson one morning to his father.

"What do you want to go to Jonesville for?" says his father, "you were there yesterday."

"There is going to be a lecture on womens rights," says Thomas J, "can I have her father?"

"I spose so," says Josiah, kinder short, and after Thomas J went out, Josiah went on, "wimmens rights! wimmens rights! I am sick of wimmens rights. If wimmen would take care of the rights they have got, they would do better than they do do."

Now I don't care 2 straws about voting myself, but I love to see folks use common sense if they have got any, and I won't stand no importations cast unto my sex, and so says I in a tone of cold and almost freezing dignity.

"What do you mean Josiah?"

"I mean that wimmen haint no business a voting, they had better let the laws alone and tend to their housework. The law loves wimmen and protects'em."

"If the law loves wimmen, why dont he give her as much wages as he does men for doing the same work? Why don't he give her half as much, Josiah Allen?"

"I tell you Samantha wimmen haint no business meddling with the laws of the country."

"If they haint no business with the laws, the law haint no business with them," says I warmly. "Of the three classes that haint no business with the law, idiots, lunatics, and wimmen, the lunatics and idiots have the best time of it," says I, with a great rush of idees into my brain that almost lifted up the border of my headdress. "Let a idiot kill a man. 'What of it,' says the law. Let a luny steal a sheep, again the law speaks out in calm and gentle tone, 'what of it?' They haint no business with the law and the law haint no business with them. But let one of the third class, let a woman steal a sheep, does the law sooth her in these comfortin tones? No! It thunders to her in awful accents, 'You haint no business with the law, but the law has a good deal of business with you. Vile female start for states prison. You have nothing at all to do with the laws only to pay all the taxes it tells you to,

band, give up your innocent little children to a wicked father if it tells you to, and a few other liltle things, such as being dragged off to states prison by it, be chained up for life, and hung, and et cetery."

Josiah sat motionless and in a rapped eloquence I went on in the allegory way.

"Methought I once heard these words," sighs the female, "True government consists in the consent of the governed. Did I dream them, or did the voice of a luny pour them into my ear?"

"Haint I told you," frowns the law on her, "that that don't mean wimmen, have I got to explain to your weakened female comprehension again, that great fundymental truth, that women haint included and mingled in the law books and statutes of the country only in a condemning and punishing sense, as it were. Though I feel it to be bending down my powerful manly dignity to elucydate the subject further, I will consent to remind you of the consolin fact, that though you wimmen are, from the tender softness of your natures, and the illogical weakness of your minds. unfit from ever havin any voice in making the laws that govern you, yet you have the right, and nobody can ever deprive you of it, to be punished in a future world just as hard as a man of the strongest intellect, and to be hung in this world just as dead as a dead man, and what more can you ask for, you unreasonable female women you?"

Then sighs the women, as the great fundymental truth rushes on her, "I can be hung by the political rope, but I can't help twist it."

"Jest so," says the law, "that rope takes noble and manly fingers and fingers of principle to twist it, and not the weak, unprincipled grasp of lunatics, idiots, and women."

"Alas!" sighs the woman to herself, "would that I had the sweet rights of my wild and foolish companions the idiots and lunys. says she, venturing with a beating heart, the bashful and timid inquiry, "are the laws always just, that I should obey them thus implickitly? There is old Creshus, he stole five million, and the law cleared him. Several other men have killed various other men, and the law let them off with sound necks. And I a poor woman embrace a license bill that is ruining your hus- have only stole a sheep, a small sized sheep too.

that my offspring might not perish with hunger. Is it just to liberate in a triumphin' way the five million stealer, and the man murderer and inkarserate the poor sheep stealer, and my children was so hungry, and it was such a small sheep," says the women in pleadin accents.

"Idiots! lunatics! and wimmin! are they going to speak?" thunders the law. "Can I believe my noble right ear? Can I being blindfolded trust my seventeen senses? I'll have you understand that it haint no women's business whether the laws are just or unjust, all you have got to do is just to obey em. So start off for prison my young women."

"But my housework!" pleads the women, "women's mission is home, how can I leave its sacred and protectin' retirement to moulder in states prison."

"Housework!" and the law fairly yells the words he is so filled with contempt at the idea. "Housework! just as if housework will stand in the way of the noble administration of the law. I guess a woman can leave her housework long enough to be condemned, and hung, and so forth."

"But I have got a infant," says the woman, "of tender days, how can I go?"

"That is nothing to the case," says the law in stern tones. "The peculiar conditions of motherhood only unfits a female from riding to town in a covered carriage, with her husband once a year, and laying her vote on a pole. I'll have you understand it is no hinderance to her at all in a cold and naked cell, or in a public court room crowded with men."

"But the indelicacy—the outrage to my womanly nature," says the woman.

"Not another word out of your head, young woman, I guess the law knows what is indelicacy and what haint, where modesty comes in and where it don't. Now start for prison bareheaded, for I levy on your bonnet for contempt of me."

As the young woman totters along to prison, is it any wonder that she sighs to herself, but in a low voice that the law might not hear her, and deprive her also of her shoes, for her contemptous thoughts.

"Would that I were a idiot. Alas! is it not possible that I may become even now a luny, then I should be respected."

As I finished my allegory, and looked down from the side of the house, where my eyes had been fastened in the rapped eloquence of thought, I see Josiah with a contented countenance, readin' the almanac, and I said to him in a voice before which he quailed,

"Josiah Allen you haint heard a word I've said, you know you haint."

"Yes I have," says he shutten up the almanac, "I heard you say wimmen ought to vote, and I say she hadn't. I shall always say that she is too fragnile, too delicate, it would be too hard for her to go to the pole."

"There is one pole you are willin' enough I should go to, Josiah Allen," says I with witherin' dignity and self-respect, "and that is the hoppole." (Josiah has set out a new hop-yard, and he proudly brags to the neighbors that I am the fastest picker in the yard.) "You are willin' enough I should handle them poles." He looked smit and conscience struck, but still true to the inherient principles of his sect, and with their doggy obstnancy, he murmured,

"If wimmen knew when they are well off, they will let poles and lection boxes alone, it is too wearin' for the fair sect."

Says I in a tone of self-respect almost witherin' enough to wither him, "you think that for a woman to stand up straight on her feet, under a blazing sun, and lift both her arms above her head, and pick seven bushels of hops, mingled with worms and spiders, into a gigantic box, day in and day out, is awful healthy, so strength ain' and stimulatin' for a woman. But when comes to droppin' a slip of clean paper into a small seven by nine box once a year in a shady room, it is goin' to break down a woman's constitution to once."

He was speechless, and clung to his almanac, mechanicly as it were, and I continued,

"And there is another pole you are willin' enough for me to handle, and that is our cistern pole. If you should spend some of the breath you waste in pitying the poor women that have got to vote in bying a pump, you would rise 25 cents in my estimation, Josiah Allen. You have let me pull on that old cistern pole thirteen years, and get a ten quart pail of water on to the end of it, and I guess the political pole wouldn't draw much harder than that does."

"I guess I will get one, Samantha, when I sell the old critter. I have been a calculatin' to every year, but things will kinder run along."

"I am aware of that," says I in a tone of dignity as cold as a lump of cold ice. "I am aware of it. You may go into any neighborhood you please, and if there is a family in it, where the wife has to set up leeches, make soap, cut her own kindlin' wood, build fires in winter, set up stove-pipes, drownd kittens, hang out clothe's lines, cord beds, cut up pork, skin calves, and hatchel flax with a baby lashed to her side—I haint afraid to bet you a ten cent bill, that that

woman's husband thinks that wimmen are too delicate and feeble to go to the pole."

Josiah was speechless for pretty near half a minute, and when he did speak it was words calculated to draw my attention from contemplatin' that side of the subject. It was for reasons which I have too much respect for my husband to even hint at, odious to him, and odious could be. He wanted me to forget it, and in the gentle and sheepish manner men can so readily assume, when they are talkin' to females he said, as he gently fingered his almanac, and looked pensively upon the dying female revivin' at a view of the bottle.

"We men think too much of you women to want you to lose your sweet and dignified and retirin' modesty, that is your chiefest charm. How long would dignity and modesty stand firm before the wild Urena of public life? You are made to be happy wives, to be guarded by the stronger sect from the cold blast, and the torrid zone, to have a fence built round you by manly strength to keep out the cares and troubles of life. Why, if I was one of the fair sect, I would have a husband to fence me in, if I had to hire one."

He meant this last, about hiring a husband, as a joke, for he smiled feebly as he said it, and in other and happier times, stern duty would have compelled me to laugh at it, but not now. Oh, no! my breast was heaving with to many different sized emotions.

"You would hire a husband, would you? A woman don't lose her dignity and modesty in racing round, tryin' to get married, does she? Oh, no!" says I, in a tone as sarcastic as sarcastic could be. "Oh, no!" and then I added,

sternly, "If it ever does come in fashion to hire husbands by the year, I know of one that could be rented pretty cheap, if his wife had the proceeds and avails in a pecuniary sense."

He avoided the stiddy glance of my keen gray eye, but I see he was still quailin' as he murmured in still more affectionate and consiliatin' tones.

"Women are too good to vote with us hardened men. Women haint much more nor less than angels any way."

My glance at this minute fell on to the stove, and says I, "Josiah Allen there is one angel that would be glad to have a little wood got for her to get dinner with," says I, in a tone so cold that he shivered imperceptibly. "There is one angel that cut every stick of wood she burned yesterday, that same angel doin' a big washin' at the same time," and again I repeated my words as I glanced at the chilly beef over the cold and chilly stove, "I would be glad of a handfull or two of wood, Josiah Allen."

"I would get you some this minute, Samantha, but you know jest how hurried I be with my work," says he, gettin' up and takin' down his hat, "can't you pick up a little for this forenoon? You haint got much to do, have you?"

"Oh, no?" says I, in a lofty voice of irony, "Nothing at all, only a big ironing, ten pies and 6 loaves of bread to bake, a cheese curd to run up, 3 hens to scald, churnin' and moppin', and dinner to get. Just a easy mornin's work for a angel."

"Wall, then, I guess you'll get along," says he, "and to-morrow I'll try to get you some."

I said no more, but with lofty emotions surgin' in my breast, I took my axe, and silently started for the wood-pile.

AN APRIL WALK.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

THROUGH the stubble, across the fields, In the twilight faint and gray; With the wind flitting and peering about, In a fitful April way.

Through the meadow, across the stream, Ou the foot-bridge, worn and old, With the sun's last rays upon the stream, Tinting its gray with gold.

Through the field, with a robin's song Warbling up to the skies; Bringing a dream of Summer sweets Unto all weary eyes.

Through the lane, and followed ever;
Followed and soothed by the lay;
Rising, as the heart of the singer,
Up to the closing day.

In the field, and pausing slowly, Giving my soul to the sight, Where the pines, in their greenest glory, Gloom in the waning light.

In the woods, with their meanings sembre, Greenly shadowed by arches dim; Pausing to listen as they softly Murmur their evening hymn,

On the stile, with the village rising, Silent and still at my feet; And, beyond, a village lying, Grassy in every street.

In the road, and, while I'm dreaming,
The light has gone from the west,
And the robin's song has faded,
Into silence and rest,

Vol. LXI .-- 19

"TCHUDY."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I came home from India, leaving my friend Leland Ransford still there, engrossed with the business from which I had been able to retire nearly a year previous. I was barely six-and-twenty, but considered myself older than Methuselah, and I think must have had an insane pride in nourishing the morbid doubts of the whole world, which took all hope of peace or brightness out of my life. Probably, my natural disposition was partly at fault; but circumstances had helped to increase my tendency toward suspicion and jealousy, to a pitch which, in my most reasonable moments, was little less than a species of monomania.

Soon after my twenty-first birthday, I met an English girl in Calcutta, somewhat older than myself, for whom I conceived one of those strong funcies, which very young people so often mistake for real love and affection. Then followed a few months of feverish unrest, whose greatest happiness was pain; then I was coolly thrown over, for an old, ugly, wealthy son of Britain, who had a baronet's title tacked on to his name. From that moment, boy-like, I cultivated my misery assiduously, and, though I was soon forced to acknowledge I cared nothing for the woman herself, that did not give me sense and reason enough to grow out of the wretched, unhealthy state of mind, which had become a positive disease.

I begin again. I came back to America, I, Charles Neville, barely twenty-six, having been made very wealthy by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel, and about as unworthy, through my crazy morbidness, to possess my good luck, as I was incapable, from the same cause, of appreciating it.

Leland Ransford's only sister was living in Massachusetts, under the care of a lady who was completing the education of two or three girls of Clara's age, though it was not like a school for all that, as the young ladies lived there, just as they might have done, if they had been finishing their studies under their mothers' care in their own homes. All the long weeks of my sea-voyage I had been thinking and dreaming of Clara Ransford, whom I seemed already to know so well, from her portraits, and her frequent letters to her brother. I thought myself, as I have said, ancient beyond belief; yet I was about as romantic and absurd as a young man could well be.

I went up to Crawley to see Miss Ransford, as I had promised her brother to do; but I had exacted from him, that in the letters he sent by me, while bidding her receive me as his friend, he was to allow her to believe me not the rich Charles Neville; but as she knew there were two of us of the same name in Calcutta, distantly connected, she was to think me the poor cousin, whose health demanded a respite from business, and the hot climate of India.

Mrs. Wentworth, a young widow, to whom Leland Ransford was engaged, chanced to be spending a few weeks with Clara, in her quiet retreat. A drawing-master was wanted, so I offered myself for the situation, which I was perfectly able to fill. This, of course, threw me a great deal into Clara's society, added to the epistles Leland had written, recommending me as a highly valued friend. From the first I could see that Mrs. Wentworth was not prepossessed in my favor. She was always civil and kind, she owed so much deference to her lover's request; but my morbid suspiciousness of women was always so evident, that it chafed her beyond the power of concealment.

Clara Ransford was only seventeen, romantically inclined by nature, and certainly rendered none the less so by a long course of sentimental fiction, in which she had from childhood been allowed to indulge—about as healthful as a steady aliment for the mind, as sweetmeats would be for the body.

Well, I loved her, and I discovered that, young as she was, she had much of her brother's strength of character, and her heart, once given, would be capable of the same fidelity which characterized him. I saw this; yet I could not have entire faith, and come out of the deception which I had begun to practice. I admitted to myself that it was unworthy of my manhood, yet I could not silence my suspicious nature. I must be sure she loved me alone; must know to a certainty she was influenced neither by my wealth nor my position, so I kept my secret still.

She loved me at last; was willing to marry me; but, for a long time, would not consent without her brother's sanction, although she was not slow to promise that nothing should ever make her take back her pledge. She was very firm and brave, but I must have all or nothing.

Up came my eternal suspicion. I could not help ; thinking she wished to go into the world, to have her season of success and triumph, perhaps even to see if she could sacrifice her heart to her ambition, and marry a brother of Mrs Wentworth's -a man whom I had not yet seen, though I knew that Ransford's betrothed had it always in her mind to bring about a match between their respective relatives.

The spring had gone by into summer; my face grew paler and thinner in my jealous torment, and, at last, my poor child, for she was nothing else, yielded to my wish, perhaps more from the pain my suffering caused her, than from the force of my reasons and arguments. She was going to join Mrs. Wentworth, for awhile, at some place near New York, accompanied only by an elderly woman, who had been her nurse and maid from early childhood.

Some trouble in the trains just then would, I knew, necessitate their spending the night in a little retired Connecticut village. I met Clara there, and we were married. Too many revelations of similar folly have been made public, within the last fifteen years, for my story to sound either improbable or unnatural.

The next morning Clara continued her journey, and, before the week was over, I made some excuse for finding myself in the neighborhood. Mrs. Wentworth received me very coldly, making no effort to show that she did not like me, and I was at no loss to discover the reason. Her brother had come home from the South, and I claimed too much of her young guest's attention.

The days I spent, seldom seeing Clara alone, were anything but happy ones; and, whenever there was an opportunity, I did not fail to torment the poor child with my jealousy and my suspicions. When I thought of the slight words that bound her to me, a tie which in our country may so easily be set aside, the bare idea nearly seemed to madden me. I find no excuse for myself, except that I must already have begun to suffer from the nervous derangement which later became little less than insanity, and which has taken so much time, care, and resolution to cure. At length Clara invented some pretext for returning to school; I suppose the secrecy and trouble was more than she could bear. Business called me to New York, and it was nearly a fortnight before I went back to Crawley to resume my duties as drawing-master.

Clara was pale and nervous, and altogether unfitted for study or exertion. Two days later, I presented myself to old Mrs. Harrison, with a telegram, purporting to come from Mrs. Wentwas ill, adding that "her brother's friend, Mr. Neville," would escort her on her journey.

I took her away to a quiet hotel, in the region of the Adriondack, where we found ourselves quite alone, and, for a fortnight, were perfectly happy. I made up my mind to write to Rushford, and tell him everything; but, just then, Clara's conduct once more excited my doubts of her affection. She begged to go back to Crawley, lest her absence should be discovered by Mrs. Wentworth. She seemed suddenly to grow afraid of me-shy, troubled, pre-occupied; and all my demons started up with fresh vigor, after having been for a time exorcised.

One day I discovered, by accident, that she had received a letter, from what source I could not imagine, as I supposed no human being knew of our whereabouts. She said nothing to me about its arrival; but that evening I surprised her weeping over it, and she would neither show it to me, nor give the slightest explanation.

Of all mad fancies upon which I could fasten, I chose the maddest, and seized on it with a persistency, in keeping with the insane suspicion that Mrs. Wentworth's brother had learned the fact of our marriage; had written to Clara, telling her of his love; reproaching her with having placed it out of her power to give him the affection which he knew belonged to him. It was all as plain to me as if I had read the letter. I saw it all!

Clara had been so moved by my passionate love, that, for a little, she believed that it could make her happiness. When she met Robert Spencer, she found out her mistake, but had tried to deceive herself, to do her duty, and accept, as patiently as she might, the destiny into which my importunities had hurried her. need not dwell upon my surprise. I deserved them, it is true; but I think no soul in the depths of purgatory ever endured keener pangs than I

I attempted to have a quiet explanation with her, but the effort only ended in my going into one of the strange, mad states which I had so often experienced of late, when any strong feeling took possession of me. What I said or left unsaid I cannot tell; if I could, it would serve no good purpose to write down the insane rhodomontade that I poured out. She did not love me; neither vows nor protestations could ever convince me that she did! No one knew of our marriage. I would take her back to school and have the tie that bound her annulled as quietly as it had been formed. She should be free: able to do what she chose with her life: never again should she be troubled by word or sign from me. worth, asking Clara to visit her at once, as she I was utterly beside myself for the time; completely unstrung both in nerves and brain. The very sight of her tears, her skudders of fright, as she regarded me, only added to my frenzy. I remember, when the fearful instant arrived that the impulse to kill her, at least to keep her from belonging to another, came over me so strongly, I had to rush away to keep the fiends that had possession of my soul from making me a murderer.

I sent her back to the school. The last look I caught of her face was full of the fear which maddened me, under it an expression which seemed to me that of unconquerable aversion. The very touch of my hand made her tremble; she started like a frighted animal at the sound of my voice.

She was gone; my last hold on hope, faith, and reason, gone, too. I recollect two days and nights of horrible torture, spent mostly out of doors, raving up and down in the woods, drenched by a terrible storm. That is the last. The brain fever, which followed, required nearly three months to cure. When I got up from my bed, I was, indeed, a strange looking object, quite bald, and so horribly emaciated, that I was more like a walking skeleton than anything else.

I wanted one more sight of Clara. I did not wish an interview, did not mean her to see me—but I must set eyes on her once again. I started for Massachusetts; went to Crawley. Miss Rainsford had left the school several weeks before, they said; she was gone down to New York, to spend the winter with Mrs. Wentworth.

The next day I presented myself at that lady's house; what my purpose was I have no idea. In direct opposition to the plan I had proposed to myself, I asked for Miss Rainsford. A new servant, to whom I was unknown, let me in, and I gave no name, only saying that some one from Mrs. Harrison desired to see the young lady. I was shown into the library. I had scarcely entered, when the sound of conversation from the adjoining room struck my ear. Clara's tones, pouring out in soft words of endearment, answered by a man's voice, that made my head whirl, and my blood turn to fire.

I crossed the room, pushed aside the heavy curtains which hung over the door-way, and losked into the dimly-lighted apartment beyond. I saw a man's form half reclining on a sofa, Clara on her knees beside him, with her head resting on his arm. I uttered one insane cry, and fled. I heard my groan echoed in a woman's voice, my name pronounced. I was gone, out into the street, flying away as if in an effort to outrun my agony. A carriage was passing; I beckoned to the ceachman, threw myself into it, and was driven to the railway station. I got

up to a place I owned in Westchester, was seized with a relapse of fever, and went down, down, nearer even than before to the gates of death.

As soon as I was able to leave my bed and move about, I sailed for Europe. I spent months in Spain and Southern France, where I was fortunate enough to meet a skillful physician, seeking rest from overwork. I put myself under his care, and for two years we lived together, wandering East, and trying always to regain the health which had forsaken us both.

I found it at last; the final traces of disease, imbibed in the almost fatal climate of India, seemed eradicated from my system, and bodily and mentally I felt once more master of myself. Only a person who has suffered as I have done, can understand the full meaning there is in those words. I was like another person; and one of the most noticeable changes was in my recovery from the morbid gloominess which had formerly cast a shadow over every enjoyment, and the gradual growth out of the eternal black suspicion of all who cared for me, which had so thoroughly desolated my life in the past.

Two years had gone; six months more elapsed, then I found myself on my way back to America. I could see my conduct in its true light. I was going to seek Clara, that I might, if possible, hear her lips utter my pardon. I expected nothing more. I did not deserve so much, but I trusted that my humility and contrition might obtain it. Whether she had obtained the divorce I left it perfectly easy for her to get, so privately, that the melancholy history need never be known, even to her nearest friends, I could not tell; but I had heard, by chance, that at least she had never married; it was all I knew.

In London I met my old friend, Leland Ransford; that is to say, he heard of my arrival, and found me out. I doubt if I should have sought him of my own accord. It was evident from his manner that no hint of the truth had ever reached him; and after the first feeling of guilt and restraint, I was overjoyed to see him-for I had never in my whole life had a friend so dear as he. He had taken passage by the same steamer as myself, and during the long days of a sea voyage learned something of what had happened since we parted. But he was not a man to be confidential with the best friend he had. I only knew that the match between himself and Mrs. Wentworth had been long before broken off; but he offered no explanation as to the cause, though he was still sufficiently bitter and sore for me to perceive that he considered he had been crueily treated by the lady. I learned, too, by some chance words, that it was he whom I had seen

with Clara at Mrs. Wentworth's house, and so had another reason for shame and remorse.

We landed in America. It was almost autumn, and Ransford had to go into the country to meet his sister. He begged me to accompany him; his sister had insisted on making her home with Mrs. Wentworth, and it was such a trial to present himself at her house, that he wanted my companionship. I consented gladly enough; at least, by this means, I should be able to see Clara, and have an opportunity to gain the interview, which, under other circumstances, might be refused.

Mrs. Wentworth had purchased a countryplace, in the most beautiful region of Pennsylvania, and the two ladies lived there the greater portion of the time, a thing which surprised me, knowing how fond Mrs. Wentworth had formerly been of gayety, and the successes which she had won in the elegant world of idlers, where "they toil not, neither do they spin."

It was late in the afternoon when we neared the little village where we were to alight. The country road coming close up beside the railway gave us a lovely picture of a cool, green arch of trees; and as some obstruction caused a momentary stoppage of the train just then, Ransford and I alighted, and walked on toward the station.

A beautiful natural hedge of buck thorn skirted the road on one side, and, as we paused to admire it, we perceived a child asleep among the bushes, like one of the Babes in the Wood. With his bowery retreat, his brief petticoats displaying dainty boets, and very rosy legs, and a face lovely beyond expression, he looked more like one of Correggio's Loves than anything mortal. Our approach roused him, and he looked up. He had splendid, great dark eyes, and masses of silky yellow curls, that framed his face in a halo of gold. As we came near, he rose, and retreated further into his covert, and pouted out his red lips, scowling at us, and looking the picture of beautiful naughtiness.

"Why, who is this?" said I, stooping to kiss his little, brown hands.

"This" turned its head, and began regarding the sky with an absorbed, far-off gaze, as if there was no intention to show the slightest recognition of my impertinent familiarity. But as I touched the dimpled chin with my finger, the great eyes caught sight of a bunch of bright-colored pansies in my button-hole, and out went the pretty fingers at once to seize it.

"But who are you, my small man?" I repeated, while Rensford laughed heartily at the magnificent disdain with which my overtures were treated.

Without any relaxation of the pout, and with the tiny hands still making frantic dashes after the flowers, I was informed, in true baby Choctaw, that he was, "Tchudy." I had not acquired a great deal of information by the utterance of the impossible word; but it was something gained to have made the elf speak; so I gave him the pansies, in trying to reach which he had, after the fashion of older humans, recklessly dropped the weedy treasures he had been holding so carefully an instant before.

We were both charmed with our stray prize, and gave ourselves a great deal of trouble to win smiles, and more attempt at words from the perfect little mouth. The seal on Ransford's watch-chain made the conquest of confidence at last. We got kisses from the rosy lips, and a quantity of information, that we had to translate into ordinary English for ourselves.

It appeared that "Tchudy" had "wrumed away," for the purpose of finding "my Mist Dolly," who was gone to the "tars." Whether it was his doll-baby who was supposed to have died, and gone to the heaven reserved for proper-behaved creatures of her species, or whether the person mentioned was real flesh and blood, and had gone to the railway station, was not very evident. But it did not seem wise to leave the truant in his bower, so we persuaded him to let himself be carried to the depot.

"Tourse I will," said he, with the utmost contempt for our lack of understanding; "my Mist Dolly done to the tars."

As little Tchudy rode along on my shoulder, Ransford began exclaiming over the child's wonderful resemblance to a baby brother of his that had died when about the age of our little man.

"Do you know how old you are, Tchudy?" I asked.

"Tourse," he repeated, and this time there was a certain indignation mingled with his contempt. "Two zears—more!"

We reached the platform in front of the station. I forgot the boy; forgot everything, for I saw Clara running eagerly toward her brother, who had hurried on in advance. So changed—older, paler; but the same, only developed into a beautiful womanhood during these years. She had noticed nothing but Ransford, and was drawing him away to the carriage, when Tchudy, from his perch on my shoulder, set up a shout of,

"My Mist Dolly! my Mist Dolly!"

She uttered a cry of astonishment and alarm, started back, and seized the child so hastily that she did not even observe who was holding him toward her. I could not speak—our eyes met. Tchudy was chattering volubly; she tottered

back a little, as if the boy's weight were too much for her, and, at the instant, Ransford came up, took the child from her, and said,

"Don't you remember, Neville, Clara?"

"Perfectly—now," she answered, quietly, and went on with some pleasant words, such as she might have addressed to an ordinary acquaintance, while I felt as if the solid ground was floating away from under my feet, and could only stammer the beginning of sentences that had neither sense nor sequence.

"Where on earth did you pick up this stray cherub, who claims you so pertinaciously?" questioned Ransford.

"Where did you pick him up?" she asked, setting the child on the ground, and beginning to arrange his dress, while a sudden scarlet drifted over the whiteness of her face.

"Oh, Neville found him in the buckthorn hedge," her brother said, "and fell a victim to his fascinations at once."

Clara held out her hand, looking up at me over the child's head, with a look of sweet forgiveness that left me speechless. I took her hand in mine, and, for an instant, her fingers and my own rested clasped on the boy's forehead. I managed to stammer some words, and she said, calmly enough,

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you once more. Where did I find this boy, Leland? Don't you remember my writing to you about the child Mrs. Wentworth had adopted?"

"Oh, yes; belonged to a sister or cousin, I think."

"To a friend, only," Clara answered.

"He calls himself Tchudy, whatever that may mean," said I, more for the sake of speaking than anything else.

"That is his best attempt at saying Fitzhugh," she replied. "I gave him that name, and Laura added Wentworth, as she regards him as her own child."

My thoughts had been on fire at the beautiful look of forgiveness which I had seen in her face, and in the name she mentioned, as if her choosing these seemed a new promise of peace, for it had been my father's.

Ransford was too much agitated at the thought of meeting Mrs. Wentworth, to be observant of anything strange in my manner. Indeed, Clara was the most self-possessed of the three, and talked unconcernedly enough, as we drove through the village, and along the pretty river road. Master Fitzhugh claimed a great deal of attention, and his droll efforts at talking gave to Clara and me a subject of conversation. As for Ransford, he leaned back in his seat, looking pre-occupied

and unapproachable, and so terribly stern that I knew that he was shaken to the very soul by the thought of meeting Mrs. Wentworth. He had written to his sister in advance, that nothing should induce him to accept her friend's hospitality for an hour, so rooms had been engaged for us at an inn near the house—a comfortable, home-like place as one could easily find.

Clara deposited us there, and we promised to appear at the cottage for the evening. As we walked across the shrubberies and lawn in the twilight, we saw Clara standing on the veranda. After a few moments conversation, she said,

"Mrs. Wentworth is in the parlor; two or three persons came in to call; but they'll not stay long."

Ransford soon made his way into the house; I understood that he found it easier to meet his old love before strangers, than to defer the first encounter until there should be only us, who knew his secret, to watch the uncomfortable scene.

When Clara made a movement to follow him, I detained her by some question, and we stood alone in the dim light. There was a brief silence, which she broke by some remark about my improved appearance and restored health.

I could wait no longer. I began abruptly to pour out the self-reproach, which had so long consumed me. I told her how differently things looked to my inner mind and thought—speaking with no hope or expectation that she had any affection left for me; only anxious to have her pardon. For answer, Clara only turned her sweet face toward me, and held out her hand. How beautiful she was; with a heavenly expression, which can come alone of suffering bravely house.

"You do forgive me, and will let me be your friend?" I cried, almost doubtful that such goodness could be possible to any thing human.

"I forgive you entirely, and you shall be my best friend," she replied, simply and earnestly.

Then I found it necessary to begin talking about commonplace matters, lest my heart should rush on to dreams, for which her forgiveness was no warrant, and yet, looking into her clear eyes, I could almost fancy I saw a hope shine out of their depths, that my happiness and hers might still be akin. I felt a new man, and, when we entered the house, was so warmly cordial to Mrs. Wentworth, that I fancied even she received me with less -distance than I deserved, as more than once during the dark days of our former acquaintance she had fallen under the lash of my bitter tongue.

While I found myself for the next few days in a astate of absurd exaltation, I could not help see-

ing that Kansford made no approach even to } peace and content. He often remained moodily in his room, while I was happy at the cottage, avoiding even my society when it was possible. At last, as we sat alone one night, his suffering overcame his pride and reserve, and he opened his heart to me more freely than he had ever done. Mrs. Wentworth was still unwilling, or, as she owned, unable to explain the past cause of offence, and thus he distrusted the affection which she did not attempt to deny. Then he told me the whole story. Some time after his return from India, there had been a change in Mrs. Wentworth's manner, which increased as the months went on. He was obliged often to be absent from New York, and it seemed to him at length that the periods of his return made her restless, as if there was some great weight on her mind, which she could not throw aside. Clara was ailing; but, at last, once when he returned, he found that she had left Mrs. Wentworth, and gone back to school. Ransford had come to announce that he was obliged to go South; and he could not help perceiving that, in spite of her distress, Mrs. Wentworth appeared relieved by his departure. He expected to be gone several months, but returned, unexpectedly, at the end of six weeks. He had received letters from his betrothed, one written only a few days before his arrival; written as if she were established in her city home as usual at that season; yet, when he reached town she was not there-had been absent nearly half the time of his stay South. He telegraphed to Tennessee for all letters that came to be forwarded; several were received, written by Mrs. Wentworth, all dated from New York, written, apparently, from her own house. The servants could or would give him no explanation as to their mistress' whereabouts, and, at last, shocked and disgusted by her duplicity, maddened by her suspicious conduct, he wrote to Clara that he was about to sail for Europe; left a letter, an angry letter, for Mrs. Wentworth, and departed. During all the time of his wanderings, he received only one response from her. It offered no explanation; told him frankly she could make none; gave him back his pledge-all was at an end.

Clara wrote that they were living together; that nothing should ever induce her to leave her friend; but never a word in regard to the altered relations between Laura and her brother. Now that the threads of our troubled destinies were once again united, I felt so much more faith than of old in human nature, that I could not help hoping this mystery might yet be cleared up. We lingered there until the green summer

began to brighten into the hectic of autumn, with its sad warning of change and decay.

Nearly two months of daily association with Clara's noble mind and tender heart had led me to hope even for the utmost! Ransford, too, had fallen into a way of resting upon Mrs. Wentworth's evident worth and goodness, and letting himself be quietly happy, without looking either back or forward. As for the tiny wight "Tchudy," he fairly ruled us all; and nothing but Clara's mild authority kept him in order, as Mrs. Wentworth spoiled him worse than anybody. Clara's slightest look was law to the child, and even a sad expression on her face would bring him immediately out of his most willful mood to a desire to know if she loved him, and unlimited promises never to be naughty again. I knew myself for an idiot where children were concerned; but the extent of my adoration for this little, brave, tender nature, surprised even me. We were almost inseperable, and I learned an unlimited amount of infant patois in the course of our confidence.

We were disturbed in our lotus-eating by news necessitating Ransford's return to India for a season. I determined that, before he went, I would know the full extent of Clara's forgiveness, and try if some effort could not be made to clear up the clouds which kept Mrs. Wentworth and my friend asunder.

I determined on making a full explanation of the past, and then abiding by the mercy that might be left me in Ransford's just indignation, and Clara's angelic nature.

One evening, as we sat in the veranda, watching the sunset, Ransford smoking in the hammock, Tchudy nestled in my arms, and the two ladies sitting near, I began speaking quietly, and did not pause until I had told the whole story of my wrong-doing and sin, silencing any attempt at interruption until I had revealed the whole. As Ransford once started to his feet, Clara only moved nearer to him, and laid a retaining hand on his arm, while Mrs. Wentworth sat, white as death, but perfectly calm, looking out toward the sky, with a smile of such peace and hope on her beautiful lips, as I had never before seen her wear. When I finished my story with a repetition of the forgiveness Clara had granted on my return, we all sat silent in the gray twilight which had gathered about us unperceived. Then I told, in a few words, the new hopes which Clara's goodness had fostered within the past weeks, and asked for the verdict that was to be passed upon me. Still silencing her brother with the pressure of her hand upon his arm, Clara began to speak.

"I owe it," said she, "to the dearest and

noblest of women to tell the truth, though I know she claims to be trusted all in all, or be given up by the man whom she has loved so faithfully during these dark, terrible years."

Some broken words from Mrs. Wentworth interrupted her, but Clara went on speaking.

"I must tell, Laura! I must! Charles Neville, we owe it to her that I have been saved from suspicion and disgrace, and you from unavailing and eternal remorse. After you rushed so madly away, after having left me three or four months, without explaining that you had been ill, with my brother, back from India, with no refuge, as I thought, in the whole world for me, I found that I was, indeed, your wife. That brave soul did all, and gave up all for me, preserved my secret at the expense of her own happiness—"

She was checked by a groan from Ransford, the utterance of the name of the woman whom he had so cruelly wronged, in tones of mortal agony.

"Laura! Laura!" But Mrs. Wentworth never stirred, never turned her face; looking out still through the gloom, white and motionless as a ghost.

"She went with me to Canada," pursued Clara. { given some slight cla "We staid there until after Tchudy was born—"} settled upon my life.

"Mine! Ours!" I can remember interrupting her by that cry, by a torrent of insane words; but she forced me to be calm, to listen to the end. Ransford had risen from the hammock, and sat with his face hidden in his hands.

"Laura did everything—found the clergyman—verified our marriage, to which there had been no witness; then we sat down to bear life as best we might. Alone, desolate as I was, she would not leave me to endure the weight of my brother's displeasure by the acknowledgment of my folly. She proved her love for him as few women have ever done—she sacrificed it to his sister's peace and honor."

It was all told. I cannot tell what followed; there was not room for many words. My wife's arms were about my neck, my child was nestled upon my breast: we were all weeping.

Only a few days later, Laura and Rainsford were married, and sailed for India, and my wife and I took our child and went away to find a new home, brightened by the peace and content I so little deserved, unless honest and unceasing repentance for my madness and sin may have given some slight claim to the repose which has settled upon my life.

GRACES OF EDEN,

BY S. E. GRAHAM.

Though this world is a sad world, and sorrow is here,
Oh! still there are joys that we should not forget,
For in Nature's fair scenes, and in hearts we hold dear,
There are traces of Eden lingering yet.

In the bright meadow blossom that bends to the stream;
In the pure water-lily and sweet violet

Filled with dew-drops that sparkle in Phœbus' bright beam, There are traces of Eden lingering yet.

And the shadowy depths of the old woods among,
Where the wild-flower blooms, and the rill flows unseen;

Where the sweet matin hymn of the mavis is sung, As we lie half reclined on some mossy bank green;

In the broad, mighty ocean, beneath whose pure wave.

The pearl and the coral are glittering set,

Where the music of ages swells up from each care,

There are traces of Eden lingering yet.

And, oh! when the heart with deep sorrow is stirred, And thorns with the flowers in our pathway are set, In the soft, gentle tone, and the kind, soothing word, There are traces of Eden lingering yet.

WAITING.

BY ETTIE W. NILLSON,

WEARILY I've weited for you,

For your coming watched in vain;

Asked myself the hopeless question,

Will he ever come again?

All these years am I forgotten?
Or in absence are you true?
Oh, my darling! 'tis so lonely,
Waiting, watching here for you!

Has your heart from its allegiance Turned to greet a fairer face? Have you welcomed in another To my vacant resting-place?

Leng, long years I've waited for you, Hoping, trusting, fearing, till All my doubts and fears would vanish, Leave me hoping, trusting still.

Ah! but woman's faith ne'er leaves her, And my trust outweighs my fears, And I still will wait your coming, Though it be for years and years.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

JEntered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214.

CHAPTER VI.

HART WEBSTER was gone. The first sweet dream of love that had ever dawned upon Gertrude was broken by a farewell which left her in tears, and such vague sadness as haunts youth like positive grief until real sorrow comes. The first day she went off alone, and spent whole hours in her old play-ground on the hill, thinking over every word her lover had spoken there, and wondering if he was made unhappy by this brief separation, which seemed to her an eternity already.

The girl lingered around the turf-seat on the rock, and wandered beneath the larch-trees, believing herself supremely miserable, but unconsciously falling into such vague dreams as haunt a brain which has never comprehended the realities of life. Gertrude was still scarcely more than a school-girl, wild, romantic, and with a world of latent ambition slumbering in her vivid nature. With the first dawn of love comes this aspiring passion. Under those larch-trees she began to weave wild plans of an after life to be spent with that one man, who was the glory and center-figure of all her dreams. His powers of greatness she had comprehended without admitting to herself the possibility of alloy. His brilliant intellect, his charm of manner, the energy with which he spoke of conquering a career for himself, aroused all her enthusiasm and kindled her pride. What was there that talents like his could not achieve? What posîtion was there in her native land that he might not aspire to? As for herself, this brilliant being should be well mated. No one should have the power to say that he had chosen an ignorant or uninformed country girl to creep through life under the shadow of a husband's greatness. Henceforth she had duties to perform, an intellect to cultivate, a place to fill. But in all this, one sweet, thrilling idea predominated-she loved and was beloved. If this first joy awoke proud aspirations, they sprung spontaneously out of a nature full of romance now, but capable of real action, as if hardened in the world's fiery furnace.

But all these things were vague and dreamy the bronow; rosy shadows were all around her. Every ments.

thought followed her lover. His last words lingered in her ear; the touch of his last kiss still burned on her hand; more than once she caught herself pressing that hand to her lips, because his had left a rosy stain there.

A brook ran down the little ravine, that cleft the hill-side, some few yards from the larchgrove, and on its brink sat little Patty Vane, with a battered doll in her lap, and one naked foct dropping down into the water, which rippled over and kissed it, as if a water-lily had been floating there. Close to the child was a tall cluster of ladies' ear-jewels, from which she had gathered a handful of the golden and ruby-spotted flowers, which lay glowing in her lap.

Patty had managed to twist two of these jewels in her ears, and was admiring her bright image in the brook, when a footstep startled her, and she saw Gertrude moving about under the larchtrees.

"There she is, lonesome enough. Wonder how she likes it, just for once: don't you, dolly? You and I know. How long is it, dolly, since we haven't had a soul to speak to but marm, who don't let anybody talk but herself? 'Ever since those college chaps came,' I know you want to say that, dolly. But babies can't talk; and you are nothing but a baby yet."

Here Patty twisted a garland of jewels around her dell's head, and held her over the water, that she might admire her own image in the broken waves. Then she prattled on again.

"Sorry for her, are you? Of course. So am I. She's a great big girl, and hasn't a sign of a doll to comfort her; but you and I are company for each other. Shall we go up and see her? She'll have a chance to notice us, now that tall fellow has gone. Wasn't you half tickled to death, dolly, when you saw him riding over the bridge? I was, anyhow. There, now, isn't that lovely?"

While she was talking, Patty had not only crowned her doll with ladies' ear-jewels, but had woven a garland around the bottom of her muslin frock, and again the little thing was held over the brook, which reflected her in dancing fragments.

"There, how do you like this party dress? I mean to put on my new white apron with ruffles this very afternoon, just for, myself and you. Between us, now, I'm tired out of being dressed up every day for cousin Hart Webster, and then made to wait till he, and mar, and Clara have done eating; just as if I couldn't be hungry because I am a little girl. It's too bad—don't you think so, now?"

That moment a rabbit, that had been hiding in a thicket close by the child, trembling, and afraid to stir, gave a sudden leap across the brook, and Patty, fearfully startled, dropped her doll into the water. With a cry of real distress she plunged in after it, and shook the drops from its frock, while her own plump legs were knee-deep in the little stream.

"Oh, my poor child! My own darling baby!" she cried. "It will be your death of cold! Wet through and through! Shouldn't wonder if it gives you a fit of teething, or scarlet fever, or something."

The poor doll did look particularly forlorn. Its flaxen curls hung straight, and its muslin ball-dress fell in a wisp about its limbs. No wonder the child, with her keen sensibilities and wonderful imagination, was possessed with an idea that the little thing really suffered. She began to cry terribly, and hugged the doll to her bosom.

"Don't be frightened," she said, "sister Clara was worse drowned than you are; and she come to; but then she hasn't been like herself since; all the time with that other college chap, who kept sick on purpose, I'm sure of it, just to have her a nursing him up. I do wish neither of 'em had ever come. Next thing I shall know he'll be going off, and sister Clara will look after him with her eyes full of tears, just as Gertie did this morning, and then come up here and mope and mope, just as she is doing now. Between you and me, dolly, she isn't the same girl that she used to be, always going over the bridge, and wanting to do something for that fellow. I don't think she's asked me to say my prayers these two weeks; not that I want to so very much, but it don't do for girls to have college fellows about when they ought to be attending to things."

While she talked, little Patty was diligently wiping the moisture from her doll's dress and hair, shaking back her own curls, meantime, and half-persuading herself that she had saved it from some terrible peril. At last she laid it softly on the turf, took off her apron, and made a mantle of it, with sweet, motherly ingenuity, which would have amused a philosopher had he witnessed her movements.

"Come," she said, "now that I've brought you round, suppose we try if Miss Gertie will take any notice of us, or just say, 'Ah, little Patty! is that you?' as she's got to doing lately. Come along!"

Thus muttering to her rescued doll, the little girl, whose isolation and discontent were more real than any one thought of, moved up the ravine, and made her quiet way toward the larch grove. As Gertrude sat alone, and half-disconsolate, weaving her changing hopes and fancies into a most changeable web, little Patty crept to her side, with the wet doll in her arms.

Gertrude started, and held out her hand. She was glad to see the bright child, now that no dearer object was by.

"Why, Patty, where did you come from?"

"Down by the brook," answered the child, "and I've been in, too, after dolly, who was almost drowned there, just as you pitched into the mill-dam after our Clara."

"Why, child, your clothes are dripping wet!"

"So was your's, but they dried, and everybody said you were so brave. I wonder what they'll say about me?"

."That you are as good a little girl as ever lived, dear."

Patty shook her head. She was not quite satisfied with herself.

"Well, I didn't go in quite so deep, because the brook isn't a mill-dam; but she went in, head over heels, and I after her. When I got her out there was nobody to help bring her to; so I come up here," she said, hushing the demoralized doll in her arms. "Caught her death of cold, I'm afraid, and she's teething."

The gravity of the little girl, the quaint, motherly way with which she patted and hushed the doll in her arms, made Gertrude laugh.

"Don't, please!" said Patty, lifting her great, earnest eyes to the girl's face. "Don't! remember, Clara couldn't bear a noise."

"Yes, I know that!" answered Gertrude, smothering her merriment.

"But we haven't any fire, and blankets, and things up here. What are we to do about it?"

The child really seemed to think her mock baby a living thing, and in great danger, and was troubled by the amused unbelief in Gertrude's eyes.

"Do you think it will ever get over it," she questioned. "Just feel if it's got a pulse."

Here Patty held out the doll's arm, half cloth, half kid, stuffed soundly with saw-dust, and waited for Gertrude to search for a pulse, with as much apparent solicitude as any mother could feel for a sick child.

Gertrude laid her finger on the tiny wrist.

"Does it beat?" said Patty, and a mischevous smile began to twinkle over her plump mouth.

"I rather think so," answered Gertrude, demurely.

All at once little Patty flung back her head, and burst into a fit of childish laughter.

"Aint I a little humbug?" she said. "Just one humbug, and nothing else?"

"You are just that," said Gertrude, seizing upon the child, and kissing her with warmth. "Now, what possessed you to bring that ugly thing here?"

"I was lonesome," answered Patty. "Since them college chaps came, there hasn't been a soul to play with me, so dolly and I had to make up and be friends; didn't we, dolly?"

"So you have been lonesome, Patty. I know what that means, now," said Gertrude, with a long sigh.

"Since he went away," answered the child. "That was what brought me up here. 'She'll know what it is to be wandering about with no one to care for her,' says I, 'and she'll have time to think of little Patty,' says I."

Here Patty carried her doll to the old oak stump, and laid it on the moss. Then she came back to Gertrude, and sat down at her feet.

"It seems a long time since you've been to see me," said Gertrude, burying her hand in the thick wave's of Patty's hair.

The child began to sob.

"I've been hanging about all the time," she said; "but nobody cared."

"And we never thought of it. What a shame?" said Gertrude.

Patty lifted her eyes. They were full of tears. "I suppose you couldn't help it," she said. "It was those college chaps that did it. I just wish they'd both go right home, and never come back again."

"Oh, Patsey, you mustn't say that, of your own cousin, too," cried Gertrude, removing her hand from the little culprit's head.

"I hate great, big, tall cousins. What is the good of 'em? Only to keep little girls from the table, and make them afraid to speak loud."

"But your cousin, Mr. Webster, I mean, was always good to you, I'm sure."

"I don't care, and I don't like him a bit—there!" cried Patty.

"You naughty girl!"

"If you want to talk about him, and you do, there now, I'd rather have dolly; she don't bother about cousins."

Patty gave her head an angry shake, and dragged her doll out from its bed of moss.

"We're going home, and I hope you'll be just as lonesome as lonesome as I am."

Away the child marched, with her eyes full of tears, and a swell of pain at her heart. It was only a childish trouble, futile and unreasoning; but not the less hard to bear for that. Indeed, it seems to me that, unreasoning sorrows are the worst that can fall upon us; they have no limit in the mind, and their vagueness terrifies the imagination.

She was keenly jealous, too, this little child, and resented the anxious waiting and watching of the last few weeks, when she had been driven to the society of her doll, while the elder girls seemed to have forgotten her, and were enjoying themselves so much with their visitors.

Sometimes it really is a hard thing to be a young child, full of sensitive feeling, which all the world ignores.

"I'll go home, and tell Clara not to speak to that other college chap again. He's no business to be coming over to our house, now that our tall cousin is gone, sitting there in the out-room, as if it belonged to him, and looking at sister Clara as if he wanted to eat her. Why don't he go home, I should like to know?"

Patty walked fast, and felt a sort of pride in turning her back on Gertrude. There was something grand in resentment against a person so much older and larger than herself, which uplifted the child.

"I heard mar telling aunt Eunice that she'd better look out, or Gertie would be over head and ears in love with our big cousin—and so she is. Mad just'cause I said I hated him, which is the truth, till her hand shook among my curls, as if she wanted to box my ears, which I know she did, and I used to have such fun over there, and think so much of her; but it's all over now. She wants me to give up hating him, and I won't. Oh, my!"

Little Patty came to a sharp halt; for that moment she saw two persons through the appletree branches, and the sight fairly took away her breath.

It was Clara and young Compton who had been strolling through the orchard, stopping now and then in the cool shades. They were walking very slowly, for the young man was still feeble, and he was speaking to Clara with great earnestness.

"There they are," said Patty, "and I'll just go that way and see if either of 'em will take notice."

So Patty walked off, looking very resolute, and resolved to claim a little attention for herself. But that young couple were too deeply engrossed by each other to observe the child; who began

to hesitate a little, and walk softly as she came ? Clara, and dropped it at her feet. Then Patty near enough to look upon their faces. She comprehended that something very serious was going on, in which she was to hold no part, and which threatened to leave her quite alone. It was unsatisfactory to tell her troubles to a doll, that kept staring at her, and never spoke, after the free romps, and walks, and joyous companionship, with which she had spent the few years of her life with those two girls. An older and more patient girl than little Patty might have borne the cold corners in which she was thrust with as little patience.

The child did absolutely love her doll, and confide in it with a hollow sort of trust, that it could feel for her, and understand, in some degree, the ache at her heart, when the two girls who had pitted her so, were carried out of her world by their lovers; but, in the depths of her heart, she knew that there was make-believe in it all, and sometimes shook the poor thing in wrath that it was not real. For some moments Clara and Compton had been standing; but now they sat down on a fragment of rock, and Patty could see that her sister was very much disturbed; a bright color came and went in her cheeks. She held a branch of golden-rod in her hand, from which she was stripping the soft, yellow down with a nervous movement.

"It's of no sort of use," muttered little Patty. "They are going on just like the others, looking down, and talking low, and not caring for anybody in the world but their two selves. By-andby he'll go away, then Clara will just cry her eyes out, like Gertie there; and that will be all the good of it. Oh, my! how lonesome it is."

Plenty of rocks were scattered along the hillside, and on one of these the child perched herself, watching the young couple as they sat and conversed together. Compton was talking earnestly, and, at times, Clara ceased tearing at the golden-rod, and bent her head, as if listening to something very sweet.

Patty watched them with wide-open, eager eyes. Her sense of loneliness was lost in curiosity. There was something thrilling and mysterious going on, which excited and troubled her. What was Compton saying? Why did Clara look so resolutely on the ground? She longed to ask these questions of some one, but had no faith that dolly could help her in this emergency. It was altogether a case beyond her silent sympathy.

Still, she watched these two young people, who seemed to be alone in the world, from any consciousness they took of surrounding objects. Compton took the branch of golden-rod from

could see that he was holding both her hands in his, and kissing them over and over again.

"I just wonder she don't slap his face," cried the child, full of vivid indignation. "I'll tell mar. just as sure as I live. He ought to be ashamed of himself; by-and-by he'll be wanting me to kiss him, but I won't. See if I do-there!"

Up Patty started, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks hot with childish rage, and ran toward home. Mrs. Vane was in the triangular garden, pulling up some beets for dinner, when the child came tumbling over the wall, and ran to her.

"Mar! mar! I wish you'd just go up through aunt Eunice's orchard, and tell Clara to come right home. She sitting there with that sick fellow, and mar-"

Mrs. Vane brought a fine red beet up by the roots, and shook the soil away from it before she took notice of the child's excitement.

"What was it you were a saying, Patsy? The mill-dam makes such a noise," she inquired at last.

But the child had been seized with a thrill of compunction. What right had she to tell tales about her sister Clara. The hot color died out of her face.

"Oh, nothing very particular, mar! Only I'm so awful lonesome, with no one to talk with, and-and I just want to burst out a crying; that's all."

Here Patty sunk down on the beet-bed, and, with the great maroon-colored leaves drooping all around her, burst into a childish passion of tears.

"Why, Patsy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Vane, astonished for once into asking a direct question.

"Nothing, only dolly has been drownded in the brook, just as Clara was in the mill-dam, and-and I can't bring her to, and that Mr. Compton. Oh, mar! do ask aunt Eunice to send him home. He isn't of a mite of use here, and I hate him."

"Hate him! Dear me! what has come over the child," cried Mrs. Vane, now fairly set a going. "Talks about hating, and such like, as if she knew what it meant. Now, Patty, get right up from that beet-bed; the leaves are wet, and you'll catch your death of cold."

Patty jumped up, and ran into the mill. Poor thing! it seemed as if the whole world was against her.

Mrs. Vane followed, and was washing her vegetables in the back porch when Clara came in. Without laying aside her bonnet, she crept close up to her mother, and asked, in a trembling whisper, if there was anything she could do.

Mrs. Vane kept her eyes steadily on her work. She had caught, at one glance, the glow and tremor in that young face, and, out of her simple womanliness, pretended not to observe.

"No," she said, scraping a tuft of the root from the plump, red beet in her hand, with the sharp point of a kitchen-knife. "There isn't more than I can do."

Still the girl lingered in the porch.

"Mother!"

"Well, Clara. What is it?"

"Mr .- Mr. Compton and I have been out walking."

"Well, I knew that! Patty saw you in the orchard."

Clara started, and began to tremble, like a guilty thing. A flush of innocent shame crimsoned her face, neck, and hands.

"He-he was talking to me, mother."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"About-about loving me!"

"Yes, daughter."

"Better-better than all the world beside, mother."

"Just what Vane said to me," muttered the housewife, and a soft, struggling sigh just stirred her bosom.

"Did you speak, mother?"

"Not exactly. So he-he rather likes you, does he?"

"Likes me! Oh, yes, mother!"

"And you like him, daughter?"

"Yes, mother, if-if you and father don't ob-

"Object! Why should we, if you love each other," said the mother, dropping the vegetable she was scraping, and looking squarely into her daughter's face for the first time. "It isn't in me or your father to interfere, when the good God puts love into an honest heart."

"But Mr. Compton thinks that pa, being owner of the mill property, might expect his daughter to marry some well-off man. Oh, mother! that was just what he said, and it frightened me a little."

"Some well-off man! Does he think your par expects a young fellow to be well-off before he's had a chance to work for it?"

Clara's eyes shone like stars through the tears that sprung into them. At any rate that dear mother would be her friend.

"Besides that," continued the good woman, new fairly set a going. "What sort of a start in life did your par have, I should like to know? Just sixty dollars, that he had laid up out of his wages, and a two-year old colt. As for the setting out, I reckon we can do by our first girl less and anxious. There might be difficulties in

just as well as your grandpar did by me. There's a chest of homespun linen up stairs, that hasn't seen the daylight since it was bleached. As for blankets, there's plenty, and three patch-work quilts, ready for the frames, besides bird's-eye table-cloths and towels, and a roll of rag-carpeting, that I never would have touched, and, and-"

Here Mrs. Vane was interrupted by a pair of caressing white arms flung around her neck, and two lips, plump and sweet as ripe cherries, pressed to her mouth, while it was yet full of benificent words.

"Oh, mother! how kind you are! How I love you! But it was always so. I never had a fear or a cloud, that you didn't come in like a sunshiny day, and make everything bright."

"I wish I could! How I wish I could!" said the mother, with a soft, quivering smile. "It would be so easy for us old people to work and suffer for our children; and it seems natural, too, because we are used to it; but, somehow, we can't. God doesn't permit it. Every back must learn to bear its own burden, I suppose, and-----

Here Clara checked the soft flow of her mother's speech with grateful kisses.

"Come in, and speak with him, mother; he is waiting for you."

Mrs. Vane shook the water from her hands, and wiped them vigorously on the roller-towel.

"Is my cap on straight, Clara?"

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Vane untied her apron, and Clara saw that her hands shook a little.

"Why, Clara, it seems only yesterday that you were a baby in my lap; and a dreadful pretty baby you were. Your match couldn't be found in the whole neighborhood."

Clara smiled, and a soft glitter of tears came into her eyes, while Mrs. Vane smoothed down the skirt of her dress with both hands, in a hesitating way, as if she had some dread of the interview before her.

"I wish he had spoke to par first," she said. "My goodness! there he goes, right over to the mill, a looking as earnest as if he had got a whole harvest of wheat to grind. I declare it brings the heart right into my mouth !"

Clara did not answer. She was leaning over the railing of the back porch, following Compton with a half-frightened look. What would her father say? Would she ever dare to look in his

Mrs. Vane sat down on a wooden chair, folded both hands resolutely in her lap, and fixed her eyes on the arch of amber-tinted water that curved over the mill-dam. She, too, was rest-

her husband's mind. Compton had no trade, and, so far as she knew, had not made a profession in any church or congregation.

Clara still leaned over the railing; but her eyes were on the water now. She had watched Compton till he disappeared under the low, shelving roof of the mill; then a trembling seized upon her, and the river seemed to heave and swell under her feet, and the back stoop quivered like the deck of a vessel.

The old, upright clock, with its brazen front and cherry-wood case, tolled out the hour so loudly, that Mrs. Vane started.

"Goodness, me! how much time they take!" she exclaimed, hurrying her vegetables from the tin-pan, where she had left them, into an iron pot, which was speedily swung over the kitchen fire. "One may as well be at work as waiting; for there's no calculating on Vane, if he once gets to quoting Scripture, and talking about that water turned into wine; but he needn't keep that poor child a shaking like a leaf another half-hour. If he does, I will out to the mill, and cut him short. It really is strange that some people don't know how to stop when they once get to talking. Why can't Vane take an example by me, and say what he wants to in just as few words as possible? Clara, dear."

- "Yes, mother."
- "Hadn't you better come in, and sit down."
- "I can't, mother: I-I'm so anxious."
- "Well, just as you like. Only don't worry about his being gone so long. That don't amount to anything."

Clara's fears took form from her mother's words. Surely it need not take so long for her father to say "yes." That sweet word which was like the key of heaven to her. What could they be talking about so long? Was her father angry? Had the whole thing taken him by surprise? Would he refuse the consent her heart was craving for?

As one sees figures moving in a dream, the girl saw her lover come out from the mill, and move toward the house. He must not see her there, watching so anxiously. What would he think of her?

The blood rushed into her pale face with this thought, and she darted, breathlessly, into the house, fell upon her knees, and buried her face in her mother's lap.

"Oh, mother, he is coming!"

Mrs. Vane smoothed the girl's hair with her plump, work-hardened hand.

"Don't be frightened! Don't take on so, daughter!"

hold-stone. Clara started up, and fled to her room.

CHAPTER VII.

Hugh Compton, like most earnest men, found it hard to wait, when a thing requiring courage was to be done. During the few moments in which he was left alone, the idea had struck him that his first duty lay at the mill, and there he went, not without trepidation, for he was young, and had little to offer but love, in exchange for love. He knew the miller to be a thrifty and cautious man, who was not likely to take his good looks and education at much above their value, and, under these disadvantages, he was far from confident of a favorable answer: but having won the love of that sweet girl, and fallen to worshiping her with all the strength of his young manhood, he knew himself, in honor, bound to state the case clearly to her father, before the sun went down upon his happi-

The mill was a large one, covering a great deal of ground, and spreading its low roof far out from the walls, thus forming a shelter for the teams which were constantly coming and going with grain or flour. Wreaths and particles of dusty flour clung to the broad entrance-door through which Compton passed into the atmosphere of a snow-storm without its coldness. The broad body of the mill was surrounded by wooden bins, running over with corn, wheat, and rye. Sacks of grain, waiting their turn to be ground, were heaped against them, and piles of new barrels formed ramparts through which the young man passed toward the massive stones, that made the whole building tremble, as they ground their rough faces together, and sent flour like drifting snow in one direction, and worthless bran in another.

The noise of the great water-wheel, and the low thunder of the stones in perpetual motion, disturbed the young man; for how was his voice, tremulous with its delicate secret, to be heard amid all this tumult? Should he wait till evening, when the miller was sure to be at home? No. The suspense of waiting was more than he had the courage to undertake. In that thick atmosphere, and amid the tumult of crashing stones, his destiny, and that of the fair girl, left in such tremulous uncertainty, must be accided.

Through the floating mist Compton saw the gray figure of a little man moving toward the hopper, with a well-filled bag on his shoulder. He drew a deep breath. That man held his destiny. It was bewilderingly strange. The gate opened. A footstep was on the thres- few weeks before they had been strangers. Now

a grand passion, which had transfigured his whole being—made him almost afraid to approach the person who had seemed so insignificant then.

The young man approached the miller, slowly, almost with timidity. His heart beat quickly; for his life he could not have drawn a deep breath.

"Mr. Vane!"

The miller did not hear him. He was relieving his shoulder of the bag he had carried, which settled, with a mellow crash, to the floor. Then he began to untie the twisted strings that fastened it.

"Mr. Vane!"

The miller did not trouble himself to look up; but tugged away at a very hard knot, like a terrier pulling at a root.

- "Can't do it, neighbor. It's of no use asking me. Every man at his turn. No going up head without spelling in this grist-mill. Just set your grist down in that row nearest the door, and it will have a fair chance."
 - "But, Mr. Vane, I-I have no grist to grind."
- "No grist to grind! Then what brings you here?"

Vane left the refractory strings at rest for a moment, and straightened himself up.

"What! ha! Is it you, Mr. Compton? Come to see about that school business, I reckon. Well, the committee had a meeting last night, and, it seems to me, your chances are from fair to middling. I set myself to work in earnest among them, and, considering that the majority are a little stiff-necked in a doctrinal point of view, I made out a good case with them. Shouldn't wonder if you get the school, Mr. Compton. Can't promise for a certainty; but I feel it in my bones that you'll be our cnoice.

"Thank you," said Compton. "Thank you very much, very much, indeed. I can't express myself—that is, Mr. Vane, I come here just on another subject. I—I— What a confounded racket the stones make. He doesn't hear a word I say."

Sure enough, Vane, having delivered his opinion about the school, was pulling more gently at the strings again, and, with much patience, untied the knot. Then he looked up.

- "You were a saying something, Mr. Compton, but the buzz of the stones makes my hearing uncertain. Besides, I never hanker after thanks."
- "I had something else, Mr. Vane, to speak with you about."
 - "Something else?"
- "Will you step this way a little? I will not detain you long."

"Wait a minute."

Here Vane lifted the open bag in his arms, and poured its contents into the hopper.

"There's a good feed for them, as they can go ahead without help," he said, throwing down the empty bag. "This way."

An open window, curtained with cobwebs, lined and embossed with ridges of flour, looked upon the river, and splendid thickets of laurel and ivy that grew on the opposite hill-side. The wind came through it, pure and fresh, and the two men who stood there found themselves far enough from the grinding-stones to make themselves understood.

"Well," said. Vane, wiping the white dust from his face, "I listen."

"Mr. Vane, I am almost a stranger to you; but those who know me best, will tell you that I am an honest and honorable man. I—I—
The truth is, I love your daughter."

"My daughter! Why, I haven't got any daughter old enough for a young fellow to love."

"Still she is a young lady!"

"What! My Clara? She's only, only-"

"In her nineteenth year, I believe."

"In her nineteenth year? Well—y-e-s. I shouldn't have thought it, without reckoning; but you might as well ask for little Patty. She's just as likely to be in love."

"Not with me, I fancy," said Compton, smiling. "I am not a favorite with little Patty.

"But, Clara! Our Clara?" questioned Vane, fixing his keen eyes on the young man.

"She knows that I love her dearly."

"And she loves you?"

There was a pathetic thrill in the little man's voice, that disturbed Compton, who answered modestly.

"I hope--- Indeed, she has told me so."

Compton bent his appealing eyes on the miller's face. It began to quiver. Spite of an effort to still his lips, they took a sorrowful curve; the lids drooped over his eyes, and down his dusty cheeks two great tears rolled, each leaving a faint furrow behind it.

"And you almost a stranger," he said, in a tone of mournful reproach.

"I know," said Compton, misunderstanding a grief which no man who has not been a parent can ever appreciate. "I have little to offer which can make you willing to part with her."

Vane interrupted him with a sharp cry.

"Offer! Young man! Do you think millions of money could make me willing to part with her! I wasn't thinking of that, but of the child, of, of——"

A sab finished the sentence. Vane turned

from the window, and walked away. Directly he returned, with the flour-dust wiped away from around his eyes, which were still wet and flushed.

"You can't expect the father of a family to take in an idea like this all at once without wincing," he said. "I never could realize that my daughters would want to leave me, and it comes hard."

"I can understand that it would be a great sacrifice for any one to give up a young creature like that; but I do not ask it yet. Only let me feel sure that you will consent, when I am better able to support her. It may be years before I can claim her."

The miller's face brightened. Compton saw it, and went on.

"We love each other dearly. She is willing to wait, and I am able to work."

Vane's eyes began to kindle. Compton went on.

"You shall not lose a daughter. I only ask the promise that in time you will accept a son."

Compton held out his hand a little shyly. The miller took it with a heavy sigh.

"I hope God will reconcile me to it," he said; "but it seems to me like promising to go to a funeral."

This unexpected sadness troubled the young man; he could neither protest nor expestulate. The father's heart had been taken by surprise, and wounded with the first idea of a great loss. What argument could assuage the pain of taking a second place in the heart of his child? A bitter and jealous sense of wrong made him unjust

to the young man, whose gentle and pleading manner rebuked the feeling.

"God will help me in time," he said, struggling to keep back the tears that burned close to his eyes, "I have nothing against you, young man; but its hard."

Compton's eyes were turned upon the little man with genuine sympathy.

"I never realized before how hard it must be."

"And you can't yet. Nobody can who has not buried a daughter, or given one to be married. I shouldn't know which to choose."

Compton was about to speak, but Vane turned from him.

"Go in, and talk with her mother," he said.
"I shouldn't like to be the one to break it to her."

The young man smiled faintly. He had reason to think that Mrs. Vane had not been so blind as her husband. When he was gone, the miller did not return to his work, but crept into a corner, made by two bins, and falling upon his knees, covered his face with his hands, and, for some minutes, sobbed like a child.

Then from one of the bins a bright little head appeared, and two naked feet were thrust up through the corn, in which they had been buried; then little Patty herself sprang from the bin, where she had been crying out her grief, and, scattering the golden corn, right and left, flung her arms around her father's neck.

"Don't cry, par; don't, now! Never you seem to mind. I'll love you dearly, and stay with you forever and ever. If any college feller asks me to leave you, I'll—I'll up and kill him. There!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

Over the hill-tops with Spring-time green,
Over the valleys where brooklets sang;
Through forests where shadow and shine were seen,
And songs of the wild-birds so lightly rang,
A little child wandered, in blithosome play,
And scattered fine seed in a lithesome way.

The tones of the brooklets were soft and sweet;
The songs of the wild-birds were glad and clear;
But the story she warbled was so complete,
Only her music one cared to hear.
And her little hand glowed like a thing of light,
As she scattered all widely the seeds so bright.

When her task was ended, she went to rest, On a mossy knoll, under scented pines; Her mantle, a sunbeam from out the west, Her pillow a cluster of golden vines. And angels watched over the beautiful one, And lulled her to sleep, for her day was done. Another child wandered another day, Over the pathway her feet had traced; Beneath and around him the blossoms lay, Born from the seeds her fingers placed In the soft, brown earth, as she ran along, Glowing with beauty, light, and song.

Little he dreamed of the dimpled hand,
That kindly brightened the way for him;
Little he knew of the "Summer land,"
Where she wandered, unfettered, and free from sin.
Why should he marvel, his road was sweet,
Bordered with blossoms, and all complete?

Have ye not heard what Christ has said,
"The measure ye meet shall be meted again."
If you brighten the way for another to tread,
A Hand that is mighty repays again.
He gathered the roses her hand had given—
She gathered the roses that bloom in Heaven.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

All the early spring poplins, poplinettes, pongees, percales, etc., etc., are now in the market, in every variety of color and shade, and at almost every conceivable price, from the percale, at



twenty-five cents per yard; to the pongee, at a dollar and twenty-five cents. These latter, bythe-by, though expensive at first, are really not so in the end, for they both wear well and wash well.

Our first illustration is a walking-dress, to be made of any of the spring materials we have mentioned, as the wearer may prefer. A bottlegreen color would be a very pretty and seasonable color. The skirt, as will be seen from the engraving, is trimmed with a deep, gathered flounce, headed with a puffing and deep plaiting. Rounded tablier, forming a tunic, trimmed to match the skirt. Bodice, with long basques, behind, trimmed like the tablier. Sash-bow, without lappets. This is a particularly stylish costume for early spring wear. But it may be worn quite into the summer, on cold, raw, blustering days.

The costume we give next, is made of a very



Vol. LXI.-20

light shade of buff mohair, or summer popling and the trimming consists of pipings of a pretty contrasting shade of brown. These pipings may either be of silk or of the same material as the dress. Of course, the latter is much less expensive. The dresses still continue long for the under-skirt, but care must be taken not to make them too wide, as too much width produces the lapping-over, and that is when the skirt becomes worn-out. Seven rows of piping ornament the under-skirt. The upper one is cut, as may be seen, with quite a short apron in front, under which the sides of the back breadths are disposed. This upper-skirt is neither as long or full as those of the winter style, slightly looped at the back, and trimmed with five rows of piping. The waist is a close-fitting basque bodice, slashed up the back seams as far as the waist. Open sleeves, with passementerie button and tassels added to the trimming, which is, of course, like the rest of the costume. Clear muslin frills still continue to be worn for street costume, with sleeves to match. Sixteen yards of poplin, and five to six yards for trimming, will be required. These poplins cost from fifty cents up to one dollar per yard.

Next, we give a little girl's dress of white pique. This pretty little dress is of fine, corded



white pique, and is ornamented with a fancy wash { All trimmed to match the under-skirt. This is braid, or what is called pique trimming, about a very pretty and useful dress, as it will bear

three-quarters of an inch in width, costing from thirty-five to seventy five cents for pieces of twelve yards. This braid is put on the underskirt in a simple scallop, quite on the edge. The upper-skirt is rather more elaborate, and the braid is made to form pyramids at about every quarter of a yard around the skirt. Brettelles are added over the shoulder, and a belt, with rosettes, completes the dress. This one is high in the neck, with short sleeves; but that is optional. For a child from five to seven years old, four and a half to five yards of pique will be sufficient, and two pieces of trimming. These piques can be bought from fifty to seventy-five cents. Those at sixty-five are the most desirable, both for texture and quality.

We follow with a little girl's walking-dress of buff linen, trimmed with fine scarlet alpaca braid;



four rows plain on the under-skirt, and the fifth in loops, turning upward. The upper-skirt has an apron-front, and rounded off to the back, where it is nearly as long as the first skirt. This is looped up a good deal. Close-fitting waist, with a postillion waist at the back, with belt and bow. Coat-sleeves, with open frill at the wrist. All trimmed to match the under-skirt. This is

any amount of washing; suitable for walking, { the outside seams, adding three large pearl buthouse, or traveling. Brown alpaca braid trims tons at the knee. very prettily, or even black. There is a rollingcollar, open in front, and worn over a tiny chemisette. Five yards of linen, at thirty-seven to forty cents, and a piece of alpaca braid, at seventy-five cents, will make this little costume.

We conclude with a boy's flannel sacque. This is good for a complete suit, with Knickerbocker pants, being made of dark-blue flannel, and trimmed with white linen braid, put on as seen in the pattern. It is simply a loose sacque, belted in at the waist, and with a broad, sailor collar. Trim the pants with the braid down



THE GREEK PALETOT.

BY ENILY H. MAY.



An opera-cloak, or wrap, made of white cloth, or cashmere, and trimmed with velvet ribbon, braid, and buttons, as seen in the illustration. It consists of three pieces, viz:

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

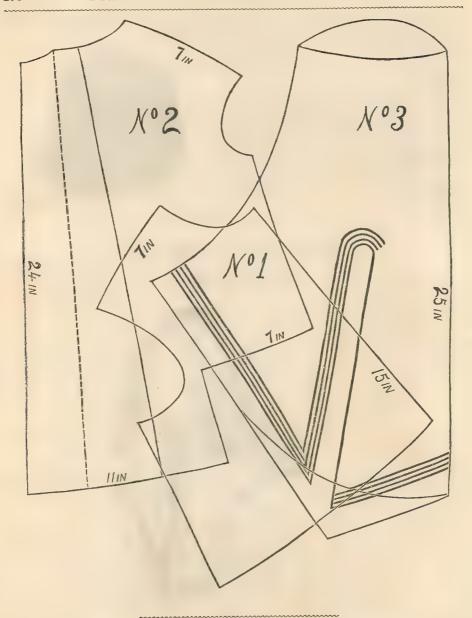
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. SLEEVE.

These pieces are engraved in the diagram on the next page, the dimensions being given, in inches, marked on each piece.

A hollow plait is laid in the back, and is indicated by the dotted line.

The sleeve is very large, forms points in the back, and is trimmed like the rest of the cloak.



TIDIES IN DARNING AND CROCHET.

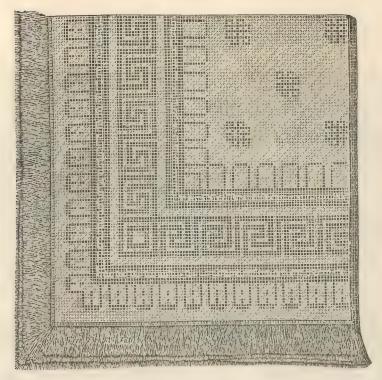
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

patterns for tidies, one being in crochet and one in darning. The crochet pattern is for a small of the very prettiest patterns in netting was the tidy. Or the design may be used for a square colored one, for curtains, in our March number. to work up into a counterpane. The other pat- We have still several very beautiful ones to give.

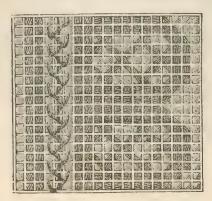
In the front of the number, we give two new { tern is for a tidy in darned netting. We are

BED-ROOM TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This tidy is netted in square mesh, with me- { engraving, above, gives one quarter of the tidy dium tidy cotton; and on this netted square is { complete: the engraving below gives the inner darned the center filling and two borders. The { border of the center, and the outside border, en-

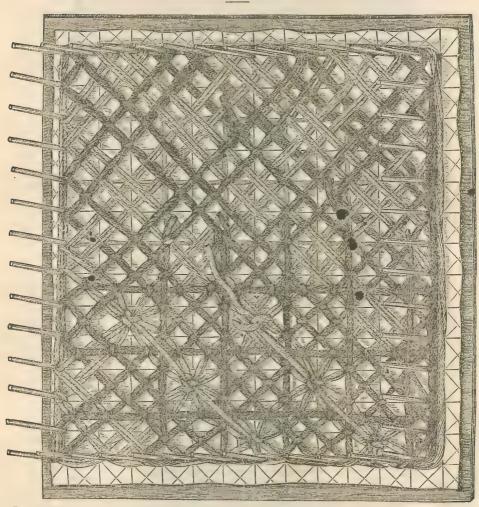


larged, showing how the darning is done. The small cut. The middle border on the large cut borders are separated by a herring-bone stitch, any readily be worked from the design. These which is easily discernible from the detail in the patterns may be either darned in with white

darning-cotton, or with Turkey red working but these latter will not wash. A knotted firinge cotton, which will bear constant washing. They is added to the cotton. They are both conalso look very pretty done in shaded split zephyrs, venient and pretty: and are easily made.

JACKET IN FRAME-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



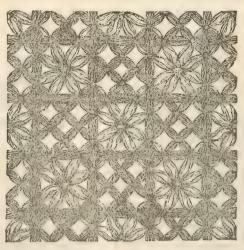
In the front of the number we give an illustration, (back and front views,) printed in colors, of this charming jacket.

The mode of making this jacket is illustrated, very fully, in the two engravings we give here.

The large cut, above, shows the work in the frame, with wrong side uppermost, the cut, on the following page, as it appears when finished on the right side.

The materials used are red and white wool, and white filoselle. The fronts, back, side-pieces, and sleeves, are worked separately, and sewn together.

The trimming consists of a broad, white fringe, with little tufts of red wool, and a border of twisted wool, with a row of woolen balls on each side. Nothing can be prettier than the effect of this trimming.



A row of balls also marks the seams at the ? This jacket, thus made and trimmed, is both back, and on the shoulders. stylish and comfortable.

CROCHET SQUARE FOR COUNTERPANE

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for ; treble is worked, so that the number of stitches a crochet square for counterpane, etc. This design is of common ribbed, or Plisse stitch, which; as is well known, is of double crochet, worked backward and forward, always putting the hook through the hind link of the chain, with raised shells of treble. Our model, given in the full size, requires a foundation of fifty-one stitches. The shells are begun in the third row, and for each of these, going backward, one half, three whole, and one half trebles, are to be worked in one double of the former row. In going forward the treble stitches are to be passed over. In the double stitch at the back of the shell one

and the same height of the row is again reached, the shell itself lying raised. Every shell requires, accordingly, two rows, therefore, a whole rib of the ground part between the separate shells lies upward. When the required size is worked, the square is finished by a row of treble, separated by two chain and passing over two stitches of the foundation, increasing a few stitches at each corner; into this row a row of double is worked, stitch upon stitch, with the same increase at the corners. This square may be used with another of the same size and shape, or by itself with a border.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

PLANTS FOR FLOWERING IN THE SHADE .- The Country Gentleman records the experience of an acquaintance who began planting a flower-garden fifteen years ago, by cutting circular elliptical beds in the green lawn, and for several years had a beautiful display of brilliant flowers. The trees, mostly evergreen, with some that were deciduous, which surrounded the garden, and occasionally were interspersed through it, have now grown up twenty feet high or more, and shade the flower-beds so much that they have lost their former brilliancy, and some of them are entirely crowded out with shade. The owner is not willing to destroy these trees, and he inquires if there are not many plants which will flower freely under their shade, so that he may have both shade and floral beauty. In reply the Country Gentleman suggests to him to make his ground a place for native ornamental plants. All that grow and bloom in the woods, will grow and bloom under the shade of his trees. Some of the finest gems of the floral world may still be found in their native localities-and they are worth the effort to preserve and retain them, now that they are gradually retreating with the disappearance of our native forests. They may be taken up at any time after they have ceased to grow. Some, like the Hepatica, may be found readily by their leaves; others, like the phloxes and lilies, are soon lost by the dying down of their stems, and the places should be marked by sticks while they are in bloom, so that the roots may be found and dug up a few weeks afterward. Now is the time to commence marking for such a collection, and it may be continued the summer through. Some will grow in common or thin soil, such, for example, as are found on knolls and the sides of ravines, Others, like the Cypripediums and Orchis fimbriata, which grow in rather moist or peaty localities, should have deep beds of leaf mold for their reception. Every person who has a taste for botany, and for our beautiful native flowers, will know where and what to look for. But we may mention a few, among the many which may be chosen as samples: Hepatica triloba, Claytonica virginica, Erythronium, Trilium grandiflorum, Lilium Philadelphicum, Epigea repens, Anemone thalictroides, Sanguinaria, Phlox divaricata, Viola Canadensis, etc. Those that are small should be placed by themselves, or mingled with other small kinds. To these may be added some of our fine, cultivated plants, which grow well in shade, as, for example, the Auricula and pansies. Native shrubs, as the Azalea and Rhododendrons would add to the effect; and, on suitable soils, the Kalmia would make a fine display. We have seen a striking effect produced by interspersing bushes of the Rhododendron catawbiense among the trees and undergrowth of a natural plantation. We cannot conceive of any finer effect than that produced by a brilliant profusion of native flowers, skillfully managed, and growing under the dense shade of a door-yard or lawn plantation. Of course, in some localities, in our extensive country, it is too late to transplant some of these varieties. But in other localities there is yet time.

"THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK," is from an original picture, by E. L. HENRY, one of the most conscientious artists we have in America. Nothing could be more natural, and we may add, more humorous, than this graphic illustration. "Baby" has no idea of losing his piece of bread and butter, and is crying out lustily for help, to prevent it,

"LITTLE BESSIE'S BIRTHDAY."—Our premium-plate, for this year, as we predicted, has proved unusually popular. One of our contributors has sent us the following verses on it:

"LITTLE BESSIE'S BIRTHDAY."

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

CLASPING her treasures with radiant face, She is a vision of beauty and grace; Dear little Bessie, just five years old, With eyes of azure, and curls of gold.

O'er the far future hope smilingly gleams, And tints, like the rainbow, her-innocent-dreams. No sorrow has shadowed that beautiful brow; Oh! will it be always as sunny as now?

Sweet little maiden, around you we weave A tissue of romance; 'tis hard to believe That time will bring changes, unlovely ones, too; And time will bring changes, unlovely ones, too;

Then dance, little fairy, and gleefully sing, For time flees away on invisible wing; Oh! cling to your treasures, and shake back your curls, Beautiful Bessie, the sweetest of girls!

"Fanny's Flirtation."—This charming engraving, published in our February number, receives praise everywhere. The New Jersey Enterprise says, "What a Fronchman would call, but what some of our juvenescent Americans translate 'the piece of resistance,' for the month of February, in Peterson, is an exquisite steel-plate engraving entitled 'Fanny's First Flirtation.' To say that it will charm all the half million of Peterson's young resders, and force a sigh from the other half million of older ones, is not, saying too much. The fashion, music, letter-press, (prose and verse,) are all up to what we expect of Peterson; and he (or. she) who sits down on one of those cold evenings before a good fire, with the gem of the monthlies in hand, will find the glowing coals turned to ashes ere his appetite has been satisfied with all the good things before him."

When a Lady has occasion to introduce herself to another, the proper way is to say, "I am Mrs. —, or Miss —, "as the case may be. When guests come to dinner, the gentleman of the house takes in the lady who is the greatest stranger, or the one for whom the dinner is given, and his wife follows, after all the other guests have gone in, with the principal male guest, usually the husband of the lady who went in the first, if that lady is a married one.

REMEMBER, by remitting \$2.50 any person can have "Peterson" for 1872, and also a copy of the premium engraving, "Five Times One To-Day, or Bossic's Birthday," Or any club subscriber, by remitting \$1.00 extra, can have the engraving.

PORTRAITS OF OUR PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTIONS will be given, in the title-page, in our December number for this year. The thousands, who have asked us for these portraits, will now have a chance to see how their favorites look.

CONTRIBUTORS, who wish to preserve their articles, must keep copies of them. We do not undertake to return manuscripts that we cannot use.

A Well-Dressed Woman is always more charming than one who is out of style, or carelessly dressed.

Additions to Clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers have thus been sent to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman. In Three Volumes. Vol. I., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.-A really good biography of this famous man, the founder of one of the most numerous, earnest, and influential denominations of the Christian Church, has long been needed. The best, hitherto, as a literary performance, was Southey's; but, in many respects, it fell short of what it should have been. We think the want has now been supplied. The author of the work before us is already favorably known to the public, by his.life of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, the elder, the father of the still more eminent John and Samuel. For seventeen years he has been accumulating, arranging, and condensing material for his task, and the result is now before us in the first of three volumes, the other two being shortly to follow. The present volume carries the story down to 1747, when Wesley was forty-four years old. As far as possible, the biographer leaves Wesley to tell the story of his own life, a very excellent plan, and one, we think, that has been judiciously carried out. Mr. Tyerman makes no attempt at what might be called the philosophy of Wesley's life. That he leaves to others, wisely remarking, that, as a rule, "intelligent readers wish only to be possessed of facts: they can form their own conclusions: they care but little about the opinions of those by whom the facts are collected and narrated." Few men have ever lived, who exercised, when alive, so great an influence as Wesley, still fewer whose influence went on, as his has done, increasing, with every generation, after his death. The work is really a very valuable contribution to English literature. A portrait of Wesley, at the age of forty, copied from an original picture, adorns the volume.

Meister Karl's Sketch-Book. By Charles G. Leland. 1 vol., small 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.-This is one of the most beautiful specimens of book-work that has issued from the American press for many years. It is printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and is bound in morocco cloth, with beveled boards, gilt top, and gilt side stamp and back. It is really a pleasure to have such a volume to read. Nor is the pleasure confined to the beauty of the page, and the legibility of the type. Washington Irving said of the earlier edition of this work that it merited a wide circulation by its raciness, its quaint erudition, its graphic delineations, its veins of genuine poetry, and its true Rabelais humor. "To me," he wrote, "it is a choice book to have at hand for a relishing morsel occasionally, like a Stilton cheese, or a pate de foie gros." This is high praise from any one, but from him it is particularly significant. The present edition has been enlarged; some things have been omitted; others added; and, on the whole, great improvements have been made. Mr. Leland, it will be remembered, is the author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." The present work is much more scholarly and refined than the Ballads, but shows the same keen sense of humor, and the same felicity of language.

June On The Miami, and other Poems. By W. H. Venable. 1 vol., 12 mo. Cincinnatti: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A very elegant little volume, creditable, in every way, to author and publisher. If such books are printed often at Cincinnati, eastern publishers will have to look out for their laurels.

Wild Men and Wild Beasts; or, Scenes in Cump and Jungle. By Lieut, Col. Gordon Cumming. 1 vol., 12 no. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—We can still remember the time, though it is years ago now, when, as a boy, we would have sat up, for half the night, reading such a book as this. It forms a new volume of that popular and excellent serial, the "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure." The engravings are numerous and good.

A Leaf in a Storm, and other Stories. By "Onida." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—It is a pity that this author does not always write as she has done in "A Leaf in a Storm," and "A Dog of Flanders" It is difficult, indeed, to conceive how the same pen could write these pure, healthful, pathetic tales, and the morbid exaggerations known as the "Ouida" novels.

The Sylvestres. By M. De Belham Edwards. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is by the author of "Dr. Jacob," "Kitty," etc. It is a tale of much merit. The character of Mons. Sylvestre, a sort of second-rate Coleridge, turned Socialist, is drawn with great cleverness. The edition is in double-column octavo, illustrated, and the illustrations are particularly good.

Character. By Samuel Smiles. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Happer & Brothers.—Another of those excellent little treatises, full of practical common sense, and of illustrations drawn from the careers of celebrated men, for which this author is so well and favorably known. It is quite as interesting as "Self-Help," and not less instructive.

The Hartwell Farm. By Laura Caxton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—A story suitable for girls of fourteen and upwards. The heroine, Theodora, is a charming character, intelligent and refined, yet self-reliant and practical, just the girl to develope into a good wife, to be happy, and to make all around her happy.

The American Baron. By James De Mille. 1 vol., 8 vo. New Yark: Harper & Brothers.—A mirth-provoking story, if ever there was one. The little witch, Minnie, flirt as she is, quite absorbs the interest of the story. A handsome, double-column octavo, illustrated, and bound in cloth.

The High Mills. By Katharine Saunders. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A strange, almost weird story, and, in many respects, an uppleasant one, but quite original in plot, and worked out faithfully and honestly by the author, in the spirit of a true artist.

The Wonders of Vegetation. From the French of Fulgence Marion. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—Another instalment of that entertaining and instructive series, "Marvels of Nature, Science, and Art." The volume is profusely illustrated.

The Mystery of Orcival. By Emile Gaborian. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Holt & Williams.—This is a translation from the French. The story is powerfully told. The author reminds us, in some particulars, of the late Edgar A. Poe.

Blade-O'-Grass. By B. L. Farjeon. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Written something after the manner of Dickens. It is a very painful story, but has a noble purpose. A cheap edition.

Reading Without Tears. By the author of "Peep Of Day." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an attempt to teach children to read without trouble: one of the modern, rapid roads to learning.

Mistress and Maid. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another volume of the neat and handy edition of this author's works, now being published by the Harpers.

Love in High Life. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Pelerson & Brothers.—This story, like everything else written by Mr. Arthur, is distinguished by sound common sense, a fertile fancy, and high moral purpose.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A Book on ETIQUETTE.—We are often written to, on points of etiquette, and are often also asked if there is any reliable book of etiquette. The best we know of is Miss Leslic's, published by T. B. 'Peterson & Brothers, price \$1.75, cloth binding. Miss Leslie had the advantage over most persons compiling such books, that she really mingled, and on equal terms, with what is called "good society." In other words she knew what she was writing about.

SILK FINISHED MOHAIR.—A very nice material, which we can recommend to our readers, is the Beaver Brand Mohair. It is finished alike on both sides, has a charming lustre, and is a pure shade of a fast black. We know of no more desirable dress-goods for the season. Peake, Opdycke & Co. are the sole importers, but all first-class retail dry goods dealers sell the article.

Example for the Ladies.—Mrs. M. L. Sloper, Cottonwood Falls, (formerly of Leavenworth,) earned, in dressmaking, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in sixty-five and a half months, \$13,340: in 1866 she earned \$4250; in December, 1867, \$435. The machine has been constantly employed since 1861 without a cent for repairs.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAVE YOUR MONEY,—The Cherry Valley (N. Y.) Gazette says:—"The price paid for Poterson is saved twice and thrice, and many times during the year in the patterns and directions which enable ladies to construct their own wardrobes and toilets with economy and neatness."

THE CHLEBRATED BUFFALO BRAND BLACK ALPACAS, the trade-mark for which was patented in 1863. They still hold their place as prime favorites in the market. Peake, Opdycke & Co. sole importers.

COLOATE & Co.'s CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior for toilet use. Sold by dealers in perfumery and toilet articles.

HORTICULTURAL.

On Planting Out.—The turning out of plants from pots (commonly tormed, "bedding out,") though far from an intricate operation, requires thought and care. First, there is the weather, demanding some degree of forecast to be taken into account, because nothing is more pernicious to young and tender plants, nursed tenderly through the winter, than atmospheric checks, particularly from cold. In a variable climate such as ours, when mild forcing weather in the early months is frequently followed by a succession of bleak winds and cutting morning frosts, even to the end of May, the mistake of early planting out is especially felt. The manipulator, therefore, ought to call to mind the ancient saw, "that one swallow does not make a summer," before he proceeds to enter upon his duties.

Certain it is that plants subjected to untimely atmospheric checks soldom recover the whole season through. In this we have the key to frequent failures in various plants used for bedding, rather than to unsuitability in specific individuals themselves. Another important point to be observed in planting out is the state of the soil. Moist, sticky earth is utterly unsuited for the reception of roots, which should only be trusted to their appointed places when the earth is

friable and encouraging; moreover, it should have received a preliminary stirring with a fork, with its proper addition of manure in due season. It should also be made of the correct staple, light or heavy, to suit the natural wants of plants. For instance, it would be absurd to turn out roses into sand, or geraniums into clay. Such incongruities as these, however, are not uncommon, and people wonder their planting fails. Regularity in distances, and evenness in lines, is another primary requisite in the designs of well laidout gardens. To provide for this, the future growth and size of every object used must be taken into account. It would be well that every pot should be put just wherever its contents are to be finally placed. The method of turning out is as follows: Place the fingers of the left hand across the face of the pot, on each side of the collar of the plant, head downward. A smart tap on the bottom of the pot with the handle of the trowel in the other, or a knock of the rim against some convenient object, will disengage the ball. Then pick out the pieces used for drainage, and place the ball in the hole prepared for it with as little distorbance as possible, unless the roots are much matted, when they must be carefully opened out. Press the soil tolerably firm, (in roses especially so,) and in the latter case standards and topheavy plants must be securely staked. It is a useful plan to turn an empty pot over new-planted subjects when the weather is cold and unfavorable, leaving it off by degrees as the plants grow hardened. After planting, a sound, general soaking should be given.

Before commencing the process of turning out ordinary "bedding stuff," it will be requisite to provide the following implements: a short hand-fork, two trowels, one scoop-shaped, the other flatter, with a fine point, (the latter to be employed in transplanting seedlings and other objects of the smaller kind,) a dibble, and a knee-pad. Only those compelled to kneel much can appreciate the comfort and convenience of such an article. Large seedlings, such as young cabbage-plants, asters, and the like, should always be dibbled in, the soil being pressed firmly against their roots by another exterior insertion of the dibble. The hole so made may be advantageously filled with water. It should be particularly being in mind that roots should be exposed to the air for a short a time as possible. Have, therefore, everything in readiness before beginning, and finish off without delay.

Instructions on "planting out" would be imperfect without a few words on so important a branch as that relating to roses in pots-the only way in which a summer rosery can be constructed, or late gaps filled up. In this case the soil must always be previously thoroughly prepared, the holes made, and the pots placed therein and broken, and the pieces gently picked away, instead of an attempt being made to turn them out "in ball." Good store of light soil should be at hand to fill any vacant spaces; mulch the beds well, and water as before. Evergreens, the roots of which "lift" in a ball, may be planted later than any other subjects; but in every case, and at every season, the cardinal maxims of the operator should be to damage and disturb the roots as little as possible, to give to every plant its most suitable aspect and its proper soil, to shade newly-planted subjects for a time, if possible, and not to spare water when required.

Color exercises a very important influence on the growth and existence of plants. Mr. Bert, a distinguished Frenchman, has lately addressed an interesting communication on this subject to the Academy of Science. Having placed twenty-five kinds of plants in a green-house provided with glazed frames of various hues, he watched their progress under the influence of the different lights they received Milfolimullen, violets, cactuses, and houseleeks, were among thom besides green cryptogamia, plants strongly tinged with red, such as perille, and, lastly, firs. The individuals of each species were of the same size, having been sown at the same

time. The glass of the frames was respectively transparent white, dulled white, black, red, yellow, green, and blue; and the whole green-house was shielded from the direct rays of the sun. The observations commenced on the 20th of June; on the 24th, various seeds were sown, which all sprang up at the same time in all situations. On the 15th of July the plants requiring the sun were all dead under the black and green frames, and were very sickly under the other colors, especially the red. The other plants were all declining. The mortality continued to increase, and on the 2nd of August all were dead under the blackened glass, except the cactus, the lemna, firs, and maiden-hair. Under the green glass nothing was left alive except the geraniums, celery, and houseleek, besides those that were not dead under the black; but all were in a bad state. The mortality was much less under the red glass, and still less under the yellow and blue. On the 20th of August the acotyledons alone were still alive, though perishing under the black and green; and as to the rest, the red had proved more hurtful to them than the yellow and blue. The stalks were much taller, but also much weaker under the red; blue seemed to be the color least detrimental to the plants-their greenness had remained natural, and even deeper than under the yellow The plants sown on the 24th of June had all died off very quickly under the black and green, later under the red, and had thriven better under the blue than under the yellow. As for plants under the white glass, they all continued to live, though less luxuriantly under the dulled than under the transparent glass

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IV .- MANAGEMENT OF THE INFANT.

"The infant's death is argument of guilt." Though well aware that some diseases of infants are incorporated with their embryotic existence, or, in other words, that the peculiar organization which predisposes them to certain diseases, is transmitted by parents, as well as physical and mental powers; yet, aside from any hereditary diseases, and violations of physiological laws on their part, the want of a knowledge of the proper management of the infant during the first mouth of its existence, is a most prolific cause of an additional amount of suffering and mortality among the gens infantilis within the first year.

We are also well aware that sickness cannot wholly be banished from the nursery, that disease must come in many forms, that infectious and contagious disorders will spring un; but this much the mother should do, and is morally incumbent upon her, namely, so live that her offspring shall inherit, as far as possible, a healthy body; nurse them from her own bosom, and so bring them up that health shall be preserved and life prolonged.

Besides the imprudence on the part of mothers previously mentioned, the culpable conduct of ignorant or unscrupulous nurses, is an additional cause of the great and truly unnatural mortality of infants.

But as preliminary to the rational management of the infant during "the month," it is meet to impress upon mothers the importance, 1, of nursing their offspring, and 2, lay down some "rules for sleeping," that should be observed.

1. Nursing contributes to preserve and promote the health of both mother and child, and prevents or diminishes the tendency to disease alike in both. Generally speaking, no period of woman's life is so healthy as that of nursing. Many a woman, previously delicate, becomes robust and strong. It diminishes the dispositon to cancerous affections of the breasts, for the learned Sir Astley Cooper says, "that breasts that have been unemployed in married women, or { of our residence, we may proceed to plant Beans, sow some

those women who have remained single, are more prone to malignant diseases of these glands than those who have nursed large families,"

Nursing, too, often wards off consumption till the childbearing period is passed. And yet the fashionable woman, from caprice, fear, or trouble, sacrifice of pleasures, or to avoid confinement, will persistently violate the law of her being, regardless of consequences to herself or child.

2. The infant should not be allowed to sleep long upon its back, because the mucus, by gravity, will settle upon the posterior portion of its lungs, and produce a congestive state. Either side is preferable, and the right one of choice, with the head slightly elevated; not a sudden crook of the neck, which would tend to prevent a free circulation of blood to and from the head. One position should not be maintained beyond two hours, because the parts become fatigued, and sleep is thereby disturbed. There should be plenty of air where the infant reposes, in a temperature of about 70°, and at night, never between its parents completely enveloped in blankets, quilts, etc., and thus be confined to an impure, vitiated atmosphere. The infant's bed should be of hair, and, with the bedding, should be kept scrupulously clean, wellaired, and, above all, not saturated with the child's excretions.

How often are we physicians, annoyed by the steaming excretions of the infant's crib or cradle, into which it is often put in a shamefully loathsome condition, for "fear of awakening it," until its own uncomfortable state disturbs it, Insist upon it, doctors, and see to it, ye mothers, that the infant is always dry and clean upon going to sleep, and never let a whole night, much less a whole morning, pass without changing your tender bud of affection, and then you will be but seldom vexed with chafing of the groins, and but little disturbed of your rest at night, while your infants will be good, happy, lively, and healthful.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

MONTH OF APRIL.-In the Middle States and West, now is the time to plant and sow. On heavy soils plant later than on light, however.

Artichokes, plant, dress. Asparagus, sow, plant, if not attended to last month. Beans, Bush, whenever practicable, a bed of sufficient size should be made to permit an ample supply without cutting every feeble shoot which peeps above the surface; indeed, where space and means admit, two beds should be maintained, and cut alternate seasons. Beans, Bush or Bunch, sow. Beets, early and long, sow. Broccoli, Purple Cape is the best, sow. Cabbage, Drumhead and Flat Dutch, sow freely, that there be enough for the fly and to plant; also the Early Dwarf Flat Dutch, an excellent variety, intermediate to the earlier and later sorts. Carrots, Early Horn and Long Orange, sow. Cauliflower, late, sow. Colery, sow, if not sown last month. Cress, sow. Cucumber, Early Frame, sow in warm spot. Horse-Radish, plant, if not done. Hot-beds, attend to. Leek, sow. Lettuce, sow in drlls also plant from beds of last autumn's sowing. Marjoram, Sweet, sow. Mustard, for Salad, sow. Mushroom-beds, make, attend to those formed. Nasturtions, sow. Onions, plant buttons for table use, and sow thickly for sets. Parsley, sow. Parsnips, Sugar, sow. Peas, early and late, for a succession, sow. Potatoes plant a very few Fox Seedling for family use, and plenty of the Early Rose for the main supply during summer and autumn. Radish, Long Scarlet and White and Red Turnip, sow. if not already sown; also the Golden Globe and White Summer, for succession. Salsify, sow. Sage, sow or plant. Spinach, the Savoy, sow at short intervals. Thyme, sow or plant. Tomato, sow, to succeed those sown in hot-beds. Turnips, sow, if not sown last month, they may succeed.

In the South, assuming Charleston, S. C., to be the latitude

Peas, in order to have an uninterrupted succession. Springsown Cabbuge will not be fit to transplant; manure well, if you expect fine heads. The plants set out in February and March will require culture; deep tillage is demanded by the Cabbage tribe. About the middle or latter end of this month sow Drumhead, Flat Dutch and Drumhead Savoy Cabbage-Seed for plants to be set out in June. Cauliflower and Broccoli may be sown. The Carrots, Parsnips, Beels, etc., previously sown, are now advancing in growth, and should receive the necessary care; each of the roots may now be sown. Small Onions set out in autumn and winter will shortly be fit for use. Sow Leeks for winter use. Turnips sown last month should be hoed and thinned. Asparagus is now in season; hoe over the beds to exterminate the weeds-the few spears which will be cut off are of no account compared with the good service of the hoe. Draw up earth to the Potato Vines. Sow Radishes, the White Summer and Golden Globe, are the best for this season. Lettuce may be transplanted, or what is preferable, drilled, where intended to head. Sow Celery. Plant more Cucumbers and melons; also Squashes. The fertilizer best adapted to these vines is compost prepared the past season, formed of decomposed manure, well-rotted sod, wood earth, etc. It is sufficiently stimulating, will not be likely to burn the plants during dry weather, and the vines will bear better than when rampant from exciting applications. Okra, sow, if not already in. The vigilant gardener will keep his eye upon the weeds-an hour's work now will equal a day's when the grounds get foul.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CAN CANCER BE CURED ?- If a cure could be found for cancer, (hitherto considered incurable,) it would be an inestimable blessing. We have received the following letter from John Charles Yardley, Pittsburgh, Pa. "I wish to tell how I cured my cancer. Eight years ago, a cancer came on my nose. It grew slowly for several years, but the last two years it grew very fast, and began to eat out my left eye. I had paid hundreds of dollars, and had tried doctors from far and near, without finding relief. Last summer I drank wild tea, putting the tea-grounds on my cancer every night, as a poultice. In six weeks my cancer was cured. I am now sixty years old. I gave this remedy to several persons that had cancer, and know of two that have been cured since. I believe wild tea grows over the country generally, always on high lands." We publish this letter, hoping it may do good. We know nothing more about it than we have said; but perhaps what cured Mr. Yardley may cure others.

SMALL-POX AND SCARLET FEVER .- A correspondent of the Stockton Herald gives the following as a specific for these diseases. "Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis,) one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. Add, after thorough mixture, four ounces of water. Dose, a spoonful an hour for an adult : less, proportioned to age, for children." 'The correspondent asserts a knowledge of hundreds of cases where it has been successfully used for the cure of small-pox, and has used it in person and in family for scarlet fever; and states, moreover, that its use for small-pox has the indorsement of the School of Medicine at Paris.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

We Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practicul housekeeper.

Puff Pudding.—Beat six eggs; add six spoonfuls of milk and six of flour; butter some cups; pour in the batter, and bake them quickly; turn them out, and eat them with butter, sugar, and nutmeg.

Lemon-Pudding .- To one great packet of gelatine, add one pint of cold water, let it stand five minutes, then dissolve over the fire with the rind of two lemons pared very thinly; add half a pound of sugar and the juice of four lemons. Boil all together two or three minutes; strain, and let it remain till cold and beginning to set; add the whites of two eggs, well beaten, whisk it ten minutes, when it will become the consistence of sponge; put it into a mould. Another .-To a pint of water put one ounce of isinglass, the rind of a lemon, and half a pound of lump-sugar; let it simmer for half an hour, and then strain it through a lawn sieve. When nearly cold, add the juice of three lemons and the white of one egg; whisk it until it is white and thick. In the summer it will require rather more isinglass.

Orange-Pudding .- Grate the yellow part of a smooth, deepcolored orange, and of a lime, into a saucer, and squeeze in their juice, taking out all their seeds; stir four ounces of butter and four ounces of powdered white sugar to a cream; beat three eggs as light as possible, and stir them gradually into the pan of butter and sugar; add gradually a spoonful of brandy and wine, and a teaspoonful of rose-water, and then by degrees the orange and lime; stir well together. Having prepared a sheet of puff paste made of five ounces sifted flour and four ounces of fresh butter, stread the sheet in a buttered soup-plate; trim and notch the edges, and then turn in the mixture; bake it about thirty minutes in a moderate oven; grate loaf-sugar over it.

Apple-Dumplings.-Apple-dumplings should be made of one large apple quartered and cored, then put together, covered with a thin paste, and boiled till the fruit shall be done enough; or, the apple is best not cut, but the core scooped out, and the center filled up with a piece of butter and sugar, according to the tartness of the apple. The paste should not be rolled out, but a lump of the proper quantity taken, the apple placed upon it, and the paste carefully pressed round it, bringing it to a point which is easily closed, so as to keep in the juice and butter. They have a pretty effect if boiled in nets instead of cloths.

A Delicious Dish of Apples .- Take two pounds of apples pare and core them, slice them in a pan; add one pound of loaf sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let these boil about two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve it with a thick custard or cream.

VEGETABLES

To Steam Rice.-Take a nice clean stew-pan, with a closelyfitting top. Then take a clean piece of white cloth, large enough to cover over the top of the stew-pan, and hang down inside nearly to, but not in contact with the bottom, and thus form a sort of a sack, into which put your rice. Then pour over it two cupfuls of water, and put on the top of the stew-pan, so as to hold up the cloth inside, and fit tight all around. Put it on the fire, and the steam generated by the water will cook the rice beautifully. More water may be added if necessary, but only enough to keep the steam up. You need not heat it so hot as to cause the steam to blow the top of the boiler off.

Cauliflower .- Select those that are close and white, and of the middle size; trim off the outside leaves, cut the stalk off at the bottom, let them lie in the salt and water an hour before you boil them. Put them into boiling water, with a handful of salt in it; skim it well, and let it boil slowly until done, which a small one will be in fifteen or twenty minutes; take it out the moment it is done, as more boiling will spoil it, and pour over it some nice drawn butter. Serve het. Broccoli is prepared in the same way.

Cabbage.-The green Savoy is best for boiling. Before cooking cut the head in half, and pour boiling water on it to prevent the disagreeable edor which arises from cooking. Cabbage is best boiled with the broth from salt meat. It requires an hour slow simmering, and must be skimmed constantly while cooking. If not cooked with salt meat broth. put some salt in the water.

CAKES.

Savoy Cake.—Ingredients: The weight of four eggs in pounded loaf sugar, the weight of seven in flour, a little grated lemon-rind, or essence of almonds, or orange flowerwater. Mode: Break the seven eggs, putting the yolks into one basin, and the whites into another. Whisk the former, and mix with them the sugar, the grated lemon-rind, or any other flavoring to taste. Beat them well together, and add the whites of the eggs, whisked to a froth. Put in the flour by degrees, continuing to beat the mixture for a quarter of an hour; butter a mould, pour in the cake, and bake it from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half. This is a very nice cake for dessert, and may be iced for a supper-table, or cuttinto slices and spread with jam, which converts it into sandwiches.

Gingerbread Cakes.—To one pound of sifted flour, allow half a pound of pounded loaf sugar, three quarters of a pound of fresh butter, one pound treacle, one nutmeg grated, the weight of a nutmeg of poudded mace, and as much of pounded cinnamon, one ounce of pounded gingor, one ounce and a half of candied orange and lemon-peel, cut small, one-half ounce of blanched sweet almonds, cut in long thin bits, and two well-beaten eggs. Melt the butter with the treacle, and when nearly cold stir in the eggs and the rest of the ingredients; mix all well together, make it into round cakes, and bake them upon tins.

Courant-Cake.—A quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of flour, two ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, a tablespoonful of brandy or rose-water, milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter, sugar, and flour together with the fruit, which must have been washed, picked, and dried. Beat the eggs and add with the brandy or rose-water, and milk enough to form a dough. Roll it out thin and cut it into cakes.

Derby Short Cake.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, and mix one egg, quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and as much milk as will make a paste. Roll this out thin, and cut the cakes with any fancy shapes or the top of a wineglass. Place on tin plates; strew over with sugar, or cover the top of each with icing, and bake for ten minutes.

SANITARY.

To Cure a Cold.—Put a large teacupful of linseed, with a quarter of a pound of sun raisins, and a two-ounce stick of liquorice, into two quarts of soft water, and let it simmer over a slow fire till reduced to one quart. Add to it a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar-candy, a tablespoonful of old rum, and a tablespoonful of the best white wine vinegar or lemon-juice. The rum and vinegar should be added as the decoction is taken. The dose is half a pint, made warm on going to bed; and a little may be taken when the cough is troublesome.

Burns, Scalds, and their Treatment.—Mix common kitchen whitening with sweet oil, or, if sweet oil is not at hand, with water. Plaster the whole of the burn, and some inches beyond it, all round, with the above, after mixing it to the consistency of common paste, and lay it on, an eighth, or rather more, of an inch in thickness. It acts like a charm; the most agonizing pain is in a few minutes stilled. Take care to keep the mixture moist by the application, from time to time, of fresh oil or fresh water, and at night wrap the whole part affected in gutta percha or flannel, to keep the moisture from evaporating. The patient will, in all probability, unless the flesh be much injured, and the burn be a very bad one, sleep soundly.

To Soften the Hands.—Half a pound of mutton tallow, one ounce of camphor gum, and one ounce glycerine; molt, and when thoroughly mixed, set away to cool. Rub the hands with this at night. It will render them white, smooth, and soft.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Skeleton Leaves,-It is hardly possible to lay down any positive rule for the length of time skeleton leaves should remain in the chloride of lime for the bleaching process. It depends much upon the temperature and the season of the year, also upon the texture of the skeleton, whether tough or brittle. For instance, one night will often suffice for poplar, pear, or ivy-leaves, while a much longer time would be required for an India-rubber or a magnolia leaf. In general, a tolerably safe guide is the appearance of the leaf during its immersion in the chloride, which must be closely watched. When it becomes so colorless as to be scarcely perceptible in the liquid, it should be taken out and examined, and in most cases it will be found sufficiently bleached. It must then be washed in clean water, which should be changed until the excess of chloride is removed; this will form a slight scum on the surface of the water, and the absence of it will indicate that the leaf does not require further cleansing. I can but add, that in all these matters experience is the only effectual instructor, and that no one must be disappointed if amongst thirty or forty skeletons there be not more than half a dozen perfect enough to be worth the trouble of mounting.

Useful Hints.-The mildew upon linens proceeds from their being put away damp from the wash, and it is a difficult blemish to remove. When it has unfortunately occurred, it will be found that soap rubbed on, and afterward fine chalk scraped upon the spots, with a day's exposure to the sun, will remove it-if not at once, at least upon a repetition. Fruit and red-wine stains may be removed by a preparation of equal parts of slacked lime, potass, and soft soap, and by exposure to the sun while this preparation is upon the stain. Salt of lemon (oxalate of potass) will remove ink and iron mould. When linen or muslins are scorched in the getting up, without being actually burnt, a brown mark is left upon the spot, which may be removed by laying some of the following composition upon it before the article is again washed: Slice six large onions, and express the juice, which must be added to a quart of vinegar, with one ounce rasped soap, quarter of a pound of fuller's earth, one ounce of lime, and one ounce of pearlash. Boil the whole until the mixture becomes thick, and apply it to the scorched spot while it

Puste that will Keep a Year.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps; stir in a little powdered rosin, and throw in half a dozen cloves, to give a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacupful of boiling water; pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. In a few minutes it will be of proper consistency. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on and put it in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a putton and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will last twelve mouths. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written upon.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Fro. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-GRAY POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with two flounces, the lower ene quite scant, and the upper one put on in full side plaits, headed by a standing-up ruffle of black velvet. The upper-skirt is a good deal puffed at the back, open and pointed in front, and trimmed all around with black velvet. A black ball fringe trims the back part of this tunic. The basque is of the coat shape, opening over a deep black velvet vest, and is trimmed with black velvet. Half-loose sleeves, trimmed with fringe and velvet.

FIG. II.—CABRIAGE OR WALKING-DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED

CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with two rows of choco- \ For Fine Cashmeres and Silks, embroidery in braid is late-colored silk. The deep, plain basque is of heavy, ribbed, { very popular. The braid used for this purpose is very fine, chocolate-colored silk, lined with white silk; it fits the figure, is looped up at the sides, and is made without any trimming, except very large, white pearl buttons. Hat, with chocolatecolored plumes, and veil at the back.

FIG. III.-EVENING-DRESS OF PINK SILK.-The skirt is trimmed with two plaited ruffles, one rather deep at the bottom, the other some distance above, and standing up; between these two ruffles are two bands of silk, bias. The upper-skirt is open in front, with square sides, and is trimmed with two narrow, bias, satin bands, leoped back; above this is the tunic, which is faced with satin, and is fastened with a large satin bow. This tunic falls down to the upper flounce. Low, square waist, with bows of satin ribbon on the sleeves.

FIG. IV .- CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLUE SILE .-- The skirt is quite plain. Over-dress of fine, gray cashmere, rounded-off in front, looped up at the back, and trimmed with deep, curled fringe. This basque fits the figure closely, and is confined at the waist by a broad band, with loops, and short ends. Blue bonnet and gray plume.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress of Ashes-of-Roses Cashmere.— The skirt is quite plain. The tunic is simple, round in front, and at the back, and looped up on the hip. The striped trimming and fringe is woven in the material, and simply sewed on the skirt. The loose, square jacket and large sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the upper-skirt.

FIG. VI.-CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with a large number of narrow bias folds, which form a pointed pattern at the side. The elaborate over-dress is trimmed with the same folds and guipure lace.

FIG. VII.-WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED POPLIN .-The skirt is trimmed with one scant ruffle, headed by three bands of the poplin. The upper-skirt is puffed up at the back, and quite plain in front. The basque is coat shaped at the back, and has long, square pelisse ends in front, which fall over the upper-skirt, and is trimmed like the latter with two bias bands of cashmere and a heavy fringe.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new spring colors are most delicate and lovely, too delicate sometimes for very pale persons. or for middle-aged ladies; but in those cases they should be combined with some other decided contrasting, but harmonizing color; light-green, the old sky-blue, salmon, with a good deal of pink, straw color, the most delicate lilac, are all seen in both cheap and expensive goods. Black cretonnes, with large, gay figures on them, will be made in polonaise style, edged with black velvet, or velvet and guipure lace. Foulard silk of dark colors, with gay flounces, will also be made in the same style; but the polonaise is a difficult garment to fit well, and will therefore, perhaps, give place to the ordinary over-skirt and half-loose jacket, if a good dressmaker is not at hand. The over-skirt is usually quite simple, but draped quite high on the hips, the lower-skirt has high, plaited trimmings, and the waist of the dress has sometimes vests, sometimes basques at the back, and are sometimes simple round waists, with a broad band.

THE FASHIONS FOR THE SPRING do not strike one at first with much originality of style; they are more or less faithful copies of the modes of various periods-they include everything; sleeves in the Charles IX. style, Louis XIV. loopings up, Louis XV. fichus, Louis XVI. parures, Directoire bonnets, trains as under the first Empire, and coiffures which date from the period of the Restoration. And yet in the mixture and arrangement of all these things, may, perhaps, be found the peculiar stamp which will mark in future the period in which we live. Certain modifications, certain arrangements or adaptations of things are equal to inventions. We do not copy slavishly, we choose here and there what scems pleasing, and with the whole we make up toilets which are far from wanting in grace or novelty.

not much coarser than silk twist, and it is always of the color of the dress, and usually of exactly the same shade; it is very popular for jackets with wide-hanging sleeves.

CAPES are still worn. They are so convenient; but they are generally made of fine black cashmere or delain. Silk is rather too stiff a material for them.

HALF-Low Dresses are worn with pretty fichus of lace, tulle and blond, guipure or Crepe de Chine. The latter, more novel but more fragile, is very elegant in crape of soft shades, such as pink, mauve, straw color, or sky-blue; they are arranged in cross folds, and are trimmed with old lace or with fringe. One also wears in the hair pretty bows of crape of the same color as the dress, and trimmed in the same

THE NEWEST COLLAR is the standing-up collar, still higher at the sides than at the back, but with smail turned-down corners in front; sometimes the whole collar of starched linen is edged with embroidery and lace, but often the corners alone are trimmed; the turning down gives ease to the neck, and also allows sufficient space for the large bow of the fashionable cravat, which is a scarf of colored crepe de Chine, with ends fringed or edged with lace.

THE HAIR is more than ever worn in large masses, waved. or in thick torsades off into curls, falling over the neck and shoulders. The hair is raised very high in front and ornamented with a Louis XV. bow and jeweled clasp, or else with a few flowers, the stems of which, with buds and foliage, trail at the back. The Louis XV. coronet is also worn. composed of flowers or small feathers, with an aigrette at the side. Sometimes the hair is inclosed within a net, the meshes of which are very wide, in gold or silver braid, and tassels at the side. This net allows, however, of a few curls escaping and dropping upon the neck.

Bonners are slightly altered in shape; the crown is oval, the border slightly raised, and there is a small curtain lengthened out behind. The trimming, instead of being placed all in a bunch in front, is placed more at the back, and falls even over the hair.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM EIGHT TO TEN YEARS OLD .- Skirt of dark Havana cashmere, with a slightlygathered flounce headed with scalloped black velvet, and looped up on each side and behind. Close-fitting bodice and sleeves. Spanish jacket of black velvet with passementerio brandebourgs and tassels.

FIG. IL.—FULL-DRESS OF STRIPED FOULARD AND BLACK VEL-VET .- Under-skirt of black velvet. Upper-skirt of striped black and blue forfard. The striped bodice is cut low and square over a high black velvet corsage; it has short, square basques over other black velvet basques edged with a blue silk flut-

Fig. 111.—Costume for a Three-Years Old Baby.—Thick white flannel frock, with revers braided with black, and two rows of buttons. Sash, braided with black.

Fig. IV.—Costume for a Boy from Five to Eight Years OLD .- The costume is of black velvet. The close-fitting trousers are open at the side. The tunic has a double row of buttons in front. Black leather belt. Linen collar and red neck-tye.

FIG. V.—COSTUME FOR A GIRL FROM FOUR TO SIX YEARS OLD. Frock of violet poplin. Skirt trimmed with two satin biais of the same color. Plain tunic, looped up on each side. Plain high bodice. Coat-sleeves. Marie Antoinette fichu of poplin, with violet satin frill, crossed in front, tied behind with wide lappets falling over the tunic. Violet velvet ribben in the hair.

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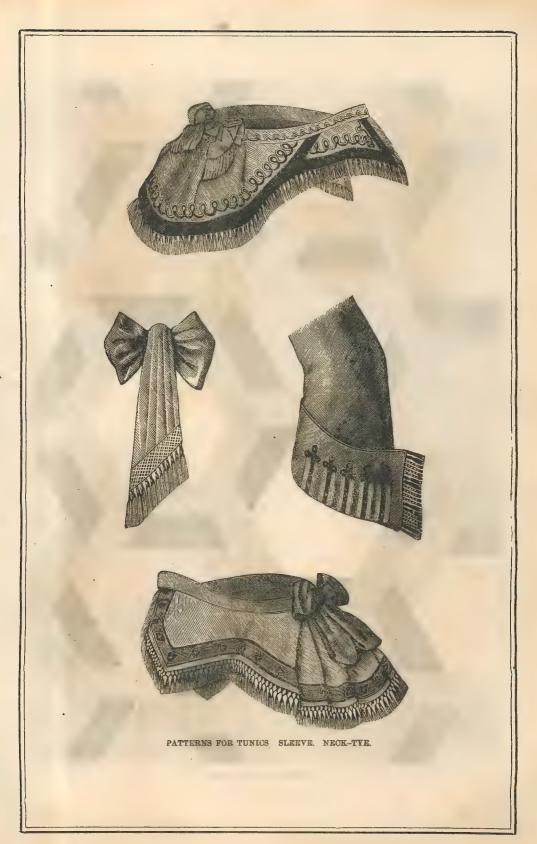
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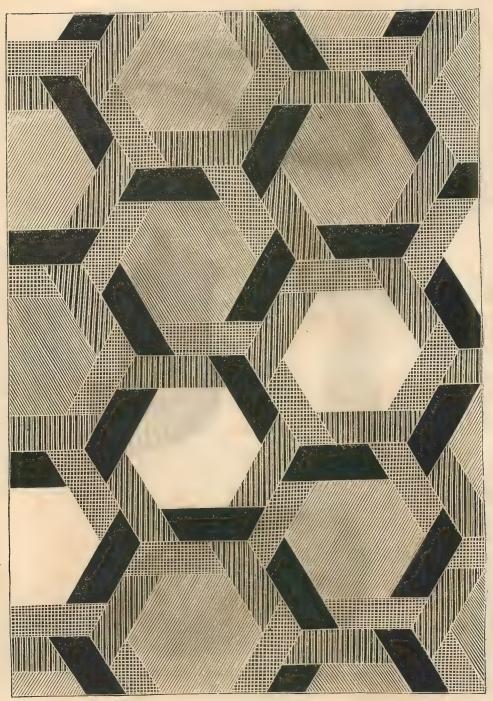




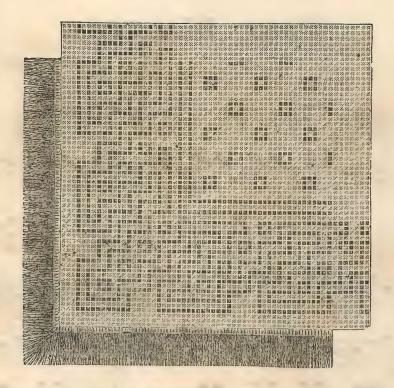


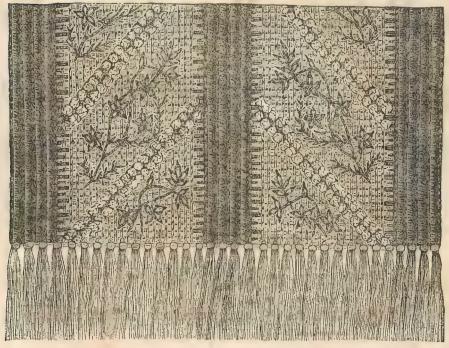






PATTERN IN PATCHWORK.





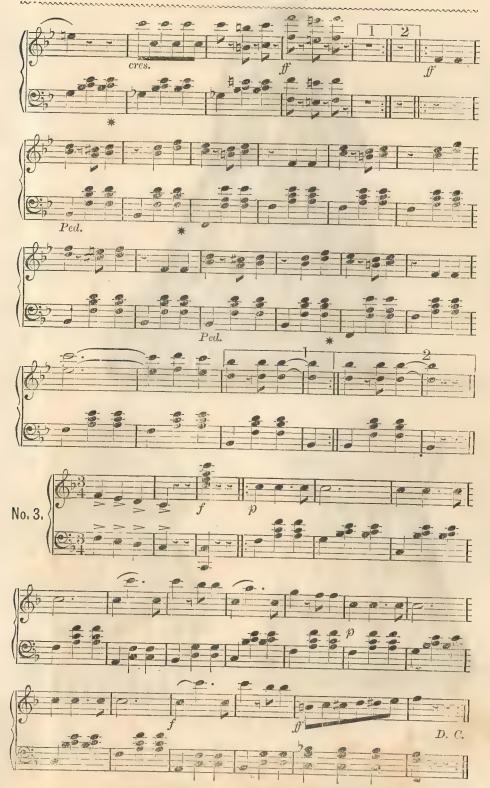
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXI.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1872.

No. 5.

WHAT CAME OF DRAWING THE LAST STRAW

BY ALFRED B. TOZER.

Ladies don't monopolize the question of dress. Gentlemen have to pay some attention to it also. If one is asked to a party, for example, he can't go in the same coat in which he has been husking corn.

The Marcus brothers recognized this fact. If they wanted an extraordinary fine lot of cornfor you must know they are farmers—in the fall, they knew they must take extra care of it; and if they wished to make a sensation in their little circle, they knew they must out-dress their neighbors.

Well, they did want to make a sensation. Tom Granger was their nearest neighbor, and dearest friend; and Tem's pretty, sixteen-year-old cousin, Ada Styles, was coming from the city to pay his sister a visit, and her appearance was to be celebrated by a grand apple-paring—and the Marcus boys were invited.

Here the matter of dress came in. What should they wear? Just as a lady might have asked.

All three were in the great barn when the question came to discussion.

"I can't think of wearing that coat of mine," said Charley, dolefully. "The collar is white at the seams, and shines like a blacked boot."

"Speaking about boots," broke in Walt, "puts me in mind that there's a hole in the right toe of my French calfs. I can't wear them. What shall we do, Billy?"

"Haven't the least idea." And Billy—twentytwo, and the youngest—seated himself carelessly on the railing of the hay-bin, leaning back on the great wall of fragrant clever.

"Well, something must be done," went on Walt, facing Charley. "There's only money for two full suits. One must stay at home, or all must look shabby. I'm willing to take my chance on a draw;" and, as if his opinion was law—it generally was, we must admit—he began cutting straws, and tossing them nerveusly into a little heap.

"Now, who'll draw first?" he asked, after a minute's steady work, during which neither of the brothers spoke. "The last straw stays."

Charley pulled his brown mustache, and looked at Billy, and Walt watched both anxiously.

" Pull, Billy," said Walt.

Billy lifted a yellow straw and commenced chewing it uneasily. The remainder of the straws were taken in silence, until there was but one left. It was Billy's turn to take it.

"That fixes me, I suppose," he said, moodily, crushing it in his hand. "Well, I'm not particular. I think I care less for such things than you, boys." And he walked away to feed the cattle.

"I say, Charley," said Walt, after he was out of hearing, "I counted those straws, and knew he would have to stay if he drew first."

Ah! the honest simplicity of country-bred youths! Oh! the tenderness of family ties, when city dissipation and manners have not crept in, like a viper, to the hearth-stone!

It isn't a romantic thing for a young fellow in the prime of life to stay away from any place because he has "nothing to wear." If it had only been a headache, or a heartache, now, it would have been different.

But it wasn't a headache or a heartache; and Billy didn't sit alone in his poor room nursing evil thoughts until they grew big enough to master their parent. Nothing of the kind.

It was a glorious night for husking corn, and husking was behind that year on the Marcus farm; so matter-of-fact Billy went out to the great corn-lot, and vigorously attacked one of the long rows of "stouts" that ran across the field. There he was, whistling gayly over his work, when Charley and Walt, dressed in astonishing city-made suits, passed by to the party.

The paring-bee was a grand success—in a sportive point of view, at least. I don't say but that, if good-natured Mrs. Grainger had been particular enough to count the few strings of

quartered apples hanging on the kitchen-ceiling the next morning, and compared the labor expended thereon with the disordered rooms, and torn carpets, and mud-tracked kitchen-floor, she would have reckoned herself much indebted to the young folks. But then the good lady had had earlier experience in such matters, and knew what to expect. They are pretty much all alike.

Of course, Miss Ada Styles was queen of the evening—and right royally did she reign over her innocent subjects. She was fresh from a city boarding-school, and consequently half crazy with the free country air and lack of restraint.

One freak after another had rendered her companions utterly helpless. After she had been on to the roof of the old farm-house, to inspect the hickory-nuts there exposed to sun and frost, to make them shuck easy, and out to the barn, "to see how the horses looked at home," they would not have been much surprised nor inclined to robel if she had proposed a search for a five-leaved clover in the wide hay-mow.

She did something equally bad, though a little more practicable. She wanted to see how corn was husked, knowing all the time that every ear of corn on the Grainger place lay in the long coffin-looking crib south of the house. The Marcus field was the nearest place where her wish could be gratified, and that was half a mile away. But she would go. She knew it wouldn't be half so nice by daylight as under that full moon, and the ride would be jolly. In fact she proposed carrying the fete into the Marcus' cornfield, for they were all to go.

The great lumber-wagon rattled up to the door, and in the pleasure-seekers climb, laughing and shouting like ones possessed, as Mrs. Grainger expressed it.

And poor Billy worked away in his blue overalls and gray shirt, unconscious that, as he couldn't go to the party, the party was coming to him.

And here's every bit of romance there is in my story—this moonlight, cornfield introduction! They came upon him so quick that he couldn't get up, and so there he sat flat upon the ground, with half a shuck of corn in his lap, nodding his head bashfully to Miss Ada's boarding-school courtesy! Then Miss Ada started a game of hide-and-seek among the shucks, setting half the company falling over round, red pumpkins, that looked like young moons, and came and sat down on Billy's stalks to talk to him.

It was pleasant, with the full moon overhead, the merry shouts on every side, and the easy seat among the stalks; and Ada was in such good humor over the affair that she took a liking to Billy on the spot, and dubbed him her Knight of the Cornfield, greatly to the annoyance of numerous admirers.

Of course, there were other parties, and Billy didn't always draw the last straw. And there were sleigh-rides innumerable; and Billy's voice was as loud in the merry songs as the best of them. And there was one particular ride that only those two—Ada and Billy—felt any lasting fondness for, because—but, if you have a mind to listen from under the flannel-lined robe, you can do so, but I will do nothing of the kind. I only know they went to housekeeping in the spring.

Now don't understand me as advocating a cornfield, a pair of blue over-alls and gray shirt, in preference to broadcloth and a paring-bee. Billy probably would; but then his case was one of a dozen, I suppose.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BY M. F. WINTER.

The shaded room, the tapers light,
The sable pall, the snowy shroud;
The form so straight, the face so white,
Pale-lipped and sable-browed.

But not more beautiful to me
Is she, than when her eye was bright;
And not less beautiful was she,
Than day is full of light.

Last Spring, we had a merry day;
The charm of health was on her cheek;
We chose her for our Queen of May—
The fairest we could seek!

Next to our rose-crowned queen was I;
And close by us I saw him stand;
A tender look was in his eye,
A rose was in his hand.

Oh, Edith! Edith! Read this day
The eyes that he would have you read!
Oh, Agnes! Agnes! Turn away!
Forbid thy heart to bleed!

'Tis not a trial newly tried;
Remember thou thy early love,
And lay this by thy lover's side,
And lift your heart above.

WHAT OLGA FOUND AT THE GRAND DUKE'S BALL.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

THE fashionable world of New York was in a flutter of excitement. After delays innumerable, after rumors probable and improbable, the Russian frigate was telegraphed as coming up the bay, and everybody was made blissful by the gratifying intelligence that Prince Alexis had at last arrived.

But, beyond the excitement of the reception and parade, which was arranged for the noble guest, the belies were chiefly exercised upon the question of the Academy ball. Not that Academy balls were such rare and enchanting events. By no means! But because this particular ball was to be so very exclusive that none but the genuine patricians would dare to send in their names with a request for tickets. It was distinctly given out that Mrs. Shoddy was to be trampled outhlessly under foot by that incorruptible body known as the Committee of Arrangements.

So, Greta Grinnell's delight may be imagined, when, on coming down to breakfast one dark November morning, she found on her plate two precious bits of paper, neither more nor less than tickets for the Russian ball.

"Two! Oh, you dear, darling papa," flying up to that august personage. (He was a Bear, whose growls shook Wall street; but a patient and amiable Bruin enough, where his pretty daughter was concerned.) "Why, you're princely! One was all I dared hope for. Can I invite anybody I choose—anybody?"

Mr. Grinnell's attention being divided between his newspaper and a broiled bird, he contented himself with a good-natured nod in reply to this outburst.

"Man, or woman?" said Greta, neglecting her coffee, and gazing abstractedly at the tickets. "I think I'll ask a woman; I don't want any handsomer or better escort than you, papa!"

"Tut!" said the old gentleman; but gratified, nevertheless. "What do you want now, you coaxing puss? There's a bank-note for an hundred dollars under your plate; is that enough to buy the bracelet I heard you sighing for?" A certain turquoise bracelet was all that was wanting to complete Greta's toilet for the grand occasion, and, after exhausting her vocabulary of thanks, she returned to the important question of deciding who should be the lucky possessor of that extra ticket.

"There's Carrie Motley; but it's too late to send to Boston, I'm afraid. Ruth Lindsay? No; she'll go with the De Prysters, of course. I have it! Do put down that paper, and listen to me for five minutes, papa; may I give that ticket to Mlle. Kourbsky, and ask her to go with us?"

"Who?" demanded Mr. Grinnell, finding it quite impossible to attend to his newspaper and Greta at the same time, and, like a wise man, resigning the newspaper.

"Don't you remember? That young Russian lady, who was at the Sunderlands the day we dined with them? I've seen a good deal of her, lately, and, papa, she's lovely!"

"Hum! That tall, fair woman, with a sad face? Yes," said Mr. Grinnell. "She didn't look like an adventuress, Greta; but, somehow, I don't fancy——"

"Foreigners!" burst in Greta. "Adventurers! I should think not! Bessie Sunderland says they (the Kourbskys) knew the very nicest people in London. I believe M. Kourbsky is a political exile."

"If so, my dear, it is hardly likely that he will care to have his daughter attend a ball given for one of the imperial family."

"Well," said Greta, opening her big, brown eyes, in a comical way. "What's the matter with you, papa? I never knew you to argue a point—"

"With you," said the old gentleman, laughing, as he made his way to the door. "Do as you choose, puss; I've no objection to Mlle. Kourbsky, or any other woman that you fancy."

Greta decided mentally that her father was a jewel among his species, and then fled up stairs' to put on a walking-dress and go out.

Very pretty she looked, half an hour later, as she went down the Avenue at a brisk pace, her bright face glowing with smiles and dimples at the thought of the pleasure she was about to confer on another woman—a woman, too, whom she felt instinctively, had known sorrow.

"My errand at Tiffany's can wait," thought Greta, as she set her foot to cross Twenty-third street. "I may not find her at home if I go later."

No. 324 West, was a good walk, however, and Greta felt rejoiced to learn from the servant that Mlle. Kourbsky was at home, and "up stairs in her own parlor, sure; the first flight above."

"Come in," said a soft voice, in answer to her knock, and, opening the door Greta saw a pretty tableau. On the sofa lay a splendid-looking old man, with a snowy beard and massive head that brought the great masters of painting to remembrance. He had evidently just fallen asleep, for his hand was laid on the lap of the girl who sat beside him—a girl with the fair hair, transparent skin, and lovely, limpid blue eyes of her race. She turned her head as the door opened, made a gesture of surprise and pleasure as her eyes met Greta's, and, rising softly, without awaking the sleeper, she-opened the door of an inner apartment, and ushered the visitor into her own room.

"You will pardon my informality," she said, in her gentle, foreign voice, with a slight accent. "My father was so much excited this morning, upon reading of the arrival of our Prince, that I cannot endure to waken him; he is far from strong. Miss Grinnell, I am so very glad to see you."

"May I kiss you?" demanded Greta, with frank admiration for the young foreigner. "There! that's so much nicer and more friendly than a hand-shake. I've been coming for a week; but I've been so busy. And now I want to ask a favor; will you go with papa and me to the Grand Duke's ball? Don't say no! I've got it all arranged, charmingly, and you shall not have one bit of trouble."

Mlle. Kourbsky's blue eyes opened in amazement, as her impulsive visitor announced her errand. She tried to say something polite—her voice broke suddenly, and she burst into tears.

"Now I have done it!" cried Greta, remorsefully, kneeling down beside her. "You might as well forgive me at once, for I mean to carry my point, you know. Pray don't cry, dear mademoiselle."

"Call me Olga," and the Russian girl put her arm around Greta's neck, and returned her kiss with lips that trembled sorely.

"You will think me very weak," she said, steadying her voice at last; "but it overcame mesuddenly. Your great kindness—for I know how difficult it is to obtain tickets—the remembrance of my last ball—home—Russia——". Tears choked the sweet voice again.

"And I wanted to tell you," said Greta, with a hesitancy very foreign to her usual impetueus conversation. "I mean, I wanted to say, that if I could help you with any suggestions about your dress—— Dear me! I'll never get it out if you look at me so; but anything I have is at your service." For answer, Olga broke into a little laugh—a laugh, too, with so much arch amusement in it, that Greta stared.

"Pardon! You will try to forgive my great rudeness. I have a ball-dress, which I think I can arrange. Dear Miss Grinnell, I cannot thank you for your generous offer," and an eloquent glance told the gratitude which her limited English made it difficult for her to translate.

There was something perfectly fascinating to Greta in Olga's fair, sad face; and she sat for an hour chatting, trying to drive the cloud away from her new friend's heart. But it had lain there too long and heavily to be charmed away so easily, and, when Greta went away, it was only with a conditional promise—that going to the ball depended upon what M. Kourbsky said on the subject.

Olga stood for some moments after her friend left her, thinking deeply. She was balancing in her mind the expediency of going to this ball; would it be wise? And she had almost decided that she would like to go, when a movement in the parlor told her that her father was awake.

"Have I been sleeping, Olga?" said the old man.
"I thought I heard voices, or was I dreaming?"

"No; it was that pretty Miss Grinnell. She came to give me an invitation," said Olga, seating herself beside him, and half-afraid to tell him Gerta's mission.

"An invitation, donshenka," (darling.) "I am glad; your cheeks have grown paler of late than I care to see them."

"She wished me to attend Prince Alexis' ball," said Olga, faintly.

The color flew into the old man's face.

"Unpack my court-dress, girl," cried he, bitterly, with a wild glance upward. "Is this suitable attire in which to walk up and kiss his Highness's hand? Hand, forsooth! Have I not carried him in these arms many a time? Now, thanks to a Czar's ingratitude and credulity, I am forbidden to intrude myself upon his presence," and tears gathered in his frenzied eyes, and rolled slowly down on his white beard.

"I feared this," sighed Olga, as she drew his head down on her bosom.

But he shook her away, impatiently.

"Do you want to go, Olga?"

"Nay; no matter, father," she said, humbly.

"But you shall to Why not? Balls are your lawful enjoyment; you used to like them." The girl winced, but he never saw it! "And this Mees; what did you call her?" (M. Kourbsky never could manage English names.) "Did she solicit you to go?"

"I said I would ask your advice, I think." A hot glow dyed her face, and her calm voice shook. "I think I would like to see a Russian face once more."

Her father took no notice, apparently, of the pathos in her tone, but bade her write a note to Miss Grinnell, and accept the invitation. Olga noticed that terms of endearment were showered upon her that day-sure token that the old man's heart was sorely moved.

The long-waited-for, much-talked-of evening came at last, and Greta Grinnell (after keeping her long-suffering papa waiting for an hour) was at last driven to Mlle. Kourbsky's door. To Mr. Grinnell's infinite relief Olga was ready, and, in a few moments more, the trio were following in the wake of the long line of carriages which blocked Fourteenth street from Fifth Avenue to the doors of the Academy.

"I declare, it's equal to a queen's drawingroom," said Greta, as, after another half-hour. she found herself in the reception-rooms. "I was ironed flat on the stair-case; nothing but a dance will restore my temper. Olga! And the excitable little New Yorker stared in blank amazement at Mile. Kourbsky.

She had been rather troubled, in secret, as to the toilet which her new friend might possess, and as Olga threw open her cloak, Greta turned curiously to look at the result. What she saw was a marvelous dress of some gauze-like, silken texture, exquisitely trimmed with holly, as only Worth, or Aurelli, or some other great artist, could have trimmed it. On the Russian girl's neck was a simple chain; but the locket attached to it was a costly cameo set in brilliants. Her hair was adorned with holly-berries and leaves, to match her dress, and one long flowing ringlet fell down over her right shoulder. The lovely, sad face, with its crown of golden hair, seemed to single her out, even among that crowd of the most beautiful women in the great metropolis.

"Well," said Greta, in an emphatic whisper, "I don't wonder that you laughed at my cool offer of assistance. I'd give a fortune; yes, a fortune for that toilet. Where upon earth-if it's not an impertinent question-did you get that marvel of a dress?"

"It came from Worth's, in Paris," said Olga, smiling. "I wore it once, in Russia. I am glad it pleases you." Then, with a visible effort, "some one whom I loved saw me in it last."

When they at last got into their box, there was Lack of gazers, as Greta found. Mlle. Kourbsky bade fair to create a genuine sensation; and Greta congratulated herself upon her foresight, as man after man begged for an introduction to, and a dance with, her friend. And, finally, the national air of Russia burst forth in a stream of melody from the orchestra, as the Grand Duke quietly entered a stage-box, and was enthusias- { with hoping that Olga was dancing. And, pre-

tically greeted by the assembly. A flush of excitement dyed Olga's pale face, as she leaned eagerly forward, striving to catch a glimpse of the tall figure; her flowers lay unheeded in her lap, she clasped her small hands together convulsively, and her lips trembled as the grand hymn pealed out high above the applause. And her fair face, with its crown of burnished-gold braids, caught the eye of a gentleman in the second box from Mr. Grinnell's, and, with an exclamation, he seized his opera-glass, and gazed fixedly at the unconscious girl.

Greta concluded to go on the floor after the first set had been danced, and Fred Glendenning was the lucky man who escorted the new beauty. But as Greta was following, on her father's arm, somebody touched Mr. Grinnell's shoulder, and turning, Greta saw a very handsome young man, who bowed profoundly.

"Monsieur will pardon me," said the stranger, with a strong foreign accent, but in excellent English. "I would ask him the name of the lady who was but now in his box-the lady who wore the holly on her dress. Will monsieur oblige me?"

"Certainly, sir," said the old gentleman, courteously, shooting a keen glance at the questioner. "The lady is a friend of my daughter's; Mlle. Kourbsky, a Russian lady."

Greta, looking curiously at him, saw and noted two items-one, that the stranger wore a sprig of holly in his button-hole; the other, that he changed color at her father's reply.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," he said. "Monsieur, receive my thanks, and believe that no impertinent curiosity prompted the question. May I presume upon mousieur's kindness, and ask him to deliver this card to Mlle. Kourbsky?" and, again bowing politely, the stranger drew back, and entered a box on their left.

"You'd better take charge of this," said Mr. Grinnell, eying the bit of pasteboard as if it was a torpedo, or something of an equally inflammable nature. "I can't make it out."

It was a plain card, as Greta's quick eyes saw, with a faint tracing in pencil of a holly sprig, and below, a date, "Palace d'Hiver, Janvier

"It must be a former acquaintance," said Greta, turning to find out the mystery, but determined not to betray her anxiety. "Never mind getting out your eye-glasses, papa. I'll give it to Olga."

But reaching her was a work of time, as billows of lace, satin, and tulle, intervened between the friends, and Greta had to content herself sently, her own turn came, and Mr. Grinnell was left to keep guard over two bouquets, while his daughter waltzed off with Cliff De Peyster.

"Are you here at last, dear," said a soft voice at Greta's side, as, after taking a turn, Mr. De Peyster paused to regain his breath. "What a crowd this is!"

"I have an adventure for you, Olga," Greta contrived to say, softly, as the gentlemen exchanged a few words. "A stranger—such a handsome stranger!—gave this to pupa for you."

Every particle of color forsook Olga's face, as she glanced down at the mysterious card; then Greta heard a low ejaculation—"Ah, mon Dieu!" as the blue eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Here comes the Grand Duke!" burst in Cliff De Peyster, wheeling about, and Greta turned to look at the princely guest, and, for the moment, forgot Olga. Prince Alexis was looking just the least trifle bored as he came toward them, on the arm of one of the august Committee, evidently upon the way to be introduced to somebody; but suddenly, as Greta looked at him, his face lit up with a smile of pleased recognition, and, with a hasty "Pardon," to his escort, he stopped directly beside Mile. Kourbsky, and said, in French,

"Princess Olga! Who could have dreamed of meeting you here?"

A lovely blush crossed the fair Russian's face, as she curtsied, profoundly.

"I did not dare to hope to be recognized by your royal highness," she said, in the same language. But Prince Alexis' next movement was to look at his dancing list, and, after murmuring a polite apology to the Manager, the Grand Duke walked quietly away with Olga upon his arm!

Greta rubbed her eyes, and stared, comically. Princess! Yes; that was certainly what the Duke called Olga, and here was Mr. De Peyster plying her with distracting questions, none of which she could answer. This was as good as a fairy tale, with all the modern improvements; almost as nice as being presented to the Grand Duke himself.

Meanwhile, Olga, scarcely heeding that she was the object of many gazers, was talking softly with the Prince in their own language, thereby being secure from listeners.

"We last met in the Winter Palace, Princess; how strange that we should meet again in the New World. I had heard that you found an asylum in England."

"It is scarce stranger than that Michael Kourbsky thould be an exile," she said, sorrowfully.

"It was that wretched French affair," interposed the Grand Duke, hastily. "I was away, and my father acted without his usual deliberation. And yet I sympathized with the young Duc—his was too young and hot a head to intrust with such a mission, and Prince Michael upheld him a day too long."

"We will not speak of that, your highness," she said, haughtily, but with suppressed feeling.

"Nay; but his aiding the Duc de Neuilly's escape was the immediate cause of your father's exile."

"T was for his wretched child's sake—poor father!" fell from Olga's lips, in a hoarse whisper.

. The chivalrous heart of the listener was touched; how could he gaze unmoved at the sad lines which two short years had made upon the face which had been called the fairest at the court of the Czar.

"Will you listen to a short story, Princess Olga? It must be very short, for I see a Manager looking for me, and I must not detain you long. At Madeira I was sent for, one day, to see a sick man, who was supposed to be dying, on board the French frigate. He told me a story, Princess; a sad, sweet story of a young Russian girl's devotion, and how she and her father aided his escape from the empire, at the risk of their lives; told it so well that my sympathies were at once enlisted, and I promised to find trace of that girl, and give her his last message. But," and a merry smile lit his blue eyes, as he glanced down at his trembling companion. "He did not die, after all. The doctors said I proved a new medicine for him. And when he recovered sufficiently for me to hear the whole story of the faux pas in Russia, I became so convinced of his entire innocence, that I-this is a secret, Princess; it would never be wise to let it go further -I brought him to America in my own frigate, as a guest, and---''

44 He is here!" Olga whispered, for once interrupting royalty.

"This very day," continued Prince Alexis, with a sparkling, mischievous smile. "The Duc told me—— Princess, if you turn your head to the right you will see a sprig of holly,"

The surging crowd had carried them onward, and, as Olga lifted her crimson face, there, just before her, in their path, stood Raoul de Neuilly.

"I resign you, Princess, to a fortunate and happy man," said Prince Alexis, with emphasis, as the lovers' eyes met. "Say to Prince Michael that, if he will permit, I will pay my respects to him to-morrow. Adieu! and let this evening prove to you that Alexis has not forgotten the childish days at Moscow, or his lovely playmate."

The music swelled out in a grand burst of har-

mony; the dancers with light feet sped past Olga, the party who went up to West Point on the like figures in a dream; all she knew was that her hand was on Raoul's arm, and that his dear voice was whispering the old, old story-the story he had first told her that ball-night at the Winter Palace, where she had worn her hollyberries, as now; the story which her faithful little heart had been saying over ever since they

But we must not say good-bye to the Academy ball, without telling how Greta was made happy by a dance; yes, two dances with the Grand Duke; and how proud she was when included in "Mary Powell," though, as she warmly confessed, "it was every bit owing to that dear, darling Olga-bless her !"

This winter, in Washington, there was a grand furore over the Duc de Neuilly and his sweet. gracious bride; and, although the exiles may never return to Russia, they bid fair to be very happy in our dear democratic country. But this little story which I have told you, where Prince Alexis figured as a sort of Deus ex machina, is one romance of the Academy ball which did not reach the reporters!

EVENING LIGHT.

BY ISA CRAIG.

Day-a happy harvest day-Passes peaceful to its close; Labor loiters, pauses pluy, And for both awaits repose.

Over fields of gathered sheaves Flocks of fleecy clouds have strayed; Over bowers of Autumn leaves' Gloom and gleam alternate played: . .

Now the skies on either hand Part like seas, and clouds sail o'er, To the golden pebbled strand Of a white celestial shore.

Now the shore is growing gray! All grows gray from east to west! And half sad we turn away, With a dim and vague unrest.

Turn again! the sun is low, And a pale cloud, tinged with red, Glows as swift as blushes glow, Spreads as swift as blushes spread.

Caught from cloud to cloud the flush Deepens as it kindles still-In the west a burning blush, Fainter on the eastern hill.

> Swiftly, too, the glory fades-Even as we gaze it dies; Surely, too, the night invades, And the rapture sinks in sighs.

Like a vision of the just At his latter end it is-Sober day of work and trust Evening glow as grand as this.

Life and labor both are done, Drawing near death's solemn night: Yet, at setting of the sun, At the even-time is light!

Back o'er all his life it streams, All the round of life its sky; Love is burning in its beams, Hope is lighting him to die.

VISION OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY CHARLES L. MOORE.

THE tallow-candle flickers, On the quaint old stand; And within the rude stone fire-place, Snaps the knarled, hemlock brand, While the floor, so white and spotless, Is sprinkled o'er with sand.

The loom, with its reeds and shuttles, And the distaff by its side; And the flax, all whipped and carded-Linen, pile on pile, beside, Tell me plain as lips could say it, Health and plenty here reside.

The old wood clock in the corner, Swings with a measured beat; And the good dame plies her needles: While the children at her feet List to their father's reading Of some far-off, shipwrecked fleet.

Near the ceiling, o'er the mantel, Hangs an ancient flint-lock gun: Just beneath it hangs the portrait Of our father, Washington, And an eagle, proudly soaring, With a banner toward the sun.

On the mat of braided corn-husks, Faithful Fido dreaming lies; On the hearth-stone sits the kitten, . Looking meek, demure, and wise; And tired Bennie, on the cricket, Winks, and wipes his sleep eyes.

But as I wake from dreamy slumber, The old times vision fades from v'ew; Yet its memory lingering tells me: Ne'er from love and labor grew-Faithless friends, deserted firesides, Naught but brave hearts, kind and true.

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

If she only had that letter back; if she had only kept it by her until this morning, as she at first intended! And now it was too late, the letter had been received and read; yes, docketed, and put away in that odious methodical manner which he carried into the smallest matters. How she hated him as she thought about it; everything he said or did, from his rather hesitating voice to his creaking boots, was food for her detestation. And she could do nothing; he would not release her, at least not without telling the whole story-for he could be vindictive enough when he considered himself ill used. Slow as he was, he would get at her reasons, and tell the entire history to Bolton Mordred, and so leave her in a more pitiable case than at present, because there would be nothing for it but to go home to her relations, acknowledge herself worsted in the battle for station and wealth, and accept such stupidity in the way of existence as their regulations might dole out to her.

The whole business was utterly unendurable; the prize she had striven so hard for during the past months, turned into this most loathsome mockery, now that it was within her reach. It seemed that fate had a special delight in thwarting and tormenting her. Of course, there came the reflection that she had brought this trouble on herself by her double lealing, her lack of truth, her deliberate stifling of her own heart at the dictates of ambition. But she got away from that view of the case; there were plenty of argnments to use in her own favor, and in the end she regarded herself as the most ill-treated and unfortunate girl the sun ever shone on.

Then she took up the letter which had been brought to her with her morning's coffee, reread it, crumpled it in her hands as if it had been some sentient thing that could feel a hurt; for it was a letter from an old-maid friend, which told Harriet Crosby that the one man she had ever cared for, with whom she had trifled abominably, and left to bear the trouble as he could, had just come into a fortune. To add to the bitterness of her feelings, the letter went on to say that Bolton Mordred was coming up to the quiet sea-side place where she herself was staying-quite unaware of her presence, howeverbe engaged. And of all girls, that it should be Violet Lee-Miss Crosby's special detestation. She remembered the creature perfectly; had met her in Washington the previous winter, and hated her with a hatred passing that of women.

And only the evening before she had answered Mr. Iverson's letter, accepting his offer of marriage, adding words of tenderness which made her blood tingle as she remembered them, but less because she was ashamed of her duplicity than because she knew that if she were to try to throw him over and win her old lover back, he would put that letter into Bolton's hands, and whatever else in her conduct she might have the art to excuse, she could not palliate in Mordred's eyes the fact that she had written words of affection and tenderness to another man.

It was still early; the confinement of the house was an additional misery; she must go out for a walk on the beach, and think the business over, and try to find a clue that should free her from the labyrinth, though she knew well enough there was none. She could not give Iverson his dismissal unless she were certain that her old power over Mordred could be regained; and the first news to meet him on his arrival, would be that of her engagement. Iverson would not keep it secret, though as yet nobody knew anything about it; he had only been a couple of days in the place. She had worked hard enough to secure him; spent six stupid weeks that spring among his odious relations in Baltimore, where he lived, for that express purpose; and he had been so shy, and so slow, that she nearly went out of her senses from suspense. Now she had won. But just soon enough to deprive her of the sole chance of happiness this world could offer.

There was a road led back from the beach toward the hills. A steep, stony, ill-natured road as one could wish to see, with deep ruts nobedy ever thought of mending, and diabolical log bridges here and there, with fiendish holes in them, apparently on purpose to break the necks of horses or humans. Up this road Harriet Crosby strolled idly, and at last stopped to rest under a little thicket of pine-trees, though her fatigue was more mental than physical. There she sat and looked away over the ocean, that following a pretty girl to whom he was said to shone treacherously in the morning sun; listened

to the birds, who were busy on the branches above her head, watched a nest of ants hard at work, as if there was nothing of any importance except their own affairs, and hated the sun for shining, the birds for singing, and herself for being alive.

Then, clatter came the sound of horse's hoofs down the hill, and looking out from her covert, Miss Crosby saw that the horse's rider had lost control over him, and in spite of her wicked thoughts, she started to her feet with a genuine thrill of horror and fright.

Another instant and the horse had reached one of the murderous log-bridges—stumbled—righted himself—caught his foot in a deeper hole, and went down, rolling over his rider with a dreadful thud, which made her so sick and faint she could not move.

The man's riding-cap blew off as he fell. She caught sight of the pale, set features, and knew that Mr. Iverson lay within ten feet of her, maimed, senseless, perhaps dead.

She was just as much horrified as any human being could have been, yet, when she got strength to walk toward the spot, she was conscious of thinking that if he were dead, and she found it impossible to win Bolton Mordred, then, after all, destiny had contrived for her a defeat worse than that she had so lately been deploring.

As she reached the bridge the horse was struggling so violently to extricate himself she dared not approach too near. Fortunately, Iverson was lying so that the creature's hoofs did not strike him; but once the frightened animal fell back, after having managed partially to rise, and nothing but the saddle hitting a broken timber, prevented his full weight descending on the motionless form.

Harriet Crosby was not a woman to stand still and let any human being be killed oefore her eyes without making some effort to save him. How she contrived to do it she could not tell; but as the horse was trying to right himself, after the second fall, she got up close, and contrived to pull the senseless body a little way along the logs, so that it was out of reach of danger.

The horse was up now, and limped away to a short distance, looking back at the scene of disaster with a rueful air, as if trying to make up his mind whether he need reproach himself for what had occurred.

Miss Crosby bent over the prostrate figure on the bridge. The blood was trickling slowly from a wound in the temple, where he had struck a knot in one of the logs; but she knew that could not be the worst hurt; there must have been

some internal injury, received from the horse's fall.

Something must be done. At that moment she saw two workmen coming up the road. She beckoned frantically, and cried out at the top of her voice. When they reached the spot, she explained rapidly what had happened, and perceiving they went dazed, immediately issued her orders imperatively enough to insure obedience.

Between them they raised Mr. Iverson, and carried him to the roadside, and laid him on the grass.

"One of you run to the hotel," said Miss Crosby. "There's a doctor there, who is to leave this morning. Hurry, or he may be gone. Tell him Mr. Iverson is hurt. The other go up to the farm-house yonder, and bring a wagon."

Harriet, left alone with the senseless body, was silent for awhile. Suddenly a thought came into her mind: if that letter should be in his It was so much his habit to study things-read his letters over and over, that it might easily be. She looked about; there was nobody in sight; she would have some moments yet to herself. She stooped again-unbuttoned his coat; there was a leather case in one of the pockets. She took it out, and searched through the contents. Several letters were there, but not hers. She put the case back, and resumed her seat. But, as she glanced toward the bridge, she saw something glitter on the logs, in the sunlight. She hurried thither. It was a little bunch of keys that had dropped there when he fell. She hid them in her dress, and returned to her watch.

He was not dead—he would not die; and his long illness would give her time to discover if she had any hope of winning Bolton Mordred again; perhaps give, too, in the very outset, a chance to lay hands on the letter. The future might be in her own control yet.

The sound of wagon-wheels became audible at last. The people were coming from the farmhouse. Before they reached the spot, the doctor drove rapidly up, in the very buggy that was to have taken him to catch the railway train at Lot's Corners, good four miles distant.

"A terrible thing; a very terrible thing, Miss Cusby," said the doctor, as he got out of the buggy, and bent over the senseless man, while the rest stood silently awaiting his verdict.

"Is he dead?" Miss Crosby asked, in a slow, unnatural way.

The doctor put his ear in one place, and listened; lifted an arm; squinted; made a wry face, and finally said,

"Now lift him, you men, and lay him flat in

the wagon! You've got a straw mattress? All right! Drive carefully to the hotel. No, Miss Crosby, he's not dead. I suppose there must be some internal injury; but I can't tell you anything yet."

He told her that he would drive her back. They watched Mr. Iverson laid in the wagon, then the doctor helped her into the buggy.

CHAPTER II.

"ARE you much frightened?" he asked, eyeing her narrowly.

"No T can't tell I feel stunned I saw him fall!" she answered.

"Then tell me just how it happened. I see you have some sense, and can do it."

She did not pay any attention to the doubtful compliment, but told what she had to say as simply as possible.

"We must telegraph his friends," said the doctor, who was an acquaintance of Iverson's. "His sister in Baltimore, I suppose, is the proper person to send for."

"When the postman came from the Corners yesterday he said the wires were down," observed Miss Crosby,

"Of course they are; things always happen so! Well, I'll write to a friend in Boston, and have him telegraph from there."

They drove on for a little in silence, then the doctor said.

"The people will all act like fools. I can't get a nurse here before to-morrow or the day after."

"I shan't act like a fool," replied she. "I can help; so will Mrs. Morris."

The idea which had come to her a few moment before, returned; fate meant to let her get that letter back!

The doctor drove furiously on. They were in view of the hotel, the wagon following; people on the veranda straining their eyes to catch a first sight of their approach

"Will it be very serious?" asked Miss Crosby.

"I'll tell you that in a fortnight," replied the doctor. "If, between now and then, he gets his senses back, even for a moment, I'm more mistaken than I ever was in my life."

They reached the hotel; people all shouted at once; ran hither and thither, seized the doctor, and were unceremoniously shaken off, and, presently, he relieved his feelings by a little plain language, which did good. Mr. Iverson was carried up to his room; the doctor put everybody out except two men whom he needed. Miss Crosby remained standing on the veranda, and in ten actly thirty-five times. Then she rebelled, and was meditating an escape to her chamber, when the omnibus, that went twice a day to the Corners, drove up, and brought Violet Lee and her mother.

Miss Crosby went forward, pretending to be full of astonishment, and said she never was so glad in her life, and was so charming and cordial, that Violet felt it very good of her, as they had only met for a fortnight in the rush and whirl of Washington.

Miss Crosby spent the rest of the morning in her chamber, telling Mrs. Morris, who had brought her to the sea-side, that ske was so unstrung by that accident, she must go to bed, which was natural enough, her friend thought. But she went down stairs to the early dinner, nevertheless, and, as her seat was close to Violet's, they talked a great deal. To the table at large Miss Crosby talked of the accident; Mr. Iverson was such a fine man, she said-she knew his sister very well-all in a matter-of-course way, which did not rouse a suspicion that the sufferer was any more to her than to the rest. She told Mrs. Morris what the doctor said about nurses, and some of the ladies thought it would be dreadful; others were delighted at the idea of doing a little amateur sister-of-charity work, and would have invaded the sick-room in shoals, had not the doctor shut the door in their faces. When night came, he settled that Mrs. Morris and Miss Crosby were to stay there until two o'clock, then he would come himself. But this was not yet; there was the afternoon to get through, and Miss Crosby spent the greater part of it doing the agreeable to Violet Lee. Had Violet been a man worth millions, Miss Crosby could not have made herself more fascinating.

"It seems so odd to think of our meeting in this out-of-the-way place," she said. "How did you happen to come here?"

" Mamma's doctor advised it. He said it was just the air for her; and the quiet was what she needed."

"It's quiet enough, in all conscience," replied Harriet, laughing. "I take your coming as a special dispensation in my favor! Dear Mrs. Morris would insist on my accompanying her; I never can refuse people I like! Now that sounds hypecritical. I don't mean to set up for being nice; I'm the most obstinate, unamiable creature alive."

"I shall accept that with a grain of salt," said Violet, thinking what a peculiar face Miss Crosby had-not handsome in repose; but very pleasant to look at when animated, and her voice had a minutes had to tell the story of the accident ex-, subtle charm which few people could resist.

"Well, I do hope you will believe me nice, and like me," continued the young lady. "I took a great fancy to you in Washington; but in that whirl one never had time to breathe. I dare say you had forgotten all about me."

There was sufficient truth in this for Violet to be a little at a loss what answer to make, but Miss Crosby spared her the trouble by asking,

"Where have you been since the season closed?"

"In Boston; that is home to me now, you know."

"I went to Baltimore on a visit. Oh, how stupid it was! They were the best people in the world—relatives of that poor Mr. Iverson, by the way. Then I went home to New Jersey; but you know I've a step-father, and three half-sisters. You may think I wasn't sorry when Mrs. Morris would have me go to New York, and come here after. Oh, dear, it's an aimless sort of existence one leads!"

Violet, girl-like, immediately began to weave a romance out of Miss Crosby's life—a cruel step-father—a blighted affection, and several other interesting ingredients presenting themselves to her imagination; and she thought Miss Crosby very peculiar and very interesting, and was glad they had met.

Meantime, Miss Crosby wanted to bring up Bolton Mordred's name. If she could only discover whether the two were actually engaged, it would assist her plans materially.

"I am wretchedly nervous to-day," she said. "That awful accident has quite upset me."

"No wonder! How brave you were to help him, the doctor told me," returned Violet. "Has Mr. Iverson been here long?"

"No; only a few days. How surprised we were to stumble over each other in this impossible place. I believe he had some business in the neighborhood—something about a proposed railway," replied Miss Crosby, with beautiful composure.

"I have met him a few times," Violet said. "He seems a nice, gentlemanly person."

"I should think so. I knew his sister very well. He is rather reserved, and I think a little shy of young ladies," she answered.

But she had no wish to talk about Mr. Iverson; she had said just enough to everybody. Mrs. Percy would come on, of course, in answer to the doctor's summons; but Mrs. Percy had no idea whatever that there was anything between her brother and Miss Crosby. She had no mind that he should marry now, for he was past forty; and not having done it in his youth, it would be all nonsense for him to rush into matrimony so

late, and deprive her two boys of the chance of inheriting his money. Mr. Iverson had kept his own counsel, thinking it would be quite time enough to have his sister's expostulations when he returned to Baltimore.

But there was no further opportunity for the young ladies to improve their acquaintance by a longer tete-a-tete. There were not many young men at Binnyford, but the few there were, thought it proper to do the agreeable to the brace of damsels, and came up with that stern intent.

Of course, there was a little depression over everybody's spirits from the terrible catastrophe of the morning. The boldest of the youths had not courage to propose a sail, or music, or a dance; so they dragged the long hours on very much as half the people in the world do on Sunday—with an air of resignation that makes one smile.

As the landlord was crossing the veranda, somebody called to know if he expected any guests by the evening train.

"Not as he knowed on," was the reply—Binnyford being sufficiently primitive in its inhabitants to speak the vernacular untrammeled by the rules of grammer or custom. "Two or three had writ to ask about rooms, and one chap was a comin' the next morning."

Of course, the name was asked out of pure idleness.

"It's a kind of a queer fixed-up name," the landlord averred, pulling a letter out of his pocket. "That's it; I haint just got the twist of it yet. I'm a great one for studyin' over things consid'rable," and he shook his head, and looked very profound.

"Do read the mysterious name," cried Miss Crosby, addressing the gentleman who had taken the letter.

So the name was given—Bolton Mordred. Several of the men knew him. A variety of exclamations followed, and in the midst of them, Miss Crosby said in a low voice, as if half to Violet, half to herself,

"How very strange! And we have not met so long-so long."

Violet glanced quickly up and caught a faint sigh. Miss Crosby saw that she looked a little odd, and was satisfied.

"You know him, Miss Lee?" she asked; and it seemed to Violet that the lady made an effort to speak indifferently.

"Very well," replied Miss Lee. "Is he an old friend of yours?"

"We used to be friends—long ago. I don't know now---"

She broke off abruptly, and in a louder tone began talking for the general benefit. So nothing more was said about Bolton Mordred; but Violet was too thorough a woman to forget the brief agitation so at variance with Miss Crosby's usual elegant repose of manner, and cool self-possession.

CHAPTER III.

That was a long day to Harriet Crosby, filled with such varying and perplexed thoughts that when it ended, she was as tired as if she had walked several leagues, and carried a heavy load into the bargain.

In the evening she and Mrs. Morris went into the chamber of the wounded man. There was very little to be done—certain bandages to be kept wet with arnica; if there was the least change, the doctor told them to call him at once; but in all probability there would be none.

After he had gone out, Harriet went up to the bed and looked down at the motionless form. She was conscious of feeling very sorry for him; anything in the shape of physical hurt or pain touched her keenly; but she was thinking all the while how nicely it would settle her future if he could only come to his senses enough to make a will in her favor, and then die! If she only had money, she would do so much good, and be so good. It was only the exigencies of her life which forced her to be scheming and mean, and fawning. It was so tiresome to have to court people, and lay in wait for invitations. She fairly hated Mrs. Morris because she had been obliged to work so hard to get herself invited for the summer by that lady. And it was like living with a dormouse to live with Mrs. Morris, only it was better than to remain in her step-father's house, and be considered in the way, obliged to teach the younger children, and struggle to keep up appearances on narrow means.

But she was very kind and attentive to Mrs. Morris; she had a feeling that made her always anxious thoroughly to fulfill her part in a bargain. To-night she was not a bit more solicitous than usual for her friend's comfort, though she had an end to gain.

"You are to lie down on the lounge and have a nap, else you will be ill to-morrow," she said, after they had talked awhile.

But Mrs. Morris averred that she was not sleepy in the least; she was too much troubled about that poor man to close her eyes, and could hardly keep them open while she said it. But Harriet insisted that she should lie down in any case, and be read to; she could rest even if slumber was not to be had. In a very few mo-

ments Mrs. Morris was safe in the land of dreams. Harriet moved a screen to keep the light out of the good soul's face, and shut the rest of the room from her view, in case she should waken unexpectedly.

Miss Crosby rose and went to the bed; whether asleep or not, the wounded man was certainly unconscious, There was nothing to hinder her finding that letter—and to find it she was determined. At the further end of the chamber stood an old-fashioned escritoir; and she knew Iverson's methodical habits well enough to be certain that whatever papers he might have brought or received, were as carefully bestowed therein as if he proposed to pass the remainder of his life in his present quarters.

She took from his pocket the little bunch of keys which she had picked up on the grass; two of them evidently belonged to trunks, the other, so small, it probably opened the escritoir. She found herself correct in her supposition; the key turned easily in the lock—the escritoir was open. She set the shaded lamp on the desk, and began her search, not allowing herself to hurry or grow nervous lest she should overlook the object which tempted her into the degrading performance.

There were a good many papers—business documents, which he had doubtless meant to digest during his weeks of leisure—letters in quantities, but not hers. She felt furiously angry; she would have liked to smother him as he lay there helpless for thwarting her.

She thought she heard a sound outside the door; somebody might enter; Mrs. Morris might rouse up; there was no time to lose. She turned the papers over again, careful to put them back in their proper places, was about to close the lid in disgust, when an envelope slipped out from between two legal documents. She seized it; the superscription was addressed in her hand, and on the edge he had written, "Miss Crosby's answer."

She could feel the letter inside. She had won! A sound again, whether from without or within, it was too slight for her to tell. She raised the lamp; the light fell so that she could see the face of the wounded man. The eyes seemed to be open, and regarding her! She turned faint with dread, but had sense enough to close the escritoir, and lock it, and move the lamp to its former position. She made a great effort, and stepped quickly to the bed. There was no movement. The white lids lay passive over the eyes—she had frightened herself for nothing.

Then she heard Mrs. Morris' voice,

"Did you speak, Harriet?"

"No, ma'am; don't get up," came the answer, firmly enough, though she was trembling still from her fright.

But Mrs. Morris was getting up. The letter was in Harriet's hand. She crossed the room; a fire burned on the hearth, for the sea-wind made the night chilly. Harriet bent over it, thrust the letter into the flames, and glanced toward the bed with a little gesture of triumph.

Once more that thrill of terror made her shiver. She thought the eyes of the wounded man opened again and regarded her. She hurried back a few steps—it was fancy. He lay there in the same stony lethargy.

Mrs. Morris was up, and asking what made her shiver.

"Were you nervous?" she inquired.

"I don't know—perhaps—I'm tired a little." Miss Crosby threw herself into an easy-chair by the fire, and stirred the logs into a brighter flame. She was glad to talk and be talked to, and forget her fright in the recollection that she had her destiny once more in her own hands—two whole weeks, according to the doctor's verdict, in which to decide what it must be.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning was gorgeous as a midsummer morning ought to be, and, in accordance with the habit she had acquired since her arrival at Binnyford, Miss Crosby was up and out for another ramble.

"I suppose one can't expect two adventures two successive days," she thought, then shuddered to remember how awful it had been to see that horse and rider go down; then stopped short, thinking of pleasanter things—an enviable faculty, which often stood her in good stead.

But, in spite of her words, she was fated to meet a second adventure, though of a more agreeable nature than that of the previous mornning. She was inclined, notwithstanding her rather hard sense, to be somewhat superstitious, and could not resist believing it an omen of success in the plan she had marked out.

She was standing by the shore, idly watching the ripples break in the sand, when she saw a sail-boat round the point, and her quick sight detected a figure seated on the stern, whom she recognized instantly. Bolton Mordred had been stopping for a day or two down at Ilsley, and had now sailed up Bianyford Bay to save himself a long drive over a dull, sandy road.

He had not the least idea that Miss Crosby was

within a thousand miles of the spot, and could not have been much more surprised if a spirit had met him, than he was when that young lady, looking very handsome and fresh after her ramble, stopped him short as he was hurrying toward the hotel. It was not altogether an agreeable surprise, Miss Crosby could see that, though he held out his hand in answer to her greeting, and said sufficiently amiable things, but with a slight effort and trouble, which told her he had not entirely forgotten the past.

"It seems the oddest thing that we should meet anybody one knows in this out-of-the-way place," said Miss Crosby, "though I am getting used to saying that now, for several persons are here whom I should as soon have expected to see on the top of Mount Ararat."

Then he said something about the impossibility of finding a retreat, where one did not find somebody one knew—if that was what she wanted.

"Not a bit," said she. "I've no taste for playing hermit, or sitting alone to listen to 'the sad sea waves,' and that sort of thing! John Delaval and his cousin are here. You know them? And that poor Mr. Iverson, from Baltimore."

Him Mordred did not know. But why should that pitying epithet be affixed to his name? This, of course, not because he cared to hear, but because it was easier to ask it than to say anything else.

Miss Crosby related the story of the accident; told it briefly, but in a very dramatic way. It was plain she had been as brave and helpful as possible. Then, after a little, she said,

"We had a new arrival yesterday—Miss Lee.
You know her?"

"Oh, yes! very well;" and he tried to speak indifferently, adding, with a sort of defiance in his tone, "I knew she was here."

"Such a charming girl! I've not been so glad to see anybody in ages," returned Miss Crosby.

Mordred began to talk of the weather—the lovely view—any platitude that would come into his head,

"You've not said you were glad to see me," exclaimed Miss Crosby, abruptly.

"Then let me say it now."

"Better not, for I'm afraid it would not be true," she interrupted.

"Why should you be afraid of that?" he asked.

"Because I am glad to see you, and it isn't pleasant to think you wish me anywhere rather than here."

Vol. LXI.-23

"I don't know that I do wish it," he said.

"Well," returned she, smiling, "that is not over-demonstrative, but it is better than nothing! Do you know, it is almost three years since we have met. There is something I have wanted to say to you so long," she went on, rapidly. "You thought I did not treat you well in the old days. I couldn't speak freely even now, only I know that you have got over it all. Mr. Mordred, you are in love with Violet Lee."

He colored, though he tried to be indifferent, but the abrupt change in her sentence took him by surprise.

"Are you a conjurer?" he asked. "I have never told her, or anybody else, that such was the case."

"It came to me this instant. I believe in such revelations! Never mind; it is being sure what your errand here is that gives me courage to say all I have wished so long to tell you."

He felt himself grow hot and angry at this pertinacious reference to matters he wished to forget, but, for all that, he could not feel as bitterly toward her as he would have liked, while the spell of her beautiful eyes, and the indescribable magic of her voice, cast their thrall about him.

"You—you once thought you cared for me," she went on, hanging her head. "It sounds very bold and unwomanly to refer to it—but I must! I showed that I liked your society—"

"You certainly did as much as that," he broke in, bitterly, then stopped, ashamed even of uttering so much of a reproach.

"You can't blame me more severely than I have blamed myself," she said, sorrowfully, "yet I was not in fault. It is so difficult to tell—I I couldn't, only I know you are engaged to Violet."

"I am not," was his blunt rejoinder.

She looked terribly distressed, and said, pleadingly,

"Ah! be friends—be frank; at least, you love her."

"Yes-I do love her."

A beautiful smile, so teuching and sad, that he could not have resisted it, had he been more hostile toward her than he was, softened her face.

"I am glad; she is worthy of your affection!
An I now I can tell you; you will know now that
I only speak because I want to be friends—to
right myself in your esteem——"

·· To tell me what?" he asked, as she hesitated. She had to compose the story as she went along; but she did it very well. Her slight hesitations made it the more effective.

"The day you went away, after-after I had

seemed heartless—coquettish— The reason I let you go was because I had just learned that my step-father had spent every penny of my little fortune. You were poor. I could not add to your struggle with fate. I let you go. I can't tell you about myself—it's no matter! You have done well in your profession, and Violet's wealth enables her to do what perhaps I might have done, vain and worldly as you think me.'

"Do you suppose I would marry any woman for her money?" he asked, indignantly.

"No; but a true woman might easily refuse to clog your future, unless she had means of her own. You will win a reputation—you are doing it; but reputations don't always bring wealth in this country, and—— At least, I did right! I shall always feel that I had a little share in your fame, since I sacrificed—— Since I kept you from clogging yourself with a penniless wife. That's all I wanted to tell. Now say that we are friends, and let me wish you every success in your errand here."

It was plain that she spoke only to set herself right; that she had no thought except to be friends; yet it was evident that she had always cared for him—that she did care now. Bolton Mordred was not a man to be triumphant at that knowledge; he was genuinely sorry; but she had passed out of his life. The old fancy for her, though it had been passionate enough to make her conduct cause him extreme pain, was very unlike the absorbing love which filled his heart for Violet.

He could only accept her friendship, and say that he was glad there remained no shadow between them.

"I am glad, too; I am quite content," she answered "Now this subject is at an end forever; we don't either of us ever need to think of it any more."

He could have wished, lest she might suppose him influenced by Violet's money, to tell her of the fortune he had lately inherited, but it would sound like boasting; worse than that, like an intimation, that if she had been less cold-blooded, and reasoning for herself and him, they need. never have separated. That summer dream, like the pain it had occasioned him, lay so far back in the past that he could afford to be magnanimous, and he was glad to like and respect her once more. She might have made a mistake; but she had tried to do right; it was not for him to reproach her. Personally, he could be only thankful that his youthful fancy had been thwarted. It seemed so paltry, and thin, and valueless, compared to the great love of his matured manWhile he indulged in these reflections, Miss Crosby was thinking that there was nothing more to be gained at present; she must let him go—go to Violet. It filled her with a cruel rage to perceive that her old power was gone—nothing left but the calmness of friendship. But this would not last; she told herself that, in one way or another, she could win him back, and she loved him! Whatever she might be forced to do to accomplish her purpose, she could excuse everything to herself by that thought—she loved him. She held out her hand, and said,

"I'll not keep you any longer-good-by."

She moved abruptly away, and, after an instant's hesitation, he went on toward the house, too busy with the fancies which started up in his mind as he remembered that Violet was so near, to have leisure for thought where anybody else was concerned.

CHAPTER V.

VERY unromantic details have a habit of mixing themselves up with the most romantic phases of life, and often prove as successful Marplots as the stupidest or craftiest of humanity could do.

Violet Lee had caught cold in some way, and was indulging it a dreadful attack of neuralgia. She had suffered muelly all night, and borne it as patiently as she could, through fear of disturbing her mother. The pain was no better this morning; but she did manage to dress and go down stairs, wisely saying nothing about her wretched night, lest Mrs. Lee should insist upon her remaining in bed. That lady would not have been in the least sorry for an excuse to keep her daughter out of danger—at least what she considered such—for the news that Bolton Mordred was coming had not afforded her the unmitigated satisfaction it did Violet.

Mrs. Lee was one of those delicate, wheedling, apparently mild women, who are fearful tyrants in their sweet fashion, and fond of regulating the destinies of anybody under their control. it was an old fancy of Mrs. Lee's that Violet should marry a distant relative of hers, and Violet would as soon have dreamed of marrying her brother. But Mrs. Lee had never had the slightest doubt of her ultimate success, until this spring, when they made the acquaintance of Bolton Mordred, and the two young people unconsciously glided into an intimacy which roused the mother to a sense of the peril that menaced her plans. She was a wise little woman, and wasted no words in expostulations. She took Violet off on some pretext, and, finally, came to Binnyford; and Mordrey having learned, through }

a mutual friend, of her destination, traveled down to the quiet spot without loss of time.

"Did you know he was coming?" Mrs. Lee asked Violet, the night before.

"No, mamma," the young lady replied, with perfect truth, though she did not think it necessary to add, that she had felt perfectly confident he would come, as soon as he heard of their whereabouts.

"He is a very agreeable man," continued Mrs. Lee; "but a man to be careful of; there are reports——"

Here she stopped, not because she had the slightest objection to slandering Bolton; but because she could not exactly recal any basis upon which to found a more definite charge.

"Unfavorable reports, do you mean, mamma," Violet asked, coloring, and showing a little disposition to become belligerent.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lee, in her softest, feeblest voice, "there are certain subjects I never discuss with you. I am different, perhaps, from many mothers. Perhaps I am wrong; but there are things connected with many agreeable men in short—"

And Mrs. Lee waved the subject off with her pretty hands, which were her special pride; and Violet was too much vexed to say anything, except.

"I don't believe a word against Mr. Mordred, whoever told you!"

Although no confidence passed between them, she theroughly comprehended the grounds of her mother's disapproval, and saw looming up the moment when there must be an explanation, and Mrs. Lee learn that there were matters of too vital importance for her daughter to accept her dictation as patiently as she had heretofore done, in the thoughtless progress of her girlhood.

"She'll bring Hugh Leonards here before I know," thought Violet, as she undressed for bed. "I don't care; he may come, and we'll have the thing settled! Hugh is very nice, but I don't mean to marry Hugh; and mamma is the best and dearest mother in the world, but she must let me choose for myself, where my whole future is concerned."

That brought her around to other thoughts about Mordred, and, even in her solitude, the color shot into her cheeks, and she felt shy of this self-communion. She knew—at least she thought she knew—what was bringing him to Binnyford. He had never really made love to her; but there were certain interviews she could look back upon, certain words and looks she could recal, which made his heart sufficiently clear to her; and she could not hely feeling that it was only lack &

opportunity that had prevented his speaking more plainly. When mamma discovered how matters were going, it was astonishing how naturally and how neatly she always disturbed them at exactly the right moment.

Mordred had instinctively felt Mrs. Lee's opposition, though she was always charming with him; and he had it in his mind, once arrived at Binnyford, to make a clean breast of it, and at least know whether she meant to be his enemy or not.

The morning passed quietly enough. The doctor announced that there was no change in Mr. Iverson—he expected the nurse and Mrs. Percy the next day. In the meantime he must ask some of the ladies to be charitable, and do their share of amateur watching, as Miss Crosby and her friend had done on the previous night.

Then dinner came, and by that time Violet was suffering so much, that she could not keep the fact from her mother, and that lady bore her off in triumph, which she hid under a pretence of maternal solicitude, only equalled by the friendly interest, beneath which Miss Crosby disguised her satisfaction at this little cast of the dice in her favor.

CHAPTER VI.

During the next four days Violet had to become the doctor's patient also, and was kept a prisoner in her room the greater part of the time. How Mordred chafed and rebelled against this delay it is not difficult to fancy; but there was no help for it; and when Violet did descend for a little while, Mrs. Lee was always hovering about, or had some female to watch that dear Violet did not expose herself. She was inclined to be careless, poor child! Mordred wasted whole quires of paper in passionate letters, which he tore up, one after another. It was too inopportune a time to make his declaration; it might fall into her mother's hands; everything was going against him—he could only wait.

Mrs. Percy had arrived, and Miss Crosby had, to use a homly phrase, so many irons in the fire, that she needed to be as cool and steady as she was, to get through that difficult season without a blunder of some sort.

She certainly succeeded well. There was nobody who regarded her with a shadow of suspicion, unless it might be Mrs. Percy. That lady was somewhat disposed to be defiant, remembering that her brother had shown a preference for Miss Crosby, he had never exhibited toward any other young woman. But Harriet could afford to despise her; she was lady-like and civil, but not over-conciliatory; for she said to herself,

"If I want to marry Mr. Iverson she can't prevent it; no earthly power could make him go back from his word, and I wouldn't be on terms with her—the cat!"

She was the pleasantest and kindest of friends to Mordred, always bringing him news about Violet, and showing, by her sympathetic manner, that she understood and was sorry for him, though they had no confidence about it, for he was not much given to airing his feelings. But he did feel obliged to Miss Crosby, and did think how handsome she was, and how she had outgrown the faults of character which had been prominent when she was a few years younger; not that he ever discovered these faults until she wrung his heart so pitilessly.

She was charming to Mrs. Lee, and goodness itself to Violet. They both got very fond of her; and really, what with Mrs. Morris on her hands and all, she certainly did work hard, and could not have been more self-sacrificing if animated by the noblest motive! She was too keen not to discover that Mrs. Lee, for reasons of her own, was inimical to Mordred; and she never rested until she had wormed the secret out, though that lady was by no means easy on ordinary occasions to draw into indiscretions. Mrs. Lee hoped that Miss Crosby might repeat to Mordred what was said; she told her, rather vaguely, about Hugh Leonards and her hopes, where he and Violet were concerned.

"They were boy and girl lover," she said. "Violet fancies now that she only likes him as a brother; but she will find out the truth! Hugh is patient—let her amuse herself. She will flutter back to the nest, where she will be safest—my pretty white dove."

She folded her dainty hands in her lap, and sat looking such a picture of "masterly inactivity," that Miss Crosby admired her hugely.

CHAPTER VII.

How artfully it all came out, in a long conversation she had with Violet that night, and Violet exclaimed, indignantly,

"That is just mamma's fancy. Hugh is the dearest fellow in the world——"

"Now please don't go and be stiff, and tell fibs, for if you are not willing to talk about yourself, I must be silent about my own affairs; and I'm tired and lonely, and feel like being a goose and telling you all sorts of things I should be sorry for after."

They were sitting together in the moonlight. Mrs. Lee was down stairs playing whist; Violet was sufficiently free from pain to have descended also; but her mother would not hear of it, and, indeed, there was no motive for going. Mordred had gone blue-fishing with a party of young men, and would not be back till sometime the next day.

So Violet was glad to sit and talk with Miss Crosby, and think how different she was from any girl she had ever met, like somebody out of a picture or a poem. She had been sure, from the first, that Harriet was not happy, and she was not in the least averse to finding out her romance.

Harriet allowed herself to be persuaded into telling it, rather incoherently-half-laughing, sometimes, at her own weakness in opening her heart so freely; yet all the while showing how it ached under that pretence of gayety. She repeated the picture about her step-father having squandered the imaginary fortune wherewith she invested herself-portrayed her own conduct in such a noble light! She had thought it so beautiful to love a poor man; dreamed of the assistance she could be to him in his career; then, just as he put his heart into words, came that dreadful revelation. She could not burden him with a penniless wife-she let him go; she mocked her heart by a show of coquettish cruelty; he left her in anger. They had not met for several years; he had learned, though not through her, the whole truth; but-

"Then you will be happy, after all," Violet said. "I am so glad!"

"Happy?" repeated Miss Crosby, with a dreary spectre of a laugh. "That word is not written for me in the book of fate. I think he appreciates now the motives that actuated me; he exonerates me in his thoughts. And now he is wealthy; but all that does not put happiness within my reach."

"He is not married?"

Miss Crosby leaned forward, and looked at her in the moonlight.

"Married? Why, don't you know of whom I have been speaking?"

Something stirred like a ring of fire at Violet's heart—a sudden fear and suspicion, which brought a blinding pain she had never suffered in her whole life. She recollected Miss Crosby's looks and words the day Mordred's arrival was announced. She must have the whole secret now.

"If he cares for you still, what keeps you apart?" she asked.

"I believe he cares! Oh, I needn't lie—I know he cares! But, Violet, before he knew the truth, he had, to a certain extent, compromised himself; and he is a man to break his heart rather than not fulfill any promise."

"He is engaged then?" and felt a certain relief; it might not be as she feared.

"No, not that; but he is in a way bound—that is, there is some woman to whom he has paid attention, whose heart he has reason to think has gone out toward him, and he must, he must fulfill the pledge his attentions have given! I would not have him act otherwise for the world. Dearly as I love him, I should despise him if he showed a trace of weakness now!"

"And do you know the lady?"

"No; I have no idea who she is! For a day or two past I thought—such folly—but I can tell you now; after what your mother said to-night I see my mistake——''

Violet rested her elbow on the window-sill, so that her hand might shade her face from her companion. She felt cold and quiet, as if the sudden fire at her heart had turned to ice, and was freezing her very soul.

"You tell me so vaguely, that I don't understand," she said, in a low voice. "You needn't be afraid to trust me, Harriet; I am a good friend—I like you very much."

"You're the dearest, sweetest, purest heart in the world!" cried Miss Crosby; and seizing the hand that lay in Violet's lap, she kissed it; then, with half a sob, half a laugh, she added, "Actually, I took it into my head that it was you with whom Bolton Mordred had flirted; but your mother's confidence about Hugh has set that all straight. Don't be vexed at my folly."

She must answer; not a second must elapse, not a show of emotion betray the wound she had received.

"I'm not vexed," she cried. She could hear how her voice dragged over the words; it was actually like lifting heavy iron weights to make the effort to articulate.

"You've got that dreadful pain back," exclaimed Miss Crosby. "What a wretch I am to sit here and talk about myself. I must get you the liniment."

"No, it's not very bad-I'll wait a little!"

There was a pause. Then Violet said, feebly, "And so you really thought it was me who stood between you and your happiness—but I can't see why?"

"No reason; just because you were the only woman in sight. You know what idiots we are! Now, my dear, forget what I have told you. I am going away from here as soon as I can. I will not let Bolton know that I suffer. I deserve what has come upon me, and he must do his duty; we must each do that—mine is clear enough!"

Violet still sat quiet and cold, her face was in shadow, her voice slow and dull

"If it were all to be cleared up-

"But I tell you it can't be!" cried Miss Crosby, passionately. "If he were to do a mean thing, he would no more be the man I have loved, oh! so long and so faithfully!"

"You don't understand. What I meant was, if it should prove that—that there had been a mistake; if this lady did not care, if her heart was not touched—— You know men do sometimes overrate their own fascinations," returned Violet, with a sudden bitterness in her tones.

"I never thought of it," said Miss Crosby, with a sigh. "Don't get the idea that Bolton is mean and weak—"

"Oh, pray don't imagine me capable of that; but he might be mistaken. If I were he I would know my fate at once," and Violet pressed her two hands hard together.

There was a wild triumph in Harriet Crosby's soul as she watched the girl—an odd mingling of emotions, too. She had won—she knew that. She hated Violet because she had been obliged to descend to the baseness of which she had just been guilty, yet at the same time she admired the girl for bearing so gallantly that horrible blow; with it all, felt a sort of pity for what she knew the other suffered. But she had won.

"I can do nothing," Harriet said. "You don't suppose we talk about these things? Indeed, I keep out of his way as much as I can; when we are together, we talk like two good friends. Oh! I'm making a fool of myself to you to-night; but, indeed, indeed, I'm brave enough, usually; only I suffer so—I suffer so! Oh! Violet, Violet, I love him!"

She flung herself on her knees and hid her face in Violet's dress, with a burst of tears that was not feigned. It was partly that she could never play at tragedy without getting in earnest; partly that her warped, misguided heart did utter its secret in that passionate cry.

Violet did not try to move; she sat perfectly still: but directly she said,

"Harriet, if you will ask me no questions—I have not the right to speak plainly—I can tell you something that may give you a hope."

"Give me a hope?" cried Miss Crosby, stretching out her hands with feverish energy. "There's no hope for me, except in the grave—and I can't die! I shall live, and live, and suffer——"

"You won't let me tell you!" cried Violet, almost fretfully. She wanted to speak, and be done; she could not bear any more of this agony.

"What can you tell me? Oh, Violet! there is no hope!"

"I have a reason for thinking I know-"

"You know her?" shrieked Miss Crosby.
"Tell me! No, don't—i snowld hate her. I——"

"Be still, Harriet!" returned Violet, coldly.

"Forgive me! I---"

She broke off, threw herself into her chair again, and covered her face with her hands.

"I have a reason, too, for thinking that without being either vain or weak, Mr. Mordred is
mistaken," Violet went on in the same measured
voice. "That if the lady wished, there are
reasons which would prevent her thinking of him,
except as a friend—"

"You give me new life!" cried Miss Crosby.
"There, I'll not ask another question. I don't know what to say. I—— Oh, Violet! you'll not despise me for having opened my heart?"

"I am glad you have. I shall always be glad; and you must be, too—remember that."

"I will, and bless you always for having been so tender, such a true woman to me! I know that even to your own mother you will never repeat a syllable of this——"

"You are sure of it, I hope," Violet answered.
"I think I must go to bed now, I'm a little tired.
You'll not think me rude?"

"My dearest child! I'm only ashamed to have kept you up so long! Let me help you undress."

"No. Thanks! Good-night!"

"I hope your head will be better to-morrow,"
Miss Crosby said, and went away. Violet was
alone at last. 'TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MY FRIEND'S LETTER.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

On! it came when my bosom was lonely and dark,
That desolate bosom to light and to warm;
Like 'the beacon's glad blaze to the mariner's bark,
Like sunshine that breaks through the clouds of the storm.

They know not, whose pathway is cast among flowers,

To value the beauties so wastefully spread;

They know not, whose skies were ne'er darkened by showers, To prize the sweet sunbeams affection can shed. But, oh! to the wanderer on desolate moor,
If one gentle floweret in beauty arise,
It seems fairer than ever he looked on before—
Every leaflet is lovely and dear to his eyes.

When it comes at the close of a storm-blackened night, With pleasure increased a clear morning we see; Thus, thrilling my heart with redoubled delight, Came the dear little token of friendship from thee.

GRACE'S SHORT LESSON.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

"MAKE haste, Mr. Markham! Do read out my fate. What is the color of his eyes, and what is to be the exact shade of his hair?"

"Gray eyes," began the Sybil—"gray eyes, and—what's this?—red hair? Yes, gray eyes and red hair—that's your fate, Miss Gracie Conti."

"Remarkable coincidence," murmured Miss Conti's right-hand neighbor. "How will you have the aforesaid? Do you prefer off the curl and on the sand, or on the curl and on the carrot?"

"On the curl and on the carrot, of course," said Gracie, laughing and coloring a little.

Syd, sitting on her left-hand, found reason, for the first time in his life, to congratulate himself on the color of his curly locks.

Miss Conti was treating him charmingly that evening. She had been so capricious during the last week. Sometimes cold and reserved, impossible to please, dissatisfied with everything Syd did and said, until he felt like packing his value and rushing away out into the wide world, anywhere, anywhere that he might forget Gracie Conti's tantalizing, tormenting, enchanting face. Then sud-lealy things would change. Gracie would become as sweet, and warm, and sunny as a day o. early summer. Syd would lorget the resolutions and gloomy determinations of yesterday, and find that lite was full of a mysterious, entrancing sweetness.

It was an ordinary thing, a walk through the woods, under the beech branches, but with Gracie's mischievous dark eyes turned upon him, and Gracie's hand to touch his arm when they climbed the hill, something indefinable, of strange, delicious power, was over all. It was like the scent of magnolia flowers and jessamines; it was like the climax of harmony in a chorus of melodious voices; like every pleasure, so keen that it is also a thrill of pain; and when, halfway, they paused to rest under the Norway fir, if he but looked down steadfastly on Gracie's face as she told her fortune on daisy petals; if he but gazed for one moment on her downcast lids, and the innocent, saucy lips murmuring the repetitions of "un peu, beaucoup, passionement, pas du tout," what was it that suddenly shook his very soul-everything seemed to glide away-there were but two spirits in the universe, his and Gracie's.

If she had raised those down-bent lids, she would have started to see his pale face, and the still flame that shone in his eyes. But Gracie never looked up; she diligently told her daisy petals, and when the last was gone, would, if the fancy seized her, drop his arm and climb on, with quick, eager springs, while Syd followed after, and sighed to think he might not, dared not grasp and hold fast that tormenting white hand.

As for Gracie, she never stopped to think at all of her feelings toward Syd. It was agreeable to have his constant society, great fun to see how important all her caprices were in his eyes. Mrs. Maryl's place was delightful—the summer one of the happiest she had ever spent; but as for meaning all sorts of serious things—loning Syd, marrying Syd, and living in the country forevermore—pshaw! she had not the slightest idea of it.

But on that evening, when they sat around the table, telling their fortunes, all went well. Gracie was in high spirits, and amused the whole circle, jesting and chattering, her eyes radiating light, throwing back her head with her irresistible peals of laughter. Gracie could wake up a party of people to animation in five minutes, if she felt like doing it. She laughed in genuine amusement at all the poor jokes, and had the agreeable faculty of listening to what people said.

Syd watched her so intently, that he forgot to contribute his offering to conversation. He could sit forever, he thought, and watch the play of expression over her face, but by far the best of it all was the soft smile she gave him from time to time. She was not so vivacious when she turned to him, but he fancied he detected a slight consciousness about her manner.

"Now, where am I to live, Mr. Markham?"

"Coun—no, the city; a large city. I very nearly said country, Miss Conti. From association of ideas, you know," said Mr. Markham, with what he thought a very roguish glance.

"That would have been a very unfortunate mistake," said Mr. Lathrop. "Miss Conti would die of despair if she was called upon to vacate her beloved town."

"I would, indeed," said Gracie, with a slight

shudder. "I was certainly invented to make my pilgrimage on pavements."

"I fear you are shamefully artificial in your tastes," continued Mr. Lathrop. "Wouldn't you luxuriate in the perpetual repose, and the silence broken only by the lowing herd. What are crashing orchestras compared with the birds sixging in the locust-trees? What are 'Bowbells' compared with the tinkle of the sheepbell?"

"Decidedly better," said Gracie. "I would rather hear Thomas' orchestra than all the birds that ever sang."

"Oh! Miss Conti, Miss Conti! What a shameless avowal! And glaring red brick to sward spangled with dandelions and ox-eyed daisies! And whirling in your carriage over vulgar cobble-stones, to winding over miles of hill and dale, through picturesque rocky lanes! No, no—don't represent yourself in so unpoetical a light. I am sure your real choice is a sweet country cottage, surrounded by lilacs and syringa-bushes. Now, isn't it? In your heart of hearts, you know you prefer the country."

"You know nothing of the sort," said Gracie, gayly. "You know I would not live in the country under any circumstances whatever."

"Not with the man of your heart, who would say to you, 'Come, we will make hay while the sun shines, and when it sets, we will sit in the shade of a piazza, and eat huckleberries, and hear the tree-frogs and whippowils sing their evening song; while, for conversation, we will say to each other, 'Qu'elle est belle, la solitude!"

"Such a consummation could never be, I assure you," said Gracie, speaking more decidedly than she intended, under the fire of Lathrop's searching, satirical eyes. "The captivator has yet to be found who could persuade me to such superhuman sacrifices in his behalf. Girls, would you believe it, it is twelve o'clock? I couldn't think what made Mr. Lathrop's style so uncommonly drowsy."

Gracie stopped behind the rest, to ask Syd to bring her a glass of water:

"I hope you won't fail to stand by your colors, Miss Conti," said Lathrop, in a low voice; "and remember the decided resolutions you have expressed this evening."

"I never remember," said Gracie, smiling, shaking her head.

"Yes, you will remember," said Mr. Lathrop, as the door closed on Gracie's retreating figure. "You'll remember it well enough. You spoke from the heart that time, Miss Gracie Conti, which is a thing you are not often caught doing."

Syd made no reply, and Lathrop went on.

"Take that girl out of society, and put her down to a milk and bread diet of domestic life, and she'd shrivel away to nothing. She's made for society—she worships it. Talk about the man of her heart—gad! he wouldn't have much room. Gracie Conti can feel but two things, the pleasure of breaking a heart, or the mortification of failing when she sets about it. I saw her last year, down at Newport, put a man through his paces in a deliberate style that—
Well, it was artistic. Did you ever hear of Murray Livingstone?"

"Yes. He is in Egypt, is he not."

"Egypt or Tartary, or any other remote retreat, I imagine, where Gracie Conti's voice and Gracie Conti's name won't be often heard." And then Mr. Lathrop proceeded to narrate to his attentive listener a story in which poor Gracie, to tell the truth, took a heartless part.

"There," said Mr. Lathrop, when he came to the end, "that was about as pretty a piece of work as I ever saw. You won't have a segar, Marye? Well, then, I believe I'll say goodnight. You won't go up yourself?"

"No, I believe not. Sleeping is rather a slight upon these fine nights."

Gracie, whose room overlooked the veranda, wondered very much why Syd should take that hour to tramp ceaselessly back and forth. She even peeped from behind the muslin curtains to see if she could see what he was thinking about, when he should again approach her end of the porch, and was rewarded by seeing his hands thrust in his pockets with an air of unmistakable meditation, and a thoughtful, very thoughtful look on his features.

"You look as if you'd just signed somebody's death-warrant, and were very, very sorry for it," decided Gracie; "and I think it is very eccentric and inconsiderate in you to tramp forever, so late as it is, when you know we have the French play to-morrow evening, and want all the rest we can get. I shall never get to sleep."

But she did, and bloomed like a fresh flower at the breakfast-table the next morning.

Everything in the house was rather upset to make way for the French play, Nothing could be made out, in the way of talk, beyond "my peasant's cap," "where do I upset the chessmen?" "your beads," "cue," "curtain," and such suggestive, but one-idead fragments.

Syd was far from paying his usual homage at Gracie's shrine that morning. Instead of sitting, as usual, by her side, he chose the remotest corner of the table.

Perhaps that was why she had to repeat his name twice or thrice before she could attract his

attention to her questions, His mind must have been wandering, because once, when she was in the midst of a brilliant sally, to which every one was listening. Syd turned to his neighbor, and began talking to her about strawberries.

Gracie did not like that sort of thing, "but it is soon remedied," she thought.

"Gracie," said Mrs. Marye, "you said you would arrange those draperies over the back of the stage. Don't forget your promise, my dear."

"No; I will attend to them the moment breakfast is over."

"You'll have to have one of the gentlemen to help you, I think."

"May I proffer my services?" said Mr. Lathrop.

"Thank you; you are very kind," said the young lady, graciously; "but you are not tall enough for what I want. Mr. Syd, I believe I may reckon upon your attendance in the back parlor?"

"I should be happy to help you," said Syd, without looking up, "but I am obliged to ride over to S— this morning."

"Why, you said yesterday that you would help me to cut and arrange the flowers. You made a regular arrangement to that effect."

"Did I?" said he. "I really don't know any excuse to offer for my—my forgetfulness, except that I know it will only be too easy to you to find my substitute."

"Of course," said Gracie, carelessly. "It is not of the slightest consequence. Mr. Lathrop, will you condescend to stand on a stepladder?"

"Certainly—on my head, if that will make me more useful."

Gracie was here, there, and everywhere during the day, beautifying industriously,—not omitting to muse a little over Syd's unaccountable behaviour.

"I wonder if he meant anything by it," she thought. "I am quite sure he had not forgotten. Perhaps he is trying to flirt-to pique me! If he is, he does, like most men who go about that sort of thing, ends in being rude—that's all. Pique me! Ride away, Mr. Syd-spend the whole day away, if it pleases you. Wait until you see me come down to-night, in my bewildering peasant's costume, then stay away from me if you dare. I hope Syd will not be too devoted. I must have some time to spend on Capt. Armstrong; he is coming from town with Julia. I must dance with Syd, however. What a dancer he is! How delightful to dance in my short peasant's dress!" And Gracie smiled, and made a few dancing steps.

"What are you about, Gracie?—curveting that way with a dish of flowers in your hand? You have thrown the water over everything!"

"Miss Conti's thoughts are pleasant," said Lathrop. "Will you give me the first waltz this evening, Miss Conti?"

"Not the first," said Gracie. "You may have the second. I am not engaged for that."

"May I ask who is to be favored with the first?"

"No," said Gracie, coolly.

It was a sensible response, as she did not know herself, but she was quite sure that Syd would ask her.

Syd did not return until dinner was half over. He looked fagged, and said little. Strange to say, Gracie's tongue had been mute until ne appeared, and then she was her talkative self once more. But she took care to address no remarks or questions to Syd.

The drawing-rooms of Glen Marye were thronged with a brilliant company, to witness the performance of the French play. Gracie's was the part of heroine—a peasant girl, whose lover has been conscripted.

To Gracie, behind the scenes, came the murmur of voices, and the faint flutter of fans. Her heart beat fast with excitement. Some happy thought sent a flame of color into her cheek, and a triumphant light danced in her eyes; but when the curtain rose, drooping and pensive looked the lovely peasant girl, musing wistfully over the purse of gold she held in her hand—a purse rich enough to purchase the freedom of poor Gaspard; but, alas! not hers, but the property of the unconscious traveler who pursued his journey down the mountain side.

It was Gracie's triumph! She played her part to admiration. Capt. Armstrong was foremost in the ranks of applauders; but strange, through it all, she seemed to see, to feel but one form that was bending over a proud, beautiful face, which looked backward to the man standing behind her chair, much oftener than forward to the stage.

"Of course, he must talk to some one," ran the under-current of the peasant girl's thoughts, as she listened to poor Gaspard's faltering farewell; "but how ill-bred in Winifred Ould, to talk perpetually while the play goes on. She whispers, so that he must lean over her to hear what she says. Poor Syd! who would so much rather give his attention to us. Why does he not leave her? Ah! he has bent his head till his hair almost touches hers."

But here the noble Englishman comes on the scene. The money for Gaspard's release is paid from the very purse his sweetheart had loyally restored. All is joy; the curtain falls, and ten minutes later the distinguished "corps dramatique" descend, in their picturesque dresses, to receive well-earned congratulations. Gracie is soon surrounded, but, of her subjects, one fails to approach and render tribute.

At last she sees him coming. Capt. Armstrong is surprised, but delighted with the brilliant smile she gives to what he privately considered a very commonplace speech.

"I will not look toward him," thinks Gracie, "to punish him for being so late in paying his devoirs. Isn't he going to stop? He has passed. Ah! it was to get that fan from the table."

"You have not congratulated me, Mr. Syd," said she, gayly.

"Have I not? Then permit me to do so now. You played your part charmingly and success fully, Miss Conti, as doubtless you have always done." Bowing, with Miss Ould's fan in his hand, Syd passed on. Capt. Armstrong excused himself, for an engagement, and for one moment Gracie stood alone.

"Permit me to occupy this envied position until your partner comes for this waltz—the first, is it not?" said Mr. Lathrop's voice.

It was a weary face that Gracie's looking-glass reflected, when the evening was over, the guests all gone, and streaks of the gray dawn were stealing through the window-shutters.

The pretty peasant's costume was thrown petulantly aside, piece by piece; the last was the high, white cap, trimmed with scarlet ribbons, that had done its work coquettishly enough.

Gracie rested her crossed arms on the marble bureau-top, and held a conversation with herself, as she often did.

"Well, how did you like it all? How did the play go off? Were you brilliant and dazzling? And was Syd carried off his feet with admiration, so that he saw and heard nothing but you? And were you relentless to him, driving him distracted by displaying your indifference, and flirting with Capt. Armstrong? And then did you soften, and walk with him down the linden path, in the moonlight, and let him tell you something that he had never dared to breathe to you before? Or were you flattered by a lot of people whom you don't care five cents forstrangers whom you wish never to see again, and have to dance all the evening, and chatter to tiresome men. Capt. Armstrong, ineffably conceited, and Lathrop always at your elbow to say something disagreeable; while Syd-Syd did not dance with you, did not walk with you, did not look at you, did not speak to you, even? "And did I finally get cross, and let Mr. Lathrop have, for the first time, the exquisite pleasure of making me angry? And did I, oh, little fool! when every one was gone, think I would give Syd a last chance, and ask him to light my candle; and did he do it, politely, but without a word that all the world might not have heard?"

The next morning, after some hours of refreshing sleep, Gracie saw things in a more cheerful light. She concluded that Syd was, perhaps, vexed about some trifle. She would make friends again, herself, and then it would be all right.

She descended to the breakfast-room in this happy state of mind. All the family were assembled. Gracie threw a swift glance around the room. Syd was not there.

"How goes it after the triumphant debut on the boards?" said Mr. Lathrop.

"Gracie looks pale," said Mrs. Marye. "Come and take your coffee, my qear."

"Wasn't it all delightful last night?" said a young lady. "How could you face those people so composedly, Gracie?"

"I should have been too frightened to stand," said another.

"You forget the recompense of reward, young ladies," said Mr. Lathrop. "The delight of the ensuing applause and compliments."

"Yes, they were enchanting," said Gracie.
"Oh, come here, you delicious, fresh little rose-bud!" she cried.

This was not addressed to Mr. Lathrop, as at first might be supposed, but to a child who stood in the door-way, looking about with a grave, inquiring little face.

"Come to me, Sophy," called Gracie.

Sophy came slowly, and put up her red lips to be kissed, but did not look at all satisfied.

"What will you have, Sophy, darling? Will you have Gracie's breakfast?"

"Where Sydie? I want my Sydie," said Sophy.

"You won't get your Sydie this morning," said Mrs. Marye; "not this morning, little Soph. Syd rode over to breakfast at Shallowfield, where Miss Ould is staying. I heard Mr. Stewart give him the invitation last night, but I did not think he would accept it."

"Ah, my dear madam! there are some wonderfully persuasive things in the world, of which the least is not an entreating glance from a beautiful woman."

"I suppose, by that, you mean Winifred Ould," said Mrs. Marye. "Syd certainly admires her extravagantly. I have often heard him say she was the most beautiful woman he ever saw."

Gracie bent over Sophy, and began assiduously feeding her with marmalade. Why did she feel that sudden rush of violent anger against Mrs. Marye, Lathrop, Winifred Ould—everybody who talked so absurdly about what they knew nothing of?

"Miss Conti, don't you feel irresistib' f to tracted to the flower-garden?"

"Not the least," replied Gracie. "I feel irresistibly attracted to but one object—that is, a cortain arm-chair in my own room, and I intend, from this moment, to give it all my attention."

But she did not do this at all. She slipped away to the solitary library, to fancy she was enjoying Pendennls, in spite of some troublesome questions that would intrude themselves.

She was still there when, two or three hours later, the door opened, and Syd walked in.

He looked very tired and haggard, but, notwithstanding this, Gracie felt a flush of pleasure at seeing him that she had never felt before.

It was only last night they had met, but she felt as though weeks had passed since she had seen the real Syd—the old-time Syd.

Syd said something about not disturbing her.
"Oh! you don't disturb me. I just came
down here because it was quiet, and I had nothing
else to do."

Syd walked to the window, and stood looking out for some minutes.

"How did you enjoy last evening?" he said, at length.

"It was delightful, said Gracie, promptly. "How did you like it?"

"Tolerably well," said Syd. "As much as I ever enjoyed that sort of thing, I suppose. All merry-makings are bores."

"Do you think so? Perhaps they are to some people, but I can always find somebody to make the time pass for me."

"Can you?" said Syd, bitterly. "I wish, then, you would give me your recipe, Miss Conti, because, in my opinion, things get more unsatisfactory and tiresome every day."

"Oh! just keep a light heart, and make the best of things," said Gracie, brightly; and to show her respect for that admirable prescription, she went up stairs and cried herself to sleep.

Gracie would not join the riding-party that evening, Miss Ould and her cousin were to come over to meet the rest at Glen Marye. Gracie heard the clatter of hoofs and the gay voices under the trees, but she would not go to the window to see the party off. She would imagine how Syd sprang on his horse and subdued his restless "Wanderer" to suit Miss July 1 less impatient steed.

About an hour after they were gone, Gracie came down, rejoicing in the unusual stillness. No one was to be seen but little Sophy, who, directly she caught sight of Gracie, came running to put her hand confidingly in hers, and ask, or rather command, to "go day-day," which, in Sophy's parlance, meant, go to walk.

"Willingly, Sophietta," said Gracie. "Now, lead Dacie just where you want to go."

Accordingly, the two perambulated around the lawn, and through some thick shrubbery, until they came to a garden-bench.

"Dacie, sit Sophy and Dacie down," commanded Sophy.

Gracie complied by putting Sophy on the seat, then kneeling in front of her, she took the baby face in both her hands, and gazed on it long and wistfully.

"Sophy, do you love Dacie?"
Sophy assented.

"Who else do you love, Sophy?"

"My Sydie," said Sophy.

"My Sydie," repeated Gracie, slowly, with a sudden thrill of pain.

"Sydie, my Sydie!" eried Sophy, stretching out her hands.

Gracie turned her head. Syd's glowing, ardent face was close to hers.

"Oh, Gracie! Gracie!" he whispered entreatingly, "won't you say those words once more?"

And Gracie said them, half laughing, half in

BY THE SEA.

BY HELEN BREWSTER RANDOLPH.

Down, far down in the deep, deep see, Lost to the light of the shining skies, Under the waves that are mouning to me, My lover lies.

Soft is the couch where he taketh his rest, Lovingly rocked in the arms of the deep; Hands folded gently across the still breast,
In quiet sleep.

Eyes that were tender, eyes that were true, Weeping no more for the sorrows that be, Come in your brightness, the dark waters through, And shine on me,

IN THE CHRONICLE OFFICE.

BY MRS. B. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

I .- MORNING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ar the foot of the Chronicle building there was a fruiterer's stall. Bazin stood there, watching all the morning. Some school-girls, stopping to buy candy, likened him to a spider peering out from schind the bunches of bananas. There was not a woman who passed who did not feel him jar against her finer sense, as something out of harmony with the fresh spring morning.

It was a slack hour for work in the Chronicle builting. Down the long flights of wooden stairs, however, came the usual damp smell of vitriol; and boys were clattering down in gangs with the last morning edition. Through all the clamor and confusion the presses sounded like monotonous thunder; the types clicked, the telegraphwires ticked. A fanciful man might have detected here the beats of some pendulum which kept time for the world's progress.

Basin was not a fanciful man; not a man who would spend a minute without its quid pro quo. " ret he's been here two hours!" whispered Dennis, the fruit-man, to his customers. "There's some ugly work afoot!" glancing uneasily at the Jewish-looking, squat, silent figure. It was not the editor, Pastourean, for whom he watched; for, when the old gentleman went by, his tall, spare figure buttoned in the military grav-coat, which the town had known these twenty years, Bazin drew back out of sight; he vanished, too, at the first sound of Moore, the publisher's cheery whistle, and "Hallo, Dennis!" as he jumped out of his coupe, stopping, as usual, to break off a banana. Dennis tried, by a series of winks, to give Moore a hint; but the jolly old Irishman joked on headlong as usual.

" He stands there like a bum-bailiff," muttered Dennis. "The house can't be in debt?" Dennis knew no other "house" than the Chronicle building; he felt as if he partly owned it. It was twenty years since he put up that stall at its foot; he had laid by a snug sum in bank since then. Moore was a young man then; so was Pastourean. They had all grown white-haired together. Young fellows in other offices called the Chronicle Noah's Ark. The old building, high and toppling, looked curiously quaint and grave, beside its gay neighbors. It was alive, too, with a comical self-consciousness of respectability; the and pastings of half a century, seemed brooding over the fact that from them the city was furnished with its daily mental food. On the stairs you would meet certain vain, jaunty young men, with Dundreary mustaches, and "nobby" hats. These were the local reporters, a concession which Mr. Pastourean had made to the times. though, he said, they had as much to do with the real mission of a journal of civilization as barnacles on a ship. You were apt, too, before four P. M., to find yourself in a queue of Irish Pats and Marys on their way to the box to give in their slips of 'Situation Wanted." The Times said that the Chronicle was nourished in its old age from the kitchens, and called it our "slop literature." The Times was an ill-conditioned sheet, which Mr. Pastourean never read; but the soubriquet was carried to him this morning by the reporters.

"The Chronicle, gentlemen," he said, quietly, "might have defended itself forty-six years ago from this aspersion. It is not necessary now. No such instruction on the economies of government has been given to the American people as through its columns." He was out of breath, and bit at the end of his white mustache nervously. "Mr. Moore tells me that these domestic advertisements pay well. I do not know. I have nothing to do with the money department."

"No need to tell us that, poor old scallawag!" the young fellows said, as they ran down stairs. Mr. Moore followed them out.

"Why do you annoy the old man, boys?" he

"It's only our chaff, sir," Whyte replied. touching his hat (for Moore owned the paper.) "People do buy the Chronicle only to look for cooks and chamber-maids. Nobody has read monsheer's essays on the tariff these ten years."

"Well, let there be an end of the chaff. You appear to be a sharp young fellow, Mr. Whyte. Pray be sharp enough in future to know and respect a gentleman when you meet him."

"Moore stands up for his order, Joe," said Johns, when they were on the street.

Joe was red and energetic. "It sickens me," he said, "to hear Americans talk of orders or gentlemen. Men of push and force are what is needed in journalism, not Irish renegades, like very walls dark with the cobwebs, scribblings, Moore, or old fossils, like Pastourean. The

country would soon be ridden over by as effete glanced at the old man's patched clothes. Pasan aristocracy as was Europe!"

Mr. Moore remained up in Pastourean's office, though a dozen people were calling to him through the speaking tube. He saw how Whyte's gossip had unnerved the old man.

"I feared it was a mistake, Mr. Moore," laying down his pen, "When these advertisements first went in. 'Slop literature?' The Chronicle! The times are certainly out of joint," with a queer shaky laugh, "when such a phrase as that can fashion itself!"

"Tut! tut!" soothingly. "Boys will be boys! You ought to know that such editorials as you give us are not milk for babes. By-the-way, Parker pointed his speech in the Senate last night with your leader."

"Ah!" rubbing his hands." "Mr. Parker saw that point, did he? I thought there was a nail driven home there!" His thin cheeks were red, and his gray eyes gleamed under the shaggy brows. He began eagerly to turn over his papers. "Here is an article for to-morrow. I have that charlatan, Dwight, on the hip. On the hip, sir!"

"That's right! Oh, Pastourean!" with an embarrassed cough, "Here are some notes left for you this morning. I took charge of them."

"They appear to be bills?" turning them over leisurely. "O'Brien? That is our grocer, a very worthy man. I often stop to converse with him. I really have obtained valuable ideas from O'Brien. Why, he threatens a sheriffs' writ! Tut! tut! I must refer it to Winifred. 'Rent?' The agent talks of a writ also. Well! well!" going back to his leader.

"You think these debts can be arranged?"
The editor looked over his spectacles.

"Arranged? Oh! The bills? Yes; I have no doubt Winifred will settle them, if she has the money. I think this point is well taken. Listen."

Moore did not listen. He was out of patience with the old 'monsheer' to-day. He began to be conscious that it was a shame in him to shift all debt and care on to the shoulders of that little Winny. The old fellow lounged through life, slipping out of his dressing-gown into his military coat, and back again; a man, to be sure, who would not harm a gnat; chivalric as Sir Philip Sidney himself. But as to money! What the deuce did he do with his salary? It never had occurred to Moore to look at the question fully before. The sum was liberal; yet Pastou. rean and his little girl had always lived with the most niggardly habits, and had always been oppressed by debt. Moore recalled their comfortless, uncarpeted house, the meagre soup, and

glanced at the old man's patched clothes. Pastaurean did not gamble; his evenings were spent with the violin, while Winifred sang with that wonderful voice of hers, or they sat about the fire, and played old-fashioned French games with the neighbors, who were perpetually dropping in and out. Everybody in the town knew the old fellow and his daughter, paid them court, and felt, in a manner, bound to protect them. Yet, where was the leak tarough which the money weut?

Moore started up irritably.

"Pray don't come to the door!" as he ran down the stairs. If he went twenty times a day up to Pastourean's office, there was as much bowing and ceremonial as if they had been two Spanish dons. Hang it all!

The truth was, Moore was annoyed more than he chose to admit by Whyte's insolent hint. It appeared that even the youngest cubs about the office suspected what a drag Pastourean was! There was not a week lately in which he did not hear from outsiders that "monsheer was killing the paper."

"Well, let him kill it! If it's a whim, I can afford to pay for my whims!" thrusting his hand in his pocket.

Slade, the foreman, met him outside of the press-room. "That old vampyre, Bazin, has been spying about all the morning."

"What does he want?"

"Monsheer, I fancy."

"I'll soon send him to the right-about."

Slade caught his arm. "I'd be cautious," in a whisper. "There's something here that we do not understand. I have noticed that Bazin's visits to Pastourean are made but once a year. I have fancied that he had him by the throat in some way, and tightened the noose every time he came! Take care! That old usurer is dangerous!"

"If the trouble's about money, I can clear it up. Being Pastourean, of course it is money."

"I doubt that," shaking his head.

Moore went outside, and stumbled against Bazin, who was occupied instantly in buying a paper from a newsboy.

"Keep the penny, my son! Ah! my good friend, Mr. Moore!" with a shrill giggle. "You see my foolish joke. So? I give a penny to a little boy for nothing. You give a penny to a little girl for a.kiss! Ah! you dog! I know the ways of you men of fashion!" poking a jocular finger into Moore's ribs.

The cld gentleman drew back, brushing his coat where the fat-ringed hand had touched it.

"You have business with the editor?"

Bazin was on guard on the instant. "I have not said so!"

"Don't evade me, sir! You have business with him! You come here, year after year, hanging about, like a corbie over a carcass! Is it money you want?"

"Did Pastourean authorize you to open his business?" coolly.

Moore stammered, "No, I cannot say that he did!"

"I thought not!" He stood up, boldly, looking straight into the old man's eyes. "Pastourean's affair with me is a mere bagatelle. But it is not a matter in which you can interfere. Neither had you any right to speak to me as you have done. I am a money-lender, which is an obnoxious trade in your country village; but I deal above-board. I am neither Jew nor rogue: Look at home! How much money is paid out of your own office to cover up old tracks of crime? You have made a friend, a brother of this Pastourean? What was his record before you knew him? You do not even know what he does with the money you pay him, month by month!"

"I do not need to know? I do know that he is honorable beyond other men."

"I know nothing about his honor!" loudly.
"Is he honest? That's the question! Does he ever pay a debt that he can creep out of?"

"He means well. He has no knowledge of business." But Moore felt himself driven to the wall.

Bazing laughed significantly. "Ask him where the thousands are gone which you have paid him. Ask him where the fortune is which his father left him! He is shrewd enough to cover his old trail with money. Look here, Mr. Moore." Bazin's flabby, yellow face strengthened into stern and sinister meaning. "Pastourean and I began life about the same time, as I reckon. He had the genius and opportunities. I was the dull blockhead. I also had difficulties; but did I whine for pity? My business is an ugly one; but I carry it on on the square! No man can say I owe him a penny. Well? You know how it goes in the fable. It was the tortoise that won the race; the hare was left behind."

Moore turned on his heel. "Well! You understand, Bazin, if you annoy monsheer, you'll find me a tougher customer than you have yet had to deal with!"

"Bah! What do you know of monsheer?" with a contemptuous fillip of his fingers.

Moore went into his office, and shut the door. He was hot with wrath. Know of Pastourean? The man who had been his daily companion for fifteen years? And yet, Frenchman as the old man was, with every emotion of his heart as open to the sun as a child's, he had undoubtedly been secretive with regard to the earlier facts of his life. There was a report that he had railway stock, and drew the dividends, regularly. If so, where did that money go?

Besides, there was too much truth in Bazin's Pastourean was lazy and unready assertions. beyond endurance, and carried his debts so easily, that it almost amounted to dishonesty. But as for using his salary to cover up any old crime, it was a lie, and there was an end of it! Yet Moore was uneasy. "I suppose a man can be honest and a money-lender," he grumbled. "But if there's a greater bore than your selfmade fellow, who works hard, and pays his debts, I don't know it!" taking a bottle from the desk, and draining a glass of sherry. As if there were no other virtues in life than ability to earn your living and square your accounts! Bazin looked like a toad filling up the stairway; and the old man overhead was a gentleman of the true stock, however many dogs of creditors might be barking at his heels. "And I'll stand by him, be his record what it may!" taking another glass of sherry.

II .- THE EDITOR AT WORK.

THE editor's office was on the fifth story, a square little closet, with a high desk on one side, a tattered sofa on the other; the walls clogged with newspaper files. The single window commanded two or three feet of dingy sky, a sooty slate-roof, a broken chimney-pot, and a gray cat making her tour of the eaves.

This had been Mr. Pastouren's abiding place for fifteen years. He was seated now in front of the window, his legs a-straddle of the chair, as if it were a horse, his chin leaning on the back, his grizzle1 wig pushed back, a benign enjoyment on his high-featured face, looking intently into a square, black frame, hung on the chimney, outside; his usual employment when everybody, himself included, thought he was editing the paper.

The frame held a Claude Lorraine mirror, which had belonged to his father. At right angles with it, on the outer wall, he had placed an ordinary reflector, and by this means there came into the dingy old office a glimpse of the outer world, which he could not see with the naked eye, no matter how he climbed or screwed his body outside.

As soon as Moore was out of the door, he sat down to enjoy himself, as usual. The reporters called up the tube to him, messengers came thumping on the door, but he sat quite placid and unmoved.

The wind was ill-tempered this morning; it darkend the mirror with waves of bituminous smoke from an out-going steamer, drove across his bit of landscape, the edge of the bay, up which the water rolled in, green and limpid; across the glimpse of dreamy coast, full of motion, but whence never came sound or stir; across the clear, yellow depth of sky, and the sitent little farm-house, with its open door and encerful windows set back among the berryhedges, and peach-orchards, pink with bloom. He tried anxiously to trace orchard or house tarough the smoke. "It might spare me my three-inch estate!" he laughed, polishing his spectacles. For it was his house; for fifteen years it had been there, always busy with life, yet silent as a dream, waiting for him and Winny. No matter how foul the weather, it was bathed in a rosy sunset glow. " Now you can explain that scientifically, of course," he used to say to Moore; "but it is an augury to me! the child and I will live there yet." For Moore used to joke the old man no little about his toy, pull it inside, and see nothing in it but his own jovial face in sombre red reflections. But to Pastourean, as year after year went by, it gradually came to mean the future. Whatever dinginess or poverty there was in the office, or in his actual house, here was waiting, satisfying content and beauty. The lapping water, the tender sky, the meadows. crimson with clover or browning in the autumn winds, became so familiar and dear to him.

"Gracious God!" he used to say, "what am I, that Nature should look thus kindly on meme?"

While Pastourean was thus employed, somebody came up the stairs, three steps at a time. "Hugh, my lad, is that you?" as the door opened. "Just glance over these proofs, will you?"

Silence for a quarter of an hour. "Hugh, I wish you would look into those letters, and note what they are about, for me."

Presently: "Quiet, Hugh! When you are a man, these noisy habits will mortify you, my lad."

Hugh laughed, and trod on tip-toe. But one might as well have tried to still the north wind. His step was heavy and firm; his very pen had a resolute scratch; he turned the key in the lock with sharp decision. "There is nothing of the cat or the Jesuit about the boy," Pastourean used to boast. "He is vigorous, downright generous—of the dog-nature wholly." He was very proud of Hugh, whom he had found in some

orphan asylum, and brought, some years ago, as errand boy into the house.

"Have you gone over the Eastern papers? Very well. Now—— Tut, tut! This smoke is intolerable to-day!" Hugh took down the mirror, polished it with his sleeve, and hung it again,

"No. One can hardly see the house. But it's there; and it will be there when you are ready to go to it, sir," heartily.

"When we go, say, my lad—for you shall live with us. I have formed plans for you," smiling significantly to himself; for one of the old man's pleasantest day-dreams was, that when Hugh and Winny were grown up, he would so manœuvre that they should fall in love with each other. He was very cautious now, of course, while they were children, that no such dangerous ideas should ever creep into his words. Why, it was only the other day that his little girl had lost her first teeth!

She came in at that moment, out of breath, and her cheeks as pink as a rose from running up stairs. "I smuggled you in a bit of lunch, father-a sandwich and a baked potato-hot!" She was all flurried, for fear some one should come in. She spread a napkin on a chair, and then held her shawl about it to make a diningroom, peeping over the walls while he ate, with her sparkling eyes. Presently she caught sight of the bills on the desk, looked at them a moment, and then choking a little sigh, slid them into her pocket. The little school-girl was at the foot in her class of arithmetic only last winter; but to so juggle with dollars and cents as to keep trouble from Pastourean was a problem she had learned almost in her cradle. Once in her pocket, they did not appear to trouble her any more than Pastourean himself.

"Do you see, I have finished my dress?" shaking out the muslin skirt; "and I have trimmed my hat with real moss. Yes, indeed, I assure you, Hugh, real moss."

"You had better inquire for the cable dispatches, my lad."

"Yes, sir." But Hugh was interested in verifying the moss. He had to take the straw hat to the window, and then to help her put it on again, and then his awkward fingers tangled in her hair. Pastourean did not blame him for idling. If Hugh was older, he would, no doubt, see how the lovely child brought spring itself into the dingy office with her airy dress, her arch, delicate beauty. Old as he was, it gave him a delicious thrill to hear her laugh, to note the milk and rose-tints in her face, or the brown, curly hair looped back from her neck. They had some

little ado to put the hat on properly. Hugh's fingers touched her forehead.

"You are very clumsy, sir!" she said, her face growing hot, and the angry tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you," he answered, and began to talk stiffly to Pastourean on heavy business matters.

"The house yonder," said Hugh, presently, nodding to the mirror, "is for sale."

"Eh? Do you hear that, Winny? But, no matter. We'll have to wait. This is the third time it has changed owners since I made up my mind to purchase it."

"You said a few minutes ago you had plans for me?" hesitated Hugh. "If you would urge my request on Mr. Moore, I think I could some day help——"

"For the news-editor's place? Why, my dear boy, if I must speak frankly, you are totally unfit for it. You forget what a child you are in years and experience."

"Did not Hugh write those—those things about taxes?" said Winny.

"They were very clever, for a boy. I suffered them to appear, at Moore's request, contrary to my own judgment. The public will not tolerate crude opinions or flippant jokes. The meanest writer for the press should be thoroughly cultivated; a man who can bring philosophy and experience to bear upon the history of each day. Hugh, I have my plans; I have some property. I have never spoken of this to you before, because there has been a lien on it, and on my salary." He hesitated. "In a year or two this drain upon me will be stopped. I'll be free then to help you, my boy, and to go to our home yonder. You shall begin at the foundations, Hugh. You have good stuff in you, monsieur. I'll make a man of you! You shall be a linguist, a philosopher; you shall study law, theology, and medicine, and then, after a few years travel and experience, you will be qualified to fill an editorial chair."

"Thank you," dryly. "I will go now for the cable telegrams." He went to the door, and then came back. "I do thank you with all my heart," putting his hands on the old man's shoulder; "but you do not understand."

"Oh, I understand very well!" nodding and winking. "You are hot blooded and impatient. All boys are. No harm! no harm! The wild colt makes the mettlesome steed. You are in hands that will train and develope you properly, my lad. I have other plans for you than those I have told you. But that is a subject which need not be broached for years to come."

"Meanwhile-" He stopped abruptly, however, and went out.

"Meanwhile, a word from you would give Hugh this place, he asks!" said Winny, and took the leader out of Mr. Pastourean's hands, and threw it, irreverently, on the desk. The child, who was always so silent and babyish before Hugh, that her father feared the lad would think her deficient in intellect, had certainly action and words now. She held him by the lappels of his coat, and her face, he noticed, was pale and trembling, as when she was just over the whooping cough. Surely there was no other ailment coming upon her!

"If it were not for you, the poor boy's salary would have been raised long ago! Why, it is barely enough to keep him from starving. Five dollars a week, with his talents, and his learning, and—" She stopped for breath.

"Why, Winifred, the boy has not yet been to college an hour!"

"As if such men as Hugh could stop for colleges! And to think of all his ambition, and the nights when he never sleeps; and those dreadful shirts, as coarse as bobbinet! He only has three, too. I know every patch on them, as soon as I see them. And to think that you would stand in the way of all his plans and hopes!"

"What plans and hopes, Winifred?"

But Winny was suddenly grave. "How should I know? He never has made a confident of me."

"I never noticed the lad's clothes," anxiously. "And the boarding and amusements suited to a boy of his age ought to be cheap,"

"But he is a man, sir! He has a man's feelings and—and rights!"

Mr. Pastourean stroked her hair with an amused smile. "So Hugh is a man, eh? I beg his pardon, I am sure! And what are you then, Winny?"

She looked up at him, blushing and trembling, and then, without answering, suddenly hid her face in his breast.

III .- THE NEWS COMES TN.

THE noonday sun shone brightly over the crowded pavement; the wind blew the dust up over Dennie's bananas, though patches of dirty snow yet clogged the gutters. One did not know what season it was on the street; you supposed, vaguely, that oysters were gone, because the shad-women jostled you at every turn. But when little Winny, in her muslin dress, ran drwn the steps, with the real moss about her head, and the fresh pinks in her bosom, her shy face meeting you like an innocent glad surprise, you had a

sudden consciousness that it was astually spring, and, on the moment, felt yourself out in the meadows, where the saxifrage and red columbine were nodding over the wood-spring, and the air was heavy with the scent of the blossoming orchards. People smiled, and looked after They remembered afterward how they thought that there was no woman in the town so dewy-fresh and innocent as Pastourean's little They remembered afterward, too, that she was closely followed that morning by a man, of so coarse a bearing and malignant look, that even in the crowded street they shrank from him, as from some evil influence. He was seen to follow her out into the suburbs on her way home, and when she struck into the lonely road leading to the house which Pastourean rented, he joined her, talking earnestly, and passing with her into the gate.

The afternoon waned. The air in the dingy office grew hot and drowsier. The "Chronicle," however, was wakening, making ready for the night's work. Mr. Pastourean paced tranquilly up and down, while Hugh collated, arranged, and set in order. There was a swift, steady dispatch in Hugh's motions, in the very glance of his cool eye, which made it a comfort to the old gentleman to see him work. He took additional comfort occasionally in looking at his bay and farm-house.

"The apple-orchard needs renewing!" he said, thoughtfully, in the midst of a telegram from Berlin. "I will attend to that promptly, on taking possession."

Moore came up hurriedly. "Have you seen that news from Bismarck? Have you given us a leader on it?"

"I will do so. It is suggestive of the struggle of free ideas for two centuries. I propose to describe the rise of liberalism, the declension of absolute faith."

"When? To-night?"

"It will require two weeks. The treatment will be exhaustive. But Hugh can throw off a squib for to-morrow about it? Something with a snap in it. Hugh, my boy!" The old man shrugged his shoulders lazily. "Heaven help the people when boys are their teachers! However—"

Hugh laughed good-humoredly, and went out. Moore lingered, tossing over the papers uneasily.

"Pastourean," he hesitated, "I wanted a few words with you alone. That man Bazin has been here to-day."

The old man started to his feet. A curious \ Vol. LXI.-24

change came on him; his laziness and slouching indifference fell from him like a slovenly garment; he stood pale, rigid, watchful. "It is not his time! There are six months yet to come. I have not a penny to give him!"

"No. You were threatened with an execution this morning, if I remember right?" Moore watched him suspiciously, a little ashamed of all suspicion.

But if the old man's record was clean, way should he not show it?

"I have not a penny! and I have overdrawn my salary the next quarter," Pastourean muttered, perplexed, to himself, as though he had forgotten Moore was present. He was terribly shaken. As he stood staring out at the blank roof, Moore saw that his lips were coloriess under the white mustache.

"If I understand the matter right, you are more anxious that Bazin's claim should be paid than any other?"

"He must be paid, if I should turn thief to do it!" vehemently.

"It is not a debt which you owe him?"

There was no answer. Moore's voice grew unsteady, in spite of himself. "I have heard it hinted that it is black-mail which he levies off of you, monsheer."

"It might be called that. I do not owe Bazin money; but there is a certain thing worth more to me than anything in life, which he has the power to take from me. I have paid him targe sums to leave me in peace, I confess. Winny and I have lived like beggars; but, in another year, his hold on me will be over."

Moore had been irritated and puzzled all day. Pastourean had grown old with him; had been his friend. The chance of his dishonor tugged at his heart with absolute pain; it behooved him the more to appear harsh and unrelenting.

"I know nothing which a man would buy at such a cost but his honor. I'll speak plainly. Better we had begun by dealing on the square. Bazin has himself talked of this matter, this afternoon, to the foreman, to some of the reporters, and to me. It is whispered, by this time, all over the house!"

"What is whispered? I am an old man! I have been fifteen years in the Chronicle! It is late in the day for you and the boys to doubt my honor!" He spoke steadily, but he drew his tall, spare figure to its height, and fell into his old French intonation, as he always did when deeply moved. Moore clapped both hands on his shoulders.

"God bless you, old fellow! Who doubted it? You can set it right in a minute, if you will. He said there was a secret that you paid to keep hidden----'

Pastourean loosened his hold, and stood back from him.

"Some ugly work of your younger days—guilt, in fact! You covered up the trail with money, to use his own words! We all know how poorly you have lived. It staggered us for a minute; eh? Bazin said to tax you with it, and that you would not dony it. But I knew you'd clear it with a word. Eh? What did you say? Did you speak?"

But the old monsheer was silent.

"Pastourean! For God's sake set this thing

"Did he tell the secret?"

"No. But that does not matter. Your denial is all that we want."

Pastourean drew a deep breath, and turned to his desk. ""Think what you will! It must rest there."

"You're not mad! Bazin made a point of poisoning the ears of the men against you. He hinted crime! I tell you, crime! Your good name is gone, and your influence in the office, if you do not right yourself!"

"Monsieur!" (his English was quite unintelligible now) "if my years of service among you; if my life, honorab-ble, do not right me, I shall speak no words. If I had lived among Frenchmen so long, they would read my heart, as if it were glass—glass, sare!" His lips trembled, but his eyes flashed fiercely through his spectacles.

"Obstinate old mule!" muttered Moore, red and perspiring. "There's no more guilt in him than in a new-born baby." But he was utterly at a loss. What could he do? Monsheer would kill the paper, now, to a certainty. Such a story, once affoat, would destroy him and it, if he persisted in his silence. Pastourean was watching him keenly.

"I comprehend your thoughts," he said, in his shrillest falsetto. "It is that I shall do harm here: that my—my crime shall injure the journal! I resign, monsieur! To-day! This moment!"

"Sit down, monsheer! You act like a spoiled child!"

But the old mar was buttoning the gray coat over his lean ches' and drawing on his shabby gloves with shaling hands. "I looked forward to going out of this office a year from now, when my property would be restored to me. I had my foolish dream!" glancing at the bay and farmhouse, rosy red in the setting sun. "But I go now! C'est egal."

He would go out to starve, penniless and degraded. Moore remembered forcing him down with one hand.

"This is worse than folly. You and I, Pastourean, will stick together, I say. But you ought to be more open with me, monsheer. I'll say that. We've been good friends——"

"Did I forget that? Pardon me; I have been over-hasty; but my head is much troubled to-night."

He held Moore's wrists with a tight grip, as he gave utterance to their words.

"How did the old vampire get such hold of you?"

"Not through debt, nor crime! I will say so much!"

"Thank God!" Moore interpolated under his breath.

"But I'm an old man. My wife is dead these many years; I am alone in a strange country. There is but one tie to bind me to my kind, and this man holds that in his hand." He tried to recover his natural manner, saying, after a moment's pause, with a feeble laugh, "vampire! did you call him? He has had his claw in my heart! That's true. He has dragged me about as he will. He has caused me great pain and terror, monsieur."

"Well, well, Pastourean! You have nothing of what the Yankees call gumpshion. Now, if i had a fellow likethat to deal with——"

"Hark! He is coming now! There is some one with him!"

"Bah! There are twenty people on the stairs!" But the old man's agitation was so extreme that it affected Moore. He felt himself gathering courage, as though he prepared to meet something actually more unclean and evil than a man.

"There is another step with his!" Pastourean stood in the middle of the floor. "Will you look for me, who it is? Is it—is it Winifred?"

But before Moore could answer, the door was pushed open, and the girl herself entered, followed closely by Bazin, Hugh coming up behind them. She went straight to Pastourean, and caught him with both her hands.

"What has this man to do with me, father?"

"My God! Has he not told you, Winifred?"

"I have told her nothing. It depends on you whether she comes with me quietly, or that the truth be known to her, and to these good people," motioning with a bow to the two men.

He had seated himself leisurely on the one chair, his leg folded easily over his knee. The low, reddish light struck into the darkening room sharply across the dwarfish shape, and the sallow face, upturned with its gloomy, threatening eyes, and lighted the delicate figure of the girl, whose pure beauty touched them all even in that imminent moment, as unfamiliar. She was looking down at him quietly, and with a steady comprehension. Pastourean put her back.

"You will bring it an issue?" he said, under his breath. "Let it be so. I will fight it out

with you now to the bitter end!"

- "Let the child come here," said Bazin, roughly. He would have caught her dress; but she shook him off by a hardly perceptible gesture. "I have a claim on this girl," he continued, harshly, squirting tobacco-juice over the floor, and, turning to Moore, "what it is, monsheer can tell you, if he will. I'll not make it public if she comes with me quietly. I've no mind to bring disgrace on her," with a laugh; "but there's no court in Christendom that would not give her to me!"
 - "Why do you not speak, father?"
 - "It is true, Winifred?"
 - "Good God! A claim on Winny!"
- "He has the law on his side," evasively. "For fifteen years I have studied how to balk him, but it is of no use. But see, Moore, I will put a knife in her before she shall go with this man! Do you know for what he needs her?"
- "For nothing worse than to give her ease and comfort!" interposed Bazin. "To keep her from starving, which you have never done."
- "He is no broker, as you think. He keeps a hall in New York; manages a horde of singing and ballet girls. He means to make use of her there!"
- "The girl has a very good voice," calmly; "and it is quite time that she turned it to account in earning her own living. I purpose that she shall do so."

Winny turned to Pastourean. "Let there be an end to this secret. I have a right to know it. What claim has he on me?"

Bazin laughed aloud.

- "For God's sake, hush, Winifred! He shall not harm you, child."
 - "I must know. Who is this man?"
- "I'll answer you. I have no scruples," said Bazin. "Come here, little girl. I am your father!"

He got up, following her to Pastourean's side. "Yes, this is my daughter, gentlemen. She is a minor. I have a right to her services. The law gives her to me!"

Pastourean had gathered her up on his knees, stroking her cold little face, as he had done, when she was a baby. Moore touched him.

- "Is this true, Pastourean?"
- "Yes, it is true! I took her when she was only a year old. Her father treated her cruelly; he was always a brute. I only meant to keep her for a week, but she—she grew on me. She was all I had. I bought her from him."
- "You forgot to take a receipt, then," sneered Bazin.
- "The case is simple enough," said Moore.
 "If he deserted his child, and contributed nothing to her support, and has taken money in payment for her, there is no court that would not sustain your claim to her. Of course you can prove this, monsheer?"

"No; I can prove nothing. I never thought of papers. Even the dividends from my little property, I drew, and paid to him in cash, without witnesses, I was so fearful that the truth would be known. What was the money to me? It would have killed me to lose Winny."

"The facts," said Bazin, deliberately, "are these. I permitted my daughter to board with this old man, as my own mode of life was so unsettled. I received no money from him. On the contrary, I paid him regularly for her support. He keeps her in penury. There is a sheriff's officer in his house at this moment. This being the case, I choose to take my child into my own protection again. There is my story! I can bring as many witnesses to prove it as you please," with a chuckle. "I am quite willing that you should take the matter into court; but, for the present," rising, "the girl comes with me."

Pastourean drew back with her. "Stand back! For God's sake, Moore! You know the law—tell him it will not give her to him!"

- "I'm afraid it will, monsheer. When will she be of age?"
 - "In a year."
- "I will double the sum that Pastourean has paid you. I'll treble it, if you will leave her unmolested."
- "I do not want any money. I never had any!" with a cunning twinkle of the eye. "No! no! That won't do, Mr. Moore."
- "He knows that he can make more with her voice than we can pay him," muttered Moore. "Besides, if he has her in his power for a year.—"

He stopped abruptly. But Winifred had heard him. She stood up, her sobs suddenly checked. She turned from one to the other.

"Does God mean me for that?"

Even Bazin did not break the silence. The darkening twilight shadowed the room. Only the light fell on the innocent little girl set in the

midst of them. Monsheer plucked feebly at her ; skirt. He had struck vague blows at this danger, which threatened her for so many years, that now it was upon him he was stunned.

"God made me your father," said Bazin. "He sees hundreds of girls driven to sing and dance to-night before the foot-lights. The law puts you in my care for a year. We'll settle how you will spend it when we are at home together."

She leaned against the wall. Winny was an unreasoning little body, knew nothing of the depths of permitted evil in the world, and never had vexed her brain with trying to solve the problem of them. She held Pastourean's thin hand tight. Suddenly, she remembered how, holding it, she knelt and prayed with him night and morning; she turned quickly,

"I'm very sorry for the poor girls; but I do not think God will allow me to be one of them. He will find some way to help us, father!"

"I wish I knew what it was then," muttered Moore. He was thoroughly baffled. He would have liked, a dozen times in the last hour, to have sprung at Bazin's throat, or throw him down the stairs, or deal with him summarily, as a wild beast. But he was shrewd enough to know that violence would only put a weapon in the enemy's hand.

Bazin knew this as well as he. He looked uneasy and anxious, when he got up and came to the girl. "There is no need of calling in the law, when the matter can be settled quietly. But you must come with me."

"Father!" she cried. Then she caught sight of the dark figure which had been standing unseen in the shadow. "Hugh! Hugh!"

"The boy? But what can he do?"

Bazin turned to the resolute step and decided common-sense of the young man's face with a look of relief. "Ah! here is somebody that knows the world. This is a plain matter, sir, which, perhaps, you can explain to these good people. This lady is my daughter; I wish her to come with me. I have the right to force her, if need be!"

"I believe you have," quietly. "Winny!" He took her hands, and held them steadily, looking into her eyes, without speaking. Her tensestrained body relaxed from head to foot. The warm blood mounted slowly, and a contented quiet settled on her face.

Hugh dropped her hands. "I think there is a way in which the matter can be settled," turning to Bazin with a direct business-like manner. "If you will go into the next room for five miwill allow you to take Winifred with you at the end of that time, if you still demand it."

Pastourean interrupted, saying,

"This boy has no right to pledge my actions!" Bazin rose promptly. "There is satisfaction always in dealing with a business-man. Five minutes, did you say? No more than that. We must be on our way to New York in an hour."

Hugh pointed him to a small room at the other side of the stairway. "You can watch the door, if you choose. We cannot spirit her away." Then he came back, closing the door behind him, stopping an instant with the knob in his hand. He was pale, and his heavy jaws were set.

"He meets danger with the pluck and bottom of a bull-dog," thought Moore.

Hugh had taken Winny to the window. Whatever his first words to her had been, they had dyed face, throat, and bosom with scarlet!

"I cannot, Hugh! I cannot!"

"It is only a little sooner than we planned. It is the only chance, and Winny-" He whispered the rest, drawing her closer to him.

"Mr. Moore," he then said, turning around, "this man has a right to his daughter; but he has none to my wife. You are a magistrate-"

"By the Lord! the fellow has it!"

"What! These children! Are you mad? I did not mean that they should think of this for years to come!"

"Ah, monsheer! these children, with their love, have found a way out of the trouble, where you and I sat with tied hands. Bring her here, Hugh, to the window, where the light will shine upon her. I'm a rough priest, little girl; but I think God has blessed you both already."

"Take her right hand in yours, Hugh."

IV .- THE CHRONICLE IS OUT.

It was near midnight when Moore and Hugh came back to the office, the publisher's face in a blaze, between triumph and sherry!

"He's gone!" he shouted. "Off! You're a free man, monsheer! He'll never cross your track again, little girl!"

"I thought he would come back!" cried Pastourean. "I was ready for him! If the boy's expedient had failed, I was ready to use force!"

"He come back? No! no! He's a cool hand at the cards; he knows when he is beaten. The first glance at my certificate was enough: one of your half villians would have argued, inch by inch. He looked at the paper for a minute, all the malignant devil that he is in his face, and then laughed, and bowed to Hugh. 'I saw that nutes, I will explain it to Mr. Pastourean. He you were of different stuff from these men,' he

says; 'but you are cleverer than I thought. I'm proud to own you for a son-in-law.' There was some threat of fining me for marrying a minor; but Bazin is too sharp to go near the trap of the law, when there's no money to be made. So he's off! And now the two children can begin their lives fresh with to-morrow morning. God bless them!"

But the old man, in the hours of watching, had become as nervous and feeble as a woman. He had an old horse-pistol, that had not been fired for years, loaded and cocked, on his desk, and, with some other vague idea of safety, had lighted every gas-burner, until the office was in a glare. He went about now turning them out with his trembling hands.

"Children, indeed! What am I to do with them, Mr. Moore? Love and marriage! These are ideas for a boy who has not begun his education! The danger is over, I suppose; but the world is turned upside down for me!"

Winny was beside him in an instant, pushed him down into a chair, and curled herself up into his arms in her usual fashion. "You have me! That is one comfort," she said, composedly. She was not sorry to creep into her old restingplace, away from the strange, new husband, who frightened her. Monsheer saw that, and laughed and reddened.

"Nobody can take you from me, my darling! We'll go on just as before."

"Just as before, father,"

"You forgot, Pastourean," said Moore, "there will be no drain on your income now."

"Mon Dieu! I never thought of that! Why, we will live like princes, Winny! We'll pay the landlord and O'Brien every week—every week! And the farm-house, and the bit of coast! Hugh, you must make the purchase to-morrow morning. Don't lose and hour, boy. We'll go home now, thank God! I knew, some day, it would come!" He covered his eyes with his hand. They were silent for a few minutes.

"What are you going to do with me, sir?" broke in Hugh's hearty, breezy voice.

"We must think of your education now;" but with a certain hesitation. In the confusion of the last hour he had a vague consciousness that his little lad, for whom he had planned a brilliant future, was somehow lost utterly out of the world. "One thing is certain," rising, "I will resign my place on the paper. You will forgive me, my old friend," taking Moore by the hand. "But I'm tired of hard work. My income will support us, and I will give the rest of my life to my children and our little home. This incessant, severe work tells on a man."

Moore had an amused smile. "The Chronicle will not be the Chronicle when you are gone," he said, heartily, wringing his hand.

"I know that," anxiously. "I wish I knew where to point you for a successor. There's no man now in the newspaper world who looks at present history with that wise, philosophic insight essential in an editor."

"N—no," said Moore, with embarrassment. "But the man whom I shall nominate in your place, Pastourean, if you approve, understands the conduct of a live newspaper better than any journalist I know, always excepting yourself, monsheer."

"An able writer?" eagerly.

Moore laughed. "The people think so. He hits straight home. But you, perhaps, would not agree with them."

"Where is he?"

"Here," said Moore, touching Hugh on the shoulder.

"The boy?. Are you mad?"

"I fear you greatly overrate me," said Hugh, coloring.

"Is the world to be given over to children?" Pastourean drew back.

"Ah, monsheer!" said the old Irishman, choking a sigh. "Youth drags the world on its way, while we old men are making ready to take the reins. I have no book learning; but I know men, and I put the paper in Hugh's hands, sure of success."

"Well," after a pause, "I'll oversee you with all my heart, my son. Perhaps Mr. Moore is wiser than I. The times go very fast. I feel as if I were somehow left behind. We'll go to our home to-morrow, Winny, and be out of the drudgery and turmoil."

"You always said that Hugh would go with us?" she whispered, with her arms about his neck.

"Oh, yes! Hugh can go with us."

Now there had been a certain turmoil going on through the building, of which they were conscious over all the thunder of the presses. Presently there came a deputation, headed by Slade, to the door. Some inkling of the night's adventure had crept out among the men, and they all desired, Slade said, "considering the old workers on the Chronicle were like one family, to respectfully congratulate monsheer on having saved his daughter, and to wish joy to Hugh, of whom we are justly proud, as one of the rising men of his day." Slade was backed by the pressmen and compositors; not young fellows, as in other offices, but usually steady fathers of fami-

lies, as became the conservative Chronicle. Pastourean, with a red 'spot on each cheek-bone, and his eyes lighted as though he were a successful general receiving the plaudits of his army, replied with a stately pleasure, terribly unintelligible from its broken French, and introduced Hugh, who said but a word or two, but shook hands right and left. There was no man who could not fellowship with Hugh, and feel the better for having done it.

"And we wish to express our gratification," resumed Slade, who felt himself born an orator, and swung with delight into the most ponderous sentences, "that you, sir, have chosen for a wife one who is, as we may say, the daughter of the office, and that this happy union has been so strangely consummated here. You have, sir, obtained, to grace your home; one who never has crossed this threshold, in her too rare visits, without bringing with her summer, and beauty, and innocence, and making us old fellows, sir, for the time, more glad to be alive. Your good lady is one of those who were born in the light of the moon, and brought a blessing with them. We would be glad to-to offer her our best wishes, and-this little tribute. Quite impromptu, I assure you, madam. Extemporaneous, altogether." Whereupon, he drew back, the crowd opened solemnly, and the two errand boys, resplendant in their Sunday clothes, appeared, carrying a gigantic basket of flowers, which half the force of the office had scoured the town all night to procure, and laid it at her

Pastourean cleared his throat, to return thanks for his daughter; but the little bride, blushing and pure as the flowers, had put her hand into old Slade's, and was saying to the breathless

crowd, "that they were all very good to her, and that the flowers were just lovely, and—and that she did not know that she had so many friends!" And then she laughed, and grew red, and gave a frightened, little sob, and the tears came; and surely no speech that Pastourean could make would have been such a triumph.

Below the price-currents, that night, there was a marriage-slip inserted; and above the leader, there was a valedictory, signed C. Pastourean, who had been editor of the Chronicle for fifteen years, people said, who were behind the scenes in the newspaper world; knowing this, they found something pathetic in the old man's formal farewell, even in his cordial recommendation of his successor, whose name, in bold type, headed the column. An advertisement of a countryseat, commanding a view of the bay, was omitted. But how could these two or three little items be noticed in the great press of matter-news from all nations, changes of rulers and creeds? The newspaper, as we said, marks the time for the whole world.

About four o'clock in the morning the thundering roll ceased, and the great building suddenly sank into sleep and darkness.

Hugh came up to the office-window, where Pastourean stood with Winny.

"The paper is out," he said. "We will go home now."

But Pastourean's eyes were fixed on the little mirror, for there, in the early flush of the rosy dawn, the water softly washed the shore, an I the most heartsome of all houses waited in the dusky shadow of the trees. He put out his hand, and took the mirror down.

"Yes, we will go home now," he said.

MY CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Under the shadow of pleasant beeches,
I watch the sun, in his westward flight;
While patches of sunshine, in golden reaches,
Streak the green sward with mellow light;
And there I sit while my children play,
In the yellow light of this Summer day.

See where the ground is smooth and even,
As the noiseless floor of a carpeted room;
And the new, fresh grass is trimly shaven,
And cleaned and swept with the rake and broom;
'Tis the croquet-ground where my children play,
In the afternoon of this Summer day.

I hear the stroke of the mallet sounding, As it strikes the ball, and sends it along; I see the forms of my little ones bounding, Tripping after with shout and song; Like greenwood fairies sporting away, In the evening light of this Summer day.

Play on, my dear ones, 'tis all too early,
To trouble your hearts with sorrow and strife;
Play out your game, discreetly and fairly,
Be it the game of croquet or life;
For the time will come when there's no more play,
In the light of a mellow Summer day,

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 292.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What a singular letter! Scaled with red wax, and I do believe stamped with the end of a thimble. Such a stiff, upright hand, too. Auntie Foster, it is for you."

The young lady who said this had found some letters in the box, as she came down to breakfast, and was sorting them in her hand with true feminine curiosity as she entered the room, where an elderly lady sat behind a stately coffee-urn, with frosted silver sparkling around her, and delicate china set forth for the morning meal.

Mrs. Foster reached forth her hand for the letter. A slight flush came over her face as she broke the seal, which deepened into evident excitement when she had gathered the full meaning of its contents.

Miss Foster received no letters that morning, and had full leisure to speculate on the strange epistle that had come to her step-mother.

"Well, what is it, auntie? Your face is worth studying as you read. One would think you had got a love-letter from some old country beau," she said, folding her hands in the quilted sleeves of a loose silk dressing-gown, and leaning them on the table.

"It is from my sister Eunice," answered the elderly lady, with an effort to speak naturally.

"Oh, that stiff-necked old-maid! I would give the world to see her—do let me look at the letter. Can she really write?"

Miss Foster reached forth her hand as she spoke, but the elder lady crushed the letter in her hand, grasping it close, while a quick, startled look come into her eyes.

"You—you could not read it," she said, sharply. "Eunice writes a crabbed, old-fashioned hand."

"I dare say; but that would be a treat. One gets so tired of this swift running hand, which everybody teaches, and which has no more individuality than leaves from the same tree. Now in the old times you speak of, I dare say you could almost read a man's character by his writing."

"Yes, we might have done it, only some of It nerved her like wine.

us were so blind that we would not make the effort."

"Well, if you won't let me read the letter, do tell me what it is about. I am dying to hear news of some kind; and so rare a thing as a letter from the old homestead must bring something worth hearing."

"You know that Eunice has an adopted child?"

" No?"

"A girl. Her-her niece."

"Why, how can that be, when you are her only sister."

Mrs. Foster attempted to answer, but for some moments the words seemed to strangle her.

"Ah! I understand! A white fib, intended to give some poor-house waif respectability. I understand! It is some one that passes for a niece."

"No, you do not understand. Gertrude Harrington never saw the poor-house—and she was no waif. As for respectability, no person in the State would want better proof of that than the roof that covers her, and the name she bears."

"The name, Gertrude Harrington, that, like her home, must have been a gift."

"The child has the right to an honorable name."

"How strange! And your sister was never married."

A strange look of distress came into Mrs. Foster's eyes; but she answered coldly enough,

"My sister was never married."

"And you never visit her?",

Mrs. Foster had taken one of the delicate china cups from the table, and was attempting to fill it, but her hand shook so violently that she was obliged to set it down half full.

"Not often," she answered, in a low voice.

"How members of a family do drift apart?" said the young lady, again folding her arms, ignorant or careless of the evident distress her questions were giving. "But you haven't told me what the letter is about?"

Mrs. Foster seemed to gather up her courage for a great effort. She took up the half-filled cup and drank the strong coffee in eager swallows. It nerved her like wine.

- "Eunice wants me to invite Gertrude here."
- "Here! A child in this house! The idea!"
- "Gertrude is not a child. It is seventeen years since my sister adopted her."
 - "Why that makes her a young person."
 - "She is a young lady, undoubtedly."
 - "And coming here. Do you really mean it?"
- "I hope you would not object; she is, as Ennice writes, a bright, pleasant girl."
- "Object? Well, your New England girls are all so smart. If she isn't too knowing, and don't put on beauty airs, perhaps it might do."

Mrs. Foster's face, which had been locked and White as she was speaking, softened with a sense - relief.

- "You are very kind to help me in this-so kind! I shall not forget it."
- "Oh, nonsense! I never was really kind in my life; so don't try to make me out better than I am. This girl may liven up the establishment c little. If she bothers too much, there is the cirl-maid and the Connecticut farm to go back to, and no great harm done. When does she want to come?"
- "Directly. She is nicely educated, but lacks come things which a year in town will give her."
- "A year! Why it is a residence you propose, not a visit."
- "Even that might not be unpleasant," suggested Mrs. Foster, in a low, deprecating voice, for her heart was so full of this idea that she unconsciously took the air of a suppliant with her step-daughter.

But Jane Foster had interested herself in the subject quite enough to weary of it, and only replied.

"Well, now that she is to come, would there be any objections to a little breakfast? Of course, Rufe will not be down this half hour."

With a look of infinite relief, Mrs. Foster went on with the duties she had been neglecting; but she tasted nothing herself, except another cup of strong coffee. She longed to get away and read her sister's letter, where no criticising eye was upon her. Its purport she had gathered in a hasty, nervous way; but it was like a broken dream to her as yet.

After awhile the breakfast-room doors opened again, and an elderly young man came in, wrapped in a quilted dressing-gown of plum-colored silk, and with a pair of Oriental slippers on his feet. His blonde hair, getting thin on the top of his head, was daintily curled, and soft, silky whiskers, in which threads of silver gleamed to the close observer, fell on each side of his face she said, "like a good, dutiful sister. Well, I with the lightness of thistle-down. His face was | don't mind taking the role for once. fair, and flushed easily; his eyes, soft, furtive, { please his highness to accept an egg?"

and blandly treacherous, sought shelter under their drooping lids whenever an earnest glance was turned upon them. In society a soft smile was usually beaming on his face; but here, in his own home, he came to his breakfast silent, and weakly sullen.

This man, who thought himself young in spite of more than forty years, seated himself at the table, and began to read the morning paper, which he had brought in his hand. He looked up long enough to accept his coffee, but not to give either of the ladies a morning salutation.

Miss Foster drew back as her brother seated himself, and gave a saucy shrug of the shoulders, which she had brought back as an accomplishment from Paris. She was not a handsome girl, and in her, this bit of audacity lost its graceful dash. Rufus Foster looked up for a moment, and threw a sneer into his usual smile.

- "Don't," he said. "You can never do it half so well as a second-rate French nurse; so I would advise you to give it up."
- "And you," answered the young lady, tartly, "have made yourself an excellent judge of that particular class."

Foster went on with his reading, but paused now and then to sip the strong, black coffee, which his step-mother had given him.

Miss Foster sat down again, and rested her elbow on the table; the apathy of her brother was exasperating.

"Perhaps," she said, "we may yet find something that will wake the Grand Mogul up. He does not know that we have a prodigy coming from the country."

Foster lifted his eyes.

"A rose-bud of rustic innocence; something rare in his life."

The man frowned heavily, while pretending not to hear.

- "Oh! I forgot to ask you, auntie-is the girl handsome?"
 - " I-I don't know," was the faint reply.
- " Because, if she is, I advise you not to bring her here."

The girl was perfectly unconscious that she was annoying one person and torturing another with the reckless malice of her words. But chancing to turn her eyes upon Mrs. Foster, she was startled.

"Why, auntie, what makes you so pale?"

Mrs. Foster did not reply, but arose and left the table. The step-daughter laughed lightly.

"So I am left to wait on his high mightiness,"

Foster pushed the egg-cup she offered aside, without looking from his paper.

"Toast?" persisted the tantalizing girl, pushing the plate toward him.

Foster reached out his hand, broke off a morsel of the toast, and laid down the paper.

- "Who is it you tell me is coming here?" he questioned.
- "Ah! I thought you would have some curiosity. Auntie has got a sort of adopted niece somewhere in Connecticut—"
- "Ah! I never heard of such a person," said Foster, quietly interrupting his sister.
- "Nor I, till lately. But there she is, and here she soon will be, unless you or I protest against it."
- "I certainly shall not take the trouble," said Foster.
- "Nor I," answered the girl. "Any change will be for the better in this dull house."

Foster arose and went out of the room, muttering, "It will be a bore, I dare say; but, fortunately, females cannot follow one to the club."

Jane watched him with her dull eyes, in which mischief itself never kindled beyond a glow of malice.

"I only wish the creature may be handsome enough to snub him. It would be a treat to see him put down for once," she muttered. "But I dare say she will be ready to fetch and carry for him like a poodle, and then I shall hate her abominably."

It is doubtful if Miss Jane Foster could really hate or love any one in a deep and earnest degree; but her disposition certainly was not affectionate, and she was capable of more mischief than a stranger or more deliberately wicked person. No longer in her first youth, and never even tolerably handsome, her ambition, as far as it was womanly, had failed of any satisfactory result, and, of late, she had aspired to the character of a brilliant conversationalist and wit, which she was compelled to maintain by a good deal of futile practice at home.

While she was 'lingering about the table, her brother returned, drew an easy chair up to the grate, and rested one foot on the sparkling steel of the fender, while the paper rustled down to his knee. A little Skye terrier, with hair of a delicate buff color, and soft as unspun silk, leaped into his lap, tinkling a tiny golden bell attached to his collar with the joyous movement. The white hand of this idle man rested on the little animal with caressing affection.

"Well, Floss," he said, looking in the dog's eyes with a frank, smiling glance, seldom bestowed on a human being, "where have you been hiding?" "He has no business in the breakfast-room, and wouldn't dare to come in but for you," said Jane.

Foster arose, with the dog in his arms, sat down by the table, and began to mince some broiled chicken on the plate he had just left.

"Hungry, ha, Floss!" he said, with a soft laugh, which he knew would aggravate the young lady as much as the forbidden liberty he had taken. "Don't be so greedy, Floss, and scatter so much on the table-cloth. There, now!"

Here, with provoking hatefulness, the man took a fine handkerchief from his pocket, shook out its folds, and pinned it around the dog's neck, with the exquisitely embroidered monogram dropping on its breast like a shield.

Jane stood near, eyeing this proceeding with contempt, which deepened the smile on her brother's face.

- "Noble work for a man," she sneered; "but like clings to like. No wonder there is so much sympathy here."
- "Fearfully hackneyed, that," said the brother, patting his favorite on the head. "We have heard it ever since you were a puppy! Haven't we, Floss? But when one wants to be witty, it is always safe to fall back on."
- "Wit?" said Jane, snatching the plate away, which Floss had fallen to licking, quite heedless of this frothy dialogue. "I'm not likely to throw away anything of the kind here."
- "Of course she won't?" murmured Foster, unpinning the handkerchief, and wiping the dog's mouth with dainty deliberation. "Wit isn't a thing that can be thrown to the dogs like chickenbones, or wasted on refractory brothers, especially where it is so hard to get."
- "If you intend your words for me," said Miss Foster, seating herself, and resting her chin on one hand, "perhaps it would be as well to utter them direct."
- "I—was saying to Flossy, here, that wit is the very highest and brightest emanation of a brilliant intellect and a good heart acting in harmony—and that is a rare combination. A little smartness, and a good deal of ill-nature is enough to make any female sarcastic; and it only requires audacity and ignorance to be flippant; but wit, don't attempt that, Jane—it isn't in your line; upon my word it isn't!"

As he spoke this biting truth, Foster sank, smiling, into the luxurious depths of his easy-chair, and held his slippered foot against the network of silvered-wire that protected the grate.

Miss Foster retorted on him sharply, and left the room, burning with futile anger; for the biting truths which sometimes came so calmly through the smiling lips of that brother, had power to sting her into resentment, without fastening on her mind as a thing to be considered.

Meantime, Mrs. Foster had gone to her room, and locked herself in. There she took out Eunice Harrington's letter, and read it carefully, over and over again. It was a stiff, formal epistle, and might have seemed cold to any person who was a stranger to the woman; but, to Mrs. Foster, every line was full of tender significance. She understood with what care and study it had been written, and could feel all the sacrifice which it proposed.

"Gertrude is engaged to be married," the letter said. "The young man she has accepted will be a disappointment, in some things, for he is a lawyer, and will always feel above, settling down on a farm, as I hoped Gertrude's husband would; besides this, he does not take to the society in which you and I were brought up. Still, there is a good deal to say in his praise. A finer looking young man you never saw. His father has been a member of Congress, and is a judge of the Supreme Court of this State. His grandfather was a general in the Revolution, and he, himself, was one of the most forward scholars that ever graduated at Yale College.

"A man like this, dear sister, is not likely to settle down on my farm, though I should offer to deed it to him at once. He is looking upward and forward. Without a dollar in the world, he means to get rich, and speaks of supporting Gertrude like a lady. She, too, has ideas of something much higher than the farm, and sometimes thinks if queens were a possible thing in this country, she would expect this young man to make her one by the force of his own talent. She is a smart girl, and reads a great deal; but this does not satisfy her. In order to fill the high place which she believes the young man will work out for her, she is beginning to hanker after something more than any school about here can give. She wants the accomplishments of a city lady, and will give me no peace till she gets them. For more reasons than she knows of, this may be right, but my heart sinks when I think

"She must come to you. I cannot trust her in the hands of strangers. She has had care, and kindness, and—and——

"I could not go on, my eyes were so full of tears. It is not often that I give up to a crying spell; but so many thoughts come back to me. Yes, the girl shall have her way! I shall be lone-some, but——"

Here Mrs. Foster closed her sister's letter, hastily.

There was a portion of it that she did not care to read again.

CHAPTER IX.

As Hart Webster rode home, after this long visit to his relatives at the mill, some thoughts, that had been kept far away from his mind, during the first dawning of his love-dream, crowded up through his happiness, and made themselves felt. In spite of himself, as he drew homeward, a young face, bright, vivid, and passion-lighted, would force itself between him and the beautiful girl he had just left, and he questioned, with a certain feeling of contempt, if that which he had felt for the young creature he would gladly have forgotten, partook, in any degree, of the manly passion that ennobled his life now. In his soul he knew that it did not. The rash, boyish preference that had flamed up out of his first youth, was to the passion that filled his whole being now, like flame among shavings compared to a bright steady fire.

The young man smiled to himself when he remembered that, for a time, he had really believed this feeling to be love. That contempt which manhood feels for the follies of the boy, had aided him to thrust the unpleasant subject out of sight while surrounded by no associating objects: but now, when that flimsily-built, unpainted house, surrounded by half-barren lands, hove in view, a feeling of humiliation came over him, and a dread of future annoyance, which cast a shade over his return home.

As Webster rode by this house, slowly, for he was too brave for any thought of evasion, a young lad, in a suit of warm, gray clothes, protected to the knees with high-topped boots, and with a rusty cloth cap set jauntily on one side of his head, came out to the rail-fence in front of the house, and hastily let down the bars.

"Hello! Is that you, Webster? Just in time for a shoot. Plenty of wild ducks on the black pond. Just got news of it—what say now!"

Webster drew in his horse. He had joined in many a day's shooting with young Ward, and was tempted to get down and try his luck again; but the sight of that face, bright, eager, and enticing, which watched him from the window, checked the thought.

"No, Ward," he said. "I must get home. It is nearly three weeks since I went away, so the ducks must wait."

Ward, who held a gun in his hand, dashed its butt to the ground, and called out,

"By Geram! Hart Webster, some confounded thing or another must have come over you. Not go a ducking when birds are plenty; I don't believe it! Why, there's the old man fidgeting to go; only I got hold of the gun first, and he hasn't got a chance with old flint-lock. Oh, here comes Sara Ann! Won't you catch 'Hail Columbia!'

Sure enough, the door flew open, and down the narrow plank which led to the bars, came a young girl, dark-haired, black-eyed, and with the slender, lithe limbs of a gipsey. Two of the bars were still in their sockets; but she leaped over them with a bound, and came up to Webster's horse, which tossed his head rather anguly at her swift approach.

"There! there! None of that!" she exclaimed, striking her brown hand against the animal's neck, with something more than a caress. "Just hush up your capers. You ought to know me. Horses aren't expected to forget folks like men. How do you do, Hart? Shying, too. Looks like it; but what for? Whose done unything? Where have you been these three weeks?"

Webster smiled, but not frankly.

"I have been over the river!"

"Over the river? That means anywhere!"

"Well, yes; it does leave a broad choice of places!" answered the young man, laughing. "And you, Sarah Ann, I never saw you looking better."

The girl tossed her head like a wild colt.

"Did you want me to look as if my heart was broke? I dare say. But I'm not of that kind. It'll take more than one fellow to bring me down to my knees. Now just tell where you've been, for I'm bound to know, anyway."

"Indeed? Well, I've been to visit my uncle."

"Your uncle!"

The eager fire in the girl's eyes slackened its force. She began to pat the neck of the horse more gently.

"Your uncle? I didn't know you had one."

"Very likely; but what have you been doing about the farm? All well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the girl, carelessly.
"The old man complains of too much work, for Tim is awful lazy; and marm has been sick in bed, so I have had pretty much all the chores to do; but that wasn't of much matter, as I'd nobody to go a fishing with but Tim—and there's no fun in that."

"Well," said Tim, breaking in here, "have you made up your mind to go or not. There is no use in waiting to hear her chatter."

"Don't let me keep you then," said Webster.
"There are two excellent reasons why I can't go.
I am in haste to get home, and have no gun here,
besides——"

"I'll run în, and get par's gun," said Sarah Ann. "It kicks a little, but that's nothing. He put a new flint in the lock this morning."

Tim Ward laughed, till the gun on which he leaned shook under him.

"Kick!" he said, choking with fun. "Why, a two-year old colt is nothing to it—and she knows it. Means to pay you off for something, old fellow. Take care!"

"Here it is," cried Sarah Ann, running down the plank with a long spooky-looking gun in her hand, "loaded and all. Both of you come back to supper. Stop, though! I'll kill a chicken, before you take the gun."

"There's one just grown. Kill it now, while you have the gun," said Tim, with a wink at the young gentleman.

Sarah Ann looked at the gun, and from it to her brother, who was regarding her with a jeering laugh. Then he turned to Webster,

"She's afraid," said he. "Just as like as not the old kickster'll straighten her out. She knows that, but is afraid to try it on nothing but'a chicken, too."

"Who's afraid?" shouted Sarah Ann, lifting the gunto her shoulder. "Not I, for one."

A lond, blasting sound, a curl of smoke from the old flint-lock, a hit chicken, some ten yards off, and a prostrate girl, with the breath knocked from her body, lying near the bars, with her black hair scattered on the ground, and a pallid face upturned to the sky. That was what the old gun had accomplished in return for Tim's jeering challenge.

Tim made a dive for the chicken, which was taking fierce, tumbling, death-leaps across the road. Webster spang from his horse, cleared the bars, and lifted the girl in his arms. She did not breathe; a deathly whiteness lay about her mouth—her little brown hands fell down limp and helpless.

"You have killed her," panted the young man, as Tim got over the bars, twisting the chicken's neck with a swift twirl of the hand as he cleared them.

"Not as you know on. I've seen the old soger kick before now. He don't do much killing, neither on one end nor t'other; but I reckon he's shook her up a trifle. I say, Sarah Ann, what's the time o'day; look up and tell a feller."

Sarah Ann neither moved nor heard. Her face was deathly under the shadow of that black hair. In her helplessness she was pure womanly, and her state filled the young man with terror.

"Go forward and open the door," he said, regarding Tim with stern wrath, as he stood, meek and conscience-stricken gazing on that pallid face.

Tim flung the door open, and tossed the chicken through, sending a curse after it.

"Give hold here! It was I that did it, and if she's got to be carried into the house dead, I'll -I'll face it. I didn't think she'd got the pluck, knowing what the old soger was. Well, then, if you won't let me lift her, do it alone. I can't do anything. Poor girl! poor-poor---;

Here the young fellow leaned his face against the door-frame, and burst into a stormy passion of tears.

"I didn't think the old soger would rear up like that," he sobbed. "But it was my fault. I ought to have known better than to stump her to anything, clear grit as she is."

"Come and get me some brandy, if there is any in the house," said Webster, who regarded his distress with but little compassion.

"Is she coming to? Will she ever breathe again?" questioned Tim, lifting his wet face in piteous earnestness.

"Get me some brandy!"

This was all the answer poor Tim got; but he started at once, and, after a moment, stood by the bed on which his sister lay, with a square glass bottle in his hand, which he held to those white lips, spilling the red fluid it contained over the pale neck and bosom.

Perhaps it was this outward bath that brought the rich blood once more astir in that young heart. At first a faint swell shook the chest, then a sob broke from the parted lips, to which the brandy was giving a ruddy color of its own. Then Sarah opened her great, wondering black eyes, and stared wildly at Webster, who began to tremble, and turned faint, when there was nothing more for him to do.

"Is this blood? Did some one shoot me?" questioned the girl, lifting one hand feebly to her throat, over which the brandy was still dripping, Her vision was evidently clouded, and the ruddy color on her fingers seemed like blood. The girl shuddered, and looked piteously at Webster.

"What have I done, that you should want to kill me?"

"That I should want to kill you? Why, Sarah, no one has harmed you. It was your own carelessness with that blundering old gun!"

The girl closed her eyes, and seemed trying to remember. All at once she started up from the pillow, and, throwing both arms around her knees, began to rock to and fro, laughing, peal after peal, till the whole house rang with her crazy merriment.

"Oh, oh! it is too good. I remember it all now. I wanted you to go a ducking with Tim, and didn't care much if the old gun did knock | eyes turned so earnestly upon him.

you back a little-why should I? Three weeks gone, and no one to tell where; but I didn't think the old soger was half so spiteful."

Here Sarah clasped her knees in a fresh paroxism, and laughed till tears flashed like diamonds down her cheek.

"Oh, my! It is delicious! Tim dared me. He is always doing it, and I never could stand that. The white chicken by the road! I wanted you both to come home to supper. That is the last thing I remember. Next came a blow and a crash, as if a blasted rock had struck me; and here I am took up for dead, and thinking myself murdered, when it was nothing but the old soger after all. Oh, my! if somebody don't stop my laughing, there'll be a funeral on these premises!" she said, hysterically.

Webster joined in the girl's mirth-it was contageous. And now that all danger was over, his old liking for this strange young creature returned. He had never loved her-of that he was certain; but her naive originality had its charm, and, against his own wishes, he knew that she loved him.

"And you were frightened! You thought me dead! Don't pretend to deny it, for I know Look at Tim there; he is white as a ghost now. Serves him right, to dare me. But you-you, Hart Webster, did it frighten you? Did your heart stop? Did cold chills creep over you? Did you find out that if I had died on this bed my soul would have carried you with it wherever it went. and held you close forever and ever?"

As she said this, Sarah unlocked both hands from the clasp on her knee and wove them .together as she stretched them toward the young man. His eyes, so bright with laughter a moment before, were flooded with a tender and beseeching mist.

"Would you? Oh, would you have cared if I had never breathed again?"

Webster took those trembling hands in his, the deep pathos of her look and words subdued him into thoughtfulness, which deepened into self-reproach, his eyes fell under the wild ardor in hers; he hesitated for words that would be kind and yet save his honor from reproach.

"You will not speak," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I was frightened; my heart did stand still, and I could not see a-a neighbor and friend who, in some respects, has been like a sister, in such a plight without feeling it very much, indeed."

"Neighbor! Friend! Sister!"

These words dropped like lead from those young lips; deep, dark trouble broke into the

Tim had gone out, and was tying Webster's horse to the fence. Those two were alone, aud he knew that the girl loved him, that in some way his own actions had led to this.

"They are sweet and honest words," he said, earnestly, "and no one of them is misapplied when I give them to you, Sarah Ann."

The girl sunk slowly down to her pillow, and the whiteness came back to her lip, that closed and locked themselves together as if they never would speak again. But after awhile they parted suddenly, and a quick light came into her eyes.

"Hart Webster, you have seen some other girl. You have told some other girl that you loved her."

Webster made no immediate reply, but a hot flush of anger swept across his face. The girl's rudeness shocked him.

"You don't answer. Your're afraid to tell me the truth."

"I do not admit that you have the right to an answer," said the young man, gravely.

The girl rose to her elbow, and gazed at him in amazement; her lips, now het and crimson, parting till the teeth gleamed through them, and her black eyes wide open, and full of fire.

"You say that?"

"Yes, I say that. We have been good friends, Sarah, and have had many things in common that girls seldom join in; but because we can shoot birds and catch trout from the same thicket and brook, is that a reason you should attempt to control my free action in other matters."

"Hart! Hart Webster! Then you own it?" Sarah Ann sprang from the bed. Her languor was gone; she seemed a creature of fire. eyes flashed, the words she spoke seethed with passion.

"I own nothing, I deny nothing, only thisyour right to ask."

The young man arose and took the riding-gloves from his hat.

""You are not going? You do not mean to say such things, and leave me to think of them?" demanded the girl, in fierce wrath.

"Yes, I am going. You have taught me how dangerous this neighborhood is. I should have thought of this before."

The girl stamped her feet.

"You shall not go. It is three weeks since you have been here; three weeks, and you---'

All at once a stormy burst of tenderness broke up these reproaches into sobs. Tears flashed down her cheeks like diamonds, her features were convulsed.

"You shall not go!" she repeated, striving to

Only wait a little. It was the hurt-I haven't got over it yet. How solemn you look, just as if you had never seen me get mad before. Please!"

She took the glove from his hand. Her childlike penitence disarmed him. Tears had quenched all the fire of her jealous rage. In her penitence the creature was not only womanly but childlike. She took his hat from the table, and carrying it into another room, hid it in a closet, which she locked. Then feeling secure that he could not go, a little of her audacity returned, and she went back to the out-room more confident.

Webster was walking up and down the room. He was hardly pleased with himself, or with the girl, whose piquancy and quick wit had attracted him to the house so often during his college vacations and fishing excursions, which she had often joined with her brother Tim. Sometimes she had even shouldered a gun, and killed more than her share of birds, keeping up a sharp rivalry with the young men.

Of course, all this had its charm for a young student like Webster, who had found his way into the best society of New Haven during his senior year at Yale, and had been a little spoiled by its over refinement. The dead level of high fashion was too devoid of all romance for a character like his; and there was an originality about Sarah Ann that kindled his imagination, and, to some extent, blinded him to her coarseness. That coarseness which, after all, sprang out of ignorance and association rather than nature, struck him now with peculiar force. In Gertrude Harrington he had found frank wit, genial impulse and 'refinement, blending the two extremes which had failed to secure his sympathy when so far apart. With his mind still rich with her memory, and lips consecrated by her farewell kiss, he was peculiarly sensitive to the rude assumption with which Sarah Ann Ward claimed a right to question him. To speak of Gertrude to that wild gipsy, who had from her very childhood been his hunting companion, was, to his mind, sacrilegious. Still his old friendship for the girl remained. Perhaps before this he had known that she loved him, and amused himself with the thought. As he would have cared for a wild bird, and troubled himself to tame it, he had found pleasure in what he deemed the childish passion of this young thing, and at times half fancied that it was returned. This delusion had entirely vanished after he learned of what deep feelings his soul was capable. But with this self-knowledge came a consciousness of the misery that unrequited love might bring on its object; and when the form of this wild girl rose before take the glove from his hand. "I-I am sorry. him, as it would, spite of his efforts to keep it

down, it was followed by a pang of self-reproach. He understood, now, the danger of playing with a human soul.

But had Webster done this? In what way had he sought the girl? Only as her brother's companion in woodcraft, never with a wish to interest her beyond the day's sport, or a pleasant hour in the evening, when he had been in the habit of strolling over through the maple-woods to make engagements with Tim, or arrange his fishing-tackle, which was usually left at the half-finished house, which was growing old before its walls were plastered.

This house stood directly on his road home, as he rode over from beyond the river, where his uncle Vane lived, and there was no reason why he should go by without calling. Down below he had seen old Mrs. Ward gathering cranberries in a marsh by the wayside, where she had stood up, pushed back her sun-bonnet, and given him a greeting, with the information that Tim was at home. Had he wanted to evade the house after that, it would have been to wound the inmates; but he did not. No word of love, no unwary endearment, had ever passed between him and the girl.

For the first time in his life he began to feel that some explanation might be due her, now that he was engaged. But the wild claim that she put in for his confidence, subdued all that, and he shrunk from the idea of answering it in any form.

But the swift change from passion to penitence, which was one of the girl's great attractions, softened his resentment, and he allowed her to inveigle him into a longer stay, without a very urgent protest. She was very humble now, and the meekness of a little child settled down upon her. With a wish to conciliate, she had brought out his fishing-tackle, to show him how nicely it had been kept; then, with shy pride, she sat down on the floor at his feet, and took some lovely artificial flies from a little paper box which she had made with her own hands during his absence.

"To-morrow," she said, with timid entreaty in her eyes, "to-morrow we will try them. The deep hole is alive with trout, that Tim and I have been keeping till you come."

Webster smiled. The girl was beginning to be her own self again. "What could have possessed her to berate and question him so?"

- "You haven't been a fishing with—with any lady over yonder?" she went on, looking meekly down at her flies.
- "No, Sarah, but I have been very near being food for fishes myself."

The girl looked up wildly.

"How? What do you mean?"

- "Nothing very terrible, child. Only I got into very deep water, and a friend who was with me was badly hurt."
 - "But you-you got out safe?"
 - "Or I shouldn't be here, Sarah."
- "True enough," she answered, laughing softly Then she added, with some hesitation, "How far is it to where your uncle lives?"
 - "Oh! about twenty-five miles."
- "That is a long way. I never was so far in my life."

Webster laughed, and took out his watch.

"Why, child, it is nothing. I haven't been more than two hours and a half on the road."

A blank expression came into Sarah's face, and she said, with an effort, as if something were choking her,

- "Then you could go over any time?"
- "Why, of course. What should prevent me?"
- "Oh, nothing, I suppose! How far is it from the river?"
 - "The Housatonic?"
 - " Yes."
- "Why, you can almost see it from the rocks beyond my uncle's mill."
- "So his uncle runs a grist mill," thought the girl, almost hugging herself with pleasure, that she had learned so much. "If I could only find out his name now!"

Sarah had too much feminine cunning to ask the name direct; but her heart was burning with jealousy, and she resolved to discover what he seemed careful not to tell her.

- "Are you going away again soon?"
- "Why, yes, it is likely, but not for long. I have got to study hard, and get business now. My play-days are about over, Sarah."
- "No more fishing; no more squirrel and quailshooting," said the girl, with pathetic sadness in her voice, and, gathering up her pretty artificial flies, she closed the box over them sharply.
- "Oh, it won't be so bad as that," laughed the young man. "I dare say we will try the deep hole to-morrow."

The girl sprang to her feet.

- "Will you! will you!"
- "Well, let us make a bargain. Get my hat; let me go off quietly now, and, if Tim has nothing better to do, we will make a day of it to morrow."
- "I warrant the trout will suffer, if we do," cried Sarah, clasping her hands. "Tim; of course, our Tim is always on hand."
 - "Then it is a settled thing. So get my hat."
- "You won't stay to supper, pleaded the girle more with her eyes than voice.

"Not now. After our sport to-morrow, perhaps."

Sarah ran to the Kitchen-door.

"Tim! Tim! hang the chicken in the springhouse. It will be wanted for to-morrow," she called out.

"All right," answered Tim, from the garden, where he stood knee-deep in weeds going to seed, which he was lazily pulling up, in order to take himself out of the way.

"Here is your hat. Now be sure and come early," said the girl, full of brilliant vivacity once more. "We'll have everything ready."

Webster took his hat, drew on one glove, and looked for the other, but it was nowhere to be found.

"Surely I brought it in," he said, searching his pockets a second time, and, after that, the floor.

Sarah did not speak; but pretended to aid in his search, stooping her head that he might not see the smile that quivered over it.

"Well, never mind. Perhaps you will find it," said Webster, at last, giving up the search with reluctance. "I would not care, but—but—" "But what?"

"Oh, nothing! Only one does not want to ride home with one hand bare. So, if you find it, Sarah, let me know."

Sarah was following Webster to the fence as he said this, and, as he untied his horse, her face clouded; but she said nothing, and allowed him to ride away without protest. The moment he was out of sight, she drew a glove from her bosom, and examined it with sharp scrutiny.

"Here it is! I knew there was something! That creature has been a mending it for him. Oh! I wonder who she is; but I will find out. He can't keep it from me. That girl and I are coming face to face, just as sure as we both live. Such small stitches, too, as if I couldn't beat that, if I only tried. How dare she mend his gloves? Oh! I could be the death of her. But, who is she? Who is she? I'll find out, if it kills me!"

Sarah thrust the glove fiercely into her bosom, as she spoke, and ran into the house with her teeth clenched, and her eyes blazing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"NO NIGHT THERE."

BY MRS. W. C. BELL.

The beautiful sunshine still lingers,
Afar o'er the sky-tinted rills;
Where eve, with her rosy-tipped fingers,
Is crowning the rugged-browed hills.
Its soft, golden tresses are lying,
Spread out on the lap of the West;
And I know that the bright day is dying,
And sinking in quiet to rest.

As I look through the trees over yonder,
Where these glories of eventide are,
I cannot help pausing to wonder,
And lift up my heart with a prayer.

For though all earth's blessings are fleeting, And we part from them each with a sigh, There's a voice that is ever repeating, The sweet song of trust, "By-and-by."

And in faith I can ever remember,

Though the leaves and the shadows may fall;
Though bleak are the blasts of December,
There's a glad Summer-time for us all.
And though here the evening shades gather,
And hide all that's sunny and fair;
When we go home, to dwell with our Father,
It will always be morning up there.

LIFE'S DAY.

BY ANNA L. LEAR.

At morn,
Two lovers walked for their pleasure,
Under the morning dawn;
Happy with love and with leisure,
While the bright day sped on!

At noon,
Two loving ones toiled together,
Under the noonday-swn;
Heeding not hardship nor weather,
Since they were both as one.

At night,
A peaceful couple at evening,
Watching the sinking sun;
Thought not of grumbling ner grieving,
Since all their work was done!

And now
Down where the tall willows, weeping,
Make the day dim at noon,
Two forms are quietly sleeping,
Under the silent moon.

WHAT CAME OF A PICNIC.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

"I vote we have a picnic to-day," exclaimed Freddie Campbell, springing into the breakfustroom through the low window, and startling the group at the table by his sudden appearance. "It's a prime day, cool and breezy, and we fellows can fish, while the girls have a fire and cook our dinner on the rocks. Who'll second my motion?"

"I will!" "And I!" "And I!"

"To work, then! Mother, he generous with the good things. Girls don't forget the clives and sardines. I'll have the horses put to the wagonette, and we will go over to Fordham's Beach."

"Why not nearer home, where we could walk?" asked Florence Campbell, hastily. "I think Crescent Beach much more convenient, and equally pretty."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Fred, in the contemptuous manner common to sixteen-year-old brothers; "the fun is in getting out of sight and sound of people. Why we can see Crescent Beach from the lawn!"

Florence made no further objection, though she went about her task of packing the lunchconbaskets rather slowly and unwillingly, as if she did not quite approve of the day's programme.

The little party, who were summering at the Campbell Cottage, consisted of Ella and Josie Carter, twin sisters, pretty, blooming, and eighteen; Arthur Rodman, a dashing young collegian of twenty, who was in a really melancholy state of uncertainty as to which of the pretty twins to fall in love with; Tom Ferguson, also a collegian, but one who made it his boast that he "hated girls;" Bentley Campbell, handsome and clever, and rather impressed with his own dignity; Fred, who needs no description; and Florence.

To describe Florence Campbell justly, would be a very difficult task; so I will only say that she was handsome, rather haughty, of a quick but generous temper, and always well dressed. And the last quality, let me say, is by no means to be overlooked in any woman.

Shawls, baskets, fishing-rods, toasting-forks, and frying-pans, were indiscriminately piled into the wagonette, leaving but small room for the living freight. At last, however, amidst much laughing, the party was all seated and off.

Fordham's Beach was a wild, rock-strewn

name came from Charles Fordham, who owned an isolated though beautiful place on the coast. A young man of not more than twenty-seven or eight, alone in the world, and of a morose disposition, there had been at one time almost an intimacy between Fordham and Bentley Campbell. The former would terminate his daily rides at the cottage, and would spend many of the long, summer evenings on the wide, hospitable porch. Three years before the commencement of this story, these visits had suddenly ceased. Fordham closed his house, leaving only one servant in charge, and left for Europe, without even bidding adjeu to his friends at the cottage. Many were the expressions of wonderment at this strange behavior, and many were the conjectures as to the cause. But no one guessedwhat would almost be a natural conclusionthat a "woman was at the bottom of it!"

The facts were simple enough, though unknown and unsuspected. Fordham had fallen madly (for that is the only word to express the strength of his passion) in love with Florence Campbell. He was, in reality, a shy man, although his manner was coldly self-possessed, and it was some time before he ventured to address himself to Florence. When he did so at last, he was rewarded by the assurance that his love was returned. Their engagement lasted only two days. and had been kept a secret between the two. Fordham was jealous, passionate, and proud; he took exception to Florence's manner of receiving the visit of a gentleman who had long been an intimate at the house; spoke to her about it in an unwarrantable manner-and a quarrel ensued. Florence, who was as quick-tempered as himself, demanded that the engagement should be broken. He took her at her word, and the next day made his arrangements for leaving the place. In the three years of his absence, not one word had come from him to her. "suffered, and was silent," and concealed from all the world the pain she still endured. His name had hardly been mentioned before her for two years. She avoided any such mention, and even her rides and drives were invariably taken in an opposite direction to Fordham's Beach.

The place was wild and beautiful. The house

of stone was almost hidden by old trees, whose sturdy trunks had resisted the great storms and winds, and ocean blows for a hundred years and more.

As the picnic-party drove through the unhinged and unused gate, the loneliness of the scene was almost mournful. The leaf-littered park, and grass-grown walks; the great, silent house, and the near view of the sea, as it rolled and roared against the rocks, would have had a depressing influence on any party less gay than ours. But the high spirits of Ella and Josie Carter, and the rollicking hilarity of young Rodman and Fred Campbell, were not to be put down by such subduing. They shouted and laughed, and threatened an invasion of the old mansion, suggesting ghosts as a reward. Bentley made some remark about the absent owner, and spoke regretfully of the broken friendship. Florence only said nothing; but she looked sadly and longingly at the deserted house, and, perhaps, made a picture in her mind of how it "might have been."

They drove to the beach; the horses were taken from the carriage, and instantly cared for. A great fire was built, and cross-sticks closely arranged to hold the tea-kettle. A furnace of stones was improvised, with a place for living coals, whereon to broil the fish. The girls were all busy, and had retained Arthur Rodman as an assistant "cook and bottle-washer." Bentley, Tom Ferguson, and Fred were away on the distant rocks fishing.

Florence felt an uncontrollable sadness upon her; she tried her best to be interested and amused by their novel occupation; but the very jollity of her companions jarred upon her; and, after awhile, she wandered off by herself, and, following the beach for a short distance, she clambered over some rocks, and crossed the neglected lawn to the house. There, seated on the porch, hidden by bushes and trailing vines, from all sight of her companions, and almost out of hearing of their merry voices, she gave way to her grief and tears, as she had not done before Tears brought in the three long, past years. relief, of course, and some of that heavy weight at her heart was lessened. She stood up and leaned against the stone balustrade of the porch, and put her hand upon it with almost a caress. Then a wish came to her to go into the house, and wander through the rooms which had been his lonely home. She knew that a servant had been left in charge of the place, so she ventured to knock at the great oaken-door; but no sound of life came in answer, only the hollow echo of the knock in the long hall. But the desire to

enter there was now too strong upon her to be easily relinquished, so she knocked again and again, and at last turned the handle of the door. She had not really thought that it would yield to her, and was almost frightened when the door opened reluctantly, and with dismal creaking.

She entered timidly, and, at first, could see nothing; but, at last, the shadowy outline of massive furniture and closed door-ways appeared through the gloom; and gathering boldness from the sunshine which was shining in through the opened door, she made her way across the hall.

To the right, of course, she would find the drawing-room, and to the left the library. She had often heard her lover speak of the lonely, dreamy days he passed in his library, and in the happiness of their brief engagement he had told her how he hoped it would be some day when she would be there at his side.

Now it was with almost a feeling as if she were going to his grave, or to the grave of their dead hopes, that she softly neared the door, and slowly and gently opened it. Everything lay in gloom and shadow, at first only intensified by the faint light which now fell upon the threshold. But Florence was brave and bold, and her longing was to sit where he had sat, and dream as he had done; so she groped her way into the long, old-fashioned room. As before, the furniture and frame-work of windows and pictures started out of the darkness, and she now more easily moved toward a great easy-chair, which stood by the side of the chimney-piece. But, suddenly, she stopped, and, with a half-shrick, pressed her hand to her heart; for, rising slowly from the chair, was the figure-the well-known, erect figure of Fordham!

If Florence, for one half-minute, thought it was the ghost of her lover, or the effect of her own imagination, such thought was soon dispelled. It was Fordham himself standing there, and looking coldly and steadily at the intruder.

Without a word, Florence stretched out her hands, but he did not move to take them. She hesitated a moment—pride was tugging at her heart; but love was stronger than pride; she moved impetuously forward, and, seizing the hand which hung heavily at his side, she put it to her lips, and murmured the word "Forgive!" And then—

And then! oh! with what passionate love he clasped her, and pressed her to his bosom! With what tender kisses he kissed her again and again! She had been the first to yield; but, after all, his was the greater yielding. For now no words he could utter would sufficiently express his desire for her pardon—his self-re-

proaches, his deep, wild love and admiration for her. On his knees he entreated her forgiveness; he praised her nobleness and generosity in having first used the disarming word, and reproached himself for the pride and stubbornness which had so long separated him from all he loved on earth.

The explanation of his presence in the house was soon made. He had returned only the day before, and had forbidden his one servant to open the house, or speak of his arrival. He had come with no defined intention of seeing Florence, and yet it was the very urgency of his desire to see her which had brought him home from across the seas. He had not noticed the picnic party as they drove through the grounds, but had seen Florence as she crossed the lawn to the porch. There she was hidden from him, and he had not been witness to her tears. When she told him that she had wept at his door, and all the thoughts that were then crowding into her breast, he took her into his arms, with an inward vow to make her so happy that she should never have cause for tears again.

It was very reluctantly that they, at last, returned to the "outer world;" or, in more simple speech, joined the picnic party. But Florence remembered that her friends would be uneasy at her prolonged absence, which, indeed, proved to be the case.

Fordham was received with enthusiasm by Bentley, and the fact of the engagement was too evident for any concealment to be even attempted.

"Oh!" said Fred, after a long and thoughtful stare at his sister, and then at Fordham.
"Oh! I fancy I see through your walking off so suddenly three years ago." And Master Fred fancied himself very sharp. "Oh, bother!" he added, as a new thought struck him. "Now this place will be spoiled for picnics! You'll be living here, I suppose?" What a bore!"

And, after a few months, they were, indeed, living in the old house; and, as years rolled on, many little feet chased through the big rooms, and played upon the beach.

Fordham's moroseness and reserve was of the past.

GOOD-BY.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

GOOD-BY! I take your hand in mine,
Oh! friend and comrade, tried and true;
And in my being's inmost shrine,
I make a sacred place for you.

And what, though many a weary mile,
May lie between our sundered ways?
I keep the glory of thy smile
Through all the intervening days.

The memory of thy love I keep,
Nor can its sweetness fade or die;
Its blessedness shall o'er the deep
Attend me ever, far or nigh.

Good-by! Now lay your hand in mine; I shall be faithful, never fear; Love needs no token, word, or sign, Only a look, and all is clear.

Good-by. And, oh! be true to me,
And love me, sweet, with all thy heart;
For though I go, I leave with thee,
Of all I am, the better part.

Good-by! The shores are fading fast!
The sails are loose, the vessel free;
The old familiar scenes fly past—
Friend, lover, home, adieu to thee!

LINES.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

On! ye, who watch beside the dead,
And think the saddest tears ye shed
Give no relief.
Ye give the mute lips many a kiss,
And feel the world has nought like this
Of bitter grief.

Though here ye greet them nevermore,
They are not lost, but "gone before,"
Your happy dead;
Ye'll go to them, some future day,
Where all the tears are wiped away
That ye have shed.

But, oh! it is a heavier cross,
To live, and yet to mourn the loss
Of what would be:
The all of life to make it sweet,
The all of love to make complete
Our costasy.

Those whom we love—to feel, to know,
They go from us to depths of woe,
Beyond recall.
Oh! hearts that thus your dead entomb,
And throb above the awful gloom,
God help you al: !

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC. BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, two heautiful evening-dresses. The first is suitable for either a large or small party, and may be made of French muslin, tarlatan, gauze, or any of the light gossamer fabrics which are to be had at this season of the year. Perhaps the French muslin, Swiss, or tarlatan, should have the preference, both

from their suitability for the style, and the inexpensiveness of the material. Ten yards of French muslin, two yards wide, at a cost of seventy-five cents per yard, will make the dress. Or a piece of tarlatan, which can be bought in white, pink, or blue, at from six to eight dollars the piece.

The under-skirt of this dress is cut in a short } demi-train, and ornamented with one flounce. twelve inches deep, trimmed at the bottom, and not too full, cut straight way of the muslin, of course. This is headed by another ruffle, hemmed on both sides, and gathered in the center, four inches wide. Inside of this is a second ruffle, three inches wide, and gathered with a fine cord. This double ruffle is duplicated, and arranged just above the first one, as seen in the engraving. The upper-skirt is perfectly plain, looped up quite short in front and at the sides, where it is drawn into the middle of the back, thus producing the puff. Plain, low-necked dress, with short sleeves, and round waist, fastened with a sash with short ends, completes this dress. Of course, the waist may be made high in the neck, and the sleeves open, if preferred, and still the style of the dress not materially altered.

The other is of the same kind of material, with the addition of black velvet ribbon, which makes a very effective dress. This skirt is cut also in demi-train, and has the bottom band with black velvet ribbon, two inches wide. This is ornamented with a plain-hemmed flounce, twelve inches deep, put on with a ruffle to stand up. Black velvet bows and ends are disposed at equal distances around the skirt. The velvet should be one and a half inches wide. The upper-skirt is rounded in front and open in the back, trimmed all round with a ruffle four inches deep, when made with the velvet between it and the heading. The skirt at the back is folled, as may be seen, and looped there and at the sides with corresponding bows of the velvet ribbon. The waist is cut low in the neck, and with a short basque, which is open at the back, to display the trimming of the upper-skirt; this is trimmed at the neck, and around the basque. to correspond with the skirt. Bows at the shoulders and back, and front of the corsage, are added. Twelve yards of French muslin, and three pieces of velvet ribbon will be required.

We give, also, in the front of the number, two new designs for opera-cloaks. One is made of white poplin, trimmed with black lace and dark claret velvet. The hood is simulated with a velvet neck-piece, bordered with lace and insertion. The edge of the cloak corresponds with the hood. The other is circular in form, and made of white cashmere, trimmed with blue fringe; blue silk plaitings, with swansdown in the center. This trimming borders the cloak, and a row is laid on to simulate a double cape.

Next we give a house-dress of plaid serge. This dress is of black and white plaid serge, at seventy-five cents per yard, and has the under-

skirt quite plain, and simply trimmed with a bias band of black empress-cloth, stitched in white by the sewing-machine. The over-skirt, as may be seen, is without trimming, and only assists as drapery. These simple over-skirts are quite popular from their simplicity, and in soft material, such as serge, cashmere, or merino, are exceedingly graceful. The basque is cut slightly loose, and belted at the waist; it is trim-



med to match the under-skirt, observing to make the band only about half as wide. The wide coat-sleeve is trimmed with the same. In our design, the waist is cut surplice at the throat; a ruffle of French muslin is worn inside; same at the sleeves. Fifteen yards of the plaid material, and one and a half yards for trimming will be required. A similar dress, for warmer weather, may be made of any light summer fabric.

We give next, a dress for a child from one to two years. This little dress is of Nainsook or Victoria lawn, cut all in one from the neck, front, and sides, gored, and full in the back. There is a square yoke set in at the neck, which is composed of a puff of the muslin with a narrow ruffle, top and bottom; sleeves narrow, to correspond; also the lappets, which cover the front scams on the waist; these pass under the belt, as may be seen. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a double ruffle of the muslin, separated in the center with a tiny row of insertion or pique trimming. This trimming is also upon



the yoke and sleeves. Two and a half yards of Nainsook or Victoria lawn will make the dress and trimmings, and six yards of insertion.

In the front of the number, we give a talma, with hood, for a young lady. This simple outdoor garment is made of light-gray cashmere or cloth. It is cut in the circular form, and slightly slashed at the back, where it is rounded-off, as may be seen. The trimming consists of a band of black velvet, or silk, upon which a pretty pattern is braided in gray, the color of the cloth, or any shade darker. The outside braiding of scallops is done in black. This trimming is carried up the back, following the form of the talma where it meets the hood, which is cut in a point, ornamented to match, and is finished with a tassel at the point. A tied silk fringe completes the whole. One and a quarter yards of cloth or cashmere will be required. If made of cashmere, it should be lined with silk. This same design, done in white cashmere, would make a charming opera-cloak.

Also, in the front of the number, an infant's cloak. This cloak may be made either in white merino, cashmere, or pique, for the coming season. It is first a single long sacque with sleeves, belted in at the waist or not, as may be preferred. Over this is a circular-cape. The whole is braided in a handsome, showy pattern. If on cashmere or merino, the braid should be of silk, either plain or the kind called star-braid,

coarse, which is probably the most effective. If pique, braid with the cotton star braid, and bind the edge with a pretty pique trimming. Two yards of cashmere, or three and a half of pique, will be required, and a dozen pieces of braid.

Next is a dress also for a child of one or two years. It is made of plaid Nainsook, pique, or brilliant. It is also all in one. Just lay the boxplaits, and then shape the neck. The plaits are stitched as far as the waist, where they are confined to a belt, stitched down. A band of pink, blue, or buff percale, cut on the bias, is stitched down, forming the trimming around the square yoke, sleeves, and bottom of the skirt. Also a similar band upon the belt, with the addition of



a bow and ends of the percale at the side. This dress is rather more suitable for a boy. Three yards of pique, and three-quarters of a yard of colored percale, will be required for the dress.

We give, in the front of the number, a lady's wrapper of white cambric, ornamented with "Standard" puffings, "Standard" bias tuckings, and "Standard" plaited flouncings. A very pretty house-dress of Swiss muslin can be made from this pattern. The "Standard Trimmings" supply the requisite ornamentations for all articles made of white goods. They can be bought at any drygoods store. The assortment comprises every variety of puffings, plaitings, tuckings, flutings, and flouncings, and for elegance and economy are unsurpassed.

We also give, on the same page, a child's slip, trimmed with "Standard" toilet ruffle, and "Standard" puffings. Also a girl's street suit of fine lawn, trimmed with "Standard" boxplaited flouncings.

EVENING POLONAISE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, an engraving of one of the polonaise dresses so fashionable this season. Our pattern may be made up in either silk, gauze, grenadine, or figured tullo, and trimmed with lace, plaitings, or ruches. Our model is black figured net, edged with black lace, and rosecolored satin bands above; maize satin and black velvet also look well for trimmings.

The pattern consists of four pieces, viz:

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. BACK.

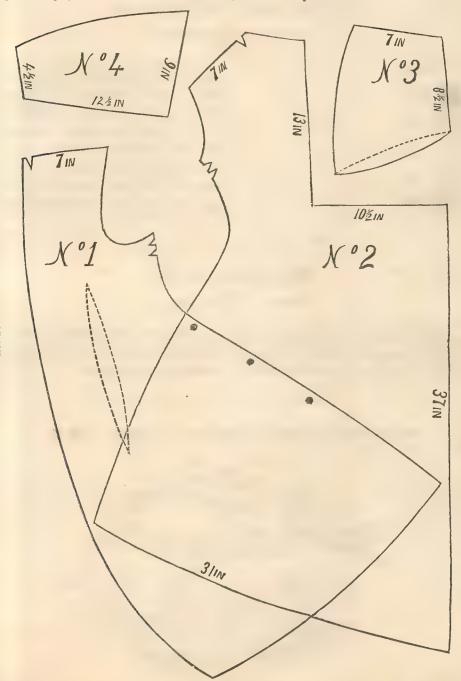
No. 3. SLEEVE.

No. 4. Ruffle of Sleeve.

The joining of front and back is indicated with one noteh on the shoulder and two notches under the arms, and these pieces must be joined before draping. Three punched holes will be found in the front; these show where the tunic

is to be draped. The second hole is to be lifted ; can be plain or puffed to the elbow, and a ruffle to the first, and the third to the second. The is added. Half of the ruffle only is given in our

piece that projects from the back is to be laid in model. This polonaise also looks well in white



double plaits at the waist. A bow is added on Algerienne, edged with Thibet fringe. Nothing the waistband, both back and front. The sleeve could be prettier for the coming season.

PATTERN IN PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

White. Black. Green.

Yellow

Blue.

Red.

In the front of the number we give a pattern for a bed-quilt, crib-cover, or any other suitable affair, to be done in patchwork. The different colors are indicated by the different degrees of shading. In the opposite column we give a key by which the pattern is to be worked. The white squares are perfectly white, the black perfectly black, the green diagonally shaded one way, the yellow diagonally shaded another way, the blue checquered, and the red distinguished by vertical lines. The effect of this combination of colors is very striking.

BED-ROOM TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

number. They are worked on honeycomb canvas. the raised thread of the canvas.

In the front of the number we give another of \ The embroidery may be in scarlet or black Anthose popular designs for a toilet-cloth, or bed- { dalusian wool. The mode of working on the room tidy, one of which we gave in the April | honeycomb canvas is to pass the needle under

HANDKERCHIEF-CORNER AND NAME.



SOFA, OR CARRIAGE-BLANKET.

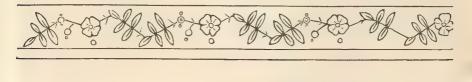
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a pattern } for a sofa, or carriage-blanket, the materials of which are white, azure blue single Berlin wool, pale gold, green, and blue filoselle, a mediumsized bone crochet-hook. The stripes are worked in plain crochet tricotee, with a raised standing line of double loops in white wool, and between them a small stripe of blue wool in double crochet, with a row on each side of the stripe of white in gold silk. For the white stripes make a chain of 24 stitches; the loops are made in working back. Work off singly, and in the usual manner, the first 20 stitches, then make 5 Ch. before you take off the next loop on the needle. the next loop plain, a loop as before, then take off the two next. These two stitches are the 2nd and 4th in the last row. In the 2nd row make the loops in the 3rd and 5th stitches; in 3rd row, in the 4th and 6th, and so on. In the 17th row, commence another stripe, beginning with a loop in the 2nd stitch, and continuing the worked in knots.

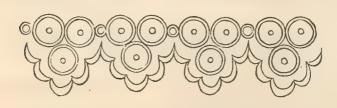
last stripe. In the next row work a loop on the 3rd stitch, and in the following on the 2nd and 4th; then continue as before. The slanting stripes are all finished in this manner: between the stripes you embroider with the green and blue filoselle. You now work down each side of the white stripe a row of azure blue. Commence with a DC. stitch, taking up the edge just before the first long loop in the row on the 2nd stitch in the row, take up the next stitch just above the 3rd loop. Work in this manner a long and short loop throughout, taking care not to draw them too tight. On this row work four rows of DC. with the azure blue wool, then join to another stripe by sewing through each stitch. The fringe is made with lengths of blue wool.

The leaves in the embroidery are worked with loops of green silk, the flowers in the same stitch with blue, and the white ears with yellow in feather-stitch. The center of the flowers are worked in knots.

INSERTIONS AND EDGINGS.









EDITOR'S TABLE

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE SECRET OF THE ART OF DRESS is to wear only what is individually becoming in both style and color, and not to be tempted into unbecoming eccentricities, however fashionable they may be. Thus, for example, a blonde must never be led away into any dark and heavy colo.'s, however popular they are. Nor should she wear, as is too commonly the case, washed-out and faded hues, but should choose bright, light tints, which assimilate with her complexion, and heighten its offect. She can, however, wear black, especially if her hair be one particular shade, with very good results; and, indeed, with regard to that color, people of all complexions look well in it, except brunettes without vivid complexions. Even a dark-haired person with a bright color can wear black with impunity, and in combination with white, it is at once effective and fashionable. A brunette should avoid, on the other hand, all pale colors, and can wear, according to tone of complexion, dark-blues, reds, and the like, and a certain shade of dark violet. People with red hair, now so popular, owing to the artist mania for it, should be especially careful. Violet and purple should be eschewed. A medium shade of green is, perhaps, the most effective, and black, as a rule, is becoming, but inasmuch as this color of hair is of so many different tones, and allied to such very varied complexions, it is exceedingly difficult to lay down any strict rules.

No matter what the complexion or color of hair, there should always be one prevailing tent in a costume, and large masses of different colors should be avoided, except in the case of black and white, or where the tones are merely gradations of the same (int. Two or three bright colors, not assimilating, are far too commonly worn among us; a purple dress, with a pink or red rose in the bonnet, for instance, is a popular offeno against taste, and so are curious mixtures of brown and gray, and analogous colors. Trimmings and similar accompaniments to a dress should, as a rule, be some gradation, preferentially a darker one of the prevalent tint, especially in costume dresses; or else a contrast, such as brown with blue or green, or gray with scarlet sparingly used. The choice of texture also is very important, and should be exercised with due discretion. Every part of a lady's dress should be chosen with reference to the other, and to her means and position in life. And yet we see woman sacrifice large sums of money on some special part of their apparel-say a jacket-and then constantly wear a heavy and handsome one over a threadbare dress of some flimsy material. Thus, one part of the attire kills the other, and the beholder is impressed with a painful incongruity. Again, it would seem almost unnecessary to warn ladies to dress in a manner becoming their ages. This is the more to be deplored, as the older a woman gets the less she can afford to dress with carelessness or eccentricity.

Moreover, a lady should adopt the prevailing fashions only so far as they suit herself. Whatever is not suited, no matter how fashionable it may be, should be discarded, or, at all events, considerably modified; for surely it is the height of absurdity for ladies to disfigure themselves by adopting a fashionable color or style of costume that happens to be utterly unsuitable to them. Thus, for instance, there is at present a rage for elaborate horizontal trimming of all kinds. This, exceedingly effective on a tall and commanding figure, or even sparingly used on ladies of medium height, makes a short person look much shorter, and adds, moreover, very much to the breadth of figure. And yet how few little people remember this, and how many of them pile on flounces

and ruches till a figure, passable, though small, becomes what we can only stigmatize as "dumpy." How many, by wearing too large a panier, make themselves ridiculous.

It is that ladies may be able to select the style most suited to themselves, that we give so many costumes every month, and such various ones. Among our many patterns it is always easy to find the suitable one. Taste and refinement, we repeat again, may be exercised with only the humblest materials at command.

A Choice of Seven Engravings, all large-sized for framing, is given to any person getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine." The engravings are, "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," and "Five Times One To-Day." When no choice is made, this last is sent, as being the newest. For large clubs an extra copy of the Magazine is sent in addition. But see the Prospectus on the last page of this number.

WE GIVE PREMIUMS only to those who get up clubs. All that we can afford, we put into the magazine, so as to make it both the cheapest and best. A lady writes: "I took ——last year, but I will not do it again. If —— would spend, what they spend on premiums, in making their magazine more interesting, I think it would be better for them in the end."

A FRIEND AND TEACHER.—The Hamilton (N. Y.) Volunteer says of this magazine:—"Its popularity is widely extending: the ladies think they cannot keep house without it, so fully does it fulfill the duties of a household Menter: indeed no woman can peruse its pages without becoming better fitted for her duties."

REMEMBER, by remitting \$2.50 any person can have "Peterson" for 1372, and also a copy of either of our large-sized steel, premium engravings. Or any subscriber in a club, by remitting \$1.00 extra, can have either of the engravings.

A Necessity of Life.—The Wilmington (Del) State Journal says of this magazine:—"Ladies could no more do without 'Peterson,' with its glowing fashion-plates and other valuable and useful information, than without their best dresses on gala days."

IN ADVANCE OF ALL.—The Plainville (Mich.) Republic says of the last number of this magazine:—"It comes out, as usual, bright and elegant, in advance of all others, and ranks among the very best of its class in the world."

The First Point in Good Manners is to be affable to all. A courteous air invariably pleases, and is sure to make friends.

It is Never Too Late to subscribe for this magazine. Back numbers, from January, inclusive, can always be supplied.

ALWAYS RESPECT THE OLD.—Nothing is more beautiful than to see a young man or woman reverentially attentive to age.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers have thus been sent to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium; or premiums. Always, notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number.

THE NEW BONNETS are larger than the old ones. Black lace ones are very general. They have faille bundeau in front, surmounted by a large Alsatian bow, which is decidedly in favor; a lace lappet falls at the side, and upon the lappet there are tufts of different flowers—for example, Parma violets and rosebuds, and sprays of white lilac and primroses.

THE STEEL ENGRAVING, in our April number, seems to have been unusually popular. Says the Minouk (III.) Journal:—
"It is the finest we ever saw." The Journal adds:—"Ilusbands. if you want to see your wives and daughters look neat, smiling, and happy, take home Poterson's magazine."

LET YOUR MANNER be the same to poor and rich alike. If there is any sign of vulgarity more sure than another, it is to see persons bowing down to more wealth.

NEVER TOLERATE, as a lover, or even as a familiar acquaintance, a man who is irreverent, or who sneers at sacred things.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual of English Literature : A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Eldrelge & Brothers .- Professor Hart has the rare merit of doing, whatever he undertakes to do, thoroughly and conscientiously. The present volume is intended to serve the double purpose of a text-book and a book of reference, and in this respect is different from, and superior to, most others. The publishers claim for it, that, in the comprehensiveness of its plan, the freshness of much of the material, the sound judgment shown in its critical opinions, and the clearness with which the several topics are presented, it is far in advance of any other text-book on the subject. In this op n'on we certainly coincide. Professor Hart has embodied, in this work, the matured fruits of his life-long studies in the department of letters. He has condensed, into an ordinarysized volume, facts, which, if spread out in the usual form, would fill two or three octaves. We may add that the mechanical execution of the book deserves the very highest praise.

Around The World: Sketches of Travel Through Many Lands, and Over Many Saas. By E. D. G. Prime, D. D., With munerous Illustrations. I vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the record of a year spent in going around the world, by the way of San Franc'sco, Japan, China, India, Egypt, Italy, and so home aga'n. It is a readable and instructive volume, profusely illustrated with wood engravings. A year may seem a little time in which to go so far and do so much; but in fact the tour can be made, if wished, in seventy-five days; and hence a twelvemonth, if the traveler is a good observer, is more than ample. As yet this is the best book we have yet had on the subject.

Skalaspeare's History of Henry the Eighth. Edited, with Notes, by William. J. Rolfe. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of the beautiful "handy series" of Shakspeare, in flexible covers, of which we have so often spoken and so highly. The Longmans, of London, have a similar "handy series," but it is not nearly so good as this, and besides is practically inaccessible to most Americans on account of its dearness. Every reader of Shakspeare ought to have this edition. The illustrations are exceedingly good.

John Jasper's Secret: a Sequel to the Mystery of Edwin Drood. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. E. Peterson & Brothers.—This is said to have been written, by a personal friend of Dickens, from hints furnished by the latter before his decease. However that may be, the story is quite able to stand by itself, and will well repay perusal. The volume is printed with clear, handsome type, and matches the popular duodecimo series of Dickens, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Wilfrid Cumbermede. By George Macdonald. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—This author always writes with a high and noble purpose. If he has a defect, as an artist, it is that he sometimes sacrifices his story to didactics. This is the fault of the work before us. On this account, we regard "Wilfrid Cumbermede" as inferior to either "Alec Forbes" or "Robert Falconer." The volume is handsomely printed, and has numerous illustrations.

The Land of Desolution. By Isaac J. Hayes, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A narrative of a visit, in the rummer of 1869, to Greenland, in a private steam-yacht, It is full of personal adventures, but abounds also with historical, geographical, and other valuable information. An interesting account is given of the early Norse settlements in Greenland.

Twenty Years Ago. From the Journal of a Girl in her Teens. Ediled by the author of "John Halifux, Genlleman." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is really what it purports to be, the journal of a girl of eighteen, on a first visit to Paris, twenty years ago. It is quite a charming book. The sketches of city and country life, in France, are graphic and interesting.

The Lost Heir of Lindithgow. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. South-worth. 1 vol., 12 no. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This last romance, from the pen of this popular writer of fiction, is also one of her best. The great merit of Mrs. Southworth, as a novelist, is that she never allows her incidents to flag.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. With Twenty Eight Rlustrations, by J. Mahoney. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: H. ryer & Brothers.—This is the first volume of a new edition of Pickens, in a large, broad octavo, printed in double column, with small, yet legible type, and profuse illustrations. It is recommended by its cheapness and neatness.

Poor Miss Finch. By Wilkie Collins. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Hurper & Brothers.—No other novelist, English or American, rivals this author in the Ingonuity of his plots, or in the breathless interest which he contrives to impart to his stories. This is his last fiction. The volume is profusely illustrated.

The To-Morrow of Death; or, the Future Life According to Science. By Louis Flynier. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Speculations like that to which this book is devoted, attempts to solve a riddle which finite minds never can solve, seem to us a wasto of time and paper.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. By Albert Barnes. 1 vol., 12 no. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A revised edition of a work that has been a standard authority, in the way of commentary, for many years. It is part of a series.

The Dessert Book. A Complete Manual From the Best American and Foreign Authorities. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—We find this to be a very excellent little work. It has a good many original economical receipts, which we can recommend especially.

The Lovels of Arden. By M. E. Braddon. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brathers.—This is the least sensational novel ever written by Miss Braddon. It is, on that account, or to that extent rather, her best.

Israel Mort, Overman. By John Saunders. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A story of the English mines, written with much power, and full of scenes of striking interest. The volume is profusely illustrated.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Miss C——, of Troy, N. Y., with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, earned in three years and eleven months, \$2303.92; stitching 638,652 collars, the length of seam being 380,602 yards, and the number of stitches 117,102,300, an average of 100,000 a day, and 12,500 an hour. This stitching was all done by foot-power, and the machine is still in perfect order. It had no extra care, but was simply ofted and cleaned daily. This amount of stitching by hand, at 30 stitches a minute, would have been more than 20 years' work.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices, "Poterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or W. J. Carlton, Advertising Agent, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

AT THE HEAD.—The Montezuma (Iowa) Standard says:—

"The last number of Peterson's Magazine contains some of
the best stories we have ever read, and the steel-plate engravings are magnificent. As a ladies' magazine, Peterson's
stands at the head of the list; and every lady who would be
thought fashionable, should take it."

FASHIONABLE STATIONERY BY MAIL.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, make a specialty of sending Ladies Fine Note Papers and Envelopes to any part of the country by mail. Any one sending them one dollar, will receive, post paid, a box of assorted note-paper and envelopes of the latest patterns. Send for their circular.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM, LIVEZEY, M. D.

NO. V .- MANAGEMENT OF THE INFANT-Continued.

Ar the very moment of the infint's birth, the whole machinery of its system-hitherto passive and dormant-starts forth into a beautiful performance of a series of harmonious vital actions. Hence, when we consider the remarkable transition of a helpless being from a state of repose, and almost total exemption from external impressions to a mode of existence which subjects its sensitive and uninured organism to the ceaseless influences of a vast multitude of varying agencies, it should not be surprising that loud and vehement cries should be induced. And the first cries are healthful, and even necessary for the well-being of the infant, and should be regarded, by the newly-made mother as the sweetest of music; for, by this act, are the muscles of the chest and abdomen called into action, the blood is propelled with a beneficial impetus through new channels, expanding the air-cells of the lungs, and freeing them and the throat of a mucus accumulation which is present to a greater or less degree in new-born infants, and thus it becomes a living

But, after this first shock is experienced and passed, and the infant is properly washed and prudently dressed, and, above all, rationally nursed afterward, it should seldom or nover cry, unless from direct abuse or absolute injury. But inasmuch as the infant does continue to cry throughout infancy, and even childhood, mothers, as interested parties, should inquire, "whence springs the cause?"

- 1. The first cause is based, as before mentioned, in the existing state of society.
- The second arises from unhealthy mothers, who must necessarily give birth to unhealthy children, and unhealthy children will, as necessarily, continue to cry, as well as continue to die.

- 3. From mothers naturally healthy, but who disobey the laws of their economy, while propagating their species.
 - 4. From improperly nursing and feeding the infant.
- 5. From imprudently dressing the child.
- 6. From a negligence of its wants, or inattention to them.

During my subsequent intercourse with mothers, their attention will be called more especially to the latter three causes, as more particularly useful to them, as well as remediable by their own free-will or agency.

Many infants at birth are too feeble to undergo the fatiguing process of both washing and dressing, and the rough handling incident thereto, without an interval for repose. Hence it is a good practice, after the washing is completed, to wrap the infant carefully in a very soft, fine piece of flannel, and lay it aside to rest, recover its warmth, and sleep for a time: for it is naturally disposed to sleep, and to infancy as well as to manhood, "Sweet sleep is tired nature's wholesome balm," and the new-born, if free from pain, may be said to sleep constantly-its waking moments furnishing but exceptions to the rule. In fact, the transition from its previous quiescent (embryotic) state, to one which subjects its tender organization to a thousand surrounding and exciting influences, would be too sudden and painful to be long endured, were it not for the kindly interposition of sleep-a passive condition peculiarly favorable to the healthy development of the erganic system-to the growth and expansion of every part of the infant's body. For it is a wellobserved fact, that those infants that sleep most, thrive with the least interruption to health, whilst those whose sleep is disturbed by adverse influences, not only cease to grow, but become more or less emaciated and sickly in proportion to the degree of disturbance.

"Even from the body's purity, the mind Receives a secret, sympathetic aid."

The object that the mother should have in view in bathing her infant is two-fold, viz., cleanliness and the removal of obstructions from the pores of the skin, and thus promete a healthy action in the cuticular surface, and prevent cutaneous eruptions, and protracted troublesome sores from arising.

Cold bathing or washing, with a view "to harden" the iniant, has sacrificed thousands, and should never be tolerated, nor should the bath be used immediately after a full meal or free nursing.

HORTICULTURAL.

Bedding Flowers.—In our last number we made some remarks about "planting out." We now add additional hints, as this is the season for such work.

To guard against flowers running too much into foliage, in case the season should be a wet one, you must avoid the use of soils or composts of too stimulating a character. But, whilst thus advising, let us not forget that durability must be taken into consideration; nothing looks more pitiful than to see masses of verbenas, and other fine things, a prey to our July or August droughts. One of the most important matters, as connected with the durability of flowers, is to secure a good depth of soil; this it is, and not rank manurial composts, which promotes a steady and continuous blossoming.

If flowers can get their roots established, in a semewhat generous medium, at a foot or more from the surface, they will not require half the watering; and this is a great point. We need scarcely urge that much watering is expensive, as also tedious; and is, moreover, too apt to withdraw the necessary amount of labor from other objects. But we have another objection to an over free use of the water-pot: it is a heat-robber. We are assured that all the ground heat our fickle climate affords is needed for these tribes, which, in the main, are the produce of warmer climates. Moisture, espe-

cially as applied by the water-pot, is well known to abstract the ground-heat; so that any plan by which so much watering can be avoided, must be regarded as highly beneficial.

It may be considered an important property in flowers, that they throw their trusses well above the mass of foliage, and this is seldom the case with gross plants; how often have we seen a partially stunted plant make a far greater display than a luxuriant one. If any manure is introduced into flower-beds, we advise that for most things it be dug down, so that not a particle of it be nearer than nine inches from the surface. But, in order to give the plants what is termed among practical men "a start," some very superior compost may be strewed over the surface of the bed at planting time -this is our practice; and, as most of our flowers are introduced by the trowel, the planter, of course, takes care that the compost falls in whilst introducing the plant. For this purpose there is nothing better than any very old residue of manure, that has lain drying and mellowing on the surface for months previous, and which in appearance is like old tan.

In planting flowers out which have been some time in their pots, we may repeat that the ball of earth should be slightly loosened, and several of the fibres disengaged; they thus take much better to the prepared soil. A hole should be made somewhat larger than the volume of roots, and, in placing them, they should be kept a little low. The soil should then be crumbled in with hand, and a small hollow or basin left around them, in order that water, if requisite, may be administered with precision. These directions proceed on the assumption that flower-pots are in slight relief. Such things done, the next affair is to prevent, as far as possible, the necessity for watering, which most persons in the least conversant with gandening affairs know is liable to disperse the ground heat through the medium of evaporation.

We are in the habit of sticking in sprigs of evergreens around them the moment they are planted, like a short, thin hedge; this wards off the winds like a fence; for newly-planted, half-hardy bedders, not long since from the frame or green-house—or, it may be, propagating pit—much prefer a mild zephyr to a smart north-easter. A few straggling twigs also placed here and there serve to ward off the solar rays, or rather to break and divide their intensity.

Thus treated they will soon take to their new bed, and in many seasons it may not be necessary to water them above half a dozen times. When water must be administered, let it be in the morning before 8 A. M., for if we can get them through the trials of hot, sunny days, which cause a too great amount of perspiration, we may fairly leave them to the night, for the reasons before adduced. Finally, we may mention that the prime object to be kept in view is the prolonging the season of bloom as far as possible; it is not safe to intrust exotics to the open ground till the middle of May, and even then there is a risk which must be guarded against by watching for frosty nights, and giving protection accordingly. If plants-such as fuchsias, verbenas, and geraniums are mesely dibbled into the soil at that period, by the time they have made fresh roots and begin to flower a month wi'l have passed away, and nearly a fourth of the blooming season be lost.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

MONTH OF MAY.—In the Middle States and West, during the past month, most of the hardier vegetables have been sown, and, by the middle of the present one, all will have been put in; hence the labor will mainly consist of the various operations of transplanting, thinning, weeding, hoeing, etc. The following alphabetical directions will serve as a reminder to the unpracticed gardener, who is also referred to the directions for April.

Beans, Bush, plant for successson. Lima, Carolina, and

other pole Beans, may now be planted. Beets, Long, sow. Cabbage-Plant, sow seed, if not done last month. Capsicum (pepper,) plant. Carrot, Long Orange, sow. Cauliflower, in frames, remove glasses. Celery, weed. Crops which have failed when first sown, repeat sowings. Oucumber, Early Frame, plant. Lettuce, large Cabbage and India, sow in drills to stand; thin out if too thick. Melons. plant; of the Water, Mountain Sweet is the best. Pursnips, thin out, if ready, Weeds, destroy as they appear, and hoe and otherwise cultivate the advancing crops; it is needless to particularize each duty. Where the interest and the taste lead to gardening, directions for every operation are necessary but to few, Is it not, however, discreditable to the character of many farmers, who till their own land, and should reap the reward of well-cultivated gardens, that none but the simplest vegetables may be found upon their tables, and in too many instances that scanty supply the result of woman's labor.

In the South and South-West .- Beans, Snap, Lima, and Sewee, plant. Cabbage, sow for winter. Cauliflower and Broccoli, sow, though they may be difficult to preserve. tuce, sow in drills to head; it cannot be relied on at this season, and small salading should be provided. Radish, sow the Golden Globe and Summer White, if any. Spinach, sowbut it will soon shoot. Mclons, Cucumbers, and Squashes may be put in. Corn, Brainard's Sugar and Evergreen Sugar, plant for succession. Pepper and Tomato, sow for plants to be set out for later crops. Sweet Potato Sprouts set out in suitable weather. Where water is of easy application, it may answer to supply it, otherwise it hardly pays the cost of the labor. Under a burning sun, water should not be given directly; it is better to apply it between rows of plants, they will thus supply themselves without the liability to scald. The weeds are now striving for the ascendency, and even the active gardener will have his hands full; his only hope is in keeping them down while they are yet young. Landreth, of Philadelphia, is a good firm to order seeds from.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Lobster Salad .- Two lobsters, the volks of three new-laid eggs, half a pint of salad-oil, half a pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of made mustard, Cayenne pepper and salt, three lettuces, a sprig or two of mint, half a root of beet. To make the dressing, beat three new-laid eggs thoroughly, and mix in gradually half a pint of salad-oil; beat in half a pint of vinegar or less, two tablespoonfuls of made mustard, Cayenne pepper and salt. Wash three fine white lettuces, and drain them dry; cut them up with the meat of two large lobsters, or of four smaller, which is better, adding a sprig or two of mint, if the flavor be not disliked. Cut up also three hardboiled eggs, and slice about half a root of beet. A deep dish is prettier to use than a salad-bowl. Mix all the ingredients well together on the dish, and let them lie on it heaped up in the middle, pouring in dressing enough to moisten all thoroughly, and to collect in the dish below. Sprinkle the spawn and coral over the top. When the lobster-salad is well mixed, it must also be well helped, with due care that each person has sufficient lobster with the green. The lettuces should not be cut up until the salad is going to be eaten; if it be not convenient to do the final then, it is better to mix the dressing with the lobster, and let some one, when the time arrives, arrange the lettuce round it, cut in quarters.

Melled Butter.—Melt one ounce of butter, and add to it a dessert-spoonful of flour, and salt and white pepper to taste; stir on the fire for a couple of minutes, then put in a little more than a tumblerful of boiling water; keep on stirring or ten minutes, but do not let the sauce boil.

Mayonnaire, or Salad-Dressing.—Break one or more raw yolks of eggs, according to the quantity required, into a soupplate, add one hard-bo-led yolk by degrees, and incorporate it well with the raw eggs; hold a bottle of oil in your left hand, and drop a few drops at a time, stirring with a silver fork or spoon, one way, till it will nearly stand upright in it; this is very important, or the sauce will be thin. When very stiff, add by degrees Tarragon vinegar, still stirring till the sauce becomes like a thick cream. A bayonnaise is made of anything—eggs, fish, fowl, and loister generally; the lettuce, cut in a slanting manner, not straight down, and the sauce poured over each layer of lettuce, etc., especially at the top; the salad must not be stirred, and it must be served in an oval dish.

Ralian Bread.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, eighteen ounces of flour, twelve eggs, half a pound of citron and lemon-peel. Mix as for poundcake. If the mixture begins to curdle, which it is most likely to do from the quantity of eggs, add a little of the flour. When the eggs are all used, and it is light, stir in the remainder of the flour lightly. Bake it in long, narrow tins, either papered or buttered. First put in a layer of the mixture, and cover it with the peel, cut in large, thin slices; proceed in this way until it is three parts full, and bake in a moderate oven.

Rock Cream.—This will be found to be a very ornamental as well as a delicious dish for a supper-table. Boll a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft, in new milk; sweeten it with powdered loaf-sugar, and pile it up on a dish. Lay on it, in different places, square lumps of either ourrunt-jelly or preserved fruit of any kind; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stilf froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with either orange-flower water or vanilla. Add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a tablespoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow.

Stiffed Eggs.—Halve ten hard-boiled eggs, lengthwise; take out the yolks, pound them in a mortar; add to them some bread-crumbs soaked in milk, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Pound all together. Add a little chopped onion and parsley, some bruised pepper, and a grated nutmeg. Mix it with the yolks of two raw eggs; fill the halved whites with some of this forcemeat; lay the remainder at the bottom of a dish, and arrange the stuffed eggs upon it. Put it into an oven, and when nicely browned, serve.

Polators a la Creme.—Put into a sauce-pan about two ounces of butter, a dessert-spoonful of flour, some parsley and scallions, both chopped small, salt and pepper; stir these up together; add a wineglassful of cream, and set it on the fire, stirring continually until it boils. Cut some boiled potatoes into slices, and put them into the sauce-pan with the mixture; boil all together, and serve them very hot.

Savory Omelette.—Two ounces of butter, four eggs, well beaten, (the whites and yolks separately,) a little selt and pepper, chopped parsley and shalot. Put the butter into the omelette-pan when quite hot, put in the other ingredients, stir well till quite firm and set; turn the omelette over, and serve as quickly as possible for cheese omelette.

Fairy Butter.—Beat the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, with a little rose-water and three teaspoonfuls of sifted white sugar. Put just the same bulk of freshly-churned butter to it, and mix all up together into a poste, and force it through a colander on a slice of sponge-cake, which has previously been saturated with wine.

TOILET AND WARDROBE.

To Restore Colors Taken Out by Acid, etc.—Hartshorne rubbed on a woolen garment, will restore the color without injuring it. Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease or drops of paint out of cloth; apply it till the paint can be scraped off. Rub French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and hold it near the fire; this will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off. How to Wash Hair-Brushes.—Too frequent washing is bad for any kind of brush, as it softens the bristles. Once a fortnight is sufficient for hair-brushes. Dissolve a piece of soda in warm, but not very hot water; dip the bristles only of the brush once in, then rub a little soap on them, and continue dipping the brush in and out, taking care not to let the water get to the back or handle, till it becomes white and clean, then dip it once into cold water in the same manner. Shake and wipe it with a cloth, and stand it, bristles downward, to dry before the fire on a cloth. It is the water soaking into the pores of the ivory that makes it yellow. When dry, rub the back and handle, both of the ivory and tortoise-shell brushes, with wash-leather, to polish them.

Another.—Melt a piece of common soda in hot water, and put it in a large basin, and when nearly cold, dip your brush in, with the back upward; (do not let the water get over the back;) shake it in the water till it becomes clean, then pour cold water over the back; take it out of the water, shake it as dry as you can, and then let it dry in the air without any rubbing with a cloth, which ruins the bristles.

SANITARY.

Styes.—The stye is strictly only a little boil, which projects from the edge of the eyelid. It is of a dark-red color, much inflamed, and occasionally a great deal more painful than might be expected, considering its small size. It usually disappears of itself after a little time, especially if some purgative medicine be taken. If the stye be very painful and inflamed, a small, warm poultice of linseed meal, or bread and milk, must be laid over it, and renewed every five or six hours, and the bowels acted upon by a purgative draught, such as the following:-Take of Epsom salts, half an ounce; best manna, two drachms; infusion of senna, six drachms; spearmint water, one ounce; distilled water, two ounces. Mix, and take three, four, or five tablespoonfuls. When the etye appears ripe, an opening should be made into it with the point of a large needle, and afterward a little of the following ointment may be smeared over it once or twice a day. O ntment:-Take of spermaceti, six drachms; white wax, two drachms; olive oil, three ounces. Melt them together over a slow fire, and stir them constantly until they are

Cure for the Toothache.—At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake, a distinguished practitioner, said that he was able to cure the most desperate case of toothache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy:—Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms, nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms. Mix and apply to the tooth.

Hair Washes.—Break the yolks of two eggs into a basin, curefully leaving out the whites, beat them well with a silver fork, and add while beating them about a pint and a half of hot water; beat till it is a fine froth, then wash the hair and head, rubbing it into the roots; then rinse the head and hair in two waters (hot) to prevent stickiness, and it is done. Nothing can be better than this recipe to cleanse and strengthen the hair. This was recommended by a first-rate Loudon hairdresser. There is nothing so good for cleaning the head as yolk of egg. Take one or more and beat them up with a little hot water, and rub the head with a piece of fiannel. A great deal of cleansing afterward is necessary, and the best plan is to get some one to pour a jug of warm water over the head. The egg will make the hair beautifully soft and glossy, and the head very white.

White Hands.—The best means to "whiten red hands" is to wear a pair of cosmetic gloves thus prepared: "Fresh eggs, two; oil of sweet almonds, two teaspoonfuls; rosewater, one ounce; tincture of henzine, thirty-six grains. First beat the eggs and oil together, and then add the rosewater and tincture. Well daub a pair of kid gloves with the mixture on the inside, and wear them during the night.

Eurns and Scalds.—The following is one of the best applications in case of burns or scalds, more especially where a large surface is denuded of the caticle. Take one draching finely-powdered alum, and mix thoroughly with the whites of two eggs, and one teacup of fresh lard; spread on a cloth, and apply it to the parts burnt. It gives almost instant relief from pain, and, by excluding the air, prevents inflammatory action. The application should be changed at least once a day.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.—Walking-Dress of Gray Casimere.—The skirt is trimmed with three bias bands. The tunic is open and pointed in front, puffed a good deal at the back, and trimmed with a narrow gimp. The sleeves have a deep cuff of green silk, and a collar of the same material covers the shoulders. Hat of black, straw, with a gray veil, and trimmed with green ribbon.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED FOVLARD, WITH LEATHER-COLORED SPOTS.—The lower-skirt is quite plain; the upper-skirt has a square, apron-shaped front, and is very much puffed-up at the back. It is trimmed all around with leather-colored ribbon, which is put on in deep vandykes on the front, with a tassel between each vandyke. Mantilla of black silk, cape-shaped at the back, and closefitting in front, with rather long, square ends; it is trimmed with black lace. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with a large pink rose.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE SILK.—The lower-skirt has two scant flounces, vandyked, and trimmed with a row of very narrow white ribbon, fringed with pink roses; the flounces are edged with narrow blond lace, and headed by a row of the ribbon. The tunic is cut in points, and trimmed to correspond with the waist and skirt. Pink and white roses in the hair.

Fig. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF RICH BLUE SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with two flounces, the headings of which are lined with golden satin; bunches of yellow satin bows are placed at intervals on the flounces; the tunic is open in front, and cut out in a gothic pattern, edged with black lace; the back is lined with yellow satin. The trimming on the waist corresponds with the front of the tunic. Head-dress of blue and yellow satin and black lace.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The underdress is of light-blue summer poplin, and is quite plain. The over-dress of light-gray mohair, is looped up slightly at the sides, and is open in front at the waist. Gray straw hat, with blue ribbons and plumes.

Fig. VI.—Walking-Dress of Gray Camel's-Hair.—A new, soft, woolen material, very suitable for the spring and cool summer days. The upper and lower-skirt are edged with a woolen fringe, and headed by two bands of black velvet. The cape-sacque is of black cashmere, braided and trimmed with silk fringe.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF MYRTLE-GREEN SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with one deep plaited flounce, the plaits confined to within three inches of the bottom, where they form a ruffle; above the flounce are perpendicular strips of black velvet, edged on either side by a pattern in black braid. The over-skirt opens in front, and is trimmed with a knotted fringe, as well as with a row of black velvet. The basque and sleeves correspond with the skirt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The graceful but untidy walkingiresses are still the fashion. These are especially uncomfortable to gather up in the hand, as they are made heavy and awkward by the depth and great amount of the trimming which often reaches above the knee. Sometimes the upper-skirt is cut long in front, gathered high up on the hips, rather far back, and is comfortably short behind. Again the tunic will be rather short in front and very long behind, but always gathered up rather far back. Most of the walking-dresses are made with some kind of postillion basques, though many persons still cling to the comfortable sacque. The polonaise is exceedingly popular, but a good fit is indispensable to elegance.

For Evening-Dresses the trains are much less than they were a year or two ago, and they are not cut pointed at the back, as was then the fashion. Low-neck dresses are less worn than formerly, or if worn, are partially covered by pretty capes of various designs. The square-neck dress, filled in with plaits of soft tulle, is very fashionable. Black and white grenadine, gauze de chambley, and other thin materials, are made in polonaise, and worn over black, white. or light-colored skirts. Two shades of the same color are very much used in dresses this season, especially in silks; and three and four shades are sometimes used in French dresses. All the colors are less vivid than formerly; and these blend much more beautifully than two bright, contrasting colors. The old sage and tea-greens, pink'sh salmon, sky-blue, apricot, and straw-colors, have taken the place of the emerald and dressier greens, the deep pinks, and blues. and divided yellow tints, so recently worn. Then the grays and browns, so familiar to our grandmothers' days, are now fashionable.

Bows or RIBBON are stuck all over dresses; on the neck and front of the waist; on the sleeves, looping up the tunic; in rows on the open tunic, as it slopes back; in fact, whereever there is an excuse for putting them. The Russian plaitings, which used to be worn only on the lower half of skirts, are now worn on the upper half, near the waist, and form the tunic. This style of plaited upper-skirts will be a great novelty both for silk and cashmere spring costumes. Very few have been made as yet, but it is a fashion likely to succeed. Imagine, for example, a maroon faille skirt with a vandyked flounce, a double row of large points bound with velvet for heading; pearl-gray cashmere tunic, plaited like a kilt, short in front, and falling at the back as low as the skirt; gray cashmere bodice, fastened at the side like a hunting jacket, with revers of maroon faille; a cashmere plaiting, headed with a band of maroon faille at the bottom of the sleeves.

The effect of these plaited tunics and trains in white muslin over pink or blue silk is charming. The edge of the plaited tunic is finished off with narrow Valenciennes lace.

Bonners have altered some in shape; yet there is such a variety of styles, and they bear so close a resemblance to last summer bonnets, that a nice one left over from last year, if the shape was then new, will do admirably for this season. The trimming is more at the back than last year, perhaps; but even this is not always the case. The same may be said of the round hats.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Young Girl's Dress of Russian-Gray Delaine, with a plaited founce, with a mauve-plaited frill above it. The upper-skirt is of lighter dove-gray delaine, trimmed with a plaited frill of the darker shade. Plain, high waist, and coat sleeve, with a dark frill.

Fig. II.—Little Girl's Dress of Tartan Plaid, trimmed with a band of broad, black velvet. Black velvet jacket; merino hood of the prevailing color of the dress, embroidered with black.

Fig. III.—LITTLE Boy's Dress of marine-blue cashmere. The trousers reach to below the knee, and are trimmed with white braid at the sides; the blouse jacket has a large, square sailor cellar, is belted at the waist, and trimmed with white braid.

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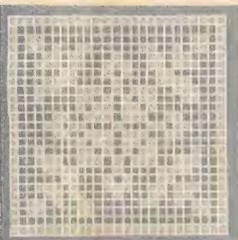


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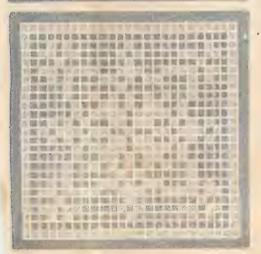
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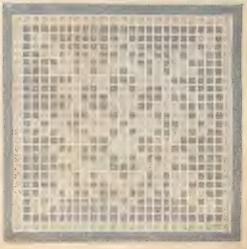














THAT DAY IN HIS WHERRY.

[See the Story.]



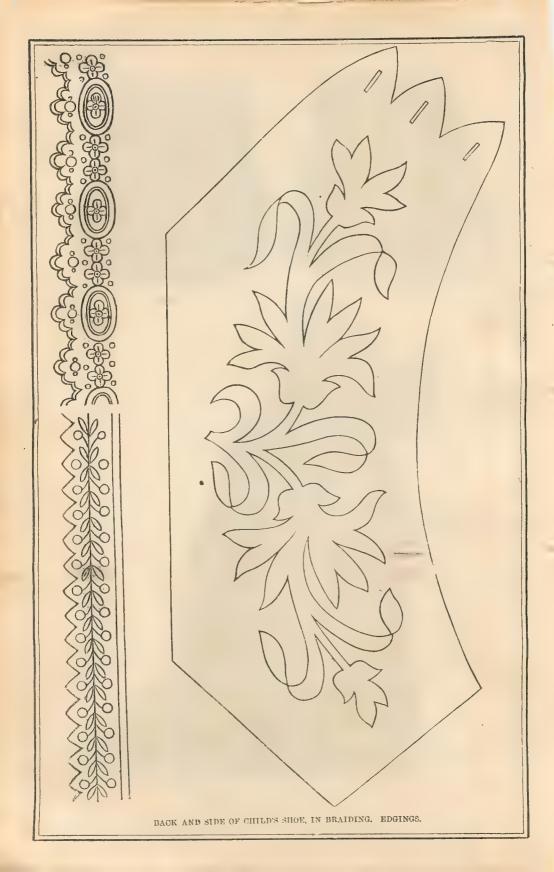
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE. INFANT'S DRESSES.

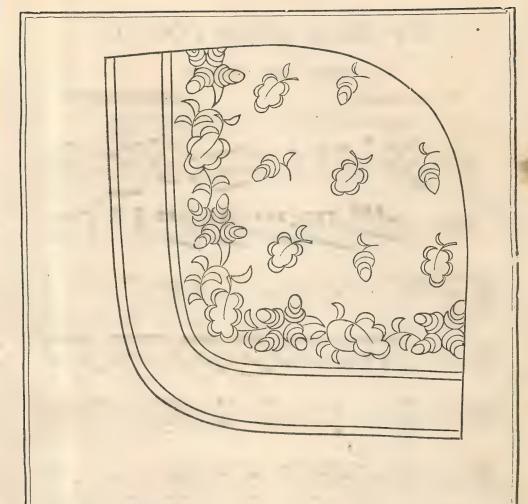


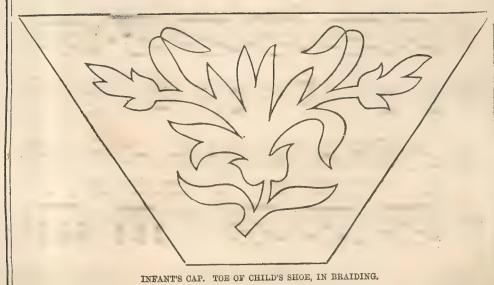












MY BLUE EYED NELLY.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

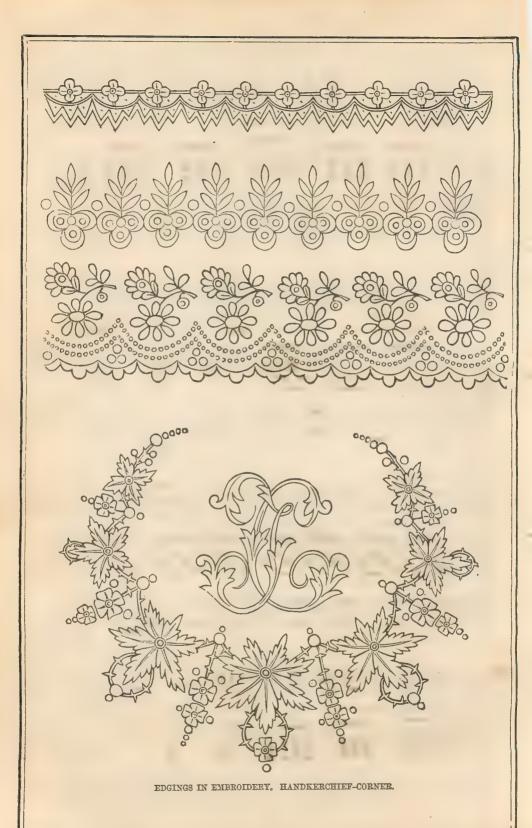
Written and Composed

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXI.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1872.

No. 6.

THAT DAY IN HIS WHERRY.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was a wild night. The wind blew, the rain drove, the waves roared in the near distance.

It had been a fateful day to me. Grandfather Delmar, with whom I had lived ever since I could remember, had been carried to his final home that afternoon, and now I was the last representative of our ancient name. The wide acres of the Delmar plantation, originally one of the largest estates on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, had come down to me as sole heiress. To me also had descended the Delmar diamonds, which, for two centuries, had blazed on the persons of the Delmar women. I say descended, but I am hardly correct, for these broad lands, and these priceless jewels, were mine only under the will of my grandfather, and that will contained a proviso, which I had just learned for the first time. I was to marry Randolph Heath, the ward, and adopted son of my grandfather, or else the entire property was to go to this selfsame Randolph.

The will had just been read. The funeralguests, or at least the most important of them, had listened to it in the great drawing-room below, the walls of which were hung with portraits of my Delmar ancestors, handsome men, and lovely, tawny-haired women.

"Cassandra," said my aunt, when the reading of the will was ended, "Cassandra, my dear, you must invite our friends for the night. You are mistress now."

"I shall never be mistress of Delmar Hall, aunt Mordaunt," I said, firmly.

She clutched my arm, her eyes wide with wonder.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because of the proviso. I will never wed Randolph Heath."

Her face whitened to the hue of death. She was a lone widow, and I was her idol; and she coveted all those jewels and rich acres for my heritage. For a moment we stood breathless.

Vol. LXI.—27

"But Randolph Heath's in Australia," suggested a friend, "and you are mistress, at least till he returns."

Poor aunty caught at this last hope with a gasp of relief.

"So you are, my dear," she put in; "we'll leave all these disagreeable things to be settled in the future. To-night, friends, we will shu' the doors against the storm, and be comfortable."

She swept off toward the glowing parlors, followed by her guests, while I fled away to my own room.

The afternoon, as I have said, had turned into rain, and the waves thundered on the shores of the bay, near by, with a hoarse cry, like a human heart in pain. I paced my room restlessly. I could not wed with this Randolph Heath, whose face I had never looked upon, since the days of my early childhood. I could not do it, for another face rose before me, the face of the man I loved. A poor man, landless, and unknown, yet who had grown so dear to me, in the few brief months of our summer acquaintance, that to give him up was worse than death. Yet I was a Delmar, and it was a sore trial to lose my heritage, to lose the Delmar jewels. All the Delmar women, before me, had worn those matchless old diamonds, and must I, alone of them, be disinherited and dowerless?

"Yes, cheerfully!" I said, "since to keep them, I must give up the choice of my heart. Dear, dear summer days!"

For it had been during a visit to a school-friend, who lived in one of the loveliest counties of Pennsylvania, that I had met, the preceding June, Herbert Stanley. For the first time in my life I had found, in him, a perfectly congenial soul. We liked the same poetry, preferred the same music, admired the same scenery. Ah! what delicious days those were. We rode, we walked, we sailed, we boated together. Our

393

acquaintance soon passed into intimacy, and from that ripened into love.

Never could I forget the day, the blissful day, when my hopes became a certainty. Herbert live asked me, the evening before, if I would go with him in his wherry. No knight of old could have handed me into the boat more reverentially than he did. How manly he looked! How strong and self-contained! My heart beat fast, for something in his manner told me what was coming; but I was inexpressibly happy nevertheless. He rowed for about half an hour, then stopping in mid-stream, he lay upon his oars, and looking me in the face, like a brave heart as he was, told his tale, though with many a hesitating word, and many a look of anxiety.

Should I give such a one up? Never! Yet the tempest of my thoughts was such that I could not stay in-doors. I left the house and ran down to the shore of the bay, having first thrown a shawl over my head. The storm and darkness were terrific, and the tide was coming in with a hoarse, sullen cry. The salt mist drenched my hair, the winds tore and shricked around me, and overhead hung the pitch-black sky.

Suddenly I heard a step, and looking up, I saw Herbert himself. I started with surprise.

"I have been hovering about all day," he said. "I had given up the hope of seeing you. But still I could not tear myself away."

"You did not doubt me?" I cried. "Oh, Herbert!"

My look, my tone, even more than my words, re-assured him.

"Thank God!" he said, drawing a deep breath. "Thank God! It is not true, then, what I hear. You are not going to betray me?"

"Betray you?"

"I was told you were to be disinherited, unless you married Randolph Heath, and that the temptation had been too great for you. I did not believe it. And yet, and yet—forgive me, darling, I see I was wrong—I was fearfully afraid."

"Be afraid no longer," I whispered, nestling to his broad breast. "What are broad acres and gleaming jewels to your dear love? I am yours, and yours only."

He bent and kissed me. After awhile he said, "I do not fear for your faithfulness, but I do fear for the persecution you may suffer. It is but a short walk to the little church. I know the rector; he was, I find, one of my old classmates. Be mine, to-night, and I will go away content. Not till you permit it, shall the marriage be made public."

"I am yours." I said; "but let it be to-morrow night. I will tell my aunt in a day or two

afterward. Poor aunt! it will need that time to prepare her."

It was arranged, therefore, that I should meet my lover at the same hour the next evening; and with a parting embrace, I hurried in, lest I should be missed.

Aunt Mordaunt was in a flutter of excitement the next morning. She had just received a letter, saying that Randolph Heath had returned, and would be at Delmar Hall by sunset.

"Now, Cassandra, my love." she said, bustling into my chamber, before I was awake, "do try and look your best to-night! You are a beauty, I know, but a charming toilet sets you off amazingly. Lay off your heavy crepe just for to-night, and wear that white silk, with the lily-of-the-valley trimmings. You must fascinate this Randolph Heath at the outset; it will be quite comfortable to have him at your feet, for you must marry him, my dear; you are too sensible a girl to make a beggar of yourself."

I only smiled in answer, and I suffered my maid to array me in the dainty silk. But at set of sun, instead of receiving Randolph Heath in the grand parlors of the Hall, I was speeding away with my lover toward the old ivy-covered church, built of bricks imported from England a century and a half before; the church where the Delmars, for five generations, had been married. In the soft glitter of the early starlight we were wedded. An hour after, I was home again. But as I ascended to my room, I remembered that I had looked my last upon the blinking Delmar diamonds, and on the broad lands of the Hall.

I had hardly closed the door behind me, when my aunt entered.

"Cassandra, you must come down at once, you must indeed." she said. "Randolph is in the drawing-room, and asks to see you. Don't be odd. Here, Lucile, do your young lady's hair."

I stood uncertain.

"And now, my dear, do put on your diamonds," continued poor auntie, fluttering round me; "you should always wear gems, they become you."

"But, auntie, the diamonds are not mine," I began, wishing to gain time to think. I was almost ready, then and there, to tell the truth. But I pitied auntie, and hesitated.

"But they will be, my love, as soon as you marry Randolph Heath," she urged.

"I shall never marry him," I answered.

"We shall see, my love. At any rate, come down and welcome him. That much is his due, at the least."

This decided me. It was his due. As we

descended to the grand drawing-room, where my grandfather's adopted son awaited us, I stopped for a moment on the stairs, and gazed around me with almost a sigh of regret. In a few days I must go out from the dear, old place, disowned and disinherited. Poor auntie! the blow will fall heavily on her.

Shutting my hand, involuntarily, over the marriage-ring upon my finger, I followed my aunt, my heart in my mouth. A tall figure arose as we entered, and advanced to meet us. I heard my aunt's warm words of welcome, and then I felt my own hands grasped, and looked up.

I cried out in amazement, for the stranger was Herbert Stanley, my newly-wedded husband.

"Can I hope that you will ever forgive me?"
he said, with a smile. "I am Randolph Heath.
I have known of the proviso to your grandfather's will for years. But as I wanted you to love me for myself, if you could, I planned to meet you last summer. Can you forgive me."

I looked up into his dear, kind face. "No matter who you are, or what you planned," I answered, putting my hand in his, "I forgive you, for I love you."

Then we told the story of our marriage. Aunt Mordaunt listened in horrified amazement.

"An indiscreet thing, to say the least, my love," she said; "you might have committed a grave mistake. It is all right, since you've married Mr. Heath. But really, my dears, you must have a wedding. Yes, in order to preserve the prestige of the old name, if nothing more, we really must have a wedding, and marry you over again."

And she did; and it was a most magnificent affair. The old Hall was in a blaze of light, and crowded with noble guests; and I wore point lace, and the old Delmar diamonds.

But I was not half so happy as on the day when I first heard, from my husband's lips, that he loved me—heard it that day in his wherex.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY JOHN G. WATTS.

Upon a gently sloping ledge, Backed by an untrimmed hawthorn hedge Within an old oak's generous shade, Kind hands the little one had laid.

Her dimpled cheeks were round and fair, And rich in curls her silky hair; Her pretty, pouting lips outvied The scarlet poppy at her side.

Her form, embedded in the grass, By daisy flowers surrounded was; The kingcup, with a lordly grace, Looked down upon the darling's face.

The honeysuckle overhead For her the sweetest incense shed; While from the clear, unclouded sky Dropped soul-entrancing minstrelsy.

The glories of that golden hour, Nght, scent, and sound, with mystic power, About the little sleeper prest, And blissful visions filled her rest.

Her countenance, beyond control, The mirror of her sinless soul, Told all the happiness she knew In language eloquent and true.

And as on her I bent my gaze, Came gliding from departed days, Before my quickened mental sight, Another form as fair and bright;

One who had long, long gone from me To slumber 'neath the churchyard-tree, But whose immortal soul above Was singing of immortal love.

"God bless thee, little one?" I spake,
"And spare thee for thy parents' sake;
And when the last sleep seals thine eyes,
Join thou my Kate in Paradise."

THE PETS.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

WHERE daisies bloom and butter-cups blow
Down in the pasture, at morn we go.
The dew-drops glitter amid the grass,
The cobwebs shimmer like threads of glass,
The meadow-lark, from its lonely bed
Springs, and flutters, and flies ahead;
There's joy and light on earth, in sky,
so we go to the home-field, Johnny and I.

We stop at last at the old stone-wall;
Johnny has pets that come at his call;
Brindle's daughter, dappled and dun,
Daisy's, full of frolic and fun;
With lumb'ring gallop, they run and stand
To look in his eyes, to eat from his hand;
And every morn, blow low, blow high,
We go to the home-field, Johnny and I.

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 338.

CHAPTER VIII.

Crossing the corridor toward her own chamber, Miss Crosby met Mrs. Percy, and stopped to ask news of her brother. Mrs. Percy was tired and cross, and let the young lady see plainly that she did not thank that young lady to show the least solicitude about the rich bachelor; and Miss Crosby was in a mood to be diverted by the exhibition of feeling.

"He is always so good, so kind; I am so very, very anxious about him! Now, call upon me if there's the least thing I can do. I am sure he would not be unwilling to let me prove my friendship."

Mrs. Percy glared, and said that she thanked Miss Crosby; but her brother, she believed, was well cared for. She passed on with the stateliest of good-nights, which amused her antagonist hugely.

Violet was no better in the morning; it was evident enough she had spent a wretched night, and her mother was really alarmed. This time Violet did not attempt to laugh at her anxiety; she asked herself that the doctor should come up, and told him that she fancied the sea air disagreed with her. It was quite possible, he answered; indeed, the more he thought of it, the more probable it seemed; and, when Mrs. Lee, who had been called away for a few moments, entered the room, Violet said,

- "Mamma, are you much wedded to this dull place?"
- "Not a bit, my dear," returned Mrs. Lee, with energy, for only that morning Bolton Mordred had said, in her hearing, that he might remain the rest of the summer.
- "Then, if you don't mind, I think we will go away; the doctor fancies the air is not good for me."
- "Why, we'll go at once—this very day !" cried Mrs. Lee.
- "I should like it. I feel as if this pain would never stop till I do go. But, doctor, tell mamma not to be anxious—there really is no reason."

The shrewd, old doctor was biting his thumb, and studying his patient silently. There was something here he did not understand. Certainly she was not seriously ill, and he said so; but repeated his advice in regard to going.

"Luckily, our trunks are only partially unpacked," said Mrs. Lee. "Violet, we'll leave by the two o'clock train."

"Yes, mamma," said Violet, and held out her hand to the doctor, in sign that he had done all she wished, and could go.

But Violet had another task before her; one more difficult of accomplishment, but it must be fulfilled.

After awhile, she told her mother that she was going down stairs; and Mrs. Lee immediately thought of the danger of Mordred's seeing her, and taking this opportunity to speak out, and she was too busy to leave the trunks. She was so unnecessarily energetic, that, at last, Violet turned wearily toward her, saying.

"Mamma, what has ailed you, ever since we got here? You never have been in the habit of watching me! Do be frank—you have not been so lately."

- "Because I can't bear the idea of your flirting with that man, there!" cried Mrs. Lee.
- "I don't think I have ever flirted with any man, mamma. Of whom are you speaking?"
- "I believe he followed us here. I don't like him! I don't trust him! Now, Violet, don't look as if you didn't know whom I meant. I tell you it would break my heart if I thought you would ever marry Bolton Mordred."

Violet confronted her, unflinchingly, with her pale face, and the beautiful eyes that looked so dull and sad.

"Then you will have no occasion to break your heart," she answered. "Understand—believe me, when I say it. There is nothing under heaven that could induce me to become his wife!"

She was gone, leaving her mother so startled by her looks and manner, that, for several moments, all she could do was to stare at floor and ceiling, and cry, "mercy on us!" in every note in the gamut.

Violet passed through the halls, and out on the veranda. She saw Bolton Mordred in the billiard-room. She knew that he would follow her. She made her way slowly toward a summer-house, in the grounds, and, presently, as she had expected, he hurried in that direction.

Standing at her window, Miss Crosby watched

the scene. Her first impulse was to rush down, and prevent the interview. Then she remembered that it must go on—it was the decisive moment. If Mordred made his cause good, she must lose: if Violet held firm, and cut him short before explanations could be possible, then the game was in her own hands. She must wait! It seemed to her as if she must go mad—as if a whole eternity elapsed while she stood there—as if she grew withered and hideous in that terrible suspense.

When Mordred entered the arbor, Violet looked up, greeting him with sufficient of her usual manner.

- "You are looking so ill," he said, anxiously.
- "I believe I am," she replied. "My neuralgia proves a very tiresome business."
- "Can't that stupid old doctor find you some relief?"
- "He has just given me a new prescription. I have faith in it, and am going to try it at once."
 - "What is it?"
 "To get away from the sea air; we leave in a
- couple of hours."
 "Going away! Going this morning!" he ex-
- "Yes; and I'm glad. I've taken such a horror of the place," she answered, with a shiver.
 - "This is so sudden! I am so sorry-"
- "Now that's very good of you," she interrupted. "But as stupid as I have been since I got here, I can't think anybody will regret me."
- "I don't believe you speak in earnest," he said, reproachfully. "I think you know—I am sure you know—that your going must be a serious matter to me."

He was trying to speak the proper phrases, she said to herself. What an effort it was. How he stammered! He believed that she cared for him, so he considered himself bound to go on with his task. Oh, that she should live to endure such humiliation!

He was speaking; what was he saying? She felt deaf and blind; only conscious that she must appear calm and tranquil, at the first word which made his meaning plain—must let him see that he need go no further. She was wrong to be angry; he was behaving well—she told herself that.

"I can't let you go, Miss Lee," he said, "until I tell you what has been in my mind these long weeks. I think you must have seen what I——"

Oh, if he was going to tell lies, she could not listen! There was no necessity for that!

"You know why I came here, I think," he said, trying for a fresh beginning, conscious, as

a man always is at such a moment, that he was making an idiot of himself.

"I don't know," she said, curtly.

The change in her voice, the forbidding coldness in her face, as he looked quickly up, took away the last remnant of his courage and self-possession.

"Miss Lee! Violet!" he exclaimed. Then, with a sort of pained wonder, "are you angry? I—oh—— Let me tell the whole; in one word, I came here, because I wanted to ask you to be my wife."

The ice broken, he was hurrying on with a flood of eager protestations, but she stopped him,

"I can hear nothing more!" she said. "Not a word! If anything in my conduct has led you to suppose I anticipated this avowal, I have been wrong. I can never be your wife."

He sank down on the beach, she thought with joy at his release. She was on her feet, close to the door.

"We part friends! This is all a mistake!" she said, and passed out.

"Violet! Violet!"

But the name only came in a sort of gasp from his lips—the sound did not reach her. After a time he got strength enough to rise—somebody might surprise him there. He must get away, out of the reach of every human being. He rushed blindly away—along the beach, where the surf beat dismally, and seemed to mock him with its monotonous complaint—away up the road, toward the hills, never pausing, until he was a great distance from the hotel.

How long a time passed he could not have told; hours, more like years or ages, he would have thought, if he had been capable of any coherent reflection, when he heard his name called in a tone of frightened entreaty.

"Bolton! Bolton! Do speak; do answer me!" He looked up, and saw Harriet Crosby.

CHAPTER IX.

Mordred's first feeling was one of anger at the intrusion; the next, a sense of shame to be found lying there like some wounded animal, that had crept away to its covert to suffer in solitude. He rose, trying to utter words of surprise about seeing her, but she did not wait for him to finish.

"I was so frightened about you, I couldn't help coming. Don't be vexed with me," she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Frightened?" he repeated, with a vain effort to speak naturally. "Did you think I had lost my way, or got drowned? What was there to be frightened about?" your face, you wouldn't ask," she cried.

She sat down on a fallen tree-trunk, put her hands over her eyes, and sobbed aloud. She had been so shaken and anxious all the morning, that she could not have kept back her tears, though she had no wish to do so. In the midst of her nervousness she was able to remember that they would plead for her better than any words could

"Crying?" he said, too much dazed by his long hours of insane misery to be conscious of more than a dull wonder. "Don't don't cry! Has anything happened? Are you in some trouble'?"

"I am in very great trouble," she answered, wiping away her tears; "but it is not for myself -I could bear that."

"Not for yourself?" he repeated, in the same dulled, wondering manner, but asked no question; stood looking away through a break in the trees which framed in a picture of the sea in the distance-so absent, so preoccupied in the cold weight of his suffering, that it was difficult to attach any meaning to her language.

"You are not vexed with me for coming?" she asked, timidly. "I was so anxious, so grieved, I could not endure it any longer."

"So you came in search of me? That was very good of you-very good."

"Sit down here," she said, gently taking hold of his hand. "Let me talk to you! Oh, Bolton! you said, only the other day, we were friends. Prove it by letting me share your suffering."

"It couldn't be shared," he said, wearily. "And why should I trouble anybody? I've not complained."

"No; you wouldn't do that; but don't be too proud to accept my sympathy," she pleaded. "You don't want me to pretend ignorance of what has happened-"

"Did she tell you?" he interrupted, more quickly.

"Oh, don't think about her; she's not worth it!"

"Stop!" he said; "not a word against her! She has done nothing wrong! I was mistaken! I suppose I have been a vain, blind idiot! She's not to blame for that."

Miss Crosby felt herself grow very angry; but it would not answer to show it, though she must indulge in one stab.

"She was to blame in never letting you know that she was all this while secretly engaged to her cousin, Hugh Leonard."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Her mother told me, last night. No, I mustn't

"Oh, Bolton! Bolton! If you could only see ¿ exaggerate; but she told me they had been lovers from the time they were children. She, herself, was most anxious for the match."

"I always knew Mrs. Lee had an aversion to

"Oh, she has nothing to do with the matter! Violet is not a girl to be influenced by anybody."

He turned moodily away; it was plain that he could not bear the least disparaging remark in regard to her.

"Well," he said, after a brief silence, "it is only one more blunder; my life has been made up of them."

Here was an opening at last. Miss Crosby was quick to take advantage of it.

"Oh, Bolton!" she cried. "Don't be cruel to me; I don't deserve it; indeed I don't."

He looked at her in surprise. It was so long since his youthful fancy had faded from his mind, that he did not remember how his words could, in any manner, have touched her.

"After my confession, the day we met-after my humbling myself! Oh, Bolton, I did wrong! I can see that; but, at least, I had a good motive. "I meant to act for the best."

"I am sure you did-quite sure. I was not thinking of anything where you were concerned."

He stopped, because he remembered that the speech sounded brutal, after her sympathy and kindness. For an instant Miss Crosby could not easily have decided whether she loved or hated him most. She had an idea that, in any case, the time might come when the latter feeling would be predominant.

"I am glad you were not thinking of me," she said; "for, whatever mistakes I made, I have certainly suffered enough to atone!"

He did not answer; he actually did not hear her, she saw; yet it was difficult to offer him a plainer chance. .

"I have made you take a long walk," were his next words. "You must be very tired, I am afraid."

"Oh, how can you talk to me about that?" she exclaimed, impatiently. "Do you suppose I am thinking of myself?"

"You are very good, very kind. I don't deserve it," he replied, stretching out his hand, though he spoke in the same apathetic manner.

She seized his hand between both hers; but it lay cold and nerveless in her grasp. For nearly the first time in her life, at any important crisis, she was at a loss what to say, how to act. She could not bear the idea of losing the present moments. If she could not soften him into some recognition of her love, before they parted, who could tell what might happen ere

they met again? Between mortification, wrath, and a bitter sense of misery, she stood silent.

"Shall we go back?" he asked. "I think it must be growing late."

He took his watch out of his pocket; the crystal had been broken by the violence with which he had flung himself on the ground. He colored a little. The shame he felt at this evidence of his weakness gave him force to appear more composed.

She did not answer him. When he repeated his question, she walked slowly on by his side, still silent, her face averted. They came out of the wood on to the summit of the hill. The long line of beach lay stretched out before them in the afternoon light. The surf was beating in angrily upon the shore; a low mass of frowning clouds hung over the horizon; the wind moaned up with a sullen roar, that added to the dreariness of the scene.

"We shall have a storm," he said, after a little.

He was determined there should be no further approach to a scene. He was grateful for her kindness; but he would not howl and groan like a hurt child, to be ashamed of it after. No conception of what was agitating her had crossed his mind. He would talk, any commonplace, as he would have done at any common time. But she never answered this remark, any more than the former one.

"I fear you are tired out," he added.

She stopped short, and turned her pale, troubled face upon him.

"Yes, I am tired out," she said; "but it is not bodily fatigue! I am tired of trying to comfort you a little, and being shown so plainly that you despise and hate me!"

He stood utterly confounded by her violence. "" Miss Crosby!"

"Don't speak to me! Not a word!" she exclaimed, stamping on the ground. "Go your way, and leave me to go mine! That is all I ask! You can do so much!"

"Don't misunderstand me! Indeed I am grateful; I do appreciate your kindness——"

"You have never forgiven me!" she broke in.
"You are cruel and revengeful! Haven't I expiated my fault? Haven't I suffered enough? Is there ever a day or night, ever an hour in either, that I am not mocked by the recollection of the happiness that was in my reach; that I flung away from a mistaken sense of duty!"

She threw up her arms, with a despairing gesture, then covered her face with her hands, crying.

"What have I said! Am I mad! Go away, }

Bolton Mordred! Don't ever come near me again! Oh, I do think I shall die!"

She flung herself on the ground, in a paroxysm of sebs, calling upon him, if he had any mercy, to leave her there alone. Slowly, across his dazed brain, came a perception of what the scene meant. She cared for him! She had never forgotten the old dream. In her sympathy for his trouble she had become so unnerved, that her secret broke out in spite of her pride. He was deeply touched; he was very, very sorry for her. Then he remembered that, in all the world, there was nobody but this woman to care what he endured. His life had come to an end, not in the way of work or ambition-he would not be so weak as that-but in all things connected with love or happiness the end had come. If she did care; if she would rather be with him in his suffering, why not ask her to come? What would it matter where he was personally concerned? Only it seemed an impertinence and presumption to suppose that she would be willing. He wanted to act aright, and like a man who had courage to face the worst that fate could thrust upon him. He knew that, at present, it was sheer desperation, no braver feeling, which had possession of him, but he would try to do what was best. This woman before him, about whom he had once woven a fanciful dream, filled him with a vague pity. She suffered, he could see that; and he was so sorry for anybody who suffered.

If she still cared for him, why should he not speak? She had been very brave in the old time! It was of his comfort and his future only that she thought when she sent him from her. During all these years, she had been faithful to the past, which had gone so completely out of his mind. If he could make her happy; if she would accept the poor fragments of a heart, why let her take them. Only it was difficult to say all this, lest he should wound her pride and self-respect.

Looking at him, under cover of the white hands she still held before her face, Harriet Crosby read in his countenance a portion of the thoughts which crossed his mind. She rose slowly, wiped away her tears, and said, with a mournful smile,

"I believe I am a little beside myself to-day; but, if ever you think of it, dear friend, you will remember that I pitied you, that I sympathized with your grief. Now let us go!"

"Wait a little," he answered. "I want to say something. I don't know how to do it—"

"Is there anything you can hesitate to say to me, Bolton?" she interrupted, reproachfully.

"It sounds so presumptuous—so impertinent at this moment," he answered.

"It will not be to me! Tell me, Bolton! tell me!" She laid her hand softly on his, and looked up into his face.

"Could you still care for me, Harriet? Is the old dream still at all dear to you?"

She gave him one glance, and turned her head away, still letting her hand lie in his.

"Will you stay with me?" he asked. "Shall we try to get back to the old days once more?"

"If you want me," she whispered. "Oh, Bolton, I will be a true, loving wife! I shall not be afraid of care or poverty! I could bear anything with you!"

It was done. Nothing could add to or diminish from his misery; at least, he could make her life pleasant.

- "There will be nothing of all that," he said.
 "Did you not know that I was a rich man now,
 Harriet?"
- "No. Oh, Bolton! you didn't think I knew that!"
- "I only tell it that you need have neither scruple or fear. I know they would be for me. You are a good woman, Harriet—the truest, bravest heart, I have ever found."

She had won. But she could not exult. There was enough capability of good left in her to make her loathe the part she was acting; but she loved him; nothing should defeat her now. They talked for a while, quietly enough, then walked slowly homeward.

"I am a very dull companion, Harriet," he said, rousing himself from a revery, into which he had fallen.

"Never to me!" she answered. "Believe me, Bolton, I'd rather share your gloomiest moments than be made a queen—always believe that."

"Such a good, good woman—such a true, brave woman!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER X.

They came out in sight of the bridge where Mr. Iverson had met with his accident. A little dog of Mrs. Morris's had wandered away from the hotel, and, at sight of Harriet, came tearing up to express his joy at the appearance of a friend, and tried as hard to make it appear that he had come out in search of her, instead of having started upon some private expedition, as if he had been gifted with speech, and able to tell lies.

"You bad Punch; you were running away," said Harriet; but Punch declared his innocence by an expressive whine, and sat straight up on the extremity of his tail with an injured air.

"This was where that poor Iverson got hurt,"

Mordred said, more for the sake of saying something than from any other reason.

"Yes. Oh, what a dreadful morning it was I never shall forget it."

She shuddered, and looked so distressed, that he wanted to get her thoughts away from the recollection. In his softened mood, he could not bear to think of anybody suffering.

- "Some one told me some gossip," he said, trying to smile and talk as people do at ordinary times. "They said you were likely to marry Mr. Iverson."
- "I don't think it was ever likely," she answered, laughing a little. "You know now that it was not."
- "And yet I almost wonder you have not married!"
- "Don't say such things, Bolton! They hurt me! I have a right to let you see my whole heart. It has never held a thought except for you."
- "Such a true, brave Harriet!" he murmured again, in the absent way that irritated her. His eyes wandered off to where Punch was going insane over an imaginary enemy under the bridge.

That was so little to hear him say. Her heart, false and hard as it was, ached for a more cloquent recognition of its affection. She had some wild idea that, if she could only make him picture her, during those three years of separation, every instant faithful to his memory, that it would obliterate from his mind, for the time, even his pain, and leave her uppermost.

"Sometime you will know," she said.

He looked at her inquiringly.

"I believe I was thinking aloud," returned she. "Oh, Bolton! I am shy and ashamed yet; but I want you to know the whole truth. I want you to know that, in all these years, I have had no thought but for you. Well, Mr. Iverson did ask me to marry him! I had to tell him it was impossible. I had even to tell him that I only cared for one human being in the world."

"Such a good Harriet." Nothing more.

"Oh, Bolton!" she exclaimed, laying her clasped hands on his shoulder. "You will trust me always. We shall be happy."

He tried to utter some proper words; they died on his lips. She drew his arm about her waist, and they stood so in silence for a few seconds, she busy talking, and he trying to look at her and smile.

They did not notice Mrs. Percy, who passed along the bank above, having come out for a little walk. She stopped to regard them, then went her way, thinking,

"Well, there's no danger for Robert Iverson. I was half afraid, when I found her here, that he had been making a fool of himself. I'm glad I saw this."

She walked on toward the hotel, and Harriet talked of truth and fidelity; so determined to rouse her companion into warmer words, that, over and over again, she repeated that she had never once given any other man the least encouragement. Finally, getting in earnest, as she always did when she told lies, she wove a very pretty romance out of her refusal of Iverson, only two days before Mordred arrived, enlarging and embellishing, until she gave their exact conversation.

"But, after that, he wrote to me, and I had to answer. I had to tell him the truth. I knew I could trust him! I said I had always loved you. Oh, dear me! I hope his sister won't rummage among his papers, and find the letter. That woman is capable of anything!"

"It could do no hurt," Mordred said, and stopped to look down at Punch, who had come up from under the bridge, and was growling over a paper he held in his teeth, as if it had been a muskrat.

Miss Crosby sat down to rest for a moment, and was busy arranging her veil, which had got loosened. Out of sheer idleness Mordred tried to take the paper from Punch, and Punch growled, and allowed himself to be lifted off his legs before he would relinquish it. Mordred untwisted the crumpled sheet, glanced at it, read several paragraphs, turned the page. He looked up with a white, set face, just as Miss Crosby rose from her seat.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"Your letter to Mr. Iverson," was his answer, and put it in her hands."

She recognized it at once. It was only the envelope she had burned. The letter had been in his pocket, had dropped out when he fell, and lodged among the logs, to be found by Punch at that inopportune moment.

"Why did you tell me that falsehood?" he asked, sternly.

She was trying for an explanation. Words failed her.

"There was no need of an untruth," he went on. "I did not ask you to say you had always cared for me."

"But I had! I did!" she cried, in an agony, which was not feigned.

A second time in one day duped, deceived! It was too much. He grew livid with wrath.

"I should be sorry to have you break an engagement on my account," said he. "That sick the ocean, black with the coming storm.

"Well, there's no danger for Robert Iverson. { man still considers you his betrothed. Go home was half afraid, when I found her here, that { to him—your place is there."

"Bolton! Only listen-"

"Not a word! You have romanced enough for one morning! I believe that you count for something in the unhappiness that has befallen me! I believe that, in some way, it is your doing that Violet treated me as she did. At least I'll know the truth."

"Bolton! Bolton!" Only the same despairing utterance of his name. Her death-like face might have pleaded for hier, but he would not look.

"Why you have done this, only the devil who prompts you could tell!" he went on. "Engaged to another man, after having once tried to wreck my life, you must needs meddle again! Your arts have separated me from the woman I loved. You wanted that; you wanted to fool and cajole me, as you did before, then tell me that you were engaged."

"No! no!"

"Don't deny! Don't speak! I have no wish to say harsh things. You are of no concern to me. I spoke as I did to-day because you seemed to suffer. Of course, it was to serve some object of your own—what, I neither know nor care."

"I loved you, Bolton! I loved you!"

"So you did Mr. Iverson, last week! Look at your letter! Why, you're poorer in invention than I'd have thought, Miss Crosby. You could only repeat to me the self-same words you had written him."

"Could I know you would ever come back?

"Pray, don't try for excuses? They are unnecessary! Don't be afraid; I shall not betray you—your secret is safe! Go, wait by the bedside of your betrothed husband, till he recovers enough to know you, and save your falsehoods for him."

He turned and hurried away, not heeding the cry she sent after him, and she was alone with her misery—the greater, the more hopeless, the more like the torment of a lost spirit, because it was deserved.

· . CHAPTER XI.

The sky had grown blacker; the wind more violent. The surf was breaking in great waves upon the beach. When Mordred reached the hotel he found the landlord and two of his men standing on the veranda, looking away down Binnyford Bay, which curved to the left, while in front of the house, and to the right, stretched the ocean, black with the coming storm.

"I'm sorry I let 'em go," the landlord was saying; "but what could I do?"

"Stop a woman!" returned one of the men.
"Why, that gal would go. When we got to the
depot, and found the train had started, she was
like a wild thing. She said she'd go, if she
walked, and her mother was about as bad; so
then I told 'em, if they would start, there was
the sail-boat."

Mordred turned from one to the other, afraid to put the questions that rose to his lips.

"It's about Mrs. Lee and her daughter," the landlord said. "They would take a sail-boat over to Strothers, instead of waiting for to-morrow's train."

"When did they go?".

"Only about half an hour. You can see the boat with a glass. It blows great guns; there's going to be an awful storm!"

The terrible fright which turned him to ice, made Mordred appear fairly quiet.

"Who is with them?" he asked.

"Only young Solmes. I tried my best to keep 'em from starting, but you might as well have talked to the wind. They'll be upset! I don't know what to do; the boats haint come in yet. There's no way of going arter 'em, even if it would do any good."

"Saddle me a horse—quick!" ordered Mordred. "There's a yacht at Markham's, six miles down; don't lose a minute."

When he could think at all, he was on the horse, and galloping away down the sands. It seemed to him that he was running a race with death, and must strain every nerve if he would not be beaten.

Away, away he dashed, almost as swift as the wind, though it seemed to him that the horse scarcely moved, that hours, ages were consumed in the mad race. Away, away down the sands; and now off in the distance he could descry the little sail-boat, fit only for a pleasant day's amusement, off in the middle of the bay, beaten hither and thither by the tempest; in sight, and yet as far from the possibility of his help as if a whole world rolled between.

"Violet! Violet!" the cry burst in a frenzied groan from his lips, as he dashed on faster, faster!

Oh, it was useless!—all in vain! He must see her perish before his eyes, and could not aid her! He fancied he had ridden leagues. The house he sought would never come in view—never! and each moment so precious for Violet—her life! her life!

He was conscious of shricking the words aloud, as if the horse could understand. On, on—faster, faster! Up rushed the storm. The heaven was

one vast cloud, that wrapped it from horizon to zenith. Jagged lightnings began to play along the rock-like masses of cloud; heavy thunders broke, knell-like, above the awful roaring of the sea. On, on, his eyes strained toward the seething waters, where the frail barque danced to and fro, now uplifted on a huge wave, now going down, down, threatening to disappear before his very sight, into the depths of the gulf. Once he thought it was lost; it appeared again, righted itself, was flung forward upon the coming swell. Always he was dashing forward; the horse never swerved or stayed. Some portion of his rider's spirit seemed to animate his frame-on! on! The house appeared just beyond. He was searching wildly for the yacht. If it should be gone! If his friends had changed their minds, and left that morning, no other help within miles! It was there-he saw it. He could save her vet!

He had reached the house. His mad approach brought out the inmates, as he sprang to the ground, pointing to the distant boat, and shouting,

"We can reach it; only be quick! There are two women on board. If you don't want their death on your souls, quick! quick!"

There were willing, strong hands to aid. The yacht was unmoored; the sail was up. They were skimming away in the teeth of the tempest like a monster-bird. The yacht was a large craft, meant for longer and sterner voyages than this. Away they sped, Mordred watching in the bow. They were gaining on the boat; but could they reach it in time? He saw it plunge forward more heavily than before. A new toss; a great wave shut it from sight. Then he saw it again, mastless, rudderless, beating to and fro, dashed up and down, like some live thing.

"There's Tom's Point," he heard somebody say. "Perhaps the man can beach her there. He's trying to use his oars. Oh——"

Mordred covered his eyes. He could not support the sight. On flew the yacht; it was nearing the Point.

"We'll save them yet!" shouted his friend's

Then a sudden cry of dismay from every man on board! The yacht was very near the boat now. They could see the two women crouched under the seats. Another dash of the wind—another sweep of the white foam; the little boat was lifted bodily out of the water, and flung upon a projecting rock. There were only two figures visible, and a woman's veil floated out on the receding swell.

Mordred had a rope tied about him, flung himself into the surf—was swimming toward the object that the waves buffeted. He knew who it LINES. 403

was. Violet! Violet! He had been under the water till he was nearly suffocated; it was death coming. If he could only grasp her; if they might go down together; if he might only eatch her in his arms, and pass into eternity with that precious form clasped in them.

A sudden sweep of a wave brought the figure close to his reach; he stretched out his hands, blindly; he was holding her fast; a new dash of water; an awful blackness. He only knew that he was drowning, with Violet strained to his breast.

When Bolton Mordred came to himself it was night; he lay on a bed; two of his friends were watching. He opened his eyes with an awful cry, and heard the voices call, "All safe—all safe!" then sank slowly back on the pillows, once more.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful; no trace of yesterday's storm visible. Bolton Mordred was able to go down stairs. Violet was safe. They would not let her leave her bed; but when Mordred pleaded for just one look, Mrs. Lee was too much softened to refuse, and led him into the chamber.

He had meant to be very quiet and calm; but the sight of the beautiful face which met his; the touch of the fair hands that reached out to take his own, sent every wise resolution flying out of his mind. He could not remember his promise; could only see that face, and fall on his knees beside the bed, crying,

"Violet! Violet! You did not mean it; you won't send me from you. Violet! Violet!"

It was not possible that the whole truth should fail to come out, and then, very soon, Mrs. Lee appeared with a cup of broth that Violet must take. And the broth got spilled, for Mordred had seized the mother's two hands, and was begging and praying for his happiness; and when she looked at Violet, Mrs. Lee knew that it was her child's happiness as well which she must grant.

So she gave in as prettily as possible; and a week later she was very glad of it, for she received a letter from Hugh Leonards, announcing his engagement.

Two days after Bolton Mordred's departure, Miss Crosby was informed that Mr. Iverson had recovered consciousness, and would soon be on the high road to health. She was now ready to perform her duty, a very plain one she decided—that of taking up her position as chief watcher by his bed.

Mrs. Percy could not see the affair in the same light, and treated Miss Crosby to such a return, for what she called that young lady's impertinent assurance, that Miss Crosby lost control of her temper, and informed her that as she was to become Mr. Iverson's wife, perhaps it would be well for the sister to guard her tongue.

Their voices penetrated to the inner chamber, and they heard Mr. Iverson call,

"Elvira!"

Fortunately, the nurse was absent for a moment; the two ladies pushed into the room, Harriet getting up a little cry of rapture and thankfulness, which changed to a moaning gurgle in her throat, as Mrs. Percy exclaimed,

"Three days ago, I saw this girl stand, with her hands on Bolton Mordred's shoulder, and his arm about her waist—now she says she's engaged to you——"?" all the control of

"Hush!" Mr. Iverson said, faintly. "Elvira, go out for a little."

She dared not refuse. As the door closed behind her, the gaunt, wasted hand of the sick man beckened to Harriet.

"I only wanted to spare you mortification," he said. "I saw you open my desk that night. I understand that you meant to destroy all trace of our engagement. You needn't be alarmed; I shall never claim you."

She got out of the room. Two days after, she persuaded Mrs. Morris to go home. The whole campaign had been a failure. She must make what she could out of life; she had done her scheming too well—over done it; and, besides her real suffering, had to remember that the honest truth might, after all, have served better than the treachery and falsehood which she had tried once too otten.

LINES.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

My soul was like a captive chained, In dungeon and in night, Until thy presence broke the gloom, And flooded it with light! If angels visit earth unseen,

'Tis but to blinded eyes.

I knew thee, darling, from the first,
As coming from the skies!

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

A CROWDED party at Newport! A deep, bay-window in the library, where the emerald curtains swept down to the mossy carpet, and we were as much alone as if we were in the green depths of a forest.

"Am I so unreasonable, then?" said Murray Hammond, looking down upon me with a queer blending of tenderness and reproach in his clear

"Yes, you are unreasonable, unjust-like all men," I repeated, with a deeper emphasis on each word.

"Because I remind you of your promise to me, and speak of its fulfillment, I am unreasonable, am I?"

"I never made any promise."

"I understood it as such."

"You don't want any other man to speak to me, Murray Hammond."

"I wonder who is unreasonable now?" he asked, keeping his good humor, in a way that was very provoking to an angry woman, "Because I warn you against Col. Hareling, and tell you that it is very disagreeable to me to see you dancing with a man who isn't fit to be in any decent woman's presence—"

"You don't like me to speak to Mr. Churchill either, do you?"

"I have never said so."

"You could find nothing to say to his discredit; he has every qualification to make a woman happy."

As I spoke, I calmly picked the petals of a queenly calla from my bouquet, and they show-ered down upon my pink satin-dress like extra large snow-flakes.

"Every qualification, except the trifling ones of heart and brains," answered Murray.

"He is worth ten hundred thousand," said I, purposely spreading out the sum, instead of saying a million, thinking it would sound larger.

"And I am worth scarcely ten thousand."

"And he admires me very much; so aunt Isabelle says." Another shower of snow-flakes, this time pink, from the heart of a moss-rose. "She says this romantic idea of love is all non-sense."

"I wish your aunt Isabelle were——" His tone suddenly changed. "Do you know, Margaret," he said, "that it is the knowledge that

you have always had such an influence as here at home, that makes me wonder how you can be so noble, have so few faults——"

"So few faults! Oh, Murray!" My lips, that I had tried to keep proudly curved, grew tremulous. We were very near a reconciliation. I did not rebel when the hand that had wrought such destruction to my flowers was gently, but closely, imprisoned, to keep it from further mischief.

"And yet, my darling, it makes me tremble for your future. My little girl is so impulsive, so easily influenced by those she loves; it is that influence I fear for her."

"Hnsh! What a sweet voice!" I cried. Just across the piazza was the music-room, and the low, French window, near which the piano was standing, was open, and the words came to us distinctly, sung by a woman's voice, full of power and tenderness.

Clasp your arms round her neck to-night,
Little Nell!
Arms so delicate, soft, and white,
And yet so strong in love's strange might;
Clasp them around the kneeling form,
Fold them tenderly, close and warm,
And who can tell,
But such slight links may draw her back,
Away from the fatal, fatal track?
Who can tell, little Nell?

Press your lips to her lips of snow,
Little Nell!
Oh, baby-heart! may you never know
The anguish that makes them quiver 80°;
But now, in her weakness and mortal pain,
Let your kisses fall like dewy rain,
And who can tell,
But your innocent love, your childish kiss,
May lure her back from the dread abyss.

Lay your cheek on her aching breast,
Little Nell!
To you'tis a refuge of holy rest;
But a dying bird never drooped its crest
With a deadlier pain in its wounded heart,
Ah! love's sweet links may be torn apart,
Little Nell!

Who can tell, little Nell?

The altar may flame with gems and gold, And splendor be bought, and peace be sold, But is it well, little Nell?

Veil her face with your tresses bright,
Little Nell!
Hide that vision out of her sight,
Those dark, dark eyes, with their tender light;
Uplift your pure face—can it be
She will bid farewell to Heaven and thee,
Little Nell?
Your mute lips plead with eloquent power,
Her tears fall like a tropic shower—
It is well, little Nell!

Close your blue eyes now in sleep,
Little Nell!
The angles smile to see her weep.
At morn a ship will cleave the deep,

And one alone will be borne away And one will clasp thee close, and pray, Oh, little Nell! Never! Never, beneath the sun, Will you dream what you this night have done— Done so well, little Nell!

Long before the song was ended my tears were falling; but Murray should not see them, I said to myself. I turned my head away, and drew my hand from his clasp.

"Do you not see, Margaret; that Heaven sent that song? Sent it to prove to you that hearts cannot be tortured and sold without paying a penalty of woe and guilt."

I purposely mistook his meaning.

"Do you dare to think I could ever be tempted to do wrong?" I said.

"No! God knows I believe you to be innocent as a child; you always seem just like a child to me-just as innocent and sweet. I am only afraid they will influence you at home, and make your life wretched, my darling."

There was infinite love and p vading in his tone. But my heart hardened.

"You are very complimentary, Mr Hammond. You seem to have boundless faith in my strength of mind."

The cool, sarcastic tone touched him I saw, for the color left his face, and his lips, which could be as tender as a woman's, put on the firm, resolute expression they could assume upon oceasion.

"It is time, Margaret," he said, sternly, "that you and I come to a full and clear understanding; and if you have not made any promises, that you should make them. I love you better than anything in the world, better than all the world; and you love me, that I know-for you have told me so; and if you have not, I have read it in your eyes a thousand times; and that knowledge has made me very patient with you. But there is a limit to all human endurance; and after this night I shall never say a word to you to influence you either way; you must choose for yourself, whether a costly palace, or a humbler home and a true, honest love, is the most precious to you-and must choose soon, too."

His arms were folded now, and he looked down upon me with a look of sternness and determination in his blue eyes, that I had never seen there before.

"Must! my lord Hammond-

But I had no time to finish the angry sentence, for the curtain was parted suddenly, and my sister stood before us.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Maggie," she said. "Aunt Isabelle wants to go home."

Vol. LXI.-28

times, and in the breakfast-room. "No one." I said to myself, "shall see that I suffered."

But my aunt Isabelle had quick eyes.

"What is the matter, Margaret?" she said. "Have you a headache? You look ill."

"She quarreled with my lord Hammond last night, and don't feel an appetite," said Dorothy, breaking her egg. "I saw her look at him like a female iceberg as we came away."

"It is a very good thing if Maggie has quarreled with Mr. Hammond," said aunt Isabelle, approvingly. "I am glad that my lessons, my advice, rather, is taking effect at last."

"Of course it is a good thing," said Dot; "when Mr. Hammond has only his profession, and a little beggarly amount that his mother left him, and Mr. Churchill is worth a million. For my part, I like golden calves. I believe in them; I bow down and worship them with all the rest. But to talk of something else. What are you going to wear at the Ford's ball?"

"I am not going," I replied.

"Not going!" Both Dot and my aunt looked up aghast. "Not going! Why? How? What?"

"I am going to uncle Willard's to stay a week or two "

"Uncle Willard's!" cried Dot. "Why you were never there in your life."

"Well, that is no sign that I shall not be there in less than two days. You know what he wrote about aunt Ellinor."

" Aunt Ellinor," cried my aunt. "Just as if the sickness of a crazy old women should take you from Newport, in the height of the season, when we have rented this cottage, too, for the summer."

"I am going," said I, quietly.

"I wouldn't go, if I were you, Maggie," said Dot, "they are people we know nothing about."

"They are your mother's brother and sister, young lady, and the more shame to you and me that we know nothing about them. Here we are within a hundred miles of them, and have never been there since we were babies."

"They are wretchedly poor, aren't they?" said Dot.

"Well, what would we be, young lady, if our debts were paid? What will we be, if we don't happen to fetch a good price in the market? Here we are, using up what little money we have to trick ourselves out, like cattle at a country fair, rushing about from sea-shore to wateringplace, and from watering-place to Washington, just like half the girls we meet at those places, 'marked, like sheep, with figures,' waiting for the highest bidder; I wouldn't talk about any-I lay awake half the night, but I was up be- { thing, or anybody being poor, after that."

like," wailed my aunt. "" My brother took your mother, when a mere child, from all her rustic surroundings; wisely, too. I don't say but that they are good enough people, and in very comfortable circumstances, I believe; but I have said, and I still affirm, that uncultivated country people are not proper associates for young ladies in your station."

At this I looked square into aunt Isabelle's faded, wax-like face, and told her that I thought there was "such a thing as people's natures being cultivated too much, and all their kindness, and tenderness, and humanity being harrowed down, and overgrown by a crop of fashionable frivolity and heartlessness." At which speech, delivered with exceeding clearness of tone, Dot remarked, as I left the room, that "Maggie was getting on to her high-horse again."

In my own room I had it out with myself. walked straight to the mirror, and commenced brushing out my long hair, as I had a habit of doing in my heroic moments, which I suppose I might give another name to; not so pretty. What kind of a face looked back on me? Handsome, pearly complexion, with cheeks and lips rosy with youth and health, now crimson with something else; eyes that were capable of great disdain and great tenderness, quick to assume both expressions, if cause there were; lips, now proudly curved, but that could be tremulous with better emotions. It was a face that showed a loving, but impulsive nature, easily wrought upon by surrounding influences, and that needed a strong hand to guide it toward the right, or it might be turned toward the wrong.

Such was the face that confronted me; and I said to it, " Here you are, with your cheeks red, and your eyes sparkling with a fine disdain over heartlessness-and what are you? You are as bad as the worst of them. You love Murray Hammond, and you know it. There is no use to deny it; for now, at the bare mention of his name, your eyes grow softer, just as they do when you are with him, for he always calls out the best in your nature, as surely as aunt Isabelle calls out the worst. You love him-you trust him entirely, and yet for months you have been holding his love in one hand, and the world in the other; the love of a true, tender heartpeace, happiness, rest, against the wealth of a millionaire-glitter, splendor, and show. Last night the scale tipped in favor of Mammon, and how patient he was with you. Will any one else ever he so forhearing, so gentle, and yet so firm, in telling you your faults, so loving in helping you to conquer them? No one! No one! For

"You can ridicule my efforts for you, if you; if you should live a thousand years, no one will ever care for you as he does. Dear Murray!" Here something glittered and fell on my hand. I dashed it away impatiently. "But to be the wife of a poor man; to share a life of love and toil, and to give up all the splendor and high station that is offered to you, and which all the girls about you are dying for." Here was another impatient movement, and I turned away from the glass. "I will go away from it all; I will go to uncle Willard's, and forget all about it for a month. There will be nothing there to influence me either way, and when I come back I will decide."

> I kept my word and went to uncle Willard's. Never shall I forget my welcome.

> "Wall, wall! If it don't beat all!" was my uncle's greeting. "Did you ever, Betsey, see the beat on't? How she has grow'd! Got your mother's eyes, though; and for the sake of them, my dear, you'd be as welcome as flowers in May, if we hadn't never know'd you, and you wuzzn't no sort of kin to us. There, Betsey, see that smile. Hain't that little Margery right over again? God bless you, my dear! I can't help

> These last seemingly irrelevent words, spoken tn an apolegetic tone, I knew referred to the tear that shone in uncle Willard's honest blue eyes, as I threw both my arms about his neck, and kissed him over and over again, in my impulsive, impetuous fashion. Good, kind aunt Betsey, next received my embraces, and returned them with motherly usury. And then we left the grape-embowered porch, and entered the cool, clean parlor, sweet with flowers, through the open door of which I could see in the dining-room the tea-table glittering with silver and old-fashioned china-all additional tokens of honest welcome.

> "Dear child! we were afraid you wouldn't come, after all," said aunt Betsey, as she settled me in her most comfortable easy-chair, and herself removed my wraps. "It would have been a dreadful disappointment to your uncle; he just worshiped little Margery, as he always called her-your mother, you know, my dear."

> "There, Betsey, look at them brown curls, now her bonnet's off. Haint that jest like the pretty head that used to be bobbing about all over the old homestead, and that has laid asleep on my shoulder more than a thousand times?"

"How is aunt Ellinor?" I said, directly.

"Failin', failin' all the time!" said uncle Willard. "Runnin' down, just like a clock that can't be wound up. Medicine can't wind her up, or she would have been before now, for we

have tried everything under the sun; but it's no { of interest and meaning flashed across her counuse. She keeps runnin' down, lower and lower, and she'll stop, stan-still, I am afraid, before long;" and uncle Willard ended his words with a deep sigh.

After supper, I asked if I might see the invalid. It was with a beating heart that I followed aunt Betsey into the chamber. It was a large room, with clean, white floor, and whitewashed walls, with a high, white-curtained bed, and quaint, old-fashioned furniture. There were two large windows looking toward the west, and, in an easy-chair, drawn up before one of them, reclined the figure of a woman, so wan, so thin, that she seemed more the shadow of a woman than a living, breathing, human being. She was looking intently into the west as we entered, and she never turned her eyes or noticed us in any manner, but gazed outward, steadily, silently. As we drew near, I instinctively followed her gaze out beyond the green fields and pastures, beyond the fringy belt of forest; out upon the wide, mysterious expanse of ocean, plainly visible for miles, for uncle Willard's house was only a mile inland. She did not notice us in any way, though we stood so near her, she might have touched us with one of those thin, bloodless hands that were clasped together in the tight expectant grasp that one will involuntarily assume when looking for some object most desired and momently expected.

"Ellinor," said aunt Betsey, "see here; some one has come to see you?

She turned her eyes slowly round toward us, with a slight impatience visible in them; and I saw then that she was at least fifty years old, with perfectly white hair, put back from a face that must have been in the past very beautiful, but was now wan, and worn, and eager, as if from long watching; and her eyes had a seeking, longing, wistful look in them, and a patience that was inexpressibly touching.

I stood a little behind aunt Betsey, and Ellinor did not catch sight of me, and she just glanced at aunt, and then immediately turned to the window again, and put up one of her thin hands to shade her eyes, as she gazed far out on the ocean.

"I thought I saw him. I was sure he was coming." This she said to herself, and as if she had entirely forgotten the presence of any one

"Ellinor, see if you know who this is," and, taking my hand, aunt Betsey drew me forward, before the easy-chair.

Obediently and patiently the invalid turned her eyes toward the speaker, and then rested tenance.

"Little Margery, where have you been all day ?" she said.

"It is little Margery's daughter," said aunt Betsey. "Don't you remember little Margery married, and came back here visiting, with her two little babies, and died here?"

I had taken one of the thin hands in mine, but before aunt Betsey had finished, the invalid drew it away, and shaded her eyes again, from which all expression had vanished, save expectancy, and looked out-out over the water.

"I am sure I saw him; I think he will come to-night," she murmured;

"It is no use," said aunt Betsey to me, as we went down the dim, winding stair-way, into the pleasant sitting-room. "I thought, maybe, seeing you would rouse her, but it is no use."

"Won't you tell me about her, aunt Betsey? What made her so ?"

"It is a long story; but let me get my knitting work, and we will take our chairs out into the porch, and I'll tell you now, while your uncle is doing the barn chores, and Hannah is washing the dishes."

So we took our chairs out into the shadow of the grape-vine. Truly, as aunt Betsey prophesied, she made it a long story. But I will not quote her words. I will relate the story as shortly and plainly as possible. It is a story as old as love and womanly caprice, as sad as error and vain repentance.

When my father was a young man, he went down into the country to spend the summer, to see about a large landed estate that had fallen to him on the death of his father. He obtained board at my grandfather Pryne's, or rather at my uncle Willard's, for gandfather had died some years before, leaving his great farm, then in a wild state, to his son Willard, and the family consisted of Willard, Ellinor, and little Margaret. the only child of grandfather Pryne's second marriage.

Little Margaret was a wonderfully beautiful child, the pet of the household; and her extreme beauty and sweet disposition soon caused her to be a great favorite with the young boarder. As there were no educational privileges in that then out-of-the-way place, he offered to give the child lessons during his stay, and as Ellinor requested permission to share the lessons, he readily complied with her request. Ellinor, who was about eighteen at this time, was betrothed to a young sailor, to whom she was passionately attached. But she was a woman, and what woman, at them on my face. For the first time a faint gleam eighteen, beautiful, full of life and spirits, can

refrain from the temptation of testing her power over the heart she holds dear.

So, when Richard Winslow, her lover, came to visit her one morning, and found her with the handsome young stranger over their books-he was bending over her, explaining some questions to her, and Margery had left the room for the instant; and when Ellinor read his annoyance in his face, what was it but womanly vanity or caprice, that made her, after that, when they were alone together, try to make him think that she and the young stranger were attached to each He left at last, in hot anger, which somewhat alarmed her. "But, never mind," she said. "He will come back again in the evening, and then I will explain all, and ask his forgiveness." But he did not come. The next day she said, "he will surely come; of course he will: for to-morrow he sails." But he did not come. She was in a fever of excitement. At nightfall, unable to stay in the house, she started down to the sea-shore, to a favorite haunt of theirs, hoping he might, at least, go there. Before she went, she sent little Margery to a rosebush, that was a pet of her lover, to get a rose to put in her hair. He liked to see white roses in her dark curls. But she could not wait for the child's loitering steps; he might get tired of waiting for her; so she hastened down to the old rock on the beach. Alas! there was no one there -nothing but the cold moonlight on the waters.

Next day news came that Richard Winslow had embarked on a strange ship, and had gone no one knew whither. And after a brain fever, so violent that her life was despaired of, Ellinor recovered, to be the woman she was, a shadow of her former self-watching, waiting, looking for the ship that never came back! At first she would wander through the house, and down to the shore, where she would stand for hours, with her eyes strained out to sea. But as years rolled away, she became unable to walk to the shore, and she would slowly creep up the long stairs to the west chamber, as they called it, and stand by the window for hours, gazing out over the water. At last she refused to come down at all, and remained there looking forever for the ship that had most likely sunk beneath the waves, for no news was ever heard of it.

Little Margaret, my mother, was dear to uncle Willard as the very apple of his eye; but when aunt Ellinor recovered, to be the wreck that she was, his very love for little Margaret led him to consent to the offer my father made, to put the child at school, and give her as fine an education as the country afforded. Uncle Willard was young and unmarried, and poor then, for the

farm, which now was a fine property, was then hardly able to supply the necessities of life. There was no female society near, and no schools; and, with Ellinor in that state, how could he refuse? So he let his darling go, to fit herself for a teacher, he thought, and so escape the drudgery of farm life. But she never taught, for, at eighteen years old, she left school, to become the wife of my father.

Uncle Willard had married in the meantime, and, finally grew rich and prosperous. My father and mother spent the first years of their married life abroad. But shortly after their return, while I was a baby, my mother's health failed, and she was ordered, by her physicians, into the country. She returned to the old homestead, to which her heart had so often yearned, during her pleasant life abroad. Soon after her arrival, she was attacked by a low fever, prevalent at the time, and died before her husband could get to her side. My father followed her in less than a year, leaving his two orphan babies to the care of his sister Isabelle, with whom we had lived ever since.

Just as my aunt finished the story, uncle Willard's voice was heard in the kitchen, and aunt Betsey left me alone.

The glow all faded from the sky, and, one by one, the stars came out, a softer, holier light, in which we may read our souls, when the earth is hushed to such stillness, that we may listen to low voices unheard in the garish glare of day. I am always impressible, and I believe I thought some good thoughts there on the old, brown doorstep amongst the summer roses. In-doors came softly to my ears the loving voices of those old lovers. And up in the chamber above me, I knew was that image of deathless constancy; how far off and puerile seemed the atmosphere of vanity and worldliness in which I had moved so lately; of what infinite value seemed to me to be truth, honor, love.

Restful and sweet was my life there for the next two months, for my fortnight grew into eight weeks. I went out into the hay-field with uncle Willard, explored the fragrant depths of the great, friendly-looking barns with him, and patted his sleek, mild-eyed Alderneys on their honest heads. I salted his sheep, and fed his chickens; and every act of mine was good in his eyes, my likeness to my mother so glorified and endeared me to him.

But, above all, it was my pleasure to go up to the far-off, quiet chamber, and sit for hours with aunt Ellinor. Although she seldom spoke to me, or looked at me, they thought, and I thought, that my presence seemed to quiet her, in her more restless moments. In that darkened mind, so remote from our comprehension, some shadowy remembrance of the child she loved may have been awakened, although she never mentioned her name after that first night.

Sometimes I would carry her flowers I had gathered in my walks with uncle Willard. She would always take them in her hands, and, perhaps, look at them a minute, and then they would drop unnoticed at her feet, as her wistful eyes turned again to the west, to the wide waste of waters—boundless they seemed to me, but not so boundless as her faith, as her hope.

But as autumn drew near, she failed visibly. It seemed as if her mind, her restless, eager mind was wearing out her frail body. It was upon the first day of September that the barque Lisbon sailed, and they said she was always worse during these days. At last, during the last week of August, she was obliged to keep her bed entirely; but she would have it drawn out into the room, where, from her pillow, she could watch the far-off horizon line, where the water melted into the sky.

The first day of September was one of the most perfect I had ever seen; and, in the afternoon, uncle Willard, aunt Betsey and I, walked down to the lower orchard, to see what splendid apples Sam Harding, the hired man, was gathering from the new grafts that had never borne before

We went up to aunt Ellinor's room, before we started, to see if she wanted anything; but she lay, as usual, with her eyes bent upon the west, and did not notice us in the least.

We were gone, perhaps an hour, and, on returning to the house, I found a rose, that had strangely blossomed again, upon a rose-bush that stood out in the corner of the meadow, near a heap of stones and bricks. I wondered how this rose-bush grew so far away from the house; but aunt Betsey said the original house had stood there, and added, "that is the very bush that Ellinor sent Margery to get a rose from, just thirty-two years ago to-night. Richard Winslow used to come through this lot," she said, "and he always picked one of these roses, and brought it to her to put in her hair."

I looked down into the white depths of the flower, renewed by gracious nature to be again so fresh and sweet, and thought of the wasted, sorrowful lives that could never bloom into beauty again—never here; but the very mute lips of the flower I held rebuked me, and said to my heart that the good God, whose servant nature is, and who is therefore above nature, must somewhere—somewhere in His mercy, keep some deathless

summer, in which the lives so baffled and barren here may blossom into beauty.

When we reached the house, I said to aunt Betsey, "I believe I will go up and see how aunt Ellinor is."

"Wall, you run right along, my dear, and I will just make a good cup of tea for her in a minute, and a little slice of toast; and I will come up in a few minutes and bring it."

As I opened the door, I started back an instant in my surprise, for aunt Ellinor, who had not left her bed for a week, was up sitting by the open window, through which a flood of the sunset light was pouring. How she had gotten from her bed to the window, so weak as she was, I could not tell. But there she was, and she had opened an old-fashioned chest of drawers, that stood just before her, and taken out of it a crimson shawl, woven in a strange device, that had evidently come from some foreign port. The drawer was open, and as I glanced into it, I saw great sea-shells, branches of red and white coral, and various trinkets, all of foreign manufacture.

There she sat by the window, in her long, white night-dress, and the crimson shawl wrapped around her, looking out as usual over the waters. I spoke to her, and, for the first time since the night of my arrival, she looked up at me, and said.

"Little Margery," and then seeing the rose, which I still held in my hand, she reached out her hand for it, and added, "what made you gone so long after it, little Margery?" And, taking it, she made a movement as if to put it into her hair, which hung loosened and white as snow about her shoulders.

Wishing to humor her faney, I said, "Let me put it into your hair for you, aunt Ellinor."

But she drew back with a slight movement.

"No! He will," she said. "I think he is coming!" And, holding the rose closely against her heart, as if to prevent my taking it, she put her other hand over her eyes, and looked far out to sea, with her patient, sorrowful eyes.

As she looked, her face grew glorified, triumphant; and she exclaimed, in a voice I did not know, so glad it was, so exultant,

"He is coming! There he is!"

Instinctively, I followed her glad, eager glance, and the wave of her wan fingers.

The setting sun lay upon the water, in a long, golden pathway, down which she looked.

"He is coming, with his hands outstretched to me!" she said. "He has forgiven me! He is smiling! Oh, Richard! Richard!"

Still looking into the glorified west, still with her hands outstretched, as if in joyous welcome, with the restful content, and rapturous smile on her lips and in her eyes. She essayed to rise sunk back in her chair. Her life's tragedy was over.

I stayed until after the funeral, and then went back to Newport. The night after my arrival I was at a party, in the same house where my last conversation had taken place with Murray. I saw him standing alone in the same bay-window. The same gay crowd was surging without, the same music was swelling through the rooms. I went up to him, noiselessly, and said,

"Murray, won't you speak to me?"

He started, and looked down upon me, and then took the hand I timidly extended in both his.

"Did you drop out of the clouds?" he said.

"Oh, Murray! can you forgive me?" I almost sobbed.

Whatever his answer was, it was satisfactory. Awhile after, he asked, softly,

"What has changed my little wild eagle into such a dove?"

"I can't tell you now, and here; it is too sorrowful, too sacred," I faltered; "but, sometime, I will tell you."

It was not until the evening after our marriageday, however, as the twilight gathered about us, that I told Murray aunt Ellinor's story; her life, and her death; and how it taught me the infinite value and sacredness of love, and that everything else upon earth was as nothing compared to it.

As we re-entered the drawing-room, after my story. Dot placed a letter in my hand. I opened it, and a check dropped out on to the carpet. The letter was as follows:

"LITTLE MARGERY, MY DEAR .- Your aunt Bet-

sey and me couldn't come to your wedding in body, mine bein' laid up with a spraint knee. But, my dear, our hearts was there, both of em'; they wasn't spraint, and could move off easy; and where should they move to, if it wasn't to little Margery's weddin? Little Margery, that is as dear to us, Betsey and me, as if she was our own little one, that we laid in the churchyard, thirty years ago, and has growed up in heaven.

"We have talked it all over, Betsey and me; and who should we give Ellinor's property to, if it wasn't to little Margery? It has been in good hands, and amounts to twenty thousand dollars. I send you the check to-day.

"We, Betsey and me, have got more than we can ever use, and as we hear that your sister, that Betsey and me haint never seen, is about to marry a independent rich man, who should we want to leave our money to, when God sees fit to call us, but to little Margery, and the man she has chose? But, please God, that day may be far away yet; for it is a good world, and we love to live in it, your aunt Betsey and me.

"Now, hoping, my dear, that this letter will find you as happy as we wish you was, which is happy enough for anybody, I will close, by sending of you my love, Betsey's and mine, and telling you what is the truth, that I am always, my dear little Margery's true and loving,

"UNCLE WILLARD,"

I have been married many years now, and, though Murray and I are not rich, we have enough for our wants. He is rapidly rising in his profession. Never, even for a moment, have I regretted that I chose love, rather than mere wealth.

THE FUTURE.

BY W. M. W. CALL.

OH, golden years! advance, advance!
Oh, years of regal work and thought!
Oh, doubting hearts! the child's romance
Shall into splendid fact be wrought;
By laughing years, in choral dance,
The world's great Summer shall be brought,
And cradled hours shall wake and sing
An Autumn rich in fruits, as once in buds the Spring.

A fairer knighthood shall be ours, Than ever Norman baron knew, With sweeter women in our bowers, For tender, nobler men to woo; Truth from a thousand starry towers

Her flaming torch shall lift anew,

And Art, that old, diviner truth,

Shall bring again the age of man's resplendent youth.

Then Science, reconciled with Song,
Shall throb with life's melodious beat,
Then Song, through Science wise and strong,
Shall her impassioned tale repeat;
Then Right shall reign, discrowning Wrong,
Then old Compliance shall be sweet,
Then star to kindred star shall call,
And soul to soul shall answer "Love is Lord of all."

HERBERT'S TROUBLES ABOUT ELSIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L- 'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

LIFE rubbed hard in the house one day when Herbert Walters was a little fellow, three years old. Mother, auntie, sisters, were all sad; and it was as much as little Herbert could do to live through it. All day long he went dragging his heavy limbs round, with no eye for box of playthings, or for Hector, or for anything, plaintively saying, "I wish I was dead."

"Why Herbert, what makes you say that?" said his sister Maggie.

"'Cause I'm lonesome. I don't want to be here."

"Why? Why don't you want to be here?"

"'Cause I'm so lonesome," still dragging the heavy limbs, still with the dull eyes on the air, with the plaintive voice still. But the next day, when the sun shone out-doors and within, you should have seen his happiness, as he went about, hugging Hector, hugging mother, sisters, auntie, and saying, "Goody God! Goody God! I like Him!"

And now, at the time my story opens, when he was old enough to be a man, as he often said to himself, it was pretty much the same with him. One day, when no clouds appeared anywhere above his herizon, he was ready to go over all the fences, if he was out-doors, all the stools, and even chairs, if he was in aunt Hester's, or Mrs. Brown's, or Miss Jane Brown's parlor, his happiness ran so high; and this, as they all, after a while, saw, was when he had Elsie there, visiting her relations, the Browns, and had nobody about; that is, nobody who could, by even the remotest possibility, be thinking of her for his wife.

Other days he was blue, tearful, sarcastic, savage; and how unhappy he was, believing that his cousin John had a better chance than he; great John! broad enough to upset ten of him, if he were to confront as many on his straight-ahead course. And thirty-five! wasn't that a good one? trying to laugh at it, as if it were a funny piece of business, but finding himself unable to; for, battle as he would with the matter, he could not help admitting that his cousin John was, to use his own words, "a trump," able to cover all the knights and kings in the pack with defeat, unless, John, being only knight of trumps, he himself,

not be king? king over himself, best kingdom for any man, he said, and with truth, too.

And upon this he came to his feet, and made use of them, going about his business, or his engagements, after a kingly fashion, I do assure you. Neither John, nor any that I know, could carry themselves in a manner altogether so grand as my hero, when he was at his best-happiest.

CHAPTER II.

IT was not until the young minister, Mr. Conner, came to M---t to preach for the congregation in which Herbert and his friends, the Browns, including Miss Elsie, worshiped, that his jealousy began to run exceeding high. For then all the young girls, and Elsie among them. were saying nothing but "Splendid! He's splendid! perfectly splendid! I never saw such a pretty man-did ever you? I mean to have him!"-for their husband, they meant-adding, "I wonder if he has somebody picked out for him somewhere, waiting for him to be settled: and if she will some Sunday come trembling into church, in the midst of us all, in her bride's dress, a little creature as pretty as he?"

"If she does, I mean to kill her," laughed one. "I won't call him splendid any more," halflaughing, half-pouting, said another.

Well, Elsie was among these. And especially when she got where Herbert was, and he underrated Conner, or tried to, did she come tripping into the case with her "splendids!"

"He is splendid, mister-and you know he is. What makes you so perverse, I should like to know?"

After a scene like this, he, to use his own phrase, was "in for it;" that is, he was in for a time of trial and uncortainty, in every day of which the young preacher was becoming more popular, and the "splendids" were thickening, as his intimacy with the Browns was.

At lecture was Herbert compelled to see him and the Browns always going down their different aisles at such places as to secure a meeting in the area; was obliged to see Elsie's eyes shining with pleasure as Mr. Connor stepped forward toward her for the quick hand-shaking, and, as he thought, was obliged to see that Mr. Herbert Walters, was king. Good! Could he | Connor was strong, ready to take all things along

before him, while he was a fool, a poor, weak fool, and always would be, he said, within his breast of torture, managing to steal out, covering his retreat by the hob-nobbing, chattering men and women, especially women whom he that moment hated for their everlasting chattering and hob-nobbing.

When these moods clung to him, and were desperate, he took long walks out in the snowbound country-roads; walked and thought until at last he could lift his eyes to the fair sky, to the marble stillness of the hills, the Uncanoonuck Mountains, could come back feeling better; that is, if, on his return, he did not, as one day happened, espy on one of the Amoskeag bridges, a party of three, two tall ladies, and between them, an arm of one of the ladies locked in his, a not very tall gentleman, whom, in one instant. he knew to be Mr. Connor and the Brown ladies, Misses Jane and Elsie.

Staying his feet on the Pincataquag road long enough to feel sure that it was, as he had supposed, Elsie who had her arm in Mr. Connor's, he sped on, out into the country once more, and for an hour or so, did not look up to the sky, forgot that there was one. But there it was, all the same, my readers know, waiting, as it were, for him to look up and be soothed by its eternal calm. And so he was soothed at last; and then he could turn his feet cityward once more.

CHAPTER III.

MANY a minister, both young and middle-aged, knows what it is to be set up in a new place as a god for awhile; knows the reaction that sooner or later comes upon such enthronement, such worship; knows the hydra-headed difficulties that, upon such reaction, at once beset him in his path. He is as good and as great as he was one month ago. But one man, or one woman, (I do not know but that it is the latter always,) whose desire is to be foremost in his favor, discovers that she is not foremost, but that another, whom she does not love, whom thereafter she hates, is, out of her larger deserving or attraction, foremost; and after much deliberation, "makes up her mind" to destroy him.

He knows what was before Mr. Connor when Mrs. Pomeroy, that envier and hater of the Brown ladies, determined to destroy him, and went about doing it; knows what cold looks there soon were, where a little while ago were such warm ones; what bold effrontery of accost and reply, where lately he saw such modesty of address; what "cold shoulders" in those men

had been "working them over." He knows how it was in "the society," where were whisperings, talking behind hands, while furtive, unfriendly glances were often turned to the place where Mr. Connor sat, shrunken as it were into a corner. talking with an old lady, too good-natured or too insignificant to be brought into the cabal, but whom he wanted now for his friend; knows how the Brown ladies, and the rest of the minority that adhered to him, were obliged to share the obliquy, the letting down that fell on him; so that, for awhile, they could neither, so it seemed to them, do much for him, or even for themselves. They were maligned if they stirred. Their words were perverted, ridiculed, made the worst possible use of if they spoke.

Many a minister goes down under this rise and pressure of hostile waves. We see the last of him in that region; he goes elsewhere with his sick heart, his frame weakened by the bootless struggle. And with such this must always be the sickest thought in their hearts. "There was no one to help me through with it; no one strong enough, courageous enough-enough like Christ."

Mr. Connor was strong, eagle-eyed, with voice something like a clarion, with a face like the morning, with winged feet and hands-so it seemed to those who loved him-with a winged soul.

As such he showed himself until his trouble came. Then he sunk. He rose again and again, but sunk after it, until one came to help him.

CHAPTER IV.

MEANTIME, nobody, I think, had been so angry and disgusted with the gossips, especially with the male gossips; and especially with the chief mischief-maker, Mrs. Pomeroy, (whom he one day, and with justice, called "the bloodhound,") as Herbert Walters.

When he came in upon Mr. Blaine, and half-adozen others, talking against Connor, from the edges of boxes and barrels in Mr. Blaine's store, he stood before them, planted gracefully, and asked them, significantly, what they thought of the state of the country, and had the gratification of seeing them heartily ashamed of themselves.

"Now, if you and I conclude to take hold of this business, with the womenfolks," he said, to Mr. Cochrane, when the latter gentleman came trying to enlist him in the bad cause, "we had better take off these," passing his hand down his habiliments, "and get us some hoops, some long skirts that will sweep the gutters, and get whose wives, under Mrs. Pomeroy's leadership, as foul as our intentions are; and then we'll

won't mind how bitter we are, how many lies we tell-we'll kill him off. 'That is what we will set out to do, and we will do it. We won't leave him a shred of his fair fame, or of his usefulness, or comfort. We'll blast them all. Won't it be a glorious work? Other men may go and help save the country; we'll stay right here, and ruin Mr. Connor-

"Fine morning, Mrs. Blaine," he said, pulling up, suddenly, before that lady, one day, when she was out on her way to Mrs. Pomeroy. "Don't you think it is a fine morning?" he added, having got no reply to his salutation.

"I haven't noticed," even now keeping her eves from rising.

"You ought, hadn't you? I suppose it was put here to be noticed. I don't suppose there is anything better for us to be about, than it would be to notice it a little."

"'M---'' and on she went; and "I was as mad as a hatter;" she said, to Mrs. Pomeroy, upon reaching that lady's house. "They say he has been making fun of us ever since we began to use Mr. Connor up. Only, one day, when he came into the store, where my husband and two or three others were, talking about the affair, he didn't make fun. My husband said he was more in earnest than he ever saw anybody yet, out of Mr. Connor's pulpit. But there; let him go. Have you heard what Mrs. Brown--- " and so on, and so on.

Mrs. Pomeroy's eyes brightened, for she had not heard. There was, therefore, a new dish of scandal; and they both cuddled over it, both stirring, both ugly, I do aver, as those witches of Shakspeare at their brewing.

CHAPTER V.

"AFTER all," said Herbert, speaking to Mrs. Brown, "he isn't the one to grow thin over his trouble. I am. He gets you all-you; it is as much as you can do to keep from crying for him. Elsie does cry. I have not seen her for a fortnight, that --- Here she comes!" meeting her in the open door, giving her his hand; but half ungraciously. His eyes were half ungracious. I suppose his words were; for they generally were, when Mr. Connor was up for consideration between them.

And, when Mrs. Brown returned to the parlor, after having been a few minutes gone, she found Elsie curled up on a high-backed sofa, the back between her and Herbert, and heard her saying, "I don't see what makes you say that. If we women that like him are distressed about ?

start out, and Mr. Connor shall take it! We sit, and show that we are, you can't say that he is. That is, he don't say he is, although his looks show. I am ten times more vexed than I should be if he wasn't so patient and manly about it. And you ought to be. You ought to be his best friend; for he thinks ever so much better of you than you deserve, mister. He likes you very much, and here you are --- Aunt Effie, isn't he too bad; he thinks it is just a great ado about nothing, this that we feel and say about Mr. Connor. I wish he wouldn't talk so! He says Mr. Connor is a lucky dog; and that he would go round the world, taking both poles in his way, if, when he got round, he could find himself in Mr. Connor's shoes, and-and-"

"And in his place in your heart, Mrs. Brown, I added, and in the heart of that girl over there. I don't suppose any amount of walking would put me there though."

He laughed, as he always did in saying such things; but if he had not been a man, (if he had not been trying to be a man is the utmost he would have said for himself) he would, I think, have let some hot tears fall, to be mixed with the laughter externally, as they were in his heart.

Seeing how it was with him, with his good, true, susceptible heart, not seeing clearly how it was with Elsie, but, on the whole, agreeing with Herbert's fancies respecting her, Mrs. Brown, on this occasion, approached him, with her most friendly looks on his agitated face, saying, "Without taking one step on your journey, you have your place in my heart. I feel very much for Mr. Connor, but if you were in his place, I should shed a hundred tears, where I now shed one."

His gratitude was strong but silent.

By-and-by, the little one, bunched up over on the sofa, her back to them, said, "I shouldn't."

She was crying over there, thinking of him under that bann; but she managed the thing with such adroitness as not to be suspected.

So the other two exchanged glances, which said many things; and Herbert was going, was already in the door, bidding her "good-morning," without looking at her, when out she sprang, had her lips apart to say, "I should, too!" but her courage failed, or her spirit of resistance came once more, I hardly know which it was; or whether, indeed, both these causes were not combined; at any rate, she ran back, and curled herself up as before.

He saw it, and was obliged to laugh at her, vexed as he felt himself to be; said again, in tones a little warmed up, "Good-by, Miss Elsie Brown," and was gone; was pretty well down the yard, (and she, at the window, was straining her sight to see him through her tears,) when,

once more brushing them, she followed him out.) text, in Montgomery's beautiful hymn, "The Hurriedly picking a few beautiful early flowers, hurrically grouping them into exquisite beauty, she tripped up behind him, as he was already at the gate, and, reaching her hand up over his shoulder, placed the cool, odorous things at his

Then, seeing his eyes search hers, and that the scrutiny improved his cheerfulness; but feeling herself unable to bear a protracted ordeal of that nature, she said, opening the gate for him, "They are beautiful. Take them over to aunt Hester's, and put them into water; won't you? Tell her they are in part for her, and they are in part for Mr. John-

"Oh! Poh! Take your flowers!"

"No! Because that pansy and that snowdrop," by far the most beautiful live things in the cluster, "are for you."

Then she ran blushing back; and he went home happy, albeit saying, "I shall die if I don't get her."

CHAPTER VI.

"I SHALL die if I don't get her," he often was saying to himself, in those days, and felt as though he would, unless he could some way master it; there was always this faint hope.

But he was still Mr. Connor's best mountain of strength and defence. Of course, the young minister was not long in finding it out. He could not be; for, aside from what many of his friends were telling him, he almost every day met the sincere, friendly eyes, the grasp that lingered in his, tightening, and as plainly as grasp could, saying, "Let them do what they will, here am I. Till I die, nothing shall touch you, that it does not touch me too." Nothing harrowing, the hand meant.

Wayfaring Man?"

"The tide of lying tongues I stemmed, And honored him, 'nud shame and scorn.

We think much of the good man who founds libraries, scholarships, churches, schools, statues, and so, indeed, we ought. But is it not to us all, and to Heaven, a diviner right, when a good man, rising, standing erect in the strength God gives him, in the love the dear Saviour imparts, helps another good man to hear his unmerited load of reproach and humiliation, helps him to bear it for a season, and at length to emerge from it a whole man? When, having accomplished this thing with humility, and yet with a grateful soul, he can say,

"I honored him, 'mid shame and scorn, The tide of lying tongues I stemmed."

And "honored him mid shame and scorn," as our Herbert could? It certainly is.

When Elsie found how much better his actions were than his words; when the whole thing was laid before them there at the Brown's, by Mr. Connor himself, she cried about it. This is true; but when she saw him, she scolded him, standing before him, her eyes raised to his; called him perverse; told him he did not care anything about her opinion of him; if he had, he would have behaved better, talked better about Mr. Connor, before her. He got her hands-this I know. He was soon trying to tell her how he loved her, what his despair had sometimes been, when he thought he had lost her.

"Lost me? To whom?"

"Cannot you guess? To the young minister?"

"To Mr. Connor? All the time that you were working so for him, you thought you had lost me to him! You know uncle and aunt say, and so do a great many others, that nobody else did anything so much as you. Mr. Connor himself Do my readers know these lines, and the con- thinks the same. You old darling!"

SABBATH.

BY KATE L. JEWELL.

Holy Sabbath! Restful calm! Dropping on the soul like balm, Soothing bruises, healing wounds, Hushing all discordant sounds; Casting from the life within Week-day cares, and thoughts of sin. Earth's own stillness seems to say, " Mortal, lay thy cares away, Rest awhile the weary feet, That six days have trod the street;

And that, sore, did vainly seek Resting-place throughout the week; Fold the hands, lay palm to palm, Pray for peace, it bringeth calm." Winds, soft murmuring through the trees, Hum of insect, stir of leaves, Tones of birds, and distant ril. Sunshine resting sweet and still, Say, from vale to mountain crest, "Weary heart, be still, and rest."

THE QUEEN OF CROQUET.

BY AGNES JAMES.

"THERE is to be a match-game, you know, Sir Edmund, between the Ingleside club and ours. We are practising for it now. As our ground is considered the best of the two, the Ingleside people are coming here to play every evening till the eventful day. I am glad you came, for it is really a pleasure to see the Ingleside captain's play."

Lady Emma L'Estrange laughed a soft, sweet little laugh as she spoke, and raised her beautiful eyes to Sir Edmund's face. She was a blonde, golden-haired, rose-cheeked, lily-throated, but with a pair of magnificent, dark-hazel eyes—the most astonishingly bright, and soft, and bewitching eyes Sir Edmund had ever looked into.

How dazzling they were this evening, and how beautiful Lady Emma looked as she stood there. under the spreading oaks on the Castle lawn. with the long, slanting ray of the sun peering under the boughs, and lighting up her glorious. golden hair! Nobody but Lady Emma could wear a dress of the color she wore, a fresh and delicate green, that went flowing down in silken shimmering folds, and trailed over the grass around her feet. A ribbon of the same color was twined amidst the waves, rolls, and braids of her golden hair, and a little gipsy hat, so small that its wreath of snow-drops and striped grass almost hid it from view, rested like a waternymph's crown on her head. There was priceless lace at her throat and wrists, and emeralds and pearls gleamed like dewy leaves and white moonlight through the misty lace. hand that held a mallet was covered with a faultless glove of pearl-colored kid, and on her left hand burned and sparkled a great diamond, set in a cluster of "lesser lights."

Sir Edmund's eyes left the faultless face, and rested on the glittering ring.

- "Who is the Ingleside captain?" he asked.
- "Lesbia Gwynne, the rector's niece. A very pretty Irish girl," said Lady Emma, with the same soft laugh.
- "Lesbia! What a pretty name!" said Sir Edmund, carelessly. "Is she Moore's Lesbia, with the 'beaming eye.'?"
- "I think not," laughed the lady. "She is more like 'Norah Creina—my artless Norah Creina.' Her eyes are not blue, however, and there she comes up the avenue with her party. The rec-

tor's wife is with them, I see. Such an excellent woman, Sir Edmund! Come, let us meet them."

"No! no! Pardon me. I hate excellent women. Do stay and talk to me an instant longer," pleaded Sir Edmund, his eyes still resting on her hand with its gleaming ring.

Lady Emma laughed merrily, and flashed her bright eyes full in the young man's face, as he looked up at last.

"Don't expect me to talk to you after that speech, sir," she cried. "And you are very absent and dull this evening, besides. Not near so agreeable as you were last winter in town. You have done nothing but stare at my new diamond—papa's last birthday gift to 'his little Emma.' Isn't it pretty?" she asked, holding up her hand.

"Very!" exclaimed the gentleman, earnestly, and his eyes rested on her face with a look of admiration so evident that she colored, dropped her eye-lids, and turned away quickly.

She went sweeping and rustling over the grass, and the rest of the "Castle Club" followed her—Miss Ainsley, good-natured, plain, with a large fortune, and a passion for croquet; the Hon. John Western, mustached dandy, a famous player; Sir George Hubbard, M. P., stout, florid, earnest, a still more famous player, and the owner of the castle. There were a dozen or so other people idling about the grounds, some playing croquet, some flirting, some gossiping, but these were the "great guns" at croquet. And none of them were equal to Emma L'Estrange, the Lincolnshire beauty, the London belle, an earl's daughter, and the "Queen of Croquet."

Sir Edmund D'Arey walked beside her over the lawn, and met, advancing up the avenue, first, a stout, middle-aged lady, Mrs. Dennis, the rector's wife, and then a fair, pretty girl, in white tunic, who smiled and bowed as Lady Emma named "Miss Dennis." Then a girl in a gray walking suit, and a wide, black straw-hat, who bowed, without smiling, as the lady uttered Lesbia Gwynne's name, and, fourthly, Mr. Ellyson, a handsome, stalwart, young lieutenant, belonging to a regiment stationed in S——, the nearest town.

"And where is Mr. Cary?" inquired Lady Emma, immediately.

"Gone!" said Lesbia, in a solemn and utterly

415

despairing tone. "My best player gone! Where } do you suppose, my dear Lady Emma? To Marseilles. His uncle is very ill there. What shall I do? Some people say he is dead!"

" Oh, whillaloo! Why did you die?" "thought Sir Edmund, smiling.

May Dennis and Mr. Ellyson laughed irreverently at Lesbia's distress. She turned on them, suddenly.

"You needn't be laughing, you two. He was worth both of you at a croquet; and I never saw his equal at a split stroke, unless, maybe, it is you, Lady Emma? And what shall I do? Will you tell me?"

"Find another fourth," suggested Lady Emma, soothingly. "Some of those people-"

"Oh, bother!" interrupted Lesbia, with an impatient wave of her hand. "They've none of them sense enough to hold a mallet properly. I've tried them all. Look how they are dawdling, and --- Yes, actually flirting over that game! It's detestable!"

"And Mr. Cary will not be back to the match?" questioned Lady Emma.

"No. He will be absent some months in any event," said Mrs. Dennis.

"And I'll not play the match with any of these people," said Lesbia, resolutely.

"Sir Edmund!" cried Lady Emma, suddenly. "Have I not a vague memory of a game we once played at Lady Chesney's, in which you took part?"

"My memories of that game are by no means as vague as your ladyship's," said Edmund, with

"And you played well, I believe," continued Lady Emma, thoughtfully.

"I do not know how I played. I was on your side, and my playing was of very little consequence," said the gentleman.

"I think I remember you as a useful and brilliant ally. Lesbia, dear, will you not play one game with Sir Edmund, as fourth?" inquired the lady, sweetly.

"Oh, of course! But we shall have no match game now. No one can play as poor Mr. Cary did," said Lesbia, mournfully.

Then she walked on quickly toward the part of the ground always occupied by their set, and Sir Edmund, following with Lady Emma, had Ieisure and opportunity to notice and admire her faultless figure—less tall by some inches than Lady Emma's-her easy, springing step, and a foot and ankle, the prettiest he had ever seen, which the short, gray-serge dress did not by any means conceal.

and ball, and marshaled her forces with the air of a general reviewing a grand army.

Her earnestness amused Sir Edmund, especially when contrasted with Lady Emma's cool and smiling demeanor, and he watched her changing face as one does that of a child.

Presently he began to see that she was very pretty. Those soft, dark-gray eyes, with their long, black lashes, were lovely. He discovered that fact when she suddenly fixed them upon him, as he made a brilliant "split stroke," which sent Lady Emma's ball far out of position, and drove his own through two wickets. She clasped her hands, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight, while the color rushed to her cheeks, and her red lips parted with a peal of joyous laughter.

As the game went on, Lesbia's excitement and eagerness increased. She threw off her hat, tossed her gauntlets into it as it lay on the grass. and pushed her hair impatiently back from her forehead, while May Dennis was cautiously working her way past the turning stake; and she fairly stamped and ground her teeth, when Mr. Ellyson's ball unluckily came in Lady Emma's way, and was sent flying away from his wicket.

"What a pretty, excitable child she is!" thought Sir Edmund, as he leaned against a tree, and watched her, smilingly. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes sparkling, and the soft, evening breeze, rippling over her dark hair. brought out countless little rings of curls, to flutter against her low, white forehead and rounded cheek. And when she played, it was with a spirit and daring, an elan, that almost took away the breath of the outsiders, "those people," who had gathered round to watch the game. In striking contrast to her was Lady Emma, cool, tranquil, apparently almost indifferent to the game, yet playing with unerring skill, and dealing destruction to the enemy with every light tap of her mallet.

The game drew to a close. May Dennis and Miss Ainsley were out. Sir George Hubbard, aiming for the last wicket, missed it. Lesbia followed, touched his ball, and sent it crashing through the wicket to the stake. A tremendous loss to the enemy, for Sir George was invaluable as a "Rover." Lady Emma returned the compliment by putting Mr. Ellyson out, but her own ball was the next instant croqueted to the bounds on one side, and her partner's, Mr. Western's, to the extreme opposite boundary by Sir Edmund, who left his ball within three feet of Lesbia's, but very far from the winning stake. Mr. Western's play amounted to nothing, as he was out Arrived at the ground, Lesbia chose her mallet of the range of everything. Lesbia succeeded

in bringing herself and her partner near the winning stake, but could not touch it. Quietly and dextrously Lady Emma's ball came sweeping down upon them, bringing Mr. Western's with it, or rather sending his before it, almost up to the stake.

Off to one end of the ground flew Lesbia's ball, off to the other flew Sir Edmund's, and Lady Emma's walked quietly up to within a foot of the stake.

"We are lost!" cried Lesbia, wringing her hands.

"That is all I can do at present," said Lady Emma, smiling, and walking away from the stake, quietly.

"Sure it's enough!" exclaimed Lesbia, tossing her head, and biting her lip. "Sir Edmund it's your turn. Lady Emma, your train is carrying off Sir Edmund's ball. Do, for pity's sake, Sir Edmund, go and do something to those balls!"

Sir Edmund laughed and nodded, and then stepped forward and struck his ball, sharply. Lesbia clapped her hands again with delight. It had struck both the balls near the stake, and, of course, they were instantly sent off in different directions, Lady Emma's stopping close to Lesbia's, and Sir Edmund's resting, at last, by the side of the stake. Mr. Western's ball was again incapable of doing any mischief, and then came Lesbia's turn. With eyes brighter than ever, she began her play, struck Lady Emma's ball, flew down to Sir Edmund's, croqueted it out, and the next instant struck the stake herself, and the game was won.

"Oh, thanks! thanks!" she cried, dropping her mallet, and holding out her little hand to Sir Edmund. "You won the game for us. You play splendidly."

"My stupid play lost us the game," growled Mr. Western to Lady Emma.

"No. indeed!" said the lady, sweetly. "You played very well. It was fate. We can't win always, you know."

"I am glad to have afforded you assistance, Miss Gwynne," said Sir Edmund, laughing, as Lesbia's little hand was clasped in his. "I hope we shall have a great many such games as this."

"Yes, indeed, we will! Come to the Rectory, and we'll play in the morning. Sometimes May and I play nearly all the morning. I am so glad you are a good split-shot, and your long shots are just elegant. A long shot is so useful always in the end of the game. And you don't dawdle. I hate people who dawdle."

"Or flirt!" said Sir Edmund, still laughing.

"Or flirt!" repeated Lesbia, emphatically.

"During croquet! Yes; I can very well un-

derstand your objection to seeing people play two games at once, and neither well," remarked Sir Edmund.

Lesbia looked at him a moment with serious eyes. "I don't like flirting at all," she said, quietly. "I could never feign anything I did not really feel, or say a word I did not really think."

What a pure, honest soul looked out through those clear, dark-gray eyes! Sir Edmund, who had been thinking a moment ago that a flirtation with the "pretty Irish girl" would be a "very jolly affair," felt ashamed of the thought. "I am sure you could not, Miss Gwynne," he said, instantly, and so warmly that Lesbia colored deeply.

"I should not have said that," she replied, with a little smile. "I didn't mean to extract a "pretty speech' from you, Sir Edmund, though you make them very nicely."

"I l' exclaimed Sir Edmund, in surprise. "I deny the charge. I never make 'pretty speeches." Come, let us sit on this rustic bench, Miss Gwynne, while I defend myself from your accusation. What pretty speeches have you heard me make?"

Lesbia laughed, but seated herself, and began to tie the searlet ribbon on her hair, which had fallen loosely on her neck.

"You made several very pretty speeches to Lady Emma," she said. "But then she is so used to them. Oh, isn't she lovely! Did you know her in London, Sir Edmund?"

"Yes. I met her there last winter. She was considered the prettiest girl in society. I was very glad to find her here when I came down to visit my friend, Sir George," replied Sir Edmund, suppressing the fact that he came because Lady Emma was to be found here.

Then he found it convenient to change the subject, and, presently, Lesbia's eyes were sparkling with delight, as Sir Edmund talked about the Giant's Causeway, the Lakes of Killarney, and the Blarney Stone, "which I vow I did not kiss," he said, with laughing eyes.

"Just see how Lesbia Gwynne is flirting with Sir Edmund D'Arcey!" said one outsider to another.

"Who is he?" asked some one.

"The rich Sir Edmund D'Arcy. Lately come into a fortune and baronetcy in C——shire. One of Lady Emma's admirers, I believe. She will resent the little Gwynne's intrusion, I fancy."

"What has become of Mr. Lumley, the immensely wealthy Australian to whom Lady Emma was said to be engaged?" inquired a third person. "Don't know!" was answered, carelessly. "She'll throw him over if Sir Edmund proposes, even if she is engaged to him:"

"They say the earl was almost ruined in Baden, last summer. He lost heavily at the last Derby, too, I know. Lady Emma will not have a penny at his death. She must marry a fortune, you know. She's a glorious creature, I declare! Look how she moves across the grass!"

"Lesbia, dear! Will you come and look at Lady Hubbard's aquarium before you go? She doesn't know what is the matter with it, and you know all about such things," Lady Emma was saying softly to Lesbia, and the two soon went off to the conservatory.

"What an exquisite foot the little Gwynne has?" said some one.

"They say Lady Emma always wears long dresses, because her foot is not pretty. It must be true, for see how short Miss Gwynne's dress is," said another, maliciously.

"It's not too short for grace and beauty, and it's certainly sensible and comfortable," said a rather indignant voice, and here the conversation ceased.

Dinner was always late at the castle, but it was apparently too early for D'Arcey, who, after eight o'clock, came straying into the diningroom, and found a seat left vacant for him at Lady Emma's side.

"Where have you been, idler?" she demanded.

"Walking. I always walk before dinner," he replied. He did not think it necessary to state that he had met the Rectory party at the lodgegate, and accompanied them to Ingleside, talking all the way to Lesbia, parting from her by the little garden-gate, where the sweet-briar roses bloomed, and thinking all the way back of her soft, gray eyes and red lips—thinking how like Kathleen O'More,

"Her color keeps changing, Her smiles ever new."

But Lesbia's gray eyes were forgotten in the light of Lady Emma's hazel orbs, until the next day. Then D'Arcey saw her again, walked home with her, dined at the Rectory, and parted from her in the starlight, with the odor of dewy sweetbriar in the air.

This state of things continued for six weeks. Every day D'Arcey saw Lesbia, and every day he thought her sweeter, truer, prettier.

Yet he had thought he loved Emma L'Estrange, and Sir Edmund D'Arcey was a person who usually knew his own mind. Which of them did he love? The question puzzled him. He pondered it during his walks and rides to and from the Rectory. He studied it in silence in the smok-

ing-room, when the voices and laughter of a dozen "fellows" were sounding round him. He forgot to smoke, and sat pulling his brown mustache, and frowning, with such an absent look in his dark eyes, that the "fellows" noticed it, and "chafed" him unmercifully about it. But none of them guessed the reason of gay Sir Edmund D'Arcey's silence and thoughtfulness.

"This sort of thing can't last. I musn't make love to both of these girls. By Jove! I'll try to forget little Lesbia. But I must see her every day if I stay here, and if I go away I shall lose Emma, too. What's to be done?

'How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away!"

he thought, smiling grimly at his own dilemma. But fortune favored him just then, for Mrs. Dennis was attacked with rheumatism, and her daughter and niece stayed at home to take care of her. D'Arcey called several times to make polite inquiries concerning the lady's health, but never entered the house.

"Lessie! What are you doing there?" asked May, one evening, when good Mrs. Dennis slept peacefully, and the girls had come down stairs. May stood in the porch, and spoke to her cousin, whose white dress gleamed amidst the shrubbery at the garden-gate.

Lesbia did not answer, and May stole out to her, and put her arm around her.

"You've fallen into a dreadful way of moping, Lessie, dear. Why do you come here every evening, and stand gazing up the road with your great eyes? Are you watching for any one?"

Even in the moonlight, May saw the color deepen on her cousin's cheek.

"Who is it, dear?" she asked, laughing. "Are you hoping that Mr. Cary will come back from Marseilles? Why, Lessie! I do believe you've been crying!" she added, suddenly, putting her hand on her cousin's soft cheek.

"Don't, May!" exclaimed Lesbia, almost sharply, throwing off her cousin's hand, and turning to leave her. But May held her tight,

"You shan't go till you tell me who it is," she said, resolutely. "Is it John Ellyson?"

Lesbia here startled her cousin by bursting into a ringing peal of laughter. "No, little jealous goose," she cried. "It is not your precious lieutenant, who loves the very ground you tread. Don't bother, darling! It's nobody. It's the Emperor of all the Russias! It's the man in the moon."

"There he comes, then," said May, holding her tight, and laughing, as a horseman came into view, galloping over the light, sandy road, with the great yellow moon at his back. Lesbia stood still and trembled, and did not say a word; but May saw her grow white and red, and white again, as Sir Edmund D'Arcey reined up at the gate, asked after Mrs. Dennis, leaned from his horse to shake hands with the young ladies, and then cantered off again.

Then Lesbia, who had not spoken at all, except to say, "Good evening," in a low, constrained tone, slipped away from her cousin's arm, and went into the house. But May had her secret now, and she said to herself.

"I am sure I thought Sir Edmund liked Lessie. He did. I can't be deceived about such things." Have they quarreled, I wonder? Or is it—Yes, it must be. That false-hearted Emma L'-Estrange has it all her own way, now; but mamma is better, and I shall go to the castle and see what it means."

So, the next day, May walked up to the castle, and joined the croquet party; and Lesbia, who had refused to go, staid at home and read "Verdant Green" to her aunt, with exquisite humor in her voice, and a dull aching in her heart.

"How lovely Lady Emma is to-day," said May, to Sir Edmund, as they stood a little apart from the other players.

"Very levely," said D'Arcey.

"What a beautiful mistress Mr. Lumley will have for his splendid house, or houses, rather," continued May, smiling, and watching Lady Emma as she swept over the croquet-ground, scattering the balls right and left with her skillful mallet.

"What? Who?" cried D'Arcey, starting, and turning his dark eyes quickly toward May.

"Mr. Thomas Lumley—the rich Australian. You know they say she is engaged to him. I can't tell if it is true, but every one says so," said innocent May.

"It is your play, I believe, Sir Edmund," said Lady Emma, pausing near them.

D'Arcey played, but very badly; and in a few moments the game was in Lady Emma's hands, and she was, of course, triumphant.

"Remember, dear," she said at parting, to May, "to-morrow is our match-game. The whole neighborhood will be here, and every one will be disappointed if you and Lessie fail us."

"We will come," said May, confidently; and in spite of Lesbia's reluctance to go to the castle, they both appeared there the next day at three o'clock.

It was a warm, summer-day, and most of the ladies wore white dresses, clear and cool and soft, lit up with bright, rich ribbons.

It had been agreed that the clubs should wear the colors of their captains; and the castle club

appeared, the ladies with green sashes and ribbons, the gentlemen with green rosettes on their shoulders, while the Ingleside party wore Lesbia's favorite glowing scarlet.

Lesbia herself had never looked brighter and prettier than she did that day, with her face half-shaded by a pretty black lace hat, with scarlet rose-buds wreathed round it, and her eyes gleaming out like stars from the shadow.

Lady Emma looked pale, but very lovely. Perhaps D'Arcey knew why she looked so troubled. She had had a "terrible fright" that morning. While she was dressing, she had suddenly missed her ring—her "dear father's birthday gift." Dressing in great haste, she ran out on the lawn, and in the garden, to look for it. In the conservatory she met Sir Edmund, who held something in his hand.

"Oh, Sir Edmund! I am looking for-"

"Is this what you are looking for, Lady Emma?" he said, holding out to her her ring.

"Oh, yes! Thanks! I am so glad! Where did you find it?" she cried, eagerly.

"In the garden-walk, trodden down in the damp earth. I did not recognize it as your ring, and brought it in here to wash the earth from it. Pardon me for reading the inscription in it. It was done with a glance, before I knew it belonged to you."

He gave it to her, and she hastily slipped it on her finger, trying to say lightly, "It does not signify in the least, of course." But the guilty droop of her eyes, and the sudden pallor on her cheek, contradicted her words. She walked on in silence, and at the entrance of the conservatory, she paused an instant while D'Arcey opened the door for her.

His hand lingered on the bolt, and he spoke to her with a quiet, cool smile.

"I suppose it is still a little too early to congratulate you on your engagement to Mr. Lumley, Lady Emma, as you evidently wished to keep your secret, and I have discovered it by accident. It is quite safe with me, believe me."

He bowed gravely as she passed him, and she could not utter a word. He knew the whole of her falsehood and deception now. That fatal inscription, "T. L. to E. L'E., Feb. 9th, 18—," had betrayed her. How stupid it was in that blundering Lumley to put any inscription in the ring; how stupid in her to wear it here; and how particularly stupid to tell a falsehood, and suffer herself to be found out. No wonder Lady Emma looked pale.

The games began. There were to be three games played, and the winners, of course, were to be the "best two out of three." In the first

game Lesbia was nervous and excited, and her playing, though brilliant, was not well calculated, but, being ably supported by D'Arcey, Ellyson, and even May, the Inglesides made a good fight, and it required all Lady Emma's tact and coolness, and all the talent of her subordinates to win the game.

The second began. Lesbia suddenly regained her composure, played with unprecedented brilliancy, was nobly assisted by the rest of her party, and finally drove Lady Emma's ball from the stake, and went out triumphantly.

Then came a pause for refreshments before the final and deciding contest.

The company scattered over the lawn and garden, ate ices, and discussed the different players, and Lesbia found herself, she did not exactly know how, walking slowly down a long, shaded avenue, leaning on Sir Edmund's arm, and talking about Lady Emma.

"I am glad we won that game," said Lesbia. "Of course, she will win the last. She is so fortunate and so skillful;" and Lesbia sighed.

"Is it worth sighing about so sadly?" asked Sir Edmund, laughing.

"No, I suppose not. It's very silly to care; but I'm afraid I do want to beat Lady Emma this last game. Probably we will not play together again, as she is going away, she tells me." Lesbia could not help glancing up to see if Sir Edmund looked surprised or alarmed at this intelligence.

He was neither. Then he knew " before. He would probably follow her very soon, or, perhaps, go with her. Lesbia did not sigh now, but her heart ached as it had never done before.

"Why did you look at me so, then, Miss Gwynne?" asked Sir Edmund; and Lesbia felt his brilliant eyes on her face. "Were you trying an experiment? Did you want to see if I 'cared?' "

The color flashed hotly into Lesbia's cheeks, and she was silent.

"How truthful you are !" exclaimed D'Arcey "Any other girl would have said 'not at all,' or disclaimed in some other way then; but you-I do believe you are true as Heaven!"

ment at the passion and earnestness of his tone. Nor was her surprise lessened when she found her hand clasped and held in his, and his eyes bent tenderly upon her, while he exclaimed, "Lesbia, I, too, can be true. I know what you think of me, and you have been right. I once fancied I loved Emma L'Estrange, but now 1 know it is only you that I love. I am not worthy of you, Lesbia, my darling, but just tell me you will try to love me !"

And Lesbia, amidst tears and laughter, could only, whisper softly, "There's no use trying to love-because I love you already."

After that, it was no wonder that they forgot all about the game, and would have gone wandering on forever in the shady garden-walks, if breathless May had not come to call them back to croquet and realities again.

So Lesbia appeared with flushed cheeks, and Sir Edmund with sparkling eyes; and some people were shrewd enough to guess the cause-May and Ellyson, and, perhaps, Lady Emma. And, of course, neither of them played remarkably well; and Lady Emma, with a look of triumph, beat them signally, and remained "Queen of Croquet."

But they took their defeat good-numoredly, and laughed at May's scolding. For she did scold them, as they stood in the gloaming under the tall sweet-briars, till D'Arcey silenced her with the laughing declaration that they "had been playing another game, and had won it," and Lesbia's drooping head told the rest of the story.

"Oh! do you mean-" May began, eagerly. "Yes, I do, 'Cousin May,' "he said, laughing. Then they shook hands over the gate, and the young men walked away together, looking back occasionally at the two white figures by the gate; and May and Lesbia watched them out of sight, May's arms around her cousin, and Lesbia's head resting on May's shoulder, both of them

Meanwhile, the future Lady Emma Lumley was bathing her eyes with rose-water, that no one might see the traces of tears of anger and disappointment on her lovely face when sho Lesbia raised her eyes now in utter astonish- ? should descend, radiant, to the drawing-room.

HUSKS.

too happy to speak.

BY DR. S. T. CLARK.

HE wed my sister yesterday! Ah me! The while he gives her love's pure golden grain He feeds me husks! But I so love the twain, That I can smile and starve! It shall not be That ever they will hear my heart complain!

But when I greeted them, he kissed me twice! And it did seem from out the husks he gave I might have gleaned one grain I so much crave; And so I could, but my poor lips were ice-My hope and faith lost in a living grave!

"THAT HORRID MR. BARNES."

BY D. FERNHURST.

MR. BARNES, a widower of forty, made up his mind to marry again. I do not mention this as being a very surprising fact; for who that has once known the love of woman, has not felt as if the sun, moon, and stars were made for his particular benefit; and who that has once lived in heaven would not return hither? But Mr. Barnes was neither young, good-looking, or rich; in fact, not to mince matters, he was rather old, ugly, and poor, and, instead of falling in love with a plain kind of girl, who might take compassion on him, he fixed his eyes on one of the richest, gayest, and prettiest girls in our village, Fannie, the youngest daughter of Squire McAllister. She was about eighteen, just out of school, and as wild as a young colt. Imagine her astonishment when she found Mr. Barnes was making love to her. "That horrid Mr. Barnes has been here three times this week!" she said to her sister, "and he dared to squeeze my hand to-night! What an old fool-old enough to be my grandfather!"

"He is only forty. I should not be surprised if you married him, after all, Fan; so don't be angry with him for pressing your hand. The next time he comes he will kiss you," said her sister, provokingly.

Fannie walked out of the room in speechless indignation. There was no doubt that Mr. Barnes was in love. He came often, and stayed long. It seemed her fate to meet him whenever she left the house. He sent her presents, which she returned, books which she never read, and invitations which she never accepted; in short, as Fan said, "he made her life a burden to her!"

"I can't stand this any longer," said Fan one day. "I'll play such a trick upon him that he'll never come to the house again!" So she poured some molasses in his hat, as it stood on the hall-table, one evening; then she called him back when he had opened the front-door to go home, and had the satisfaction of seeing the streams of molasses running down his shoulders, and over his best black coat. Her merry peal of laughter was all that was needed to complete his discomfiture, and he rushed from the house casting upon her a look of reproach

Fan thought she had got rid of him now, and was no help for it. He left sorrowful, but unshe received her father's rebuke with a good conquered. He was still determined to make

deal of composure; but the next week brought "that horeid Mr. Barnes" back again. What was she to do? She did everything she could. She made caricatures of him, and circulated them among her friends; she treated him to doughnuts filled with cotton; made fun of him in every way that the brain of a frolicsome school-girl could devise: and still he never wavered in his allegiance.

"There is no help for you, Fannie. You will have to become Mrs. Barnes, number two—you cannot get rid of him in any other way," said Miss McAllister.

Fannie was too much subdued for anger. "I really am afraid so," said she, with tears in her eyes. "It would not be so bad if there was the least thing attractive about kim. And he is always so kind, and so quietly determined that—

I am afraid he will make me like him in spite of all."

"What's that you say, Fannie?" and, rising suddenly, Miss McAllister took both her sister's hands. "Look straight in my eyes, Fannie. I was only joking. You must have known that I never supposed that anything in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth, would ever induce you to marry that 'horrid Mr. Barnes!' A pretty match, indeed, fir a McAllister; a nice son-in-law for our father! How graceful, how handsome, how distinguished! What pleasure you would have in introducing your husband, with his yellow hair and shuffling walk; how proud you would be of him—how you would glory in him! Oh, I envy you your husband!"

"Mary, how can you go on so?" said Fannie, wrenching her hands away from her sister's grasp. "Haven't I said I hate him? Don't I show my dislike to him in every possible way?"

"Oh, yes; but you allowed the possibility of loving him at last; you know you did! Papa would rather see you dead than married to that man! He shall forbid him the house this very night!" and Miss McAllister left the room to find her father.

That night Mr. Barnes did receive his dismissal. The squire told him plainly that his attentions were displeasing to both him and Fannie, and that his visits must be discontinued. There was no help for it. He left sorrowful, but unconquered. He was still determined to make

Vol. LXI.—29 421

Fannie his wife. Fannie had a hard time of it now. Miss McAllister gave all the family the impression that Fannie was half in love with that "horrid Mr. Barnes," and they all amused themselves ridiculing her, and abusing him, until Fannie (who secretly missed his devotion) longed to take his part. She recalled many things he had said and done, which showed him to be charitable and good, and, if he had no graces of person, he was intelligent and refined. She regretted now all the silly, girlish tricks she had played upon him, and, remembering how invariably polite he had always been to her, looked back upon her behavior with remorse.

That "horrid Mr. Barnes" troubled the squire's family no more. If he ever met them, he passed with a polite bow. Fannie thought that he had gone entirely out of her life, and, while she would not own she cared for him at all, she thought of him a great deal.

Since that "horrid Mr. Barnes" had been dismissed, Fannie had changed, and the change was visible to all the family. Not that she moped or was blue. She laughed, and sang, and danced, as much as ever; but all her childishness and kitten-like friskiness was gone, and in its place had come a slight touch of womanliness and dignity, infinitely more charming; at least, Mr. Barnes, watching her from a distance, thought so. He had not given her up. No power on earth could make him do that until she gave herself to some one else; and yet, considering her personal appearance and advantages, and his own homeliness, awkwardness, and age, it is strange that the man did not despair. It seemed as if he knew he had the power to make her love him in spite of all, if he had the chance. came at last.

Mrs. McAllister and her eldest daughter sailed for Europe, with a party of friends, leaving Fannie to keep house. Fannie was delighted with housekeeping, and she and her father had a very merry time of it for a few days. he was taken sick, he grew rapidly worse, and Fannie, at first astonished at the queer things he said, found that he was delirious. The doctor came, examined his patient, and said, "Fannie, I may as well tell you the truth. Your father has the small-pox!"

Now, Fannie was mortal, and, besides that, she was a woman, and trembled to hear her father had that most loathsome disease; but she had no idea of leaving her father to the care of Lired nurses, and asked for the doctor's directions with a composure that showed she could command herself very well.

"Doctor, who is sick in that house?"

Doctor Ives turned as he was stepping into his buggy, and saw that "horrid Mr. Barnes!"

"Oh! Is that you, Barnes? Why, the squire's sick; got the small-pox, and nobody to take care of him but Fannie, poor little thing. I do not believe I can get a nurse for him before to-morrow!"

"Is that so? Then I will go in and do what I can until the nurse comes."

"That's a good fellow. No one will go near Fannie when they hear what his disease is. It's deuced hard; but it's the way of the world, and I tell you, Barnes, before you go, that it's a very bad case!"

"I do not mind. I have nothing to lose; and everything to gain," he added, under his breath.

"Well, good-by," and the doctor drove off.

Mr. Barnes walked up Squire McAllister's steps, and rang the bell. He told the girl, who did not know him, that he wanted to see Miss Fannie, a few minutes very particularly; and, Fannie, telling the girl to remain with her father, reluctantly went down to the parlor. There stood that "horrid Mr. Barnes." She held out her hand, and burst into tears; but as he took her hand in his, she hastily withdrew it, saying, "you must not stay here, Mr. Barnes!"

"Miss Fannie," said Mr. Barnes, "the doctor told me all about your father, and I mean to help you take care of him. I have seen many cases of small-pox, and know just what to do."

"Oh, he is so sick! so sick!" sobbed poor Fannie. "and I don't know what to do."

"Of course you don't, poor child!" Barnes longed to take Fannie in his arms, and comfort her. "Fannie, will you trust your father to me?"

Fannie looked up. She had never seen that "horrid Mr. Barnes" look so well. There was something so tender in his voice and eyes; something so manly and reliable about him, that Fannie said, impulsively,

"I would trust you with everything, Mr. Barnes; only, it seems so selfish."

"Don't think that, Miss Fannie. I must go now, but will be back in an hour."

Fannie went back to her father's room, with a heart a little lightened of its load. She would have some one now upon whom to depend; but her heart sank again as she looked upon her father tossing and moaning in delirium.

"Will he die?" she asked Mr. Barnes, when he returned.

"I cannot tell," he said. "We are all in God's hands, Miss Fannie; " but she saw he looked very grave. She watched him as he moved about the room, and attended to some little things for her father's comfort, and then the doctor came. He had engaged a nurse for the next night; he talked in low tones with Mr. Barnes, said good night to her, and then left. It all seemed like a dream to Fannie. She could hardly believe that it really was that "horrid Mr. Barnes," who was now bathing her father's head so tenderly. Mr. Barnes came to her side.

"Miss Fannie, you must lie down. You are worn out, and need the rest."

"I cannot leave my father."

"Trust him to me, Miss Fannie. I will watch him every moment."

Mr. Barnes smiled, but his voice was firm, and Fannie went. She cried again as she looked down on her father; but she was thoroughly exhausted, and, throwing herself on her bed, she fell asleep.

Mr. Barnes watched alone through the night; but when Fannie came in the next morning, there was no change. There he lay, moaning, tossing, and raving; and so he moaned, and tossed, and raved for seven days and nights, and then, without one moment's consciousness to speak to Fannie, Squire McAllister died!

Fannie was utterly prostrated. It was that "horrid Mr. Barnes" who saw to everything. Fannie went to the doctor's, to remain until her mother and sister returned. They had been telegraphed for, and were expected home in a few weeks. Mr. Barnes did not call. He seemed to have dropped out of her life again. Her mother and sister came home. It was a sad meeting. Squire McAllister had been a devoted husband and father, and they all felt his loss.

"But Fannie," said Miss McAllister, one day.

"Did none of our friends offer to help take care
of father, or do anything to assist you?"

"No one," said Fannie; "but Mr. Barnes!"

"What? That 'horrid Mr. Barnes!" exclaimed Miss McAllister.

"Never call him that again," said Fannie, springing to her feet, the color rushing to her checks, and the tears to her eyes. "He came to me in my loneliness and trouble, when all other friends stood aloof. He exposed himself to sickness and death for those who had insulted him. There never was a kinder, more noble friend. He is the best man that ever lived, and no one shall ever speak against him in my presence!"

Miss McAllister looked at her sister in astonishment. "It is a pity he cannot hear you," she said, coldly." "All si

Fannie would not trust herself to reply. She left the room, and went out for a walk, as she had always been in the habit of doing, when she wanted to cool off.

Walking along the shaded country road, she met Mr. Barnes. She went right up to him in her impulsive way, and said, "Mr. Barnes, I want to speak to you."

He turned at once, glad enough.

"Why haven't you been to see us since—since my father—" Her voice broke.

"I did not think you would care to see me, Miss Fannie!"

"Oh! how could you think so badly of me? I have wanted so much to thank you for all your kindness. I never can thank you enough; and then, Mr. Barnes," said Fannie, her bright, blue eyes filling with tears, "can you ever forgive me for all the tricks I used to play on you?"

"Fannie!" said Mr. Barnes, taking her in his arms, with sudden inspiration, "Will you marry me?" A first transfer of the said of the said

In all the country there is no happier woman than Fannie, the wife of that "Horrid Mr. Barnes!"

NEVERMORE.

BY MARY W. MICKLES...)

The river dances gayly by,
Laughing back to the smiling sky,
As sweetly as of yore;
Birds sing amid each swaying bough;
But to my ear comes ever now,
The dirge-like "Nevermore."

The beauty of to-day but brings
The old time back, and o'er it flings
The bauty it once wove?
But through each locust's whining song,
Borne on the Summer breeze along,
To me rings "Nevermore."

The fragrance of the clover-bloom
Upon the air, deepens the gloom
About my weary heart;
For with it come a haunting train,
And joys, long vanished, once again
To life and being start.

The wraith of dead joys loved too well;

For on the wreck-strewn shore,
Wild waves have dashed my fragile bark,
And o'er the cold rocks frowning dark,

Moan "never, Nevermore!"

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 363.

CHAPTER: X.

"Look a here, Hart Webster! Hallo, Tim! "Oh, mercy on me!"
Do come along here! Did you ever see such a splash in the water, a

Hart Webster drew his line lazily from the water of a delightful little trout-stream, which he and his companions had followed into the hills, and came lazily up to where Sarah Ann was standing, or rather dancing, on the bank, while a magnificent trout was leaping and floundering on the grass at her feet, scattering sunshine from its spotted side, and crystal drops from its quivering fins.

"Isn't it a beauty? I've been watching it this half hour, and now-

"Watching it this half hour!" says Tim, whose face was clouded over with half-angry disappointment. "I should rather think so. Why, that fellow has been a floating round my hook more than that time. Once I amost had him."

"Yes," answered the girl, laughing triumphantly. "But you jerked too soon, and scared him down stream, where my innocent bait lay floating so natural, that he bit at once. I didn't go to getting nervous, but lay low, till the hook was in his gills."

"Shouldn't wonder," muttered Tim. "Just like a gal to do that. 'Lying low, when anythir; is to be catched, is born in 'em!"

"Oh, you hush up! It was a fair catch. I didn't tire the fellow a bit; only kept still, and waited. Ask Mr. Webster if it isn't all fair."

That moment Hart Webster came up, twisting the line about his pole as he walked. He found Sarah Ann holding her breath, and striving anxiously to extricate her hook from the transparent jaw of the fish, for, with all her wild ways, the girl was tender-hearted as a child.

"There," she said, having dexterously performed her task. "Isn't he a splendid old fellow? Don't he glisten? I'll broil him myself for your supper, Hart; nobody else shall so much as touch it!"

"It's all owing to your porsuming that I didn't catch him," said Tim. "No fish ever gave a more greedy nibble."

"Oh, you get away, Tim!" cried the girl, giv-

ing the fish a defiant toss into the sunshine.
Tim! "Oh, mercy on me!"

This sudden outery was accompanied by a splash in the water, and a tiny shower of waterdrops. The frout had been sent up too high. He just grazed the girl's outstretched hand, as he came down, and the next minute was making a downward line of light across the brook, where he sought shelter under a huge cluster of ferns and trailing clematis vines that hung over the bank, and mirrored their whiteness in the water.

"There, now! You have gone, and went, and done it!" oried Tim, brightening into a laugh. "Serves you right, too. Just try to hook another feller's property again, and that's how you'll be paid!"

Sarah Ann took no heed of this taunt, but stood on the bank, looking wistfully at the ripples left behind by her escaped captive.

"It's too bad! I declare it's just awful!" she said, turning to Webster, with great tears crowding into her magnificent eyes. "I had him almost on the gridiron for your supper, and now there he goes. It's enough to make a child strike her own grandmother! Isn't it now?"

"It is provoking," said the young man; "but never mind, Sarah Ann. There is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Yes," answered the girl, trying to laugh through her tears; "but a great, big, magnificent shiner like that isn't likely to take to the hook again in a hurry; and—and he would have been so nice. Now we have nothing but the chicken, and I'm afraid it won't be over tender."

"Oh, yes! it will. So just wipe your eyes, my girl, and go with me up stream. I know of a pool among the rocks where we may find trout to match the one you have lost. Come, Tim!"

"Not as you knows on," answered Tim. "I don't mean to have Sarah Ann'ticing fish from my bait. If she goos up stream, I goes down."

"But what if I stay here, Tim?" said Sarah Ann, taking her pole from the grass.

"Why, then, I shall have my choice, up or down, just as the notion takes me. It don't make no sort of difference to me."

"Just as you please," answered Sarah Ann,

with a shy glance at Hart, who exhibited some little irresolution.

"Don't you think it just as well to go with us, Tim," said the young man, with a rather sensitive feeling that Gertrude Harrington might not think his wanderings along that shaded troutstream, with a remarkably handsome and bright creature of the feminine gender, the most satisfactory means of proving his loyalty to herself.

"No! I'm durned if I do!" was the prompt answer. "Sarah Ann's red jacket is enough to scare every fish back among the brake-leaves! How that old feller ever was fool enough to come her side of the brook is more than I can tell."

"I—I say, Tim," faltered Sarah Ann, with unusually sensitive tones in her voice, "hadn't you better go along ?"

Tim made no verbal answer to this appeal, but wound up his lire, and marched off down stream, whistling "Yankee Doodle" as he went.

"Come, then," said Webster, striking into a foot-path that led through the thick undergrowth and old forest-trees of the rocky upland. "I hope our luck will prove that Tim has made a bad choice."

The young man walked on hurriedly as he spoke, and kept ahead of Sarah Ann, who followed him with burning cheeks, over which a tear leaped, now and then, as if she were still grieving over the loss of her fish.

Thus, for some time, the two penetrated into the cool shadow of the woods. Now and then the red-cloth jacket, worn so jauntily by the girl, sent a red gleam across the water, and the scarlet plume in her pretty felt hat, shot in and out of the green foliage like a cardinal bird on the wing. More than once, when she saw her image thrown back by some sleeping pool, tears stole thickly into her eyes, and she moved on with a keen sense of disappointment. Both the jacket and the plume belonged to her Sabbathday finery, and she had taken them, unknown to her mother, from the closet in her room, determined to look her very best that day, and charm back the heart that, some intuition told her, was in danger of going astray.

She noticed, poor girl, that Webster never once looked back to see that no harm befell her along the rough foot-path, and he had not once seemed to observe the dashing change in her dress, to which Tim had alluded with such careless scorn. All these things filled her with a sharp sense of disappointment, which received its crowning pain when Webster, had so earnestly attempted to persuade Tim to bear them company up stream. In all his life he had never done this before. What was the matter? Was

he afraid of sitting on the bank of that trout. stream alone with her? What had she done to deserve such treatment?

These were the thoughts that sent the tears down those hot cheeks, and at length quenched all the color out of those cheeks themselves, while the girl toiled up that steep path behind the man who was thinking of her with something like annoyance.

Webster was dissatisfied with himself. intercourse which had been so easy and pleasant with the girl and her family, had struck him, for the first time, as indecorous, if not full of Made keen-sighted by his passionate love for Gertrude Harrington, he had, for the first time, reflected seriously on his position at the farm-house, and its possible result. The flush on that young face, the tears that came all too large and thickly for any feeling that the loss of a pretty fish could occasion, were slowly and painfully enlightening him. He had noticed, with a sensation of something like displeasure, the jaunty little hat and brilliant jacket, which made the girl's wild beauty something marvelous to look upon, and was angry with himself for the thrill of admiration that had stirred his blood, when she first appeared before him that morning. If his vanity was unconsciously gratified by this change, the feeling soon gave way to one of honorable self-reproach; and this made him so reserved and cold, that the girl felt herself chilled to the heart.

They came to the deep pool, which was a natural basin, made by a circle of rocks, on which the moss grew thickly, while fern, wild columbines, and the delicate spray of maidenhair choked up the crevices. High forest-trees overhung the pool, and an undergrowth of mountain laurel rendered the rising ground dusky with their dark-green foliage.

Webster halted upon a large boulder that shot some feet over the pool, unwound his line, and seated himself on a shelving ledge. Another, lower down, supported his feet, and on that Sarah Ann took her place, as she had done many a time in the careless intercourse of the past. But now her breath came quickly, and a timid hesitation possessed her. She did not lean against his knee, as had been her inncent custom before then, but sat a little apart, so near the verge of the rock, that almost her whole form was thrown back by the water, in which a red stain from her garments seemed to welter. Now and then she cast a furtive glance at her companion, who purposly turned his eyes from the wild beauty of the picture she made, lest there should be treason in his heart against the lady of his love.

Webster felt that the girl was looking at him, and resolutely turned away from those large, wistful eyes, wondering that he had never felt their power so thrilling before—wondering, indeed, why they should trouble him so now.

"I am afraid that two lines so near each other will distract the fish," he said, at length, rising to his feet. "I will take that rock lower down. You had better come up to this seat, or your shadow in the water may frighten them away."

Sarah Ann started up! All her gentle sadness was gone. He wanted to get rid of her. Well, let him. He would not find her the girl to sit at his feet again.

"You might have thought of that before," she said, flashing a look at him from under her moist eye-lashes. "I was wondering when you would remember that I was sitting there, with no bait on my hook, and not a soul to speak to!"

"Have I been so thoughtless," said Webster, with a forced laugh. "No wonder you are getting cross. Here, now, give me your hook. Now I will take myself out of your way, or Tim will get ahead of us both."

Sarah Ann almost snatched her pole from the young man, and whipped the line into the water, with a sharpness that sent ripples over the whole pool. What had she done that he should avoid her so? Or what had he done? The vague jealeusy that had taken root in that young heart the previous day, gave vigor and bitterness to these thoughts. Something had happened! Her old friend and companion had changed. He either feared or hated her now. All this had come about since his absence. Where had he really been? Who had poisoned his mind against her? Who had dared to love him, and tempt him, and

Here that wild, untutored heart sent up sobs so deep and bitter, that they almost reached the young man, who sat moodily on the rock near by, but not quite. The girl thought of this, and checked them in sudden terror; but the pole in her hand quivered, and the surface of the water was broken, as if the sudden passion of her grief had troubled their depths. Slowly the pole drooped downward, the current drew it from her hold, and all unconsciously, she allowed it to drift away.

As she sat gazing on the water, here eyes full of tears, her lips trembling with trouble so new that she could scarcely comprehend its nature, young Webster arose from the rock, on which he had sought safety from himself, and come toward her. She saw the movement, and sprang to her feet.

"Look! look!" she said, clapping her hands,

and laughing with glee. "That little wretch has stolen my hook, pole, and all. There he is losing his own ears. Dear! dear! it is too funny!"

The laughter which rang out from those young lips was genuine.

Sarah Ann had not been ready to using her hands a moment before, but, with the quick transition of youth, she clapped them in sheer merriment now, and her eyes danced under their still moist lashes.

While the girl had lost herself in those little inquiries, a turtle had seized upon her hook, and slowly dragged the pole from her hand. Becoming conscious of its loss, she looked around, and saw the turtle sitting upright on a fragment of rock that rose above the surface of the pool, with his brown and yellow head lifted high from the shell, and both fore-paws hard at work, boxing right and left, in a vain effort to knock the hook from his jaws.

Webster looked around for the cause of this sudden merriment, and saw the turtle, still vigorously beating his head right and left, with such ludicrous gravity, that he too burst into a peal of laughter that made the woods ring again.

This noise brought Tim Ward rushing up stream like a deer. He supposed that some one was shouting for him in extremity, and valiantly came to the rescue; but when his sister pointed out the distracted turtle in the midst of his grotesque pantomime, the lad sent a mellow roar of laughter into the general outburst of fun, and, throwing himself on the ground, rolled, and kicked, and made the turf fly in his uproarous glee.

After awhile he volunteered to wade into the pool after his sister's floating tackle, and, if possible, to set the poor snapper free, without killing him quite. So, rolling his pantaloons into a heavy wisp above his knees, and throwing off his heavy shoes, he waded to the rock, and, with more tenderness than might have been expected from him, drew the hook from the tortured mouth of the turtle, and brought back the pole to its owner.

Of course this little episode drove all deep feeling and serious thought from those young minds. Sarah Ann forgot her jealous troubles and young Webster threw aside the coldness that had occasioned them.

So they went back to the farm-house cheerful, and so hungry that the fricassied chicken, mealy potatoes, and stewed pears, that Mrs. Ward set before them, disappeared so rapidly, that the good woman stole into the kitchen and soon reappeared with the string of trout Tim had

brought home, nicely broiled, and filling the room with an appetizing odor as she placed it on the table.

A genial, hard-working, good-natured soul was the widow Ward. In a rough, helter-skelter way she presided over a rickety, half-finished house, that seemed old from want of paint, and some fifty acres of land, more than she had possible means of cultivating, for Tim performed the principal part of the out-door work, and, when help was hired, had an unthrifty habit of hurrying off to the woods in search of squirrels, or to the brooks where fishing was far pleasanter than the cradling wheat or planting potatoes.

Of course, the widow considered herself as general superintendent of the place, and filled up the labor gaps which Tim left open, by a little out-door labor herself, such as pulling up onions, planting cucumbers, picking fruit from the straggling branches of her plum-trees, and housing quinces, when they grew golden on the gnarled boughs, that twisted and coiled over the stonewall back of the garden. She did her own housework, too, in which Sarah Ann gave her dashes of spasmodic help, sometimes working like a beaver days together, scouring, dusting, and striving her best to beautify the old place, and again deserting the whole affair for a tramp in the woods, or an afternoon by the brook, while the cows were lowing for her to help milk them, and her mother was toiling, scolding, and preparing the meal which, in nine cases out of ten, was kept waiting till everything was cold on the table.

In short, Mrs. Ward was like a nice, motherly old hen, with two wild ducks in charge, whose erratic natures she could neither understand or control. She talked about this a great deal, and was very positive about her own will, so far as words went, but the time never came when that will superseded the smallest caprice of her son, or the wild girl Sarah Ann.

There is one thing of which the most inert and barren feminine intellect is capable. The intricacies of a love affair come to such minds by intuition, and the match-making propensity which develops itself at mid-age is the result. Of this latent talent Mrs. Ward gave rather annoying proof that evening. From the multiplicity of words that dropped from her lips, during supper, more than one brought the blood to Webster's face, and the fire to Sarah Ann's eyes. Perhaps it was this which sent the young man home, directly after that meal was completed, in a state of perplexity and annoyance, that led to a very serious determination.

young lawyer again-ten weary days to her, for, in all that time, waking or in dreams, his image never left her heart or brain.

CHAPTER XI.

SARAH ANN was sitting at her chamber-window, sadly impatient, and full of passionate trouble. Why had Webster kept away? What had she done that he should avoid her so cruelly? She knew that he was at home, for one day, when she had walked into the village, with the restless hope of learning something about him, her longing eyes had caught a glimpse of his stooping figure, as he sat by a desk in his father's office, evidently absorbed in study. But he did not look up. She paused a moment, hoping for that, but in vain.

That day the girl went home with a heavy heart. Now she sat by her window, looking out into the bright, beautiful autumn day, wondering if that too would go by without bringing him to the farm-house. The girl was not exactly crying, but a flush lay around her eyes, and a quiver as of coming tears now and then shook her lips. She had some sewing in her lap, but both hands lay idly upon it, and she had not as yet taken a dozen stitches.

All at once the sound of coming hoofs struck her ear, at first very faintly, but it checked the breath on her lips. She started up, and leaned out of the open window, casting a long, eager glance up the road.

In the distance she saw a horseman, riding at a long, even trot; a horseman that she knew, and for whose presence she had been longing with such passionate impatience.

Now the breath came through those red lips with a quick sob of delight, the hands clasped themselves, a glow of color diffused itself over her neck and face.

"At last! At last!" she said, flinging up her clasped hands, as if she longed to poise herself, and fly toward him. "Now I will ask himnow he shall tell me what I have done!"

As she spoke, the girl, with new-born shyness, retreated back from the window, where, herself in shadow, she could watch that horse, with its handsome rider, as they approached. It was the same young bay that Webster had ridden before-a spirited creature, that seemed a part of the rider as he comes swiftly forward.

Again the girl held her breath. He did not slacken that swift pace in drawing near the house. What did it mean? Surely-surely-It was ten days before Sarah Ann saw the The breath stopped on her white lips now. It

seemed to have frozen there. He was close to the house, looking straight ahead. The horse never broke his long, even trot, or swerved an inch from the highway. The rider did, for one moment, lift his eyes to the window. She darted forward, ready to cry out, but drew herself up straight, and made no return to the bow which Webster gave, as the horse gave his head a toss, and bore him on.

"He's going across the river again," said the girl, clenching both hands, and stamping ber foot on the floor. "I-I'll follow him! Yes, if I die for it!"

Thus, with her spirited little foot set down hard on the floor, her hands clenched, and a black frown on her face, she paused and reflected, while the sound of hoofs was beating more and mere faintly in the distance. Then she started forward, and ran down to the back-door, where Tim was splitting oven-wood.

"Tim! Tim, I say! Take the halter, quick, and bring up the horse!"

"What! Old Sorrel?" questioned Tim, dropping his axe.

"No! no! The colt!"

"But you can't ride that skittish critter, Sarah

"I can. Don't stop to talk, but bring him up."

"He ain't more en half broke, I tell you."

"So much the better. I feel all over like breaking him in. Come, hurry!"

"But you'll break your neck, and then the old woman in there 'll blame me for it."

"No, she won't. I'll make it all right with her. Only go-go I say!"

"But where are you off to?"

"For a long ride. Down to uncle Road's, mebby. At any rate, I shan't be back to-night, nor to-morrow night, neither, as I know of. It's a good while since I've been down in that neighborhood a visiting. Now, do you ever mean to start?"

"Yes. I'll catch the critter, if you really mean to go; and it's just as well you took the colt, if you mean to keep him like that; for old Sorrel has got to lead the oxen to-morrow. The wood-pile is purty well down, and marm is always cross as bricks when she comes to nothing but chips."

"Of course, you'll have to draw wood. That's why I wan't to ride the colt. He aint broke to harness yet, and won't be missed. Now up and go! I won't wait another second! Quick, now!"

Tim kicked his scattered oven-wood together in a heap, and walked away, taking a rope-halter from its peg on the back-stoop as he went.

quick, and looking wild as a hawk. She found her mother in the kitchen.

"Look a here, marm. I've just took a notion to go down and make a visit to uncle Rood's folks. I suppose you won't want me for awhile."

"Why should I, Sarah Ann?" replied the widow, discontentedly. "You might as well go a visiting all the time as not, for any help you are to me."

"But I'll be better. I'll work like smoke when I once come back."

"You've heard about promises and pie-crust, I reckon," said the old woman, tersely enough.

"If it's anything tantalizing, I'm sure to hear of it," answered the girl, with an impatient toss of the head. '" At any rate, I'm going to uncle Rood's now. Tim has gone after the colt, so I haven't time to take anything like a scolding before we start."

"I suppose you'll do as you please," answered the old woman. "How long do you mean to be gone?"

"Oh! a day or two. One can't tell exactly; but I'm sure to come back when I return! Goodby, you precious old darling. I don't mean to be half so sacy as I am; but the truth is I-I-"

Here Sarah Ann broke down, and, flinging her arms round the old woman's neck, sobbed

"Oh, mother! I'm just so miserable, that I can't help but be hateful. You don't know--'

"Yes, yes, I do, Sarah Ann. Haven't I been young myself-tender-hearted as a chicken, too? There! there! Just get ready, and ride over to your uncle's. It will do you good."

"You don't mind, mother, if I was a little uppish!" sobbed the girl.

"I'd rather see you uppish, as all out doors, than clinging to me, a crying like this, Sarah Ann. There, now! Hush up, and get ready. Tim is a coming up with the colt."

Sarah Ann kissed her mother, and went to her own room. From that she hurried into the chamber occupied by her brother, and came forth with some garments in her arms, which she crowded into an old band-box. Over this she tied a huge silk handkerchief, which had been her father's. Then she proceeded to put on a black-silk dress, and over it the jaunty red-jacket, which made her look like a beautiful gipsy. She took the pretty felt hat, with its flame-colored feather, out of its place in the closet, and was fitting it to her head, when a thought seemed to strike her.

For one instant the girl was seized with a feeling of sharp regret. Then she shook all her thick, glossy hair loose, with an impetuous mo-Sarah Ann went into the house, breathing tion of the head, and, seizing a pair of shears

that lay in her work-basket, cut the rippling { It carried off some portion of her own excitemass from her head.

With the clumsy shears in her hand, she stood a moment, looking down at the shining mass at her feet, and a flush, as of coming sobs, flamed over her face; but she choked the emotion back, and, dashing both hands into the shortened hair, ruffled it up into confused waves, saying to herself, defintly.

"Who cares! It will grow again!"

Then she tied the little hat on, thrust her hand through a loop in the knotted handkerchief, and went down stairs with the band-box on her arm.

Tim had put a man's saddle on the colt's back, and a curb in his mouth, which the spirited creature was champing furiously. No such thing as a side-saddle had ever been known in that house, and the girl was lythe and brave enough to ride anything. Just now it happened that she was particularly satisfied with the masculine form of her saddle; so she climbed up the fence, and leaped to it with a single bound.

"Good-by, mother! Good-by, Tim!"

Before the lad could answer, the bridle was jerked from his hold, and the colt sprang forward. The girl kept her seat bravely. She needed neither saddle-horn nor stirrup to keep her balance; but, leaning gently forward, adapted herself to the swift speed of the half-tamed colt, while the band-box scarcely swayed on her arm, and her little foot pressed his side with the clinging tenacity of an Indian hunter's.

The colt was running like a race-horse; but she did not permit him to check his speed until she came opposite an old barn, standing out alone near the highway. Here she pulled him up, sprang to the ground, and, undoing the ropehalter, left under the bridle, tied him fast to a post in the fence.

All this was done in breathless haste. Then she crossed the barn-yard, and entered the old building. Here she opened her band-box, took out a suit of Tim's clothes, and exchanged them for her own, which she crowded into the box, before hiding it under a mass of hay heaped on the floor. She had torn the red plume from her hat, and left it without trimming of any kind. Thus, when she came out, a man, working in a neighboring field, saw what seemed to him a handsome boy mounting a restive colt, which he rode off at a break-neck speed, and disappeared.

"There goes some young scamp, that has run away with his father's horse, and has a fair chance to break his neck," thought the man, as he bent to his work again.

But the girl was not likely to break her neck.

ment, and brought her every moment nearer to the man she was following.

But Webster also had a fast horse, and had nearly reached a tall bridge that crossed the Housatonic, when the seeming boy came in sight of him. Then the colt was forced to check his speed, and resented the change by fiercely champing his bit, and scattering foam, like snow flakes, all along the road, while his rider, in nothing fatigued, kept the bay horse well in sight, without bringing herself into notice.

At last Webster began to quicken his pace.

"He is nearing the mill," thought the seeming boy. "We shall not have far to go now;" and once more she let the colt have his way. The forward horseman left the river at the tollbridge, and struck across the country, which began to sink between the ranges of hills, and form one of the loveliest valleys the girl had ever seen. For a mile or two, the highway ran along the banks of a beautiful stream, bordered with forest-trees and young grape-vines, on which the fruit was hanging in purple clusters. This stream wound itself down one side of the valley, made a sudden curve, and turned back on its course, miles below, where it emptied its bright waters into the great river.

Looking down stream, Sarah Ann saw a wooden bridge, and, near the end, a red farmhouse, lifted up from the road by a stone terrace, on which gorgeous garden-flowers were burning out their lives. Behind the house were some fine old pear-trees, and up the hill-side an orchard, on which the apples were turning gold and crimson among the green leaves.

Webster halted at this house, sprang off his horse, and ran up the steps. Sarah Ann could not see the door, which was shaded by an overhanging stoop; but it must have opened instantly, for scarcely had she seen him mount the steps, when he disappeared altogether.

At first the disguised girl drew up her horse with a pang of torment, that made her very breath a pain; but, after a moment, she allowed the restive creature to move forward; but at every step it seemed as if she was being dragged to a scaffold.

That was his destination. That dusky, red house, the pear-trees clustering behind it; that orchard, sending out a warm glow of ripening fruit, and flowers trailing down the stone-wall. Oh, heavens! how that lovely spot compared with her own home. The contrast sickened her into hopelessness.

But who was in the house? Did it shelter She enjoyed the speed at which her colt went. some girl as much superior to her as that dwelling was to her own home? How could she find out? If a rival was there, she must see her. But how? She was in a strange place, some twenty miles away from home, for the first time in her life. Where could she stay long enough to seek information, and of whom could she obtain it?

Where a large chestnut-tree, bristling over with burs, flung its shadow across the road, she drew up her horse once more, in order to resolve some new plan in her mind. The chestnut-tree was rooted in the bank of the river, and its great branches spread over her like a tent. Along the lower boughs a grape-vine had crept, and woven its purple clusters among the greenness of the burs. Sarah Ann saw nothing of the beautiful arch this mingled leafiness had flung over her; but took off her hat, and strove to cool the fever of her brain, in the fresh air that came up from the water. Holding her hat an one hand, she swept the moist hair back from her forehead with the other, thus making a futile effort to calm herself.

As the girl sat thus upon her saddle, a great cluster of grapes came rattling down through the leaves, and fell into her hat. With it sounded a sweet, childish laugh, and the vines above her head shook as if a storm were sweeping through them. Then, all at once, a great bough swayed downward, almost to a level with herself, and on it, riding on the extreme end, was a little girl, whose wild, bright face, full of gleeful fun, danced up and down before her as the bough yielded to the impetus of those sturdy little hands and limbs.

"Don't! Please, don't go!" said the child, holding on to her leafy steed with one hand, while she waved a welcome with the other: " My horse won't trot out of these shades, your's goes too swift for him. Try the grapes, they're awful good."

Sarah Ann was astonished, and a little startled, but at the first glance she fell into sympathy with the child, and began to laugh.

"Whoe! Whoe! Just behave yourself, can't you!" sung out the child, straining the chestnutlimb under her weight, and going up with a rebound, then furiously beating the long leaves till the horse began to fly. "Stand still, I say! Now, then, if this skittish critter will stand still a minute, tell me who you are, and what place you come from. I don't mean to have no more cousins and strangers come into these parts without knowing the reason why, now I tell you. Speak quick, do; for both our horses are skittish as get out, and want to be a going."

Sarah Ann, drawing her own horse nearer the child, who was slipping dangerously toward the end of the chestnut-bough.

"Can't do it!" answered the girl, giving herself a hitch up the bough. "He knows me."

"But I don't. Who are you, my little buttercup?"

"Who are you? I asked first," answered the child. "Besides, I live here, that's more than some other people can say."

"I? Oh! my name is an old one my father had, and I'm going to-to a mill somewhere about here."

" A mill? That's par's. But I don't see no grist."

"Grist? No, not this time; I only come to-

"To see about it. I know," broke in the child, with a sagacious nod of the head.

"Yes, to see about it," replied Sarah Ann, grateful for this help out of her dilemma.

"Because," added the child, "since cousin Webster and that other chap came to the mill without grist, I'm down on such things."

Sarah Ann caught her breath. For a moment she had forgotten the anguish of her jealousy. Now it came back with a sharp pang.

" Why?"

The question faltered on her lips; she dreaded the answer it might bring with shrinking cowardice.

"Why? Because they break up families, steal one's sisters, and leave a feller without anybody to play with."

" How so ?"

"How so, indeed? Mebby you saw that feller that just rode by? He's my own cousin."

"Your cousin, little girl?"

"Yes, indeed! But I hate him!"

"Hate him? Why?"

"Never you mind! I do-and that's enough!"

"Is-is that your house at the end of the bridge?" asked Sarah Ann, turning her face from the sharp scrutiny of those bright eyes looking upon her through the leaves.

"That red house, with the 'sturtions' a streaming down the wall, and the well-pole a sticking

"Yes; that is the house I mean."

"Well, no: that isn't our house by no manner of means. We live 'tother end of the bridge."

"But he stops there?"

"In course he does. I dare say she's been watching for him ever since morning."

"She! Who?"

"Why, Gertie. She used to be our Gertie; "I'm afraid your's will throw you," said but I don't claim her any more, since she got cousin Webster away from us, and set on that other feller to break par's heart."

- "Who is Gertie?" questioned Sarah Ann, in a voice so low and hoarse, that little Pattie bent down to make sure it was the same person she had been talking with.
- "Who is Gertie? My gracious! don't you know? Where did you come from? Why she's aunt Eunice's niece."
- "Then it is a relative of your's that lives in the red house?"
 - "No it ain't. Only aunt Eunice."
 - "She's your aunt, then?"
- "Not a smitchen of it more en she's every-body's aunt."
 - "Oh! and her other name?"
- "Name! Name! Oh! I believe that is— Well, yes—Harrington; that's her Sunday-gomeeting name?"
- "And your cousin stops there, instead of going to your house?"
- "Ain't it a shame? But everything has been topsey-turvey ever since he came the first time, Do you know something?"
 - "Me? I'm afraid not."
 - "And if I tell you, can you keep a close lip?"
 - "Try me."
- "Well, then, it's my belief that he's making love to Gertie, and has been a doing it ever so long."

Sarah Ann did not speak—she could not; but little Pattie saw that she grew very white, and clutched the felt hat in her hand as if something hurt her.

- "That's what I hate him for," said the child, growing more and more confidential.
 - "But-but perhaps it isn't so."
- "Isn't it. I guess if you'd seen 'em a sitting together on the rocks, and down by the river, you would know more about it. Oh, gracious! my horse is a rairing up with his fore feet till I can't but just hold on to him!"

This was said with a little frightened scream; and Sarah Ann saw that the child had slipped so low on the bough that it was impossible to recover herself.

"Spring!" she said, urging the colt a step forward. "Spring to his back behind me! Now!"

The child gave, a flying leap, and settled on the colt's back. But the skittish animal had never been broken to such performances. Instantly his heels flew into the air.

"Cling to me, child!" cried Sarah Ann. "Hold tight, for he's bound to have a run for it."

Little Patty did hold tight, and shouted with glee as the colt shot like an arrow from under the chestnut shade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO MY MOTHER.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD

COME to me often in my dreams,
Oh! radiant spirit of my mother!
Come! And the anguish of my heart—
This whelming anguish, help to smother.

Oh, come to me! for life so drags
With burdened days and restless nights,
When the pale ghost of past delights,
The sad and shrinking soul affeights.

Come with thy mild, maternal glance; Come with thy loving mother-touch; Grief dogs my steps like bloodhound grim; Oh, mother! I have suffered much

Since last I poured in thy dear ear
Each anguish that my bosom shook,
And felt the healing of thy kiss,
Heaven's soft compassion in thy look.

Mother! 'Tis holiest name of all;
And so I will not harshly blame
A faith, that for a suffering world,
Would one all-loving mother claim.

"Mother of Sorrow," rightly named; For everywhere, 'tis woman's lot, To bear her own and others' cross, And aiding, suffering, murmur not,

Oh! often, when some desperate grief
Hath hemmed me in like battle-line,
Wert thou the bright commissioned one
That nerved that failing soul of mine!

And when some evil, potent, dark,
All my roused spirit brought to bay,
Was thine the stern, commanding brow,
That turned the baffled foe away.

The radiant spirits and redeemed,
To our poor wants they minister;
Soothe the wild tumult of this life,
And founts of peace and healing stir.

And, oh! of all the blessed ones,

That wing their way 'twixt earth and Heaven,
I deem the highest, holiest tasks

Are to earth's patient mother given.

Next God's sublime, eternal love, Their's stands all glorious and complete; What other love or passion may With its perfection dare compete?

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our first pattern, a walking-dress for a young lady. The material of this dress is any nice summer fabric of a light-gray tint, and



the trimmings are of the same, only of a darker shade, or, if preferred, they may be black, and made either of the material or of black silk. The lower-skirt is gored in front and at the sides, according to the usual mode, and two plain breadths at the back. As may be seen, it is not quite so long, being made just to escape the ground in walking—quite a sensible improvement upon the last fall and winter costumes. Two quillings, two and a half inches deep, are placed exactly upon the edge of the skirt, and two, the same depth, four inches above; this forms the entire trimmings of the under-skirt. The over-skirt has a short apron-front, and two plain widths for the back, which are looped up

quite short at the middle of the back, when, a plaited sash-end is added, so arranged as to fall exactly under the postillion-skirt, which belongs to the bodice, that otherwise is simply high and plain, with points in front. Close coat-sleeves, open on the back-seam about six inches. Overskirt, basque, and sleeves, ornamented with one row only of the quillings, same as the skirt. For out-door wear the simple jacket, without trimming, is added, for cool days; but for warmer ones, the costume is complete without. Eighteen yards will be required, fourteen yards for the dress, and four yards for the trimming. One and a half will make the outside sacque.

We give, also, another walking-dress for a young lady. Here we have a costume without the upper-skirt, which certainly, for the novelty of the thing, is refreshing; and as the design is pretty, we scarcely miss the drapery of the



upper-skirt. It is of light-buff mohair, linen, or percale, particularly adapted to the latter two fabrics. The skirt is cornamented with three plaited ruffles, six inches deep, laid in side plaits, and flattened by putting the iron upon them. This plaiting must be made very regular, or much of its beauty is lost; and be careful not to lay the plaits too deep. A heading of white linen, two inches deep, cut on the bias, is put above each ruffle, or what is rettier, a band of Hamburg or guipure insertion; but this latter is far more expensive. The waist is cut in the basque form, shaped in long points in front, trimmed to match the skirt, and in the back terminating in a loose, full puff, just touching the upper ruffle of the skirt. The sleeves are slightly open. The same trimming as heads all the ruffles is continued around the neck, coming down to the waist. A belt, with small, butterfly bows at the back, is added, as a finish to the waist. Sixteen yards of linen or percale, or eighteen yards of mohair, will be required. We have given the prices of these fabrics below.

A house-dress for a young lady, back and front views, is given in the front of the number. Or it may be worn as a dinner-dress. It is made either of grenadine, berage, organdie, Swiss, or Victoria lawn; in fact, any of the summer tissues will look well made after this design. The first, or skirt proper, is cut somewhat longer in the back than an ordinary walking-costume, but it may be provided with loops underneath, so that it can be shortened at pleasure. This skirt has three ruffles, slightly gathered, headed with a band of the material one inch in width, cut straight, sewed down by the machine. last, or third ruffle, is continued up the back, as may be seen in No. 2, and caught together with bows made of the material; or if the dress is white, the bows may be of black velvet. The front is trimmed to simulate an apron, which has one ruffle, headed by the same width band; also further ornamented by like bands, arranged as seen. The tunic is composed of the pointed halves of a square, trimmed to match, and the front sewed back, as also may be seen. Basque bodice, with open sleeves, trimmed with bands like the skirt, finished by a narrow fringe or guipure lace. The manner of arranging the bands upon the body may be seen by the engraving. Eighteen yards of organdie or muslin, or twenty-two or twenty-five of grenadine will be required. English grenadine may be bought from thirty-seven cents up to one dollar per yard. Organdies from thirty-seven to fifty cents.

We also give, in the front of the number, two illustrations of skirts, to be worn with tunics.

In one, as will be seen, the frills, sewn on as single curves, meeting together, are finished above with a small bow. The frills are either button-holed over or bound, being each about twenty-three and a half inches long, and from four to four and three-quarters wide, somewhat sloped off on one side; they are gathered, and a rouleau is put over the gathering. The other skirt has three plaited flounces, headed by a pattern of braiding or embroidery, A rouleau finishes the heading of the flounce.

We give here, engravings of jacket, waist-



coat, and trousers for a boy, to be made of any

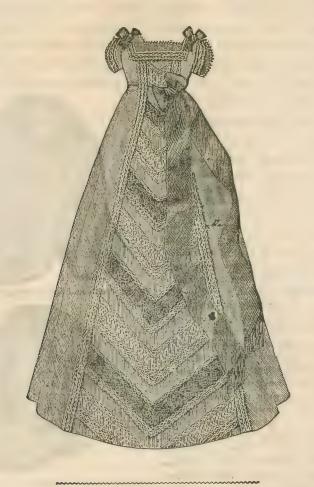


suitable summer material. The pattern will answer for boys from eight to fourteen.



We also give, in the front of the number, two pretty designs for infants' dresses. These may be made from the illustrations, without further description. They are patterns that will always be found elegant and useful.

We close with a very elegant infant's robe, rather more costly than the articles usually given in this department; but if there is anything on which a mother thinks it excusable to be extravagant, it is on a pretty robe for her baby.



DRESS-BODY.

We give, on the next page, a diagram for a basque,) and forms points both at the back and dress-body, with a sacque-opening in front, suit- the front. able either for a dinner-dress or an evening house-costume.

This stylish dress-body is high at the back, and bouillons or puffings. is cut out to form an open square in front. The waist is a good deal lengthened all round, (en four pieces, viz.,

The short sleeve is to be fulled along the straight pricked lines, so as to form rows of

The pattern is given complete, and consists of

FRONT. No. 1. No. 3. SIDE-PIECE. No. 2 No 4. SLEEVE. 711 611 000 5 12 IN

This is a pattern which is quite fashionable; being simple, so that it can be made at home, if this season, and which has the advantage of more convenient.

THE FUCHSIA SMOKING-CAP

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design, as will be seen, is a fuchsia, one forming the upper, and the other the under flower and leaf. The design should be repeated part of the design. The richest effect will be pro-

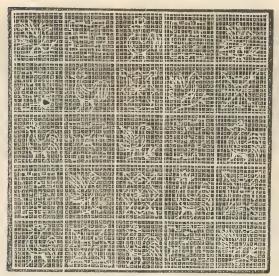


five times, in order to go around the cap. The pattern, may be worked in two lines of braid, and gold braid for the pattern.

-

CHAIR-COVER, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In the front of the number, printed in colors, ward, in the manner shown above, when the we give six patterns for a square for a large- chair-cover will be complete. Or a lady's coversized chair-cover.

These squares are to be put together, after- made in the same way.

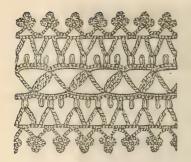
let, or Affghan, or other useful article, may be

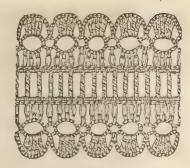
NAMES FOR MARKING.



CROCHET TRIMMINGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These borders may be entirely lined with colored ribbon, or have a ribbon merely drawn through the center, forming a very pretty trimming for cotton, muslin, or holland dresses. The brown guipure may be imitated by working with unbleached cotton.

Black purse silk will also make a very rich trimming. Begin in the middle by making a chain the required length.

1st row: Into the sixth stitch of this chain work two double-trebles, leaving the last stitches on the hook to be worked off together, as in triest * seven chain, one double-treble into the stitch in which the leaf is worked into, one leaf of three double-treble, worked off as in tricot. This leaf is worked into the eighth chain below. Continue to the end of the rows.

The 2md and 3rd rows are exactly like one on each side of the already worked center. Two double, one loop picot (for a loop picot, pull up the thread of a double to the height shown in the engraving, draw it tight, take the hook out, and insert it in the thread that lies at the top of the stitch,) two double, one loop picot, two double, one loop picot, two double, one loop picot, two double scallop.

4th and 5th rows: Fasten the thread into a three doublepicot below, three chain, * one double-treble of the seven into the next but one picot, three chain, one peat from*.

These borders may be entirely lined with double-treble into the same picot as before. Relored ribbon, or have a ribbon merely drawn peat from * throughout both rows.

6th and 7th rows: * two double under the three chain below, three chain, one trefoil (three chain, one single into first stitch, five chain, one single into the same stitch as before, three chain, one single into the same stitch as before,) three chain. Repeat from *.

No. 6.—Make a chain the required length. Into the eighth chain work one double-treble, * two chain, one double-treble passing over two chain. Repeat from *.

The 2nd and 3rd rows consist of two double under the chain below, and one loop picot. This is continued throughout the row.

4th and 5th rows: * three chain, one chain, one double into one loop picot; repeat twice more, three chain, one double into next picot. Repeat from *.

6th and 7th rows: One double in the middle stitch of the three chain of last row, * seven chain, one double in centre stitch of next three chain, three chain, one double in centre stitch of next three chain below. Repeat from *.

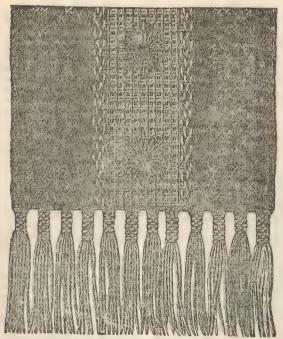
8th and 9th rows: * One double in the centre stitch of next three chain, two chain, one treble, three double-treble, one treble under the centre of the seven chain of last row, three chain. Repeat from*.

EDGING.



TRAVELING-RUG, IN TRICOT.

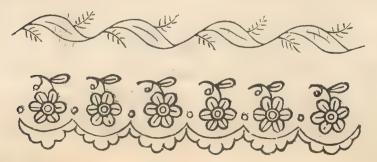
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The stripes are worked separately, in two | latter, alternately, leaf-like button-hole stitches colors, pink and sand color. The rug can be made as wide as you please. The stripes are of ten and eleven stitches in width, and are sewn together on the wrong side. The joins are hidden by a row of coral stitch in white or yellow filoselle. Cross stitches of the same colored silk, form the pattern of the outer stripes, the other stripe being worked over with pink stars. For the length gives a pointed appearance.

and short single ones, with a knot-stitch in the middle. The woolen fringe is of two colors. Close under the looped-in fringe-knots of the bunches, each six threads of wool thick, each is drawn through in darning stitch, with white silk, and, alternately, one-quarter and threequarter inches long, so that this graduation in

EDGING AND INSERTION.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Good Cooking and How to Secure It.—An article on French Cooking, in a recent English magazine, has been extensively copied in this country, and has created quite a stir. It only reiterates, however, at greater length, what we have been saying, for years, in "Peterson." No people in the world are such economical cooks, yet such good ones, as the French. They utilize every scrap of food. What is good in itself they cook so as to bring out all its virtues. What is comparatively tasteless they make delicious by some delicate sauce or sauces.

A cotemporary preaches an excellent sermon on this theme. It calls attention to the fact-too often overlooked in this country-that ill-cooked food produces indigestion. "A dyspeptic," it says, "is gloomy, morose, and irritable. Children as well as adults participate in the effects of bad or indifferent food. They become fretful, peevish and fractious. A husband, coming home after a wearisome day of business, has a right to be met by bright, healthful, shining faces at his own hearthstone, and to be furnished with a well-prepared and well-served meal; instead of which he finds, too often, a languid and sickly wife, troublesome and quarrelsome children, and an underdone or overdone dinner. These causes combined often send a man from his home to seek, at club or restaurant, the comforts he is entitled to look for within his own dwelling. It is no longer impressed upon girls about becoming wives, that the necessity of catering to the tastes of husbands is incumbent upon them. This delicate duty is transferred to ignorant and stupid servants, who have neither the intelligence nor the inclination to enable them to prepare or to serve up food in an acceptable manner. A woman, whatever her station, can possess no more desirable accomplishment than that of being able to instruct others, or, if need be, to prepare with her own hands all the constituents of a good dinner, and to serve it daintily."

In all of this we concur. There never will be good cooking, in the homes of America, until women, rich and poor alike, do as their French sisters do, learn personally how to cook. The Empress Josephine, even at the summit of her glory, did not disdain to cook for Napoleon the delicacies he liked. One of the most accomplished ladies of the present time, and one holding the loftiest social position, is also the best housekeeper and cook we know: if a cook is insolent, she can dismiss her, and do the cooking herself; if a cook is incompetent she knows how to teach her. It is just here, by-the-by, that the "help" question comes in. Ladies complain of inefficient "help." But why is "help" incompetent? It is because there is nobody to teach "help." Men have always to teach their assistants, whether clerks or apprentices. No husband could succeed in his business, if he did not understand it, even to its minutest details. When women practise housekeeping-which is their business, at least after marriage-as thoroughly as a man follows his trade or profession, then, and then only, will they begin to see their way out of this "help" business.

We are aware, that, in many places, especially in rural districts, servants can hardly be had of any kind. In such localities even comparatively rich women have to do the cooking themselves. But is not this all the more reason that they should know something about 4? Yet, as a rule, even such women take no pains to learn, and even look down on cooking as a menial occupation. Here lies their error. As the cotemperary, to which we have already alluded, says, we We would have all women loarn that no work, which is

calculated to promote the pleasur or comfort of those beloved, can degrade or humiliate the worker. It is by no means desirable that women should sink into domestic drudges; but it is certainly essential to their own happiness, and to those around them, that they should know much more about household matters, and especially about cooking, than they know at present. Let ladies, instead of helplessly trusting to ignorant and dirty servants, who are often incapable of cooking a potato decently, go to work to acquire the art of cooking, which should assuredly be ranked among the fine arts-so-quick a perception, so delicate a taste, so nice a judgment does it require-and thas learn, not only to make home comfortable and attractive, but themselves happy and handsome; for nothing brightens eyes, or gladdens countenances so much as the knowledge that the work we are engaged in will bring happiness and comfort to those whom we love."

We can add nothing to this, except to say, that, if half the time wasted on acquiring se-called "eccomplishments," the practice of which is abandoned as som as a girl marries; if half this time, we say, was devoted to learning cooking, there would be fewer men driven to clubs, or restaurants, or taverns, and tens of thousands more happy homes in the land.

LARGE FLOWER-BASKETS .-- In the grounds of a distinguished horticulturalist we lately saw large flower-baskets resting on the top of a stump of a tree, which had been cut off three or more feet from the surface of the ground. A few stakes driven into the ground, or a small log placed on one end, would answer the purpose of a stump, where no stump existed. A large wire basket was then made in the following manner: A wire ring about four feet in diameter was made of a rod-say one-fourth of an inch in diameter-which is secured about one foot above the point occupied by the bottom of the basket. Then smaller wires-say one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter-extend from the small ring to the large one, for the sides of the basket. The side wires are all cut off a given length, with an open eye at each end to receive the two rings. The side wires are bent of a uniform curve, so as to give the basket a swelled form. As fast as the open eyes of the side wires are attached to the bottom ring, and to the ring that represents the rim of the basket, the ends are bent around with pliers. With a few dimes' worth of galvanized wire one can make a large basket in about one hour, that will last many years, especially if it be housed after the growing season is over. These large baskets were lined with moss, filled with rich earth, and were the receptacle of several species of beautiful flowers.

How Can It Be Afforded?—The Edina (Mo.) Sentinel says:—"How Peterson can afford such superb engravings, such finely-colored fashion-plates and patterns, to say nothing of his admirable stories, for two dollars a year, is one of the mysteries of the art." The reason we can afford it is because we have such a large circulation, the largest, we believe, without an exception, in the United States. And this circulation we have gained, and keep, we flatter ourselves, by making this magazine "the cheapest and best."

THE PUBLISHER of "Peterson" is not connected, effiler directly or indirectly, with any other magazine. In all cases, where money is intended for this publication, address Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, or else, which is even better, Peterson's Magazine.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

The Steel Engravinos in this magazine are everywhere pronounced the most elegant that are published. Hancy's (N.Y.) Joarnal says:—"Peterson's Magazine has been giving among its steel plates, this year, some most charming pictures, little home scenes, and the like. Magazine plates are too often lacking in all interest and naturalness, even when mechanically well executed; but Peterson never falls into this error." The Riverton (Iowa) Republican says of the leading illustration in the May number:—"The steel engraving, 'Olga,' is one of the handsomest pictures we ever saw." The Brownsville (Mo.) Banner says:—"The steel engraving, 'Olga,' adorning the front, is the most beautiful work of the engraver we have seen for many a day."

THE "NOVELTY CLOTHES-WRINGER."—We understand that this great labor-saving machine, with its many improvements over all others, not only saves labor and time, but will pay for itself in one year in the saving of clothing. This Wringer has long been before the public, and has steadily gained favor with the people. In purchasing a Clothes-Wringer, give the "Novelty" a trial, and you will be sure to give it the preference.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or W. J. Carlton, Advertising Agent, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

Fashionable Stationery by Mail.—Messis, J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, make a specialty of sending Ladies' Fine Note-Papers and Envelopes to any part of the country by mail. Any one sending them one dollar, will receive, post-paid, a box of assorted note-paper and envelopes of the latest patterns. Send for their circular.

Example for the Ladies.—Mrs. A. F. Hall, of Wellsville, N. Y., received, 10 years ago, a Wheeler & Wilson Machine as a bridal present, the most valuable of her gifts, not excepting a check for \$500; it has done all the sewing for her own, her futher's and sister's families, without a cent for repairs, and but two needles broken.

ALWAYS UP TO THE TIMES.—The Buffalo (N. Y.) Post suys:—"Peterson's Magazine is always up to the times. Its publisher is a live man, and knows how to please the public."

HORTICULTURAL.

The Fucisia is essentially the flower for inexperienced anuteurs, because there is none of equal pretentions so easy of growth and propagation, or so adaptable to a widely-diverse range of circumstances, and this quite irrespective of its natural elegance and beauty. Notwithstanding these advantages, we find, however, the greater part of the plants in circulation every year are purchased at trade nurseries, although the lover of flowers might enjoy the pleasing excitement of growing for himself at little expenditure of time, trouble, or cost. The following directions will briefly and popularly instruct how to accomplish this, and may be carried out by operators with the most limited means at their command.

The fuchsia is of South American origin, and has not been introduced into this country more than sixty years. Its original appears to have been that garden variety known as . Coccinea, a brilliant coral-colored flower of small size, forming a twiggy bush, particularly bright and ornamental in the border. The present imported race, as we have them,

however, might almost be termed indigenous, so little resemblance do they display to the original type, and so much do they owe to the hybridiser's art.

New varieties, as in other flowers, are obtained from seed. This portion of the subject we shall not dwell upon here, but proceed at once to discuss the more common process of obtaining plants from cuttings, plenty of which may now be procured, either by purchase or by gift; and if the operation of striking be commenced at once, any amateur may obtain a supply of nice plants of flowering size by the time ordinary summer flowers are becoming scarce, and this too with even only a light window at command. To begin, then. Take young and healthy shoots, about three inches long or so, slipped off from the parent plant with what is called a heelthat is, a small portion of bark of the main stem; allow these cuttings to lie in a cool, shady place for a few hours to dry the wound, which, if placed in the cutting-pot at once, would probably cause it to rot off. Have ready pans of moist silver sand, or pots furnished as follows, for the operation: First, in the bottom two inches of half-inch potsherds, next, a layer of compost, consisting of peat, loam, and sandy soil in equal quantities; lastly, an inch or more of silver sand upon the top. Moisten the whole of the latter well. Into either of the compositions named dibble the cuttings round the edge of the pots, so deep as just to touch the sides in one case, or the surface of the mould in the other. Cover with a bell-glass, and set the pots or pans in a shady place. After awhile give more light. Keep the soil moist by floating water round the glass, and lift off the glass every day to dry the accumulated moisture from evaporation on the inside. In three weeks or so the cuttings will have begun to emit roots; when these are sufficiently strong and developed they must be singly potted in sixties, filled with a light compost of peat or leaf mould, silky loam, and sand, and kept shaded for a time as before. If a little bottom heat can be given, either in a house or frame, so much the quicker will establishment take place. As the plants fill the pots with roots well to the sides, shift on to larger sizes till the flower buds appear, when they will require no further change. All these operations may be conducted in a frame, a green-house, or even a room-window where atmosphere and aspect are favorable and tolerably pure. Syringing must be frequently practised, to keep in abeyance red spider and green fly. Hard water should not be used, but that may be softened by the addition of a piece of washing soda, about the size of a pea, to every gallon of water. Rain-water, however, is by far the best. Liquid manure for these flowers is best made from animal manures; guano and other artificial stimulants are dangerous in unskillful hands.

Having struck, the next proceeding will be to train the plants. This will partly depend, in some degree, upon the natural habit they present, and partly on individual taste or special requirements. To form a pyramid, one leading shoot should alone be encouraged. Support the main stem, and when of the desired height, nip out the top to induce the projection of laterals or side shoots, which must be stopped in their turn evenly and regularly round. A similar procedure in the first instance must be adopted for standards, by running up a single stem to the requires height, and then nipping out the top to form a head; but here the laterals must be kept suppressed as fast as they appear-a stake must be affixed to keep the main stalk straight. Bushes are grown by stopping back the shoots equally as they arise, removing none of the leaders from the collar, unless ill-placed for the future balance and regularity of the plant Some fuchsias of drooping pendulous growth form admirable basket plants. The shoots of these should be regularly trained at equal distances to a hoop or rim of some sort till fixed in form, after which the ligatures may be removed, and they themselves left to natural development. All the plants should be kept moist and near the light, and should be freApprisons to Clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers have thus been sent to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is comreted. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin when the rest of the club began.

WITH THE NEXT NUMBER begins a new volume. This will afford an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish for back numbers. Those subscribers and clubs, whose terms expire with this number, will please remit early. Such new subscribers, however, as wish back numbers from January, can be supplied.

A CONTRIBUTOR writes:—"Visiting the studio of a scholar and artist recently, I found him engaged in reading 'Peterson.' Alluding to the fact, and not seeing others of the same kind, he pertinently remarked, 'I patronize the best and the beautiful only.'"

QUESTIONS IN RELATION TO ARTICLES ADVERTISED must be addressed to the advertisers, and not to us. We know nothing more about such articles than the public at large, and do not guarantee them.

PEOPLE who are always thinking of themselves are never either happy or agreeable. There is no charm so great, especially in a woman, as the absence of self-consciousness.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Whitehall (Ill.) Register says:—
"In its illustrations, 'Peterson' beats everything. It is a
treat to look through it."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ancient America. By John D. Baldwin, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers .- This is a work that has been needed for a long time. What is known of the ancient monuments, which lie scattered over this continent, from the Ohio to the Isthmus of Panama, is buried, to a great extent, in costly volumes, quite inaccessible to the general reader. Many of these volumes, moreover, are in French, Spanish, or German. Mr. Baldwin has collected together the most material facts, bearing on the archæology of America, and condensed them in this book, into a convenient duodecimo of some three hundred pages. The illustrations, which are both numerous and good, add greatly to the value of the work. Few ordinary readers are aware of the magnitude and extent of the monuments to which this volume is devoted. Some are mere earthworks, though often of great size, covering acres of ground; others are stone or brick, of considerable value, architecturally; but all, even the rudest, prove the existence of a race, or races, in ancient times, on this continent, semi-civilized, and different from the red Indian.

Three Years In a Man-Trap. By the author of "Ten Nights _n a Bax-Room." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. M. Staddart & Co.—Mr. Arthur's powerfully-written temperance story, "Te Nights In a Bar-Room," must be familiar to most of our _splers. This new story, devoted to the same high purpose, is not less ably told. The evils of the gilded dramshops in our great cities are set forth in a manner to appall every humane and Christian heart.

Our Poor Relations. By Colonel E. B. Hamley. 1 vol., 16 mo. Rostor: J. E. Tillon & Co.—A plea for the brute creation, and for better treatment of them. The illustrations, which are excellent, are chiefly by Ernest Grisot.

Music and Morals. By the Rev. H. R. Havies, M. A 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work of very much more than ordinary merit. It is divided into four parts, Philosophical, Biographical, Instrumental, and Critical. The first treats of music in relation to emotion and morals, and shows a masterly familiarity with the philosophy of music. It is the second, or Biographical part, however, which will be most interesting to the general reader; for it notices all the eminent composers from Ambrose and Palestrina to Mozart and Mendellsohn.

Travels in Arabia. Compiled and Arranged by Bayard Taylor. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—Bayard Taylor, himself an accomplished traveler, has here gathered together all that is most valuable to know, respecting Arabia, He draws freely on the writings of Niebuhr, Burkhardt, Nellsted, Burton, and Palgrave. The work is one of real value. Numerous engravings illustrate the text. The volume forms one of that valuable series, "The Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure."

Wonders of Electricity. Translated from the French by J. Baile. Edited, with numerous Additions, by Dr. John W. Armstrong. With Sixty-Five Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 no. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—Another volume of that popular series, "The Illustrated Library of Wonders." Like its predecessors, it is distinguished by clearness of style, and copiousness of treatment, in this respect being a model for works of this class.

The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M. A. By the Rev. L. Tyreman. Vol. H. New York: Harper & Brothers.—
The story of Wesley's life is carried on, in this volume, from the year 1748 to the year 1767. The work improves as it progresses. At last, after the lapse of nearly a century, a really satisfactory memoir of this great and good man has been produced.

The Rival Collection of Prose and Poetry, for the Use of Schools Colleges, and Public Readers. By Martin Larkin. 1 vol., 8 vo., New York: J. W. Schemerhorn & Co.—The merit of this collection is, that it has selected, from earlier compilations of its kind, all the pieces, serious or amusing, in poetry, or prose, which had become especial favorites with the public. In other respects it does not differ from similar works.

The Screnth Vial. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—The burden of this treatise is the late French war, and the consequences resulting from it, all of which Dr. Cumming claims to have been foretold by Prophecy, and to foreshadow "the beginning of the end."

True As Steel. By Marian Harland. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—The author of this new novel is one of the most popular of American female writers. She always writes with a purpose, which, perhaps, is one chief reason for her success. "True As Steel," may be regarded, not only as her latest novel, but as her best also.

The Life and Times of Lord Brougham. Written by Himself. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The third and concluding volume of a very remarkable autobiography, which has already been noticed, more than once, in these pages.

Young America Abroad. By Oliver Optic. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A new novel of this series for juveniles. It is devoted to Russia and Prussia, and written with the author's usual animation.

A Noble Lord. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, 1 vol., 12 mo, Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a sequel to the "Lost Heir of Linlithgow," and is quite as absorbing a story as that.

Mand Mohan. By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new fiction by the author of "On Guard," "Theo Leigh," etc., etc. A cheap edition. quently turned, lest by constant exposure to a predominant aspect, they should become lop-sided.

Out of doors the fuchsia is, after all, but a second-rate subject for bedding purposes. For buskets or vases it is excellent. Also some varieties are fine as bushes and standards, to alternate with roses on a wide extent of lawn, and some again are admirable trained against a wall or tellis. They also mix well in pots upon the plunging system, and, indeed, where shaded somewhat from the mid-day sun, with rich food at foot, are scarcely anywhere out of place. They prefer a moist, warm atmosphere, love syringing at morn and eve, in or out of doors, and ablor dry heat, which fills them with red spider, the greatest insect enemy they have, though attacked also by the aphid tribes. A sheltered situation suits them best. When flowering, liquid manure may be given them, clear, and not too strong.

Another quality of the fuchsia, which renders it peculiarly valuable to amateurs, is the ease with which it may be kept in winter. If out of doors, it will be sufficient to cover the lower part of plants with six or seven inches of littet, or old tan, or haybands, or any other material that will keep frost from the lower part of the plant. If against a wall, mats may be used for covering the branches. Large specimens may have their stalks drawn close in and tied together, the whole being wound round with haybands; or special plants may be taken up, removed in-doors, and kept there, anywhere impervious to frost, but otherwise cool and dryish. Some persons make a pit and bury their fuchsias, impervious to the air, during the winter months. In pots they may be kept under the green-house, or in the sheds where room exists. Returning spring will find them on the move, when they may be trimmed or restored to their former positions, or otherwise dealt with at the cultivator's discretion.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM, LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VI .- MANAGEMENT OF THE INFANT.

Dressing.—The mother, as the natural and responsible guard: an of her child, should not forget that almost a constant slumber during "the month," is a necessary part of perfect health to an infant. Hence the rude manner in which infants, during the early period of their existence, are handled, jostled, and tossed in the air, by newly-made "aunties," or others, is a practice dangerous and injurious, unnatural and mischievous, as it continually tends to break the rest, and rob the infant of that quiet repose which is so suited to its nature, and indispensable to its health.

The exercise consequent upon the necessary handling, the unavoidable changes to which the child's body is subject, and the unrestrained motion of its limbs, are amply sufficient for its well-being at this early age.

If handled or carried much by visitors or relatives, they require it the more, and soon a mischievous habit is formed, and more trouble necessarily devolves upon the matter.

When handling is absolutely necessary, its back should be carefully guarded, for the many instances of curved spines that are dully seen are mostly attributable to this cause, or to attempts to make the infant sit in an erect position, untimely, or at an improper age.

It is fitting in this place to make a few remarks upon the infant's dress—that which is designed to subserve to the health and comfort of the new being. And yet, in visiting the nurseries of our fashionable circles, at least, and be-

holding the embroidered laces, and stiffly starched linens and edgings, like the teeth of a coarse saw, scratching and chaffing the tender skin of the infant, with some important parts of the body exposed or unclothed, and others superabundantly clad, one would hardly be otherwise than impressed with the idea that the requirements of idle fashion, or the gratification of empty pride, constitute at least one of the cardinal objects in the making and arrangements of the infant's wardrobe, whilst its health and comfort were the least of all consulted.

In view of this state of society, the expressive language of the poet is called up by memory, which reads thus:

"Such rearing 'mong the rich has thinned their house In early life, and laid, in silent ranks,

Successive with the dead, their infant race."

Such is the condition of things in what is called the higher ranks of society, where opportunities favorable to the acquisition of correct information are so numerous, and the resources of knowledge so available, whilst, on the contrary, and from the force of circumstances, a course nearly opposite is pursued by our plain German population, and those filling humbler walks in life; and they are rewarded in the satisfaction of seeing their offspring enjoy almost uninterrupted health, and vigor of constitution.

In general terms, every article of the infant's dress should be made subservient to its health and comfort. This will be found to consist, 1, in guarding against variations of external temperature, for which purpose fine white flannel is incomparably the best in all seasons, to absorb moisture in warm, and afford protection in cold weather. 2. In preserving a genial warmth for the healthy maintenance of the various functions of the body; and no material or combination of items of clothing can possibly take the place of flannel. 3. In protecting the body and limbs against external injuries; and flannel will fulfill this object better than any other material, as in the case of fire, etc.

In the use of one article of clothing, viz., the "band," or bandage, the mother should bear in mind that the degree of tightness proper for it to be pinned in the morning, when the infant's abdomen is particularly soft and yielding, becomes often quite too tight, painfully so, later in the day, when its stomach and abdomen become surcharged with milk, gases, etc.

Loosening the bandage, therefore, with smart friction with the hand over the bowels, as well as along the spine, will often be found to be the most soothing carminative for the child that can be employed.

THE DOOR-YARD.

Roses and Flowering Shrues .-- To those who have but a small bit of ground, say only a door-yard, we would recommend a circular bed of roses, not planted promiscuously, but in lines or ribbons, each circle a distinct color, all trimmed low, and consequently well branched. If the entire bed should be of one variety, the effect will also be very fine. For this purpose the China or Bengal class cannot be excelled. The ribbon style must be formed of prolific blooming kinds, as the White Daily for white; Hermosa for pink, and Agrippina or Louis Phillippe for crimson. These are all reasonably hardy, and when the bloom is over in autumn, they should be cut severely back, and covered with coarse litter. The succeeding year, should the soil be well enriched, they will increase in denseness, and nothing can exceed their beauty. Another pretty adornment for this smallest class of door-yards is the introduction of a group of smallsized shrubs, such as white, and rose-flowering Almonds, Deutzia gracilis, Spiræa callosa alba, Purple Berberry, red

and white Snowberry, etc., with a Kilmarnock Willow, or Dwarf Weeping Cherry in the center. The shrubs must be annually pruned into a rounded form, thus inducing a close growth, and preventing a tall habit. Occasionally a solitary shrub of large size may be judiciously introduced into a plot of this character, as for instance a Purple Flowering Magnolia; but in this case the specimen should be such as will strike the eye as novel in color, size, or peculiarity of bloom. We think the usual mixed flower-bed, frequently seen in such localities, is poor taste; and although we yield to no one in love for this class of plants, we should manage to create a pretty bed on the side rather than at the front of the house. Here let it receive a graceful, flowing outline, rather than the old-fashloued circle. In it the plants should always receive due care in their arrangement, with an eye to fitness and position, as well as beauty. Above all things. shun the now fashionable misnomers termed vases. allude of course to those little nondescript articles that are a burlesque on the name, and an outrage on good taste, and not to the large flower-baskets noticed in our Chit-Chat. In many of our country towns we have seen almost every inclosure disgraced with these wash-basins perched up on posts, with often a sickly-looking plant leaning over the edge, as if ashamed to be seen in such questionable company. And not only one, but frequently several together in imitation of a crockery establishment where the owner is desirous of displaying his wares. Now we do not wish to be understood as deprecating altogether this class of adornments, but in the name of good taste do let us exercise some discretion in the matter.

Never set out a large tree in a small door-yard, for in a few years it will overpower everything else, and what is even worse, will shut out the sunsbine from your house. Hardly a town-lot or cemetery-inclosure is laid out but this mistake is made, although ignorance in nearly every instance is the excuse, and justly so, too. Taking, for instance, a small cottage, with a few spare feet of grass in front-and, by-theway, what is more attractive than a well-kept sod?-in the place of a Norway Spruce or Austrian Pine, we would suggest what is termed a dwarf evergreen-one of the smaller forms of Arbor Vitæ, now becoming so popular, or a Juniper, with its variety of outline, or, perhaps, a form of the new genus Retinispora. If the front should have a northern aspect, the best plant for this purpose is either some handsomely variegated variety of Aucuba or Enonymus Japonica, The newer introductions of these are exceedingly attract.ve, and a group composed of distinct kinds forms an agreeable feature.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

In the Middle States and West the labor of the gardener will mainly consist in the tillage of the growing crops; the rapid growth of weeds at this season will admonish him of the necessity of timely exertion.

Asparagus, beds keep clean. Beans, Bush or Bunch, plant for succession,; and cultivate those in growth. Beets, thin the later planted. Broccoli, plant out those sown in April. Cabbage, ditto. Celevy, plant out a portion for early use. Oucumbers, sow successive crops. Corn, Sugar, plant for a succession. Endive, sow. Leeks, thin or transplant. Peas, a few may be planted as a succession,

In the South and South-West.—Plant Beans; transplant Cabbage, Cauliflower, and Broccoli: and seed may be sown as a succession for autumn heading, but it is uncertain. Chemmbers, Melons, and Squashes, may be planted. Sow Tomato for a succession. The chief labor in the garden had better be directed to what is already in growth; but few seeds sown in hot weather in a southern climate will repay the trouble.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

AP Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC.

To Preserve Rhubarb for Winter Use .- Prepare the rhubarb as for a pie, paring it, if necessary, and cutting it up into pieces, not too small; put these into wide-mouthed glass bottles or jars, nearly up to the neck; fill up with a little sugar; place the bottles, uncorked, into a boiler or other suitable receptacle, with cold water sufficient completely to surround the bottles, but not to flow or bubble over into them. A little hay or straw is useful to place at the bottom of the boiler, and if required, pack slightly between the bottles to prevent breakage. Now boil the whole pretty briskly. The rhubarb will shrink somewhat, and the hot contents of some of the bottles should be used to fill up the others, which, atter being submitted to the boiling heat for a time, should be quickly corked up, whilst still in the boiling water, and the corks covered over with melted cement, so as completely to exclude the air. If this process has been properly conducted, the rhubarb will keep fresh and palatable for many months. In our own family we have thus preserved it for more than a year. After the bottles have been once opened, and air admitted, the rhubarb will not keep for any length of time. If the object is to make preserves rather than to retain the fresh flavor of the rhubarb, the following plan, which, however, requires a considerable proportion of sugar, will be found to make a preserve almost equal to that of green-gages. Prepare the stalks as above, and boil without sugar, so as to drive off a considerable amount of watery juice. To each pound of the rhubarb thus reduced or "wasted," the housekeepers say, add a pound of sugar, (loaf is best,) and boil all together in the usual way, till the whole is sufficiently thickened to make a tolerably stiff preserve.

Quince-Marmalade.—Take the poorest of quinces; pare, core, and boil them in as little water as will cover them; when quite soft, put them on a sieve, and when cold weigh them and break them with a ladle. To a pound of fruit add one pound of good brown sugar; put them on the fire and simmer slowly for one hour, stirring constantly in them; put it into jars for use, covering very tightly. A great improvement is to add one-third of sweet apple to the quince; this requires no addition of sugar.

To Preserve Green Peas for Winter Use.—Gather the peas before sunrise, shell them immediately, and throw them into boiling water. When they have had one good boil, take them off, and when cold spread them thinly over a wiressieve. Place the sieve for six hours over hot wood-ashes, or over a very slow charcoal fire, so as to dry them gradually; then put them into bottles, and cork them carefully. In this way they will keep fresh till winter.

Another.—Pick and shell the peas when full-grown, but no, old; lay them on dishes or tins in a cool oven, or before a bright fire. Do not heap the peas on the dishes, but merely cover them with peas; stir them frequently, and let them dry gradually. When hard, let them cool, then pack in stone jars, and keep in a dry place. When required for use, soak for some hours in cold water, till they look plump, before boiling.

Damson Jam.—Ten pounds of damsons, ten pounds good sugar; strew half the sugar between layers of the damsons in a deep jar; place them in an oven, the heat of a brick oven after the bread is taken out, and leave them all night. In the morning draw away the syrup, and boil it with the remaining five pounds of sugar, which pour hot upon the damsons, and cover with suet, and tie over with bladder.

Mulherry-Syrup.—One pint of juice, one and three-quarter pounds of sugar. Press out the juice, and finish as cherry syrup.

Home-made Water and Cream Ices .- Put the mixture into a round, high tin, not more than four inches across (old corn-flour tins will be found very suitable, provided they do not leak,) and place the tin in the center of a large flowerpot, mersuring ten inches across. The flower-pot should be put on two pieces of board, placed over a basin, so that the water can run away into the basin beneath from the hole at the bottom of the flower-pot. The freezing mixture, composed of layers of ice and common salt, both broken up very small, in proportions of twelve pounds of ice and six pounds of salt, should be put in between the tin and the flower-pot, leaving a little (about three inches in depth) to go underneath the tin. Stop up the hole in the flowerpot with a lump of salt. The tin must be turned round with velocity; this can be done by placing one finger on the top of the tin firmly, and working it round and round. The top should be taken off in about ten minutes, so that, with a long-handled spoon, the mixture, which has frozen to the sides and bottom, may be scraped off, and stirred in with the rest, until all is evenly frozen. When finished, if the mixture have to wait some time before being eaten, it should be placed in a vessel with the salt and ice, in proportions of twelve pounds of ice, and two pounds of salt. Cover the whole well in a blanket, only removing it so as to add more freezing mixture. There can hardly be a doubt that the mixture would freeze quicker in pewter ice-pots; but they are expensive, and we have found the above answer very well. Biscuit Cream Ics.—To six yolks of eggs, well beaten, add gradually three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk, with a quarter of a pound of sugar boiled in it; stir well, then add six sponge cakes, and one ounce of ratafias; beat well together, then pour in a quarter of a pint of cream; when cold, freeze. Vanilla Ice Cream .- Boil three-quarters of a pint of new milk with a quarter of a stick of vanilla in it (having previously soaked in the milk for several hours,) also six ounces of sugar; pour this gradually on to the yolks of three eggs, well beaten; add three-quarters of a pint of cream, then stir gently in a jug placed in a sauce-pan of hot water over a slow fire, as for custard; when cold, freeze. Lemon Water Ice .-Make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and three-quarters of a pint of water; it should be well boiled in a bainmarie, or, if not handy, a jug placed in a sauce-pan of hot water will do equally well; make three-quarters of a pint of lemon-juice; rub the peel of four on to lumps of sugar, and add to the juice; pour in the syrup, let it stand two hours, then strain and freeze: when the ice begins to set in the tin, stir in the white of an egg previously beaten up with a little castor sugar. These receipts make one and a half pint each.

Cherry-Jelly.—Remove the stones and stalks from two pounds of dark-red, fleshy cherries, and put the cherries into a basin. Pound the kernels, and squeeze the juice of four lemons through a tammy. Mash the cherries with a wooden spoon, adding in first halfa pot of currant jelly, then the kernels, and lastly the lomon-juice, and mix all well together. Boil and skim a pint of thick, clarified sugar and isinglass. Put the cherries into a jelly-bag, pour the sugar and isinglass over them, and run through till quite clear. Add more sugar if not sweet enough, or more lemon-juice if acid be required. Wet the mould, place it in ice, and fill it with the jelly, not turning it out until the last moment.

Raspberry-Syrep.—One pint of juice, two pounds of sugar. Choose the fruit, either red or white, mash it in a pan, and put it in a warm place for two or three days, or until the fermentation has commenced. All mucilaginous fruits require this, or the syrup would jelly after it is bottled. Filter the juice through a flannel-bag, add the sugar in powder, place in the bainmarie, and stir it until dissolved; take it off, let it get cold, take off the scum, and bottle it. The addition of a few tablespoonfuls of good fruit syrup to a glass of iced water, or soda-water, produces a refreshing summer beverage.

Cherry-Brandy.—This cordial is much improved by adding the cherry kernels, which give the liquor that peculiar bouquet so much admired. Take six pounds of black and Morella cherries; stone half the quantity and prick the rest; throw the whole into a deep jar, adding the kernels of the half, slightly bruised, and two pounds of white sugar candy; pour over two quarts of brandy. Cover the jar closely with bladder, and let it stand a month, shaking it frequent,y; then filter the liquor, and bottle it for use.

To Freserve Strauberries.—To two pounds of fine, large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them for half an hour as fast as possible; have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cover the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

Raspberry-Jam.—Pick them over very carefully, as this fruit is very liable to worms; weigh equal quantities of berries and sugar, put the fruit into a kettle, and brake it with a ladle, and stir continually; let it boil quickly. When the watery particles are all evaporated, add the sugar; this is better than adding the sugar at first; let it simmer slowly for twenty minutes, then put in jars and cover.

Morello Cherry-Syrup.—Take the stones out of the cherries, mash them, and press out the juice in an earthen pan; let it stand in a cool place for two duys, then filter; add two pounds of sugar to one pint of juice, finish in the bainmaric, or stir it well on the fire, and give it one or two boils.

Raspberry-Vinegar.—To two quarts and a half of ripe raspberries put one pint of the best vinegar. Bruise them we.l, and let it stand three days. Strain the juice through a bag, and add its weight of sugar. Boil it, skim well, and bottle it closely.

SANITARY.

Bathing .- A daily bath for the whole body is not too much. Health may not absolutely require this, but there are few persons who would not be benefited by a complete washing of the skin from head to foot, at least once every day. The feet need washing as much as the head, as perspiration upon them is very abundant. Feet that are cased in wool and leather are not excepted from this necessity of cleansing. Digestion is freer when water is applied above the organs of digestion; and the washing of the chest helps one to breatho more freely. Bathing makes the limbs supple, and it opens the muscles to breathe from, if such an unscientific statement may be permitted. All will agree that in the second month of summer a daily bath is a luxury not to be omitted, but in winter it is hardly less necessary, and the reaction which follows makes it a luxury even in the most inclement season.

For the Sick-Room .- The following receipt makes a deliciously refreshing wash in the sick-room, and cools the aching head. Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage, and mint, a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar, and pour over it one gallon of strong cider-vinegar; cover closely, and keep near the fire for four days. Then strain, and add one ounce of pounded camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked. There is a French legend connected with this preparation called vinaigre a quatre volcurs. During the plague at Marseilles, a band of robbers plundered the dead and the dying without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried, and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the above receipt. Another mode of using it is to wash the face and hands with it before exposing one's self to any infection. It is very aromatic and refreshing in the sickroom; so, if it can accomplish nothing more, it is of great value to housekeepers.

Danger from Edding Nuts.—Medical men advise that salt should be taken with nuts, when eaten at night. "One time," says a writer, "hickory nuts were served in the evening, when a friend called for salt, stating that he knew of a lady having eaten heartily of nuts in the evening, was taken violently iil. Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but he had become too fond of his cup, and was not in a condition to go, he muttered, "Sult, salt;" of which no notice was taken. Next morning he found the lady a corpse. He said if they had given her salt, it would have relieved her. If they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled sait on this, and immediately it dissolved."

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Fig. 1.—Walking-Dress of White Hernani, or Grena-Dine.—The skirt is trimmed with four scant flounces, trimmed with a quilling of black ribbon, for which black lace may be substituted. The upper-skirt-and waist may be cut in one or separate, the waist having a little fullness in it. The sleeves, neck, and skirt, are trimmed like the flounces. Hat of white muslin, fastened down with black velvet ribbon. Pearl-colored gloves and parasol.

Fig. 11.—Walking-Dress of Green Striped Forlin.—The under-skirt is perfectly plain; the upper-skirt is one of those indefinable tints, with the slightest mauve tinge in it, and is made of plain twilled foulard. It is rather long at the waist, and the belt, band on the ruffles at the sleeves, and trimmings of the collar, are of green; a knot of green ribbon at the throat. Straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon, and a green gauze veil. Large, green parasol.

Fig. III.—Carriage-Dress of Gray Striped Silk.—One deep flounce trims the lower-skirt. The upper-skirt is long both front and back, is looped high up on the hip, and is trimmed with a deep fringe. The close-fitting basque, which is pointed both before and at the back, is also trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of gray straw, trimmed with a fall of gray tulle, and two of black velvet.

Fig. IV.—House-Dress of Pink Silk for a Young Lady.—A deep plaiting of fine, white, French muslin is around the bottom of the under-skirt. The apron-front, panniers at the side, sash-ends, sleeves, and waist, are all trimmed with white muslin plaitings. Round hat of white chip, trimmed with quillings of pink ribbon.

Fig. v.—House-Driess of White Muslin.—The lower-skirt lias a puffing of white muslin over a band of green silk or percalo. The upper-skirt, waist, and sleeves, are trimmed in a similar manner. Broad flat of Leghorn, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. vi.—Evening-Dress of White Muslin.—The trained skirt is trimmed with five plain flounces. The upper-skirt of white muslin is perfectly plain, and looped up with black velvet loop and ends. The low bodice, with short sleeves, is made of black velvet, and is worn with plaited fichu or collarette, edged with lace.

Fig. VII.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE HERNANI.—The lower-skirt, which is not very long, has one deep flounce, headed by a loose puffing, fastened down at intervals by bows and ends of black velvet ribbon. The upper-skirt opens in front, is rounded at the sides and back, and is edged with broad guipure lace, headed by a narrower puffing than that on the lower-skirt. The high, square-necked basque is edged with lace, and like the sleeves, is trimmed with black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give this month the usual varied amount of capes, fichus, etc., and are glad to say that these pretty additions to the toilet are becoming very popular; with their aid, old dresses, or sombre-colored ones can be very much brightened up at comparatively little expense. One of the prettiest fancies in the way of fichus is made of China crepe, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The prettiest are composed of two scarfs of crepe, which are joined to-

gether at one of the ends with a bow, likewise of China crepe. The fichu is made in such a manner that it can at pleasure be either at the neck or in the center of the back, or at the waist, according as the fichu is arranged, more or less forward in front. For ladies who are unwilling to wear tight-fitting garments in the street without something to conceal the figure, these plaited fichus are most convenient; sometimes they are made of crepe de chine, sometimes of black or white lace, black silk, or the material of the dress, edged with lace. These fichus are trimmed with bows, and are made according to the taste of the wearer.

The most popular style of dress is made with a round tunic, looped up very high at the sides, while a wide scarf or sashend of similar material to the dress is draped with flat plaits, and thrown across the back of the tunic, eventually falling at the side. This sush or scarf imparts a degree of novelty to the round tunic, which was beginning to be old-fashioned.

The large Louis XV. casaque, which opens in front over the skirt, and the Marie Antoinette polonaise, will now very generally replace the tunic and the talma, which have been so popular during the winter.

Waistcoats are also worn with morning costumes, even more so than with evening toilets. Several tunics are now made round in front, and open at the back, so that the skirt, trimmed with flounces, can be seen. These flounces are neither cut out nor gathered; they are laid in rather wide, flat plaits, and are frequently edged with a cross-band different from the dress.

White Dresses will be very much worn this summer, whether of muslin, mohair, grenadine, or any other cool, soft material. Black velvet will be used to loop up these dresses, with or without flowers, as the funcy may dictate, though any colored ribbon will look equally well.

BLACK Dresses of all descriptions are also popular. Black silk skirts are worn with thin-colored, or white over-skirts and polonaise; and black polonaise are worn over skirts of any color. An all black dress of either thin or thick material is very much brightened up by one of the pink, blue, or mauve China crepe fichus which we have described.

THE POLONAISE is so popular that comparatively few sacques and mantles are worn; but when worn, they are short, rather loose, have pagoda sleeves, and are trimmed with lace.

Bonners are really bonners now, and are worn larger than they were, though small enough yet; they are all high, though of an infinite variety of shape otherwise, and, if rather low, are trimmed to look high. All have fulls of black lace or tulle at the back, and nearly all have some sort of face trimming; jet is very much used on black-lace bonnets especially. Hats are very high also, except the flat Leghorn, called the "Dolly Varden," which is fastened up at the sides in a coquettish manner, and is really more becoming to most faces than the other styles.

The Hair is now, as a rule, worn very low in the nape of the neck, either in light waved chignons without any padding, or else in curls confined in an invisible net. For a simple morning toilet the hair is sometimes divided down the center, and plaited in two wide plaits, which are looped up, and an Alsatian bow is worn at the top of the head.

EMBROIDERY is still very much used on all materials, whether of silk, muslin, or woolen.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Gray Mohair for a Little Girl.—The under-skirt has a wide flounce, plaited very full, and known as the Russian plaiting; the upper-skirt and jacket are also of gray mohair, and are trimmed with a bias band of blue and white silk; large, white linen collar.

Fig. 11.—Dress of White Pique for a Little Girl.—The under-skirt is trimmed with six rows of white, fancy bradthe upper-skirt and jacket are scalloped out, and bound with the white braid. Chinese hat, trimmed with black velvet.



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WHEN THEY WENT YACHTING.

[See the Story.]

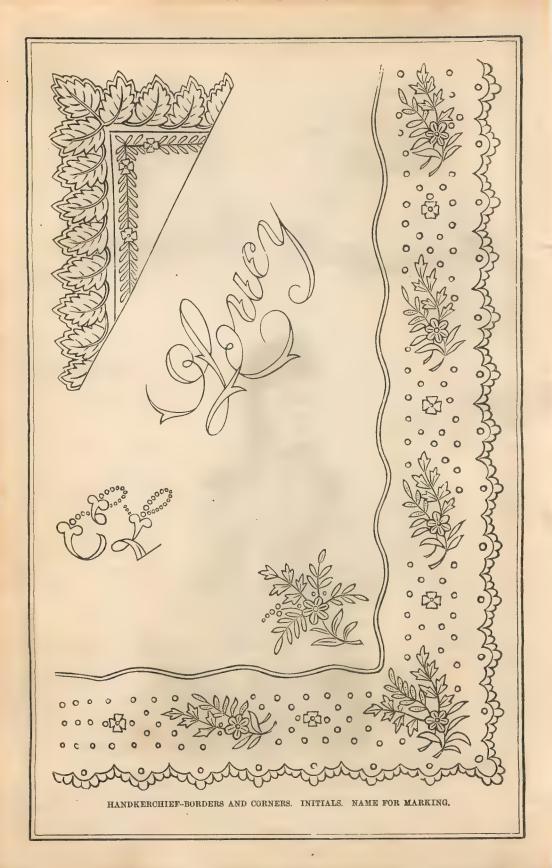


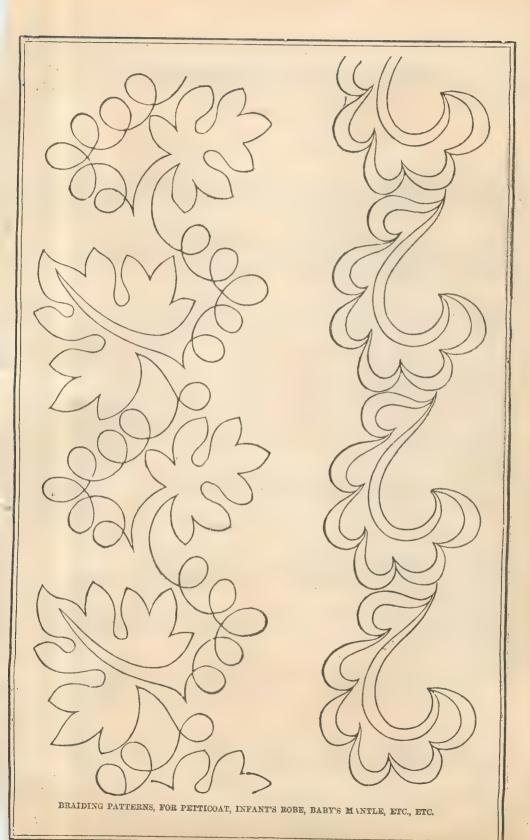












"DOLLY VARDEN."

SONG & CHORUS,

BY SEP. WINNER.







PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1872.

No. 1.

GRACE EVERSLEIGH'S GOLDEN HAIR.

BY L. MACDONELL.

I was just twenty-two when I first met Grace Eversleigh. It was at a ball, of which she was undoubtedly the belle. She was fair, tall, and graceful. But her chief beauty was in her exquisite hair, which was of the purest, pale, golden hue, and so luxuriant that the fair, young head appeared to bend beneath its weight. In whatever way it was arranged, whether in heavy braids almost as thick as my arm, or in silken, massive coils, or in curls that fell below the slender waist, or left to flow unbound, rippling down like a golden glory, it was always the most wonderful hair I had ever seen. I raved of Grace's hair by day, I dreamed of it by night: "the fair one, with the golden locks," I whispered in her blushing ear.

I and my sister Alice were orphans, and had lived together until about a year before my story opens, when Alice had married. Alice was different in character from myself: she was less imaginative, and more practical. She did not share my enthusiasm for Grace. "Take care! Take eare!" she said. "All is not gold that glitters."

It was a happy moment, when, after many a jealous pang caused by rival admirers, I ventured to press my first kiss on Grace's lips, and heard her low, "Yes," in response to my ardent protestations of love, and my offer of my hand. Alice, when I told her, the next day, made me, for the first time in my life, angry with her, for she called me a blind fool, and said I had thrown myself and my fortune away on one who was both false and artificial. But my anger was soothed by the warmth with which the Everslighs, one and all, received me. Old Mr. Eversleigh, after he had ascertained that popular report had not exaggerated the extent of my income, shook me enthusiastically by the hand, and declared that I was "a son-in-law after his own heart." His wife took me to her ample maternal bosom, bestowing on me a salutation

with which I could have willingly dispensed. I was kissed, blessed, and shaken hands with by all the aunts, uncles, and cousins; and people in general felicitated me upon being the happiest of men.

Alice, much as she disliked Miss Eversleigh, said she would call upon her. At this I forgave my sister all. "When you know Grace better, you will get over your prejudices," I remarked, as we drove to Mr. Eversleigh's.

We were kept some time waiting in the parlor before Grace made her appearance. In the meantime, Nellie, her youngest sister, a child of six, came in, to make sister's acquaintance. Alice was excessively fond of children. So the little one was soon established upon her knee, amusing her with her childish prattle.

"What a pretty curl you have," she cried, admiringly. "Can you take it off?"

"No, dear," answered Alice, laughing. "Not unless I cut it off; it grows upon my head."

"Grows!" the child repeated. "How strange! Why, sister Grace takes hers off every night, and puts it away in a drawer."

Alice gave me a malicious glance; but just then Grace, a deep frown upon her fair brow, entered. I could not understand why she spoke so sharply to little Nellie, and immediately sent her from the room. Alice did not enlighten me, merely remarking, when we had left the house, that Miss Grace Eversleigh's angelic attributes appeared to exist only in my imagination. "Certainly, her conduct to that innocent child was anything but angelic," she added, when she saw how little impression she had made on me.

The days of our engagement passed swiftly on. Alice's constant sneers only heightened my passion. Every hour I became more in love. Grace's maiden dignity increased the effect of her charms. Often I attempted to twine her silken curls around my finger; to toy with those golden, rippling waves; but I was always re-

Vol. LXII.-2

23

pulsed with a coy sweetness that left me more deeply infatuated than ever.

I was excessively fond of riding on horseback; so my first present to Grace was a beautiful horse; and almost every day we took long rides together. She was a graceful equestrian, and never looked better than in the saddle. She rode fearlessly, too, and this also made me prouder of her.

One day, as we rode together, I noticed that her hair was arranged with even more effect than usual. I complimented her the property saying detested anything stiff or artificial. In the arrangement of a lady's hair.

"Yes," she answered, sweetly; have such a quantity of hair I scarcely know how to hold it up. Sometimes I think I shall be obliged cut half of it off. Many girls, as you perhaps know, do not scruple even to wear fale 1 leair; but this appears to me to be contrary; a purity and dignity of womanhood. A true woman would not seek admiration and notice by adorning herself with borrowed ornaments. Mamma has always taught us to be natural above all things."

I was delighted with these admirable sentiments. They coincided exactly with my own. I looked at her again. Never had she been so beautiful. The close habit of blue cloth displayed the rounded form to its fullest perfection. Exercise had brought a vivid flush to the fair cheek, a bright light to the soft, blue eye. The jaunty black hat, with its waving plume, just shaded the sweet face, and the sun, shining full upon her hair, caused it to look like living gold. I became enthusiastic. I could hardly find words vivid enough to express my admiration.

Suddenly Miss Eversleigh grew deadly pale, trembled, and raised her hand to her head.

"I think! I think!" she gasped, "that—that my hair is falling!"

I was rather glad of the chance of seeing her glorious hair, in all its splendor, flowing down her back, and was about to say so, when her now evidently excessive annoyance checked my tongue.

"Do not be alarmed! I will hold Selim while you arrange it," I suggested at last. "No one will pass; take your own time."

Pale and breathless, and more agitated than ever, she endeavored to restrain the flowing profusion of her tresses. But in vain. Her hair, half unbound, fell upon her shoulders like a golden cloud. But it did not stop there. Was I mad, or dreaming? The glittering braids and waving curls, suddenly shot downward, and the next moment lay upon the ground, almost beneath black Selim's hoofs.

I looked at Grace in amazement. Confusion was written on every feature of her face. In place of the profusion of braids, which had orowned her graceful head, was one little yellow wisp, to which the description given by the French lady of her friend's hair, "two hairs, two inches long," might be applied. I was irresistibly reminded of a plucked fowl, and could hardly keep from laughing.

I understood it all now. My fair one's golden locks were only her own insomuch as she had paid for them. Beautiful? Bah! She was hideous in my eyes.

Without a word I raised the locks, the very touch of which caused me to shudder. Without a word she pinned them to her head.

Then we turned our horses' heads homeward. Without a word we parted, and from that day to this I have never seen Grace Eversleigh, or her GOLDEN HAIR.

BELOW THE DAM.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

The scene was Dell Eden; the play fortune hunting;
The actors, Kate Wentworth, Ralph Barnett, and I.
In the twilight we rowed on the pool, near the rapids,
Kate silently charmed with wood, water, and sky;
Although silence is golden, we raved in heroics
Of what we would risk for the maid of our heart,
Intent upon winning the beautiful heiress,
Who favored us both with most consummate art.

And, strangely enough, while yet we were talking,;
The flood-gates were opened. The waters rushed down,
Upsetting-our frail, painted boat like an egg-shell—
There was only one choice, it was to swim or to drown!

Alas! for our courage so vaunted, our valor,
We made for the shore: and the girl of our love
Was left to the care of a handsome young boatman,
Who saw her, and dived from the mill-dam above,

The place was quite dull, the seciety stupid:
So we soon quit Dell Eden—Ralph Barnett and I;
And among our traducers, some boldly asserted,
That, ashamed of our conduct, we left on the sly.
Near the close of the season, while staying at Nabant,
The greatest sensation the place had yet known,
Was Kate Wentworth, the wife of the handsome young
beatman.

Who saved her sweet life at the risk of his own.

WHEN THEY WENT YACHTING.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Unconsciously they made a very pretty picture, those two, as they stood there; she with her elasped hands resting on the bulwarks, her eyes cast down, and he, stooping forward to rest his elbow on the railing, that he might look up into her face; so particularly handsome, in his yachtman's uniform, that he was a more dangerous companion than usual.

A very pretty picture to an unprejudiced observer. But so differently do personal feelings make one regard effective tableaux, that, to Mrs. Acton, watching them from her distant seat, the scene was about as aggravating and absurd as anything well could be. The yacht was dashing gayly through the foam, a stiff breeze blowing, which kept the little craft at all sorts of unexpeeted and impossible angles, and Mrs. Acton, with the incipient sea-sickness, that had overtaken her before they were fairly afloat, so finely developed, that she dared not trust herself even to leave the bench, where she had found refuge, and interrupt the young couple who were braving her-outraging her and decency, too, would have been her way of putting it-in this highhanded manner.

The party on board was not a large one, and they were all too busy with their own affairseither flirtations similar to the one which excited Mrs. Acton's indignation, or occupied in concealing peculiar qualms and sensations akin to those which the lady felt grow stronger than her ill-humor-to notice her. Now she had by no means reached the age when she was content to sit unnoticed; indeed, the situation was a novel one, though it could not be said to possess the charm usually attributed to novelty. But she did not think the isolation had anything to do with the uncommon bitterness and disgust which filled her mind, not only for the pair she was watching through her weary, sea-sick eyes, but for life, people, the world in general.

And Herbert Wingard's voice could be heard from the cabin shouting for more brandy, and somebody else calling for tongue, and a bevy of young girls farther down the deck shricking with laughter over the senseless jokes of their cavaliers; and old Beau Tracy, stationed exactly opposite, straightened back against one of the masts, looking the impersonation of misery, and turning so many colors at once, that he made

quite a rainbow of himself! As if there was no place for him to be ill, but just at her side! And to think of any human creature brute enough to eat under such circumstances! And those idiots of girls with their giggles! And, oh, dear! that pair she was watching; and Herbert Wingard, no doubt, helping to ruin her scheme more utterly with his brandy guzzling; and she so hopelessly ill, that she could do nothing to mend matters-do nothing but glare at the youthful couple, who heeded her not a bit, and watched Beau Tracy grow greener, and bluer, and more orange, and ____ Mrs. Acton could bear no more! She had barely life enough left to turn her head and rest it against a friendly plank, and press her handkerchief close to her mouth, and groan outright, under her double burden of physical and mental woe and wretchedness.

If she could only get speech of Wingard, and persuade him to put back to Newport, beautifully ignorant of the fact, that, with the wind that was blowing, she might as well have asked that the yacht should tack toward Paradise! If she could have boxed Kate Merriford's ears, or ordered Tom Warner put in irons, or done anything but sit there and gasp, and wish feelly that the dancing bark might upset, and bury them all under the sun-lit waters forever!

Another glance at the young pair, more absorbed in their talk than ever; the much sound of Wingard's voice uttering a fresh order for brandy: the two gave her a slight return of the determination, which was, in general, one of her most prominent characteristics.

"Mr. Tracy!" she called, and the effort to speak was so immense, that her voice sounded terribly tragic. "Mr. Tracy, come and give me your arm. I want to go down stairs."

Poor old Tracy stared at her with sunken eyes, while a grayish-white varied for an instant the rainbow tints of his face, clung more tightly to the mast, and half-sobbed,

"I-I don't think you'd better go down. It's more-I mean it's-"

A sudden lurch of the yacht dislodged his frantic hold of the mast, and he was seated so suddenly at its foot that, for some moments, he had no doubt whatever that his false teeth had come out of the top of his head. Busy as the different groups were, they heard Mrs. Acton's

imperious command, and saw the ancient beau's ; mishap, and, whether sea-sick or making love, stopped to laugh, with the natural heartlessness of humanity.

"What a picture!" Tom Warner whispered to his companion. "And I am sure your sister is ill, too."

Kate Merriford came out of the unreal, enchanted world, where the charm of his voice had kept her for the last hour, and, once more commonplace and practical, wondered if she had gone utterly mad this bright, sammer day.

"What a state of mind Mrs. Acton must be in," pursued Warner. "Did you ever see any creature at once so ghastly and so stately?"

Kate was perfectly conscious of wishing that her sister might be ill, and speechless, for at least a month, and she rid of the horrible anger which she read in that lady's eyes.

"She wants to go down stairs," the young woman said. "Go and offer her your arm, please."

"Upon my word, it requires a great deal of courage to face her!" said he, with a shiver, and a comical look of alarm.

"A sure sign that you are conscious of having misbehaved yourself," retorte | Miss Merriford. "Go at once! Help in her extreme misery may give you some slight chance of pardon."

"Not a bit!" said he. "She'll hate me worse than ever, for not being able to hide the fact that she is sea-sick."

But Kate only ordered him away more imperiously; turned her head, and stood looking out across the foam-crested waves, wondering why she could not drift on, on through the beautiful afternoon forever, instead of going back to the ordinary world, with its wearinesses, and the necessity it must bring her of a firm, settled resolve, from which there could be no wavering.

Tom Warner made his way toward Mrs. Acton. · She saw him coming, and hated him more bitterly for his ability to walk so easily the inclined plane which the deck at that moment presented.

"Tell my sister I want her," was the only reply she vouchsafed to his polite inquiries, sitting up more erect than ever, though malicious Tom perceived with delight the sickly whiteness of her compressed lips, which a good deal lessened the grandeur of her attitude. He attempted some sympathetic inquiry; but she did not condescend to notice it, repeating more vehemently, and this time through her clenched teeth-not so much for dramatic effect, as because she dared not open them-" Tell my sister I want her, sir!"

There was nothing for Tom but to go back, and

ing, "She will have you within reach of her tongue, so let's go, and get it over!"

"For shame! Poor thing! She's ill!" returned Kate, reproving him all the more gravely, because she was conscious of feeling anything but tender toward her majestic relation at that moment. But she put as good a face as possible on the matter; at all events a very innocent one; and hurried up to Mrs. Acton, saying,

"Mr. Warner says you are ill. I am so sorry. Hadn't you better go below, and lie down in the little cabin? Perhaps it will go off very soon. Dear me, Mr. Warner, don't stand there helpless! What is good for sea-sickness?"

"Cold ham!" returned Tom, with a smiling brutality, which Mrs. Acton vowed she would never forgive in this world or the next. The fierce rage that swelled in her breast even got the better of the nausea for an instant, and she managed to answer with tolerable dignity-always through her teeth though,

"I am not aware of having told Mr. Warner that I was ill. I desired to speak with you. I shall be much obliged if you will accompany me down stairs."

Such a quantity of long words was absolutely appalling; but Kate consoled herself by thinking that, once below decks, Mrs. Acton would turn too horribly ill to talk at all, so was meek as Moses.

"I won't have-" Mrs. Acton could get no further in her refusal of that impudent man's assistance, for just then old Tracy, always helpless at the foot of the mast, was guilty of such unmentionable noises in his tortured throat, that Mrs. Acton felt herself rapidly turning inside out, and knew that her only safety lay in instant flight.

She grasped Tom's offered arm with one hand, clutched blindly at Kate's dress with the other, and was led helplessly away. The instant they reached the small box, called by courtesy a cabin, and Mrs. Acton smelled the brandy and water, which Herbert Wingard was still drinking-not being an over-good sailor himself, though he had lately taken to a yacht-that lady's nerves gave way completely, and she could offer no protest when Kate told Mr. Wingard that her sister must lie down in his little state room-a hole rather more like a sardine-case than the cabin itself.

Herbert Wingard had been drinking a great deal the night before, in the hope of properly steadying himself for this voyage, wherein it had been agreed between him and Mrs. Acton, that Kate should be deluded into uttering the offer his arm to Kate, with a rueful grimace, say- decisive word. He had taken more drinks instead of breakfast, and ever since he got on board, had been trying for renef from his ills in added libations. By this time he was in a state, when, even on shore, his legs would have tried to get away from him, in an effort to walk, and the words "National Intelligencer" would have been a horrible stumbling-block to his never very ready tongue.

He tried to straighten himself when he saw Kate; made a good many vain attempts at speech, in which consonants played so prominent a part, that he seemed to be talking a species of Hebrew, without regard to the dots which stand for vowels. While Kate was establishing her sister in the berth, Tom stood and watched his rival, and the other glared at him, conscious of a longing to take offence, and get up a quarrel; but finding it hopeless to control either tongue or legs, could do nothing but glare and breathe hard, as Tom regarded him with a smile of cool contempt.

"You-you shan't leave me," Mrs. Acton groaned to her sister.

"Very well; but I must get you some brandy, if that brute outside hasn't drunk it all up," replied Kate.

"Go away!" moaned the sufferer, completely upset by the thought of swallowing anything. "Go away! Oh, you dreadful girl!"

And Kate went, not because she was particularly hard-hearted; but really there was no help she could render, and standing by to watch the struggles of sea-sickness, is a task from which even one's guardian angel would have a perfect right to shrink; and no doubt does, however close the angelic visitant may cling at other times to his charge.

Kate closed the door upon the sufferer, and stood once more in the cabin, where Tom was smiling at Herbert Wingard, and Wingard was nodding in a momentary doze, from which Kate's entrance roused him.

"W-won't you have s-something, M-Miss Merriford?" he inquired, with immense difficulty, and a vacant, spasmodic contraction of the mouth, which he thought a smile.

"Yes," said Kate. "A little air, and I'll go on deck to get it."

"U's better here, till we g—get Southampton," returned Wingard, suddenly inspired with the idea that they had crossed the Atlantic. "It's little rough in C'h'nn'l, always. 'S'nothing for a sailor! There's W—Warner. W—Warner! He's sea-sick! I—impudent brute! W—Warner 'lw'ys was!"

He had exhausted himself in that superhuman effort at conversation. His head slipped off his hand, and reposed, with helpless grace, upon the

table; a fresh "exposition of sleep" had taken possession of him.

"Come away," whispered Kate to her companion, with a shudder of disgust. "I can't bear to look at him."

Tom stopped her, as she was retreating toward the stairs, and said, bitterly,

"It's a pity to lose the picture! That's the man they want you to marry! Why, he's worth millions! Look at him; look well, and think what life would be, when you belonged to him, when—"

"Oh, you are cruel, cruel!" gasped Kate, fairly wringing her hands.

"I am only showing you the plain truth," he answered. "If you are to marry him, try in advance how easy kindness or consideration on your part would be! Go up to him, smooth his hair, put a cushion for his head to rest on—any small attention or evidence of tolerance!"

"I would die first!" Kate fairly hissed, with a tragic gesture that was not acting.

"And yet, once his wife, you must!" pursued the unrelenting Warner.

Before she could reply, Mrs. Acton, having come back to a state of semi-consciousness, heard their voices; tried to get out to interrupt the talk, but could only fall back on the pillow, and call desperately,

"Kate! Kate!"

"Come up on deck," whispered Tom, eagerly. "You can't do anything for her—come."

She had been ready to weep; but the softened sound of his voice gave her sufficient self-control to grow angry at the lecture he had read her.

"You have shown me my duty," flashed she. "I'll stay, and do it."

"Great heavens!" he groaned, frightened out of his senses at once.

Kate broke away from his detaining hand, and moved to the door of the state-room; paused to fling another bitter speech at Tom; but was cut short by a trumpet-like sound from Wingard's nose, and away went tragedy! She and Tom were both terribly in earnest; but their sense of humor was finely developed, and they could neither of them have helped laughing, if their lives had just reached a culminating point more awful than the blackest part of Romeo and Juliet.

"Kate! Kate!" shrieked Mrs. Acton, anew.

"Will you come up?" whispered Tom.

Kate nodded, and entered the state-room. Mrs. Acton was a piteous sight to behold; but, suffering as she was, she roused up enough to abuse her sister, as only one woman can abuse another; but Kate busied herself in arranging the bed, and scorned to answer.

"You wicked, wicked girl!" gasped Mrs. Acton. "When so much depends on your marrying money. Think of what papa said, of the girls;" then a torrent of expostulations, until a fresh lurch of the yacht checked them suddenly.

"Do you expect me to wake the man out of a drunken sleep, and ask him to marry me?" cried sate, stung into forgetting her yow of silence.

"He's a fool!" cried Mrs. Acton. "Tell him to put us ashore. I will go ashore! I'll walk! I'll—Oh, oh, I'm dying!"

Not exactly; but she had reached that depth of sea-sickness where description must cease. Kate went away. Warner had disappeared; Wingard had come out of his dose; he had propped himself up against the sofa-cushions, and was staring straight before him with eyes which had no speculation in their stony gaze. Kate thought that she could pass without his noticing her; but the yacht was too fond of playing tricks to let her off. It bounced up, and settled on its side, as if it meant to sink, taking Kate so completely by surprise, that she nearly fell over the table.

"It must be Co—owes!" murmured Wingard, regarding her with a smile of beatific imbecility.

Kate gave him a glance of contempt. The yacht dashed back, and restored her equilibrium; but before she could move forward, Wingard stretched out his hand, and caught her dress—

"Something to say," he leered. "Very important—just a moment, M—Miss Katharine!"

"You are both intoxicated and an idiot," cried she; "but neither excuses such intolerable impertinence! Try to stop me again, and I'll have your own sailors throw you into the sea!"

His hand fell to his side. He could do nothing but stare. The utter preposterousness of her wrath set Kate laughing again. Wingard, in his confused state, took it for a sign of forgive-

"You've got such a b—beautiful smile!" he simpered. "You—you're going to m—marry 'ne, Kate! I'm awfully rich! Why, why, we'll buy France, as soon as we land. I mean the amperor—"

"I think you'd better not try to tell what you mean," she said. "If I were you, I'd go to sleep for awhile."

"It's the chan-channel," he whispered, confidentially. "Always acts so. I—I'm not seasick; but I—I'm dreadfully mortified, you know."

Kate ran off without further parley. Too far answer. She called again, adding an epithet gone to have any gleam of sense left, Wingard she would have been sorry to repeat in cooler searched mechanically for the brandy-bottle, moments. He only snored more seraphically. tried a fresh libation, and went fast asleep on the sofa, while Mrs. Acton, in the state-room, ominously convenient to her hand. She seized

heard his snores and grunts, and felt that she would risk everything, and smother him where he lay, if only she had strength to get out of her berth!

When Kate reached the deck, the yacht was moving through the water with comparative quiet, no longer pitching and tossing as before.

"Where are we?" Kate asked Warner, as he came up to her. "Why, here's land, on both sides, ahead, instead of the open sea, as there was when I went below."

"Well, you see," said Tom, porfentously grave, "old Masters came to me for orders, or, rather, to know what people would like. Wingard, with all respect be it said, was not in a state to be bothered. To get back to Newport, in the teeth of this north-east wind, was not to be thought of. We should have to tack, and double, and bounce, until I was afraid it might be the death of all those poor, sea-sick creatures, your sister included! So I told him to go about, and run up the Sound, before the wind. We shall be at Stockington before long."

He led Kate further away from the others, and she soon grew too much absorbed in his conversetion to remember anything beyond; even to wonder what could make her, at this crisis of her fate, so unlike the woman she had thought herself during the past weeks. She forgot the assistance she had meant to be to her father; forgot the poor, portionless younger sisters, waiting at home to hear that she had accepted Wingard's millions, and was ready to help them in the race for pomps and vanities-forgot everything, except that she loved Tom Warner with all her heart and soul, and would rather have jumped overboard that moment than accept the destiny she had been contemplating for the last month.

The easier motion of the yacht gradually brought such quiet to the groaning sufferers, that they came out of their woes, and were able to sit up and ask questions. Even Mrs. Acton was able, though with a good deal of difficulty, to get out of her berth, and go in search of her sister. She got into the saloon, saw Herbert Wingard still asleep on the sofa, as melodious as ever; and the sight was more than her tortured nerves could bear. She was a ludy of birth, and breeding too; that is, as much of one as a heartless woman can be; but the savage rose in her soul. She called his name; he only snored an answer. She called again, adding an epithet she would have been sorry to repeat in cooler moments. He only snored more seraphically. She was close by the table; a water-jug stood It, and threw the contents over the sleeper with a venomous satisfaction to which no words could do justice. He only turned his head, and commenced a new burst of melody on a higher key. It required a strong effort to keep from flinging the caraffe after the water; but she resisted, for fear of consequences, and tottered up the companion-way as best she could.

The first sight that met her was Kate, seated in the shadow of the main-sail, and Tom Warner whispering eagerly in her ear, utterly regardless who might be watching.

"What does this mean?" shooting out of her lips, like the report of a pistol close at their backs, was the only warning they had of her presence.

"You had better ask Mr. Wingard. He is the owner of the yacht," replied Kate, coolly, witliout so much as looking round; while Tom lazily pointed to the pretty, white-cottaged town they were approaching, and said,

"Stonington looks charming from here; doesn't it?"

"Stonington!" shrieked Mrs. Acton. "Do you dare to say you are taking me to Stonington?"

"I am only going with you," replied Tom, quietly.

"I think before we go yachting again with Mr. Wingard, we had better make sure he doesn't mean to take us to Land's End," added Kate.

"It's all your doing," cried Mrs. Acton, furiously turning upon Tom. "It's just a trick!

And to think of having to go back.——"

"We can take a train," interrupted Tom, "make the connection at Wickford, and get into Newport by bed-time."

"And I'm engaged to dinner at the Russian Ambassador's, and we can't get to Newport before half-past nine o'clock." Then a passing qualm from her yet unsettled stomach made her pause.

"What is the good of being declamatory, Julia?" asked Kate. "Mr. Warner has nothing to do with it! Either the owner of the yacht gave the orders, or the master thought it was cruel to try to tack back, when so many were sea-sick."

"I know better," retorted Mrs. Acton. "It's some plot! It has all been pre-arranged——"

"I wouldn't be silly, dear," interposed her sister, mildly.

"Permit me," exclaimed Mrs. Acton, taking refuge in dignity again; "allow me, Miss Merriford, to express myself as I see fit in my own house——"

She was interrupted by a burst of irrepres-

sible laughter from her listeners. "In my own house," was so much her shibboleth, in lecturing Kate, that the accustomed formula was uttered before she knew. No words could do justice to her feelings; so away she dashed, determined to wake Herbert Wingard, or kill him-in her present mood she hardly cared which. She succeeded, fortunately, in her first effort, which was to rouse him; that is, fortunately, so far as putting the matter in a criminal light was concerned; but in every other respect she could have wished that she had had recourse to her second plan. He did wake-wake a more hopeless lunatic than he went to sleep; only now he was ferocious instead of maudlin. He rushed on deck, possessed by the idea that somebody had grossly insulted him, fell foul of poor, old Tracy, and had to be pulled off by Tom Warner, and nearly throttled to make him let Tracy go, while several young women shrieked, and a dire confusion reigned. Then, without warning, he sat flat down on the deck, and wept bitterly, declaring that the whole world was against him, that he had not a friend left. Then he was seized with the idea that he had just one, and, of all men, that one was Tom Warner! He wanted to embrace Tom, and nearly upset Mrs. Acton by some unexpected movement of his rebellious legs, when he strove to rise. Tom had to settle him very roughly on a bench, and even Kate said,

"Don't hurt him!" and Wingard, catching the sound of her voice, began to shed tears, and sobbed,

"I—I'm not 'toxicated, M—Miss Merriford; but I'm m—mor—tified, m—mor—tified!"

They were entering Stonington harbor, so there was nothing for it but to have him carried down stairs, and stowed in the berth Mrs. Acton had vacated.

"How disgusting!" chorused several of the young ladies. "I never saw a man drunk before!"

"I am surprised at such language!" returned Mrs. Acton. "Mr. Wingard suffers terribly from sea-sickness; he has taken morphine, to my knowledge. It ill becomes us, who have accepted his hospitality, to utter such scandals!"

"Well," retorted that graceless Tom Warner, "at least one may say, it ought to be a warning to any fellow how he tries morphine."

Mrs. Acton attempted to glare at him; but she felt herself that the attempt was a failure. She was ill yet; horribly nervous; afraid that the scene might render Kate utterly unmanageable; and, worse than all, she knew that her hair was out of ourl, and that, altogether, she was a much more picturesque than presentable object.

Wingard was forgotten in the all-engrossing subject of what was to be done. Mrs. Actor tried to assert the supremacy she usually contrived to gain in any company, announcing that they must go straight to the railway station. But the young people flatly rebelled, for the train would not be along for hours, and even the elders felt too empty and weak to undertake any sort of journey until after they had dined.

It was already late in the afternoon. They had set out only for a short sail, and had been absent over five hours. Mrs. Acton found herself overruled, and, before she knew it, was landed, and in the hotel.

She got up to the room assigned to her and her sister, but such a blinding, sick-headache had come on, that she was forced to accept Tom Warner's aid to mount the stairs, and, as if that was not humiliation enough, she grew so dizzy and faint, that she could not so much as open her mouth to scold Kate for her duplicity, and her abominable conduct in general.

Kate did everything she could to make her comfortable, and, that done, considered that she had a right to join the rest of the party at dinner. Mrs. Acton would have insisted on her having her dinner in the chamber, so that she might not lose sight of her; but she knew that the bare smell of food would be her death; so Kate got away. Before the meal was over, Mrs. Acton indulged in nervous spasms, painful, though not alarming. Kate and all the ladies of the party had to rush up stairs; a doctor was sent for, and Mrs. Acton drenched with ether, and quieted with red lavender and hydrate of chloral. In spite of herself, of her determination to watch Kate, and to get back to the ambassador's party, she fell fast asleep, and never woke until it was almost morning,

When she did waken, it must have been from some dream of the festivity of which she had thought so much, for, seeing Kate partially undressed before the mirror, she called out,

"Aren't you ready yet? We shall be late!"
"You are dreaming," said Kate, approaching
the bed; "but don't wake up, for it is only halfpast two."

It took some moments to make the lady comprehend where she was; then she waxed indignant, because she had not been wakened in time to catch the train. Kate explained that the doctor had said she must rest, and so all the party had decided to remain, and go home in the morning, telegraphing the reasons back to any relative who might have a right to be anxious. Mrs. Acton was soothed for a little by the idea of the whole party awaiting her movements;

then she asked what time it was, and, on Kate's' telling her again, she rushed into a fury, remembering Tom Warner, and cried,

"What on earth have you been doing till this hour?"

"Dancing, a part of the time," replied Kate, returning to the dressing-table, and beginning to brush her hair. "We found the people here at the hotel were to have a ball, so we all went in to amuse ourselves a little."

"Oh, indeed! That accounts for the wonderful sympathy you all showed in staying with me," snapped Mrs. Acton, trying to be witheringly sarcastic, but only attaining to spitefulness.

"That accounts for it," replied Kate. "But now you must go to sleep, like a sensible we-man; you can quarrel with me to-morrow. I don't feel in the mood for it to-night."

When Kate spoke in that tone, Mrs. Acton knew it was wiser to keep silence; and just at this juncture she did not venture to try her sister too far. She longed to ask if anything had been seen or heard of Herbert Wingard, but reflected that it might be dangerous. With the recollection of that disgraceful scene fresh in her mind, inspired, too, by Tom Warner's dangerous companionship for so many hours, Kate might suddenly go into one of her desperate fits, and vow never to speak to the man again. The vow, once made, would be kept, Mrs. Acton knew. Neither she, or papa, or anybody, on any consideration, could move Kate, after she had once done that.

Worried, worn, anxious as she was, Mrs. Acton felt confident that there was no hope of her ever sleeping again; but she did go to sleep in less than a quarter of an hour, and dreamed that Tom Warner was the Flying Dutchman, and had run away with Kate, while she and Wingard—the latter transported into a rum-cask, endowed with speech—stood on the shore, watching the vessel disappear, and both were frightfully seasick, just from regarding the motion of the craft.

But Kate, regardless of her sister's dreams, sat leaning her beautiful head upon her hand, gazing absently into the mirror, though it was not the reflection of her own face she saw there—only a floating, charming phantasmagoria, like premonitions of the future; but never once a cloud over the sun-light; never once the sound of Herbert Wingard's voice, or the sight of his hateful face to disturb her; no trace of the future, which, with relentless hand, she had marked out for herself; no costly bridal robes; no diamonds to mock her with their cold glitter; no sign of the foreign courts she had meant to

tread; no brilliant schemes for her young sisters; no plots and plans for the comfort of a selfish father, who had recklessly spent, not only the portion gained from his wife, but the competency which should have belonged to his daughters. There was nothing of all this! She saw a broad sweep of western prairie; a modest home, made beautiful by peace and content; herself happy therein, and, wherever she moved. Tom Warner's face was beside her, Tom Warner's voice uttering words only less sweet than the dear vows he had breathed in her ear so short a time before. So the night passed, and when, in the gray dawn, she lay down on the bed beside her sister, the beautiful face, whose one fault had been traces of pride and self, was so softened and purified, that it might have been the face it should appear when, the storms of this life over, the clearer light of a higher sphere had obliterated the last touch of earthly weakness or shortcoming.

Two weeks went by. The pleasant rush of sea-side life had gone on according to its wont, and Kate Merriford was more admired and liked than ever. After two or three days, Herbert Wingard appeared at Newport again, and the world agreed in forgetting the misconduct of which he had been guilty. What else could be expected in the case of a man, who, during the last five years, had found in Wall street, one of those colossal fortunes, which change owners there almost as frequently as the colors in a kaleidoscope do their forms and combinations?

Mrs. Acton had supposed she would have a good deal of difficulty in persuading Kate to be civil, much less to get her back to the point once reached after great trouble, that of making her ready to accept him and his millions. Wingard went to Mrs. Acton to know what was best to be done, and she, with a rather fluttering heart, sought Kate, olive-branch in hand. But Kate only shrugged her shoulders, and said disdainfully,

"As if anything could make him either better or worse! Tell him not to apologize; that I won't bear! Let him be discreet for two weeks. I am not supposed to know yet that he means to propose to me. I pity him if he does it before then!"

Mrs. Acton had to be content. She pegged a little wisdom into Wingard's head by dint of constant effort; wrote to her father that all was going well, and nearly broke every blood-vessel in her body trying to be sweet to Kate, for fear the reckless girl should yet ruin her future; and Kate tried her patience to the utmost—there was no doubt of that.

Mrs. Acton had one gleam of comfort during these restless days. Tom Warner had left Newport. She could not help believing that Kate finally sent him about his business; indeed, the young lady did once say,

"He will never make me misbehave any more. Don't talk about him."

Herbert Wingard was just as fond of Kate as he was capable of being of any human creature. It was what he called love; and certain it is, that he would have given anything, tried any art, from pitch and toss to manslaughter, to gain possession of the beauty which appealed so powerfully to his coarse, brutal nature.

He was obliged to go to New York for a few days. He must start at once. See Kate first he would. Even Mr. Acton could not stop him now; and as the time the young lady had demanded expired that morning, there seemed no reason why he should delay.

Mrs. Acton managed that Kate should be alone in their parlor at the hour he was to come. She herself made sure that he was arrived; then she took refuge in her chamber, and nearly had a nervous spasm, with impatience and dread.

Half an hour went by. Should she never be sent for to represent papa in the matter of consent and benediction? Could that crazy girl have refused him after all? Just as she started to her feet, like some woman in a play, so frenzied by the bare idea that high tragedy became natural, a knock sounded at the door.

Of course, she knew it was a servant to summon her to the drawing-room. Instinctively she ran to take that peep into the mirror which she would have given on the road to execution, then bade the person who tapped appear.

"Miss Merriford wants me? I'll go down," she said, without turning round.

"If you please, ma'am, it's a telegram from New York," said the servant. "Wasn't prepaid, but they paid it in the office, ma'am."

From her father, no doubt. No one but he ever sent telegrams unpaid. Catch him doing it when the expense could come out of anybody else's pocket! He was fond of telegraphing, though, and often did on the most frivolous pretexts, thereby causing his daughters to forget the respect due the author of their being in all sorts of feminine imprecations over his selfish carelessness.

"Oh! give it to me!" she said, rather impatiently; not the least excited by the arrival of the message.

Mercury disappeared. She delayed the tearing open of the brown envelope to mutter indignantly, "Just like papa! Probably he has telegraphed to say some utter stupidity! There never was a woman so badgered and bothered by a set of utter incapables as I am. Oh, that Kate! But she never would dare——"

She broke off in her apostrophe—opened the paper—stared at the writing—and fairly shrieked aloud.

"Stop short! W is ruined! Gone up utterly!"

She made a dash toward the bell-pull; remembered that, probably, her sister would not come if she were sent for. Every instant was precious. Kate was sure to dally and fight off, and Wingard was rather slow of speech—she might be in time. If not, if Kate had really accepted him, Mrs. Acton knew the girl well enough to be certain she would not forsake the man in his trouble. She would cling to him; heaven only knew of what she was not capable—maybe, turn about and love him.

She was thinking these things while she ran down stairs; thinking, too, that the wretch had known of this, and meant to secure his prize before the truth could come out; confident that Kate's word once given, would be kept. She was at the parlor-door—burst in. Kate stood by the window, looking out abstractedly. She was alone.

"Where is he? Did you send him off?" said Mrs. Acton.

"Mr. Wingard?" asked Kate. "No; he had o go—"

"You didn't say you would marry him?

"What?" cried Kate, interrupting her in her turn. "Would I have dared refuse him?"

"He's ruined! The wretch! The beast!"
moaned Mrs. Acton, dropping into a chair, and
solbing like a baby. "He has deceived us!
There's no truth in him! You'll not marry him?
Send him word what a villain he is; retract your
promise. Kate, you couldn't be so mad!"

"Do you think I would promise to marry's man one hour and send him away the next, because I found he had lost the fortune which tempted me?" demanded Kate. "I might be mean enough to sell myself, but I am not capable of such a depth of infamy as that, Julia."

"Papa will put you in a mad-house!" cried her sister. "You can't do it—you shan't! I'll telegraph to papa to see him. I'll——"

"Hadn't you better hear me out, and save yourself trouble?" asked Kate.

"I won't hear! Why it's lunacy! Marry that beast! Ugh! The bare thought is enough to make a decent woman shudder!"

"So I thought, but I put it in milder terms," said Kate.

Mrs. Acton went into new spasms, but this time from delight. The door opened. As in a dream, she saw Tom Warner appear. He caught Kate in his arms, and exclaimed, in the midst of a thousand passionate phrases,

"Your father expects us at once; it's all right.

Mrs. Acton, will you congratulate your new
brother, though it comes just two weeks too
late?"

"Now you know why I refused Mr. Wingard," she heard Kate say, her senses still dazed and reeling. "I had a gleam of sanity on the yachting trip, and Tom took advantage of it to marry me that evening. Oh, Julia! Julia! I don't deserve all the happiness I have gained! He is able to do as much for papa and the girls as even you could wish, but he wouldn't tell me. He wanted to make sure what little heart I had was his, whether for riches or for poverty," and she began to sob in her turn.

"The noblest heart ever a woman owned," cried Tom; and Mrs. Acton, in her ecstasy, did what no prophet could have made her believe would come to pass, kissed Tom Warner, and begged him to like her a little for Kate's sweet sake.

HYACINTHS.

BY RACHEL A. SMITH.

OH, rare, white hyacinths! rosy-tinged, Ye bear to my heart a story. Around your chalices, odor-brimmed, There circleth a cloud of glory.

For yesternight, when the yellow moon Lay half asleep in the heaven, These waxen flowers, with a crown of dew, To me, by my love, were given.

They clung awhile to her soft, white hand; Their petals were scarcely whiter; The tinge glowed bright on their snowy cups, But the rose in her cheek was brighter.

She raised their heads to inhale the sweets,
(The moon through a cloud was sliding,)
And gently down on their dewy brows,
A kiss from her lips came gliding.

Oh, fond, frail hyacinths! soon, too soon, Ye'll fade; but your former glory Will haver still, round your petals brown, And whisper the same sweet story.

MODERN PICKWICK. HER

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

vexatious; and I would not have believed it of Charley-no, never!

Charley Leigh, whom I've known all my life; ever since I was a little girl, when he used to bring me packages of red and white pepper- larly-and has done so ever since I can remints, with a mysterious odor of segars about member-to play whist with papa and two other them, and help me to jump rope in a shady gentlemen. All my teazing or laughing won't corner of the park; Charley, with his queer, old coax him away from that card-table in the library, bachelor ways, and his prosaic ideas of life, to where he sits and plays rubber after rubber until come and try to make love to me. Well! I never was so annoyel before.

I'll tell you all about it, my dear, new diary, with your pretty Scotch plaid cover, which I have just purchased, and in which I am about making my first entry for the new year. I never had a diary before; but I am now eighteen years old, and going out into society, (to meet my fate -who knows?) and Adele Watson says it's the "correct thing" to write out one's experience in a diary. By-the-way, I must be very careful not to leave it lying about, as it would not be wise to betray my lovers' (?) secrets. Adele is seven months older than I, and has had two offers, (I've had one-that wretched Charley;) and she gives me plenty of good advice, and I like to have her-when she doesn't put on too many elderly airs.

And, by way of beginning the new-year diary, let me set down that Charley did it, yesterday morning, before any callers arrived. I shan't be able to tell you what he said, for he was so long about it; and I was so dazed and bewildered by his ridiculous behavior, that I hadn't two ideas left to entertain my visitor with. Charley is such an absurd-looking person. Oh, dear! not at all the man that Adele and I have decided is to be the hero of my romance. Now, for instance, Charley is short and fat, and his face is smooth and shiny, and his hair light molassescolor; and he actually wears spectacles. Not eye-glasses, which might be distingue, but genuine, regulation spectacles; and he has a funny way of putting his arms under his coat-tails, and beaming benevolently over the aforesaid glasses upon the company, which made me, saucily, enough, I admit, dub him "Mr. Pickwick." The name fitted him so exactly, that the family Bobby, calls Charley, "Picwic," and wants to study Ruskin, (to improve my style, as Louis

Jan. 2, 186-.- I REPEAT it, it was excessively; know if, "when summer comes, we'll sit on the grass an' eat him, sissy?" For which speech the young cannibal received a paper of peanuts from the much-enduring Charley.

Mr. Pickwick comes here once a week, regutwelve at night. Stupid creature! He doesn't appreciate me (for all his making-believe he's so fond of me) half as much as Louis Delaplaine, who pays me lovely compliments in French, and sends me such flowers! I have strong suspicions (don't betray me, diary; I wouldn't mention it to any one but you and Adele;) I really have strong suspicions that Louis Delaplaine is my beau ideal. He is so handsome, and has such charming, finished manners; dances divinely, (imagine Charley Leigh dancing "the Boston!") and-and-I think he likes me. Why, New-Year's day he said he -- No! I won't tell even you, diary. I declare, my cheeks are quite hot and red for thinking of it! Oh! Louis, Louis! Do you really love this absurd, flyaway Nettie?

Feb. 23.-I am positively ashamed when I look at my diary, and find only one entry. But, dear me! when a girl is just "out," and goes to balls four nights in the week, and matinees and afternoon Germans, why, I'm too sleepy when night comes, to do more than step out of my ball-dress, ring for Fanchon, mamma's maid, and fall asleep before the dress is fairly picked up off the floor.

I wonder if all girls have such a glorious time as I have had this season? Somebody gives a ball for Nettie Romaine one night, a theatreparty the next, or sends her a box at the opera for the third. Nettie's head is in a fair way to be turned. Why are people so very kind and good to me? There is nothing very attractive about me, except (where's the use of being modest in the privacy of one's diary?) except my pretty face. It is a pretty face, I know; but I do sometimes wish it wasn't. Am I a goose, or are my brains only torpid for want of use? took it up. Even my mischievous baby-brother, I believe I'll go to work and read essays, and

says,) and then see if I can keep up with him in fell, suddenly; ever so many men were ruined; his brilliant, witty conversation.

I'm so happy to-night, diary. I think that's the reason why I am sitting up an hour later to write it down on your fair, white pages. I sent Fanchon away, and put on my blue wrapper, and I'm building the loveliest air-castle imaginable. Not that it's all air, by any means. Louis loves me!

It seems like a dream; indeed it does. It happened this afternoon, after we came in from riding. Louis stayed for a few moments, and when I went over to the piano, and began to play the chords of his favorite song, he followed me, and—and—He kissed me! and, oh! how happy I am!

It was too vexatious; but just as I sat there, so shy and shamefaced (for I can't learn to take these things as coolly as Adele; she sits down, and tells me all her lovers say, without a blush. Do you suppose I'll ever come to that?) as I sat there with the hottest possible cheeks, Louis looking all devotion, who should march in but Charley. He's such a blind-bat that he got close to the piano before he discovered us.

"Oh!" said he, covered with confusion, and turning pink, "I came to see Nettie! Ah! That is—— Isn't it nearly dinner-time?"

Of course, that brilliant suggestion made Louis start up, with an apology, and take abrupt leave. I wanted to pinch Charley, but I couldn't do more than give him a provoked frown, for papa came in at that moment. I wonder why Charley gave me such an odd, mournful look over his spectacles, as we went out to dinner? It's absurd for "Mr. Pickwick" to look sentiment; but, positively, there was something in that glance which I can't make out; it has haunted me ever since. Nonsense! What's Charley Leigh to me? Louis loves me; I care for nothing else! April 20 .- I take up my diary with eyes so dim that I can hardly see the page. And yet I feel as if writing would be a relief to me. There Down splashed a tear, and made that great blot! Nettie, be a woman, and try to bear it.

Between this entry and the last, a long gap of pain. What a merry-hearted girl it was who sat here in the blue-wrapper that night. I look in the glass, now, and see my black dress and heavy eyes, and pity this pale, sad creature. I ought to be ashamed to do it. How dreadful to have grown morbid enough to pity oneself.

Let me try to write out a few things calmly. That next day, the 24th of February, the crash came. I have not a business head, or a clever way of telling business details; but something went wrong in Wall street, and stocks and gold

fell, suddenly; ever so many men were ruined; but the worst and blackest ruin of all was my dear papa. Poor papa! He sits down in his little room (a den, I call it, after our house in Madison Avenue) and looks grayer and older every day. And no mamma to help him to bear it.

Oh, mother! laid away under the sod, where the spring violets are beginning to push their sweet faces up toward the sunshine, do you know how we want your tender heart and helping hand? Mamma, come back! God help us!

That was the hardest of all, you know. We set ourselves to look poverty and adversity in the face with comparative cheerfulness: but when mamma sickened and died, (she was ill only three days) then it seemed as if there was nothing but blackness and desolation. I can't talk about it calmly, even yet.

Papa behaved splendidly. How proud I was of him! He gave up everything to his creditors, and, if we children had not had our little fortunes from grandpa Turner, I think we must have gone to the poor-house. We left our beautiful house, and came into this queer, dark, little house, away over in East Thirty-Fifth street, and papa has taken a book-keeper place in the bank where Charley Leigh is cashier. And that puts me in mind. I don't know what we should have done without Charley to assist poor papa, and counsel him. All through that dreadful week he was with us; he fairly lived in our house, and got papa, at last, to take this place in the bank, "till something better turned up." I am thank. ful to say that Charley has forgotten all about his ridiculous fancy for me and last New-Yearday's performances, and has gone back to being fatherly and useful-more Pickwickian than

April 30.—I had to run away, and leave my diary just there, for Bobby was crying for mamma, and nobody can quiet the poor little fellow but "sissy;" and, after that, Emma had her French lesson, and Harry his Latin verbs; so I got no opportunity to write more. Charley came in to play whist; but as papa seemed interested in talking with Mr. Sampson, Harry appealed to him.

"Eh? What?" said Charley, with the Pickwickian glance over his spectacles. "Don't disturb your tatner. Give me that book; Nettie looks tired." And that was the last verb I had to hear for that night.

It's very queer. I don't understand it; but Louis hasn't been here for ever so long. Only once, since mamma went. But he wrote me a beautiful letter; yes, a really beautiful letter, though, somehow, it seems cold to me as I read it over now, for the twentieth time. It's all about being "resigned," and how happy dear mamma is; but he doesn't once say that he loves me—me, the poor, little girl, who is hungry for one fond word. What was it that Charley said, when he saw me that day—the day God took mamma: "My poor, little Nettie! A stormwind has beaten your bonnie head to the ground."

Charley's voice was choked and broken, and his horrid, gold-rimmed spectacles were wet and dim; but it was nice of him—very. I didn't know that "Mr. Pickwick" had so much poetry in him.

May 28.—And my birthday. I got up feeling sad enough, but I did not have much time to think of last year's fete, for Bobby got away from his nurse, and frightened the family by tumbling down the entire flight of back-stairs, which, by-the-way, are so long and dark, that I only wonder how he has escaped doing so before. He was more terrified than hurt; but he has a big lump on his forhead, and a black-and-blue mark on his knee; so I have taken him to sleep with me to-night, and shall write a page here before I go to bed.

I did have a present to-day; such a lovely one, that I knew it could come but from one person—my dear, handsome Louis! It was like his delicacy to send his gift anonymously, for fear papa would not let me accept it. The parcel came just after breakfast, and, inside it, I found just the loveliest pair of bracelets—onyx, with a buckle of gold, and studding each buckle, six, large, beautiful pearls. I haven't shown them to any one except Charley and Adele. Adele's manner was so odd; she asked me if I had written a note to thank Louis. I told her I meant to wait until I saw him; and she said he had gone to Chicago for a month.

Why, he did not come to bid me good-by; but, of course, this was his lover-like way of letting me know that I was never forgotten. What could Adele mean by asking me if I was sure Louis sent them?

I showed Charley the bracelets, and he smiled, in that beamy way of his, which always reminds me of a full moon, and asked who sent them. Of course, it was a very natural remark, but I got quite hot over it.

"There is but one person whom I could think of accepting them from," said I, loftily. He stared

"And who may that be?" said he, slowly.

"Louis Delaplaine," said I, rather triumphantly, and I am afraid that my face betrayed the whole. But Charley walked off to see papa. I do think he might take a little more interest in what concerns me.

(N. B.—I put the bracelets on, and now, just as I'm ready to put out the gas, one won't unclasp! Well, it's rather pleasant to think, that though Louis is far away, I am, after a fashion, his chained captive. Nettie, you goose! go to bed.)

June 8 .- I have not been able to keep my diary with any regularity. What, with the children's lessons, and housekeeping, and mending, my hands are pretty full. And we have had an invasion. I am principled against domestic invasions, particularly when they come in the form of a female cousin. Papa could not help it, for aunt Maria wrote to ask him if cousin Sophia could come here for her summer shopping, giving, by way of an equivalent, an invitation to "Nettie and the children" to spend the month of July with them at Nahant. Now, I know that papa has been dreading the long, hot season for Bobby and Emma, and he would have welcomed Medusa herself, if she had promised a change of air for his babes; therefore, he was unaffectedly polite and kind to Sophia Nesbitt, and evidently expects me to be equally so. I sometimes take the most unreasonable prejudices. Dear mamma once warned me of that fault. I don't like Sophia, and for the same excellent reason that the nursery rhyme gives for not liking Dr. Fell.

She is pretty and stylish, and not old, although she may be five years my senior; but, somehow, I think she's sly. And the way she purrs around Charley Leigh is plainly disgusting!

To begin with, she asked me a multitude of questions about him, and, especially, whether he was rich. I told her, I believed, he was; "but," said I, maliciously, "he has three sisters to take care of." Her countenance fell, and I indulged in a little private chuckle; but at breakfast she pumped papa on the same subject, and he, poor, innocent man, set Charley's means down at a far larger figure than I had ever imagined. Sophia cooed gently, and I was vexed, and would not send for hot coffee for her second cup, although I knew that what remained in the urn was stone-cold.

And that night, as luck had it, Mr. Sampson couldn't come to play whist, and Sophia said, modestly, that she would play, to make up a game. I hate whist! I never could learn it, and, what's more, I never will; so Charley's journey to the nursery for me was of no avail, and Sophia sat down in my stead. And it turned out that she played capitally. Charley eulogized her performance until I was sick of the subject, and, if you'll believe it, when I went to bed at halfpast twelve, there those people sat, playing still,

Charley banging the table, and crying, "By Jupiter!" every ten minutes, over her good play.

Since that night, Charley has behaved in the most perfectly ridiculous manner, as far as Sophia is concerned. He appeals to her opinion in everything, and is Pickwick intensified—acts like a great, shiny idiot! And she defers to him, and quotes him, and purrs about him to papa. Bah! I'm out of all patience. The idea of my being so foolish as to give a whole page of my diary to Charley Leigh.

Louis Delaplaine Mas not come home yet, and Adele has not beed here for three days. What can be the matter?

June 10.—Pave had a weary day. Bobby is ailing, and did not finish the mending; and Mary, the cook "gave warning;" and Charley sent a splendid basket of flowers to Sophia. There! I was just going to say something mean, but I won't, on second thoughts.

June 30.—How I have ever lived through today is a mystery! The world seems to have turned topsy-turvy, and I'm not at all sure that I shan't wake up, and find it's all a dream. To begin properly: this morning cousin Sophia got ready for her daily shopping excursion, right after breakfast, and Charley came in with some fruit for Emma; so, of course, Sophia invited him to go with her as far as Stewart's. I have hardly spoken to Charley for a week. It's partly his own fault; he hasn't noticed me, and I was quite crusty and short with him, when he sidled up to me and said, rather anxiously, that he thought I looked pale.

They had not been gone five minutes when a note came for me. It was from Adele; and I ran into papa's little den down stairs to read it.

Well, what do you suppose it was? My very dear and intimate friend, in a short and very carefully-worded manner, announced her engagement to Louis Delaplaine!

I sat very still for some moments; the room ought to have whirled before my eyes, and it might have been proper to have fainted dead away in my chair—but neither orthodox catastrophe occurred. To my utter amazement, I did not care very much; (hard-headed girl!) and a thousand little things came back to me then, which I wondered why I had been so unsuspecting as not to notice.

But to think of Adele's treachery; Adele, who had been my dearest friend ever since we rolled hoops together, and stole plum-cake from her mother's pantry—that did hurt me, and I hid my face in the sofa-pillow, and cried tempestuously.

Nettie, Nettie, oh, don't !" said a distressed voice, presently; and, looking up, I discoverd Charley standing first on one foot, and then on the other, in his embarrassment, very much like a distracted stork.

"Don't what?" said I, angrily. "Go away! What brought you back, I should like to know?"

"I came for an insurance policy which your father left on the table," said he, meekly. "I beg your pardon; I'll go immediately. Miss Nesbitt said she would wait at Arnold's."

I instantly resolved that Sophia should spend the day there.

"Charley," said I, as he laid his hand on the door-knob, "would you mind leaving a note at Adele's for me as you go down?"

To my great surprise, he turned pink, as pink as possible, and stammered out,

"Adele's? Then you do know. No, you don't. How could you?"

"Know what?" said I. "Pray, what are you talking about?"

"Don't ask me," said he, assuming the Pickwickian attitude, and brandishing one hand up and down. "But, Nettie, you'll believe, won't you? that I would have saved you the pain if I could—if I could, my child. And he's an infernal scoundrel, by Jupiter!" wound up Charley, banging the table furiously.

"If you'll be good enough to explain, and not add to the holes you've already knocked in that unhappy table, I'll be obliged to you," said I, pushing a chair toward him.

"You won't be angry, Nettie," said he, still persisting in being an agitated "Mr. Pickwick." "From some rumors that came to my ears, I felt convinced that that fellow, Delaplaine, was playing fast and loose with you, and I called—I called on him last night; and he told me he was engaged to your very particular friend, Adele Watson; and, by Jupiter! I believe I shook him. You'll forgive, won't you, Nettie?"

He looked at me in such a ridiculous, pleading way, that I plunged my face into the sofa-pillow and shook with laughter.

"Hysterics!" cried Charley, despairingly.
"Nettie, don't! I am old enough to be your father—you're always telling me that; and he's a scamp. Good-by!"

"Wait!" said I, deserting the sofa-pillow, as a remembrance of my bracelets occurred to me, one of which I had never been able to take off my arm since I put it on. "Will you take these back to Mr. Delaplaine for me?"

"No, I won't!" said Charley, bluntly.

"And, pray, why not?" said I, the foolish tears rushing up into my eyes. Everybody was desert-

ing me; even "Mr. Pickwick" was only like the { spectacles moist, and his lips quivering with rest of the world, after all. "I'll never ask another favor of you, Charley Leigh. You 'teach me how a beggar should be answered."

"Then I have a favor to ask of you," said Charley, in a gentle, firm way, which affected me in the oddest way. "Keep the bracelets, Nettie, for I sent them. Did you think your birthday was going past without a gift from me, child? Do you suppose that I did not know how hard the birthday was in this poor old house, or how bravely you struggled to keep your father from knowing the home-sickness which drove you into a dark corner all that evening? You thought Louis sent the bracelets. 'Well,' said I, to myself, 'if she would rather wear his gift than mine; if it makes her any happier, or lifts a straw's weight from her burden, let it pass.' But don't ask me to take back my gift, Nettie. I like to think that something of mine belongs to you; that you care enough for old Charley to-never mind! I'm a fool, darling. I'll go away; and sometime, when you feel that you can say it honestly, just tell me, 'Mr. Pickwick I'll wear the bracelets.' Will you, Nettie?"

suppressed feeling. A great big lump gathered up in my throat; I made a dash at the spectacles.

"Take them off, Charley!" said I, between crying and laughing; "they don't help you, you dear, blind bat, to see what is going on under your very nose."

"Nettie!" gasped he, as I threw these detestable glasses on the sofa.

"I think it's a genuine case of the blind leading the blind," said I, despairingly. "I'll never return the bracelets! I'll keep them, because you-you are the dearest and best. Oh, Charley! don't you see---'

Whether he saw or not, I had two strong arms around me the next moment, and I'm not going to tell you what he said. No, indeed! my dear, absurd, noble-hearted Charley! God bless him!

Sept. 30 .- (Entry in a different handwriting.) Nettie has given me her diary to read, and I must add, that she is as much of a child as ever; and a worse tease, if that were possible! although to-morrow is our wedding-day. My little girl loves me, at last; and I am happy in the knowledge that she is fully contented and satisfied There he stood, his face crimson; his dear old with the devotion of "Her Modern Pickwick."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY ST. ELMO.

MIDWAY, between two grass-grown hills, Covered with moss and creeping vines, Where the rich sunlight softly fills The chequered shade that 'round them twines, Stands, with its weather-beaten form Half-hidden 'neath the drowsy leaves, The dear old cot, where calm and storm Has played beneath the dripping eaves.

How lonely, crumbling to decay, Without one sound to wake the gloom, Save some lone bird, whose roundelay > d-*!I echoes from the tomb; Seems And this was ay, a happy spot, Where infant voices oft did blend; But now, alas! it is n / Alone to mourn their youthful end.

We were but three when mother died, And from that day I date 1. / woe; The day she crossed that weary tide, For, oh, kind Heaven! I loved her so But out upon that mystic sea, Where the blue haze so gently lies, I know sweet mother feels for me, Try as I may to crush my sighs.

But one short year had passed away, When one of those left in my care, Had gone across the sea, to stray 'Mid scenes that were more bright and fair; 'Twas there he found an early grave, Near where old Tiber's mellow flow Caressed the bank where willows wave, And where the perfumed roses blow.

The other sleeps upon the plains, Beneath the scorching sunlight's glare, Where the wild bear a monarch reigns, And the grim coyote builds his lair; He died amid the surging fire, Whose angry glare lit up the stars, And smothered in this funeral pyre, He passed beyond the azure bars.

No wonder that this dear, old place, Has withered slowly with the rest: And that rude storms have left a trace Of ruin on its once fair breast. But never can I fail to see, Though clouds may lower, and suns may shine, The soft, sweet touch of mystery, That crowns thy brow, sweet mother mine.

And I am all that's left, to gaze Upon this relic of the past, The ashes of departed days, The tide of joy that could not last. · I wander 'mid the scattered flowers, Where the pale sunlight oft has shone, And long for the departed hours, But now, alas! I am alone.

A WIFE, YET NOT A WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WE are too apt to demand a picturesque background for the great dramas of human life. We assign them to the brilliant lights of courts, or the Rembrandt shadows of poverty. Great criminals, or saints, we vaguely argue, are of abnormal nature, and wrestle with unknown powers of evil, whom ordinary people never know, and whom but to name chills our blood with fear. We cannot place a Lucrezia Borgia, or a St. Theresa, in our own commonplace surroundings, or fancy them dining, shopping, or reading the morning papers. We are too apt to forget the shadowy double that hides behind every man, bearing the features of the possible angel or demon that he may become; and it is because of this very blindness we fall so readily into temptation.

In the strange story that I have to tell, therefore, I shall make no apology, if the scenery appear familiar to you, nor if the actors bear a strange resemblance to yourselves.

A cool, spring evening. A brick-house, at the edge of a village street, on the porch of which a young woman, with a thin, pleasant face, was walking up and down, glancing in the lighted windows as she passed. The room was cheerful and bright; but the cheerfullest point in it was a little lady, gayly dressed: one of those girls whom one meets by scores upon the streets, all ruffles, and curls, and vivacity, and sweet, unexpected whims. There was a young man in the room, lounging awkwardly about, a large, heavilybuilt man, in cheap, ready-made clothes, with a broad, overhanging forehead, dull eyes, and unsteady, receding chin. The girl outside watched them narrowly. It was their first meeting. She had purposely left the room, thinking that they would understand each other more readily, if she were not there. Robert, she saw, was awkward and embarrassed; he was always awkward with strangers, always conscious, she was afraid, of his low birth. But Ally would soon draw him out. Intellectually, of course, Sarah knew there was no common ground between them: young girl, of whom she was so fond, she felt was 2n ignorant, feather-headed little thing; but, under that, the hest, warmest-hearted creature alive. How pretty she looked now, bending over her box of paints and filagree cards, the lamplight shining on her light, fluffy hair!

They were both so dear to her! It mattered so much to her that they should love each other. She had told Robert the story of her first coming to Alison's mother, a penniless orphan, and how the little girl's kindness had, more than anything else, made the house a home to her. What if Robert should take one of his obstinate dislikes to Ally, and she should lose her out of her life? It would be a bitter loss! "Yet a wife should give up everything for a husband, even the only friend," she thought, going up to her own room. She took up Robert's overcoat, which she found in the hall, with her. There was a great rent in the flap. She darned it, thinking of all that had happened since Ally went away on her visit in the fall; of the opening of the mill, and how she first met Robert Biddle on the very day he came to take charge of it. She had been looking forward so long to Ally's homecoming, wondering if she would be friends with Robert, that she had grown nervous, and lost control of herself to-night. The tears came, without cause, to her eyes. When she had finished the darn, she saw his gloves thrust into one pocket. The smell of the segar was about them. It was almost like touching Robert himself. Sarah looked at them.

Now, in soul, she felt as if she and Robert Biddle were one, the sympathy between them was so fine and instantaneous. But it so happened that, physically, they stood far apart—he never had even shaken hands with her more than once. She was a stiff, rather hard girl in manner, and he reserved in awkwardness. Taking the glove in her hands, she felt as if she was doing something unwomanly and criminal. But she could not help it. She held it to her cheeks, and then her lips, and then put it back in the pocket, all the blood gone from her face.

There was an ominous silence in the parlor when she went down. Ally was painting, cooing out a word indifferently now and then, and Biddle, big and loose-jointed, was moving uneasily from window to window. He could reason on politics or philosophy, at ease and coolly with any man; but he could not forget, with this chit of sixteen, that his father was a blacksmith, and that her family was of the blue blood of the village. Sarah Webb was different. She was outspoken, and frank as a man; she worked, too,

like himself, with her pen for a living. He had been at home with her from the first, as he would have been with any companionable good fellow. But this dainty, high-bred, little woman on the sofa was another matter.

"Shall we go on with Novalis to-night, Miss Webb?" he said, eagerly.

Sarah shook her head, glancing toward Ally. He shrugged his shoulders, discontentedly.

"I'll go down to the mill then; but I cannot afford to lose my evenings with you," passing her, to go out for his coat.

How open he was in his preference! Surely, thought Sarah, who never had had a lover before, no woman's cup was ever so full as mine. She turned her hard eyes, bright now and soft, to answer some question of Miss Farrer's. Now that Biddle was really going, that intolerable little coquette woke to the fait that she had hardly been civil to the man; certainly had not made her mark upon him.

"What is it?" he asked, finding them laughing, when he came in.

Ally blushed and pouted. "Only my stupidity, Mr. Biddle. I really thought your hair was not your own. If I knew you better, I'd tell you what I think of it," glancing at him from under her curly lashes.

"A wig, eh? No!" Biddle laughed, and came up to her, running his fingers through the mass of fine, brown hair. She put out her hand, timidly, a lapare to write la lapare d

The blood rushed to his face. "Will you try for yourself?" kneeling before her.

Ally's fingers, light as rose-leaves, fell on it for half a minute. "It's wonderful!" she said, with a quick breath. "I have a mania for fine hair."

Then Biddle stood up again. It was all the work of an instant. But the world itself had changed by it to Sarah. These two had gone apart from her istood together in a place where she had never been at the stood together.

"You believe it is real, then?" he said, laughingly, now quite at his case. Sarah never had seen him so flushed and pleased, even at the most noble thoughts they dug out of Novalis. Could he pardon such vulgar childishness? Could he be vain of his hair? Vain? Robert Biddle?

"Oh, yes!" Ally was chirping, "You are all genuine. We will be friends by force of antagonism. I am a little sham, people say!"

"You? I will try that! I will come and try that! I will be here to-morrow, Miss Webb, and put this young lady to the test!"

"She is pure metal," said Sarah.

"I must find that out for myself. Good-night."

He held out his hand. Hers slid softly into it. It was a soft, shy, sliding hand, as Sarah noticed for the first time in her life. He held the hand for an instant, looking down at her with an amused smile. He had quite forgotten the social gulf between them, and felt himself a masculine, rather remarkable, fellow, whom a kittenish, imprudent girl was making a decided effort to capture.

Sarah followed him to the door as usual. "I am so glad that you like Miss Farrer. You must not think her forward. We have always treated her as a child, and, really, she is but a child," she said.

"No! She appears very feminine to me; very sweet and lovely. But a trifle stupid, ch? I was driven to my wit's end to talk to her when you were out."

"But you will come to the house when I am gone? Aunt has grown used to you, and Ally will be vexed if you do not. We never vex Ally."

"Are you actually going to sacrifice yourself to a sick, old woman?" he said, angrily. "Miss Farrer has given the winter to her. Why could she not have stayed there? I cannot spare you."

"She is my aunt as well as Alison's," her heart throbbing at his eagerness. "But I will be back before May."

"And what am I to do with my evenings till May? You do not think of me! Cousins and aunts—all are considered before your friend."

Sarah laughed. "Don't stay too late at the mill. I wish I could help you with those accounts."

"I wish you could. You are the best friend I have. The only one, to tell the truth. Goodnight, Sarah."

"Good-night." But he did not hold out his hand to her as to Ally; only nodded, and went whistling down the hill. It chilled her for a moment; but what did that matter? He treated Alison as a child, as everybody else did. But she knew his innermost heart. Their souls had met together in a tie that needed no word of love or caress to make it binding. Yet a word or caress would have been sweeter, to-night, to Sarah's hungry, passionate heart, than she dared to confess to herself.

Ally was yawning and putting away her paints when she went in. "And that is your friend? I'm so glad he is only a friend," she said. "Dear mother wrote me she thought you were engaged to him."

"No. I am not engaged to him."

"Of course not. There's ho idea of love in that man's mind. Any one with any experience can see that." "You think that, Alison?"

"I am quite sure of it. What experience have you of love affairs, my dear, old bookworm?" She pulled Sarah down on the rug, taking her thin, grave face between her hands. "Besides, if even he had been so mad as to think of marrying you," reflectively, "it could not be. You are one of us. He is—— Well, no matter for that. But low blood will betray itself."

"He is a man of thorough culture," drily.

"Very likely. If he only knew what to do with his feet. Such feet, too! But there! He's very well in his way, no doubt; and I'll be civil to him for your sake."

"I wish you would, Ally." She kissed her. and went to her room. She had felt a momentary pang, but it was gone. What could this child know of Robert Biddle's secret purposes? What if he had never said a word of love? Between them there was that mystic bond, which shows that souls have been destined for each other from birth. She sat down to the translation which must go to New York by to-morrow's mail, but got up again restlessly, and went to the window. Her brain was full of mad, hurrying thoughts, her limbs were sluggish, her breath unequal. Why did he not speak? "God should have made me the man," she said, with a stifled sigh; and then she looked over to the house built for the manager of the mill, remembering how Biddle had planned with her how to furnish it, one evening, half in jest.

Sarah Webb was known in the town as a practical, energetic woman, a trifle hard when opposed; but it was a very tender, almost childish face, that looked out at the moonlight that night.

Mr. Biddle, meanwhile, smoked his segar, and jotted up his accounts in a very complacent frame of mind. The Farrer acquaintance was a desirable acquisition.

Miss Farrer was a mere child, and exceedingly silly, and, when you analyzed her face, homely. But her manner was charming. There was no doubt that the Farrers belonged to the aristocracy of the country. "I certainly never expected to visit in such circles, when I was in the shop," he thought, going to a glass in the back-room to adjust his whiskers.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Webb went the next morning to play fied. Sarah was the nurse, as she proposed. April was not over when she came home. Fires were needed in the damp evenings, although the willows were quite green, and the grape-vines covered with crimsonvelvet buds. Sarah knew quite well how mat-

ters had gone in her absence. She corresponded with Robert Biddle, according to the usage in those Platonic friendships, so common in this country, which are so helpful and pleasant to young men, and into which women throw all their strength and sweetness, and come out stale, soured, and morbid, giving, after some bitter years, the refuse of their lives to a husband. At first Biddle told of his every visit to Miss Farrer, with a slight, good-humored satire at her silly coquettishness; then the satire was dropped, and he merely mentioned his "going to the house as you bade me;" but even this mention ceased at last. The letters altered in tone. They became mere criticisms upon the books he read, or the scenery that fell in his way in his walks. They were fresh, and full nervous power, for Robert Biddle had a keen

nervous power, for Robert Biddle had a keen delight in writing or talking to this woman. No one had ever welcomed or comprehended his thought as fully as she did. Alison was lazy

letter-writing, as in everything else; she scrawled sometimes a message at the foot of her mother's long epistles. Once it was, "I am training your bear for you—teaching him music." And again, "Your savage is so nearly civilized, that I don't know if I will give him back to you." In April Mrs. Farrer said, incidentally, "Mr. Biddle is here every evening; but Ally will tell you all when you come," and went on with her mild maundering about her diseases.

When Sarah received that letter she sat quiet on the garden-steps, where it had been given her, for an hour. Then she went to her room, and packed her trunk, and, when it was locked, came down to Mrs. Strother, whom she had been nursing for the last two months. "I must leave you," she said. "I am going home to-morrow morning."

The old lady began to cry. Sarah's heart gave her a twinge; but what did a few tears matter? If it had been the old creature's life which lay in her way, she would have trampled it out and gone. Was not more than her own life or death in the balances?

"I can't manage without you or Alison. I must have you or Ally."

"You shall have Alison. I will send her."

The old lady sobbed that she was handed about like an old shoe, feeling that was the proper thing to do, but inwardly was very well satisfied. Sarah was the most reliable nurse, to be sure; never forgot to warm her flannels, or missed the time for her drops by half a minute; but she chilled and cowed her by her inflexible, stern, common sense. Alison was as merry and gentle as a pet kitten.

Sarah's conscience wrenched her horribly. "I have been neither loving nor womanly to her," she thought; "and she is near her grave." A year ago, she knew herself to have been affectionate and cordial beyond most women. Her love, or rather the aching pain of doubt and despair, had hardened her.

No matter. When she was his wife, it would be her time for sunshine and kindness. The whole world might come to her then and be warmed and fed. "And I will be his wife," she said to herself again and again, her thin, red lips shut tight, her jaws set square and firm.

All day the old stage-coach jolted along past the soggy, pale-colored fields, until at evening the village came in sight. The sun broke out brightly from behind a wet bank of clouds as they drove slowly up a lawn leading to the house. Her heart lightened. It was a good omen.

At that moment she saw going down the lane before them a large, stout figure in a gray overcoat. He glanced back, beckened for the coach to stop, and opened the door.

"Why, Sarah!" his ordinary pleased, calm tone a little raised. "You were not to come back till May, I thought? This is really pleasant. Won't you let your baggage go on and walk with me?"

She stepped down to the narrow path, and the coach lumbered on before. Her throat was very dry and hot. She would know now how it was with him and Alison.

"Now, if you had been an hour later, you would have been caught in a storm. We have had a great deal of rainy weather lately. Have you come back freshened up for work? We'll go on with the translations now, just where we left off, eh?"

He was so busy talking, and so pleased, that he did not notice her silence. Her whole life, she thought, hung on the next few minutes. The long journey and suspense had broken her down; she could not regain her self-control. If she opened her mouth, she did not know what words would come from her. As they walked, at last she turned suddenly and put her hand on his sleeve. The life-long hunger and lone-liness of the woman's soul had taken possession of her body against its will. Biddle started as though struck by an electric current. He stopped and looked down into her face. There was no mistaking its meaning. A sudden comprehension flushed into his own.

She shrank back from him, leaning against the fence, putting her hand over her eyes. "I— toward him, waiting. The man was but a man; I am glad to come back to you, Robert; that is all. I've been so lonely this winter. I have

been alone all my life. I have nobody but you."
But her eyes told what her lips tried to deny.

Biddle stood dumb. He was one of those slow, ox-like men, whom any surprise drives into stolidity. He did not feel her to be bold. She was like no other woman, perhaps; but she was innocent and pure, crouching there in the dusty lane, mastered by the solitary passion of her life.

He took her by the arm and lifted her, answering her meaning, and not her words. "I did not think of this! Before God, I never thought of it!" There was a great and sincere trouble in his face; but that was all.

They walked on mechanically, Sarah a little in advance. It needed some time for Biddle to bring the matter face to face with himself. It was so utterly foreign to his usual jog-trot routine. It had nothing to do with the mill, or paying the hands, or any of the ways he had devised of pushing himself on. Marriage, to be sure, was a subject he thought of every day, as an expedient but expensive change in a man's life. Circumstances had driven him into that train of thought lately; circumstances were always driving Robert Biddle somewhere.

But this—this was more than marriage, it was

They had reached the gate; they were only concealed from the house by the shrubbery. She knew that if he loved her, he would speak now. He stepped up quickly beside her. What temptation, if any, there was in her, or her love to him, only Robert Biddle himself was ever likely to know. But he did know the impassable barrier that lay between them; he did know that she must be told of it, and that at once. A man of less feeling and more decision, would have spoken a dozen hard words; after which, however sharp the pain, her life would have lain clear before her, and this story of doubt and crime would never have been told. But Biddle's heart was full of pity for her; and with his habitual sloth, he looked about for other shoulders to carry the burden which was too heavy for him.

"Ally can tell her, or I, to-morrow," he thought.

She was opening the gate. He meant only to say good-by; but could he not at least be kind to her? He put his hand on hers. It was the first time in their lives anything but the meaningless hand-shake had passed between them. He felt her fingers grow cold in his. She turned toward him, waiting. The man was but a man; he was shaken by her passion. The gulf between them was impassable. Could he not afford

to give her, before they parted forever, a friendly good-by, in return for all that she had given? Something to soften the bitter blow.

He looked down, hesitating and anxious, on the pale, attentive face. "Whatever comes," he said, "you must be sure that I have had no such friend as you, Sarah. You must remember that. Go in now. I will see you to-morrow. Good-by!"

But he held her hand more firmly as he said it, and bent closer. Then, after a moment's breathless pause, he stooped and kissed her passionately on the lips, drawing away from her hastily with a pale face.

"That was a weak thing in me," he muttered, as he walked off. "But to-morrow she will know all."

The faint scent of the pollard willows came to Sarah's excited senses, heavy and impure, as she went up the path. "He loves me!" she said, drawing her breath hard and quick.

But her keen instinct told her that there was some barrier between them.

"Though God himself placed it there, it shall disappear," she said. "If Robert Biddle loves me, nothing shall keep us asunder."

CHAPTER III.

TEA was over, the usual evening hymns with Mrs. Farrer dutifully finished, and the two girls betook themselves to their room for their nightly gossip. Alison, as usual, quiet in the easy-chair, and Sarah, prowling uneasily about the room. In matters of moment, silly little Ally was thoroughly under the yoke of her poor relation; but through the daily business of breakfast and dinner, talking and sewing, she lived in some lofty region of gracious good-nature and ease, which Sarah could not attain; for the consciousness of good, social position, and well-fitting clothes, do give a woman a certain composure of manner which neither philosophy nor religion can bestow. Ally, with every nerve in her little body quaking at the secret which the evening must disclose, lay back, talking serencly in her chair as though no question but that of bed rose before her. Now and then she watched Sarah curiously. There was an unwonted heat in her sallow cheeks, her eyes sparkled; she laughed now and then without cause. Sarah had a pleasant laugh. She had gone back, too, to her old cordial manner, joked and quizzed Ally unmercifully, as was her wont long ago. She had wronged the litle girl, she thought, so bitterly. There was no tenderness that she could not shower on her, now that she knew Robert loved her.

"And you ran away, and left the poor, old lady without a day's warning. That was just what might have been expected from your eccentricity."

"I did not leave her without consolation. I promised you would come to her, Alison," watching Ally shrewdly.

"You build very largely on my good-nature," she said, placidly.

"She cannot be left alone."

Ally shrugged her shoulders. She was graver for a minute or two, opened her mouth to speak once or twice, and stopped, her courage giving way. But nobody ever heeded Ally's gravity or emotions.

Sarah criticized her keenly: the pink flush on her insipid face, and her plump, dimpled shoulders and arms, half-covered by her embroidered night-dress. Robert Biddle cared little for beauty, she thought, complacently; and this was really one of the poorest types. The features were bad; it was all plumpness and youth. How could she ever have been jealous of the child? Yet she was a round little creature, too.

"The winter has cleared your skin, and colored it beautifully, Ally," she said, good-naturedly. "I can see the blue veins in your reck, as if you were a baby."

"That's one good thing, at any rate," she said, hurriedly. She began to fold up her work nervously. "I'm very glad of that, of course, Sarah. Though, indeed, I don't deserve a pretty complexion. I don't really deserve any good thing from Providence this summer."

"What sin have you to atone for now, Ally?" closing the shutters for the night. She began to be tired of her cousin's chatter, and longed to be alone, to think of to-morrow—to-morrow! when the draught which life had so long denied was to be held to her lips. Ally's too tender conscience had often been a bore to Sarah when they were children; but it was a long time since it had been brought to her to prescribe for. "Are you going to make me your confessor?" When Ally did not answer, "What is it, Ally? Have you missed a church-meeting, or gone a step too far in a flirtation?"

Ally twisted her tatting up in her fingers, threw it on the floor, and looked up at Sarah, laughing with an hysteric sob. "I've done with flirtations. I wanted you to come home to tell you."

Sarah stood behind her, suddenly cold and still. "What is it?" she said, quietly. "You love some one, and—do they love you?"

The color stole over Ally's neck and bosom. "I do not think I can talk of my love even to

you," she said, with a gentle dignity. The next moment she broke again into a laugh. "I declare, it's horrible to have a secret; it weighs on one's conscience, quite like a murder. Stoop down, and I'll tell you. Closer," holding the unwilling head to her breast. "Don't look at me! I'm—I'm married, Sarah! To Robert Biddle!"

CHAPTER IV.

"But you never gave me credit for practical sense. Now, if I have anything, I have practical sense, Robert. I knew Sarah was the proper person to break the story to mamma, and the event has proved I was right."

"I would not have put the matter in her hands," said Biddle, stroking his close-shaven chin with a bewildered look. "You hardly understand Miss Webb, Ally. But what did she do? How did she receive the stery?" For Biddle was not above gossip, especially when it concerned him so nearly as the drama of which he had gained a glimpse last night.

"I hardly know what she said. I was so horribly frightened, Robert. I held her head so that she could not look at me, though she must have heard my heart beat. I told her how we came gradually to know each other so well, that you thought we could not live apart; and how afraid I was of mamma, and so persuaded you that I ought to disobey first and ask leave afterward; and how, one evening, in a sudden freak, we rowed over to Riverton, to the squire's, and were married, nice and quietly.'

"She said nothing?"

"Not a word. Well, it was I who had everything to say, after all. You know I asked her to kiss me, and she did. But I told her her kisses were different from yours, Robert. So this morning I sent her to mamma. And now it's all easy and comfortable. Mamma gave me her blessing. But we are to make it public immediately." She looked up as she hung upon his arm. "And now I am your wife in good earnest!"

"My wife in good earnest," smiling and stooping to kiss the blue-veined lids that drooped shyly. But he walked on in silence. Married! Married! Was not the woman who walked with him in this very lane last night more nearly allied to him in brain and soul than this one? His marriage had been a freak, as Ally called it. Ought the few mumbled words of the squire at Riverton to make this life-long difference in the relations of these women to him?

Biddle was a moral man. When he had reached

this point he stood aghast. It produced a reaction.

"My own, good little wife! God knows how proud I will be to call you that before the world!" he said, more loudly than there was need.

"But poor Sarah! Did I tell you that she is going back to that wearisome sick-room, to-night?"

"The best course for her; decidedly the best!" ejaculated Biddle. "I want you all to myself, Ally?"

"You're a selfish fellow!" flushed and happy. "Well, she depended on me to go, and, of course I can't. But I won't have Sarah's life all a blank, dear old thing! Some day she shall come and live with us, Robert."

"Never, so help me God!" he said, under his breath. He meant to keep his hands and heart clean and clear of temptation.

Sarah Webb was no less resolute to turn her back on him forever. They were well-meaning, both this man and woman. The commonplace routine of their lives so far had been ruled by good principles. There was no proclivity to vice, no master-passion, making them to differ from ordinary people, which would mould their lives into the strange, terrible story which we have to tell. A little lie to-day, a little cowardice, or a weak parley with the accursed tempter to-morrow, did the work.

Sarah Webb's journey was to be made at night. Curiously she had no feeling of defeat in going back. Her life she felt had not been wasted. Robert Biddle loved her. That certain keen rapture in its freshness blotted out the pain of his loss. She believed, from his manner yesterday, that he had been led into this silly, mad-cap marriage half-unconsciously. "He is keen and dictatorial among men, but any woman can lead him where she will," she said, shrewdly. "And Ally played her game boldly."

She remained in her room until nightfall. She only wanted to cower out of his sight somewhere, never to look upon his face again, "until death comes," she thought, lying on her back, her eyes fixed on the wall, vacantly. "Ally has robbed me of him in life; but surely he will come to me when I am dying, and say, once, I love you."

Ally came into her room at dusk, breathless with excitement. "He is coming, Sarah! What do you think of this dress? A bride should be in white; but you know it kills my light eyes. Put these peach-blossoms in my hair. Robert loves them so, and my arms are bare. I'm sure I want to please him in every way. Everybody is sending messages. It has gone through the village like wild-fire! Everybody is so kind!"

with sudden tears in her eyes. "They're all , shop was a sort of fire, to which all the men in coming this evening; it will be almost like a wedding. Why don't you stay? Oh, there is the coach for you, already. And Robert!-Robert's at the gate!" She flew out, the pink dress and curls fluttering.

Miss Webb put on her old water-proof cloak, and pulled the hood over her head. The coach was at the side-door. As she went noiselessly down the back-stairs, she caught a glimpse, in a mirror, of her own black figure, and thin, sallow face. The rooms below were brilliant with light, and already full of laughing guests. She saw Ally enter the room, leaning on her husband's arm. She was creeping out, unnoticed and forgotten. It was raining. She stopped in the door, and looked back. Perhaps the bitterness and pain of her life culminated in that moment, but she was outwardly cool.

"Bless my soul, Miss Webb! Going out in this storm! Here's my umbrella; do take it. I carry it under my arm, as you see. Purely ornamental." It was lame Joe Simms, the village druggist, who spoke, as he came hobbling up, like a cheery little cock-sparrow. He gave her his umbrella. "Hello, Sam! I'll give you a lift with that trunk," going over with his dotand-carry-one-limp, to the driver.

"Much obleeged, Mester Simms," said Sam, waiting, although he could easier have lifted it alone. But the whole village humored Joe.

Sarah looked on with a strange revulsion of feeling. Everybody knew that this man had loved Ally since they were children together. She and he stood together to-night, despised and rejected. They both came into the world labelled for ill-luck. What right had God thus to set them up as a mark? Better if they both cursed him and died!

"Will it be like this, always?" she said, suddenly, looking into Simms' pleasant face, as he came back. It lighted with a flash of keen apprehension, which was gone in an instant.

"You're tired of the rain, eh? You women are so thin-skinned; so open to the weather. Well, when the rain keeps people out of the shop, it is apt to be lonely, so I play solitaire, or daub in oils, or scrape on my fiddle. The fellows laugh at me; but you see there are so many open doors to get away from oneself. Bit of twine, Sam? There you are. I don't know how you may like it yourself, Miss Webb, but I find Joe Simms about the worst company I know to keep, so I open doors, wherever I can, and get away from him."

Sarah kept her keen eyes on his face. She

town went for warmth and fun. But surely he was not altogether a buffoon! "Do you know Miss Farrer is married?" she said, abruptly.

"Yes. Here I am, fiddle and all," pulling the baize-cover off. "She sent for me. I think they want to dance!"

"She sent for you to play for them to dance! That was like Ally !" bitterly.

He twanged his bow with an inscrutable face. "When did you hear of this marriage?" she demanded.

"To-day; but I knew that it must be for a long time," looking her straight in the face. "Ready, Sam?" He trotted along beside her, holding the umbrella over her head, settling her in the coach in his neat, old-maidish way. Then he took her nervous hand into his own, warm and fat, and pressed it kindly. "Good-by. I'm afraid you found this weather very bad indeed. I wish you could learn the fiddle-I really do. I find my scraping the most remarkable comfort! Well, God bless you! Good-by."

Miss Webb smiled with bitterest contempt, as the coach jolted away. It dragged on over the rough road, through the gusty night, while she sat staring out into the darkness, mind and soul bent on the one maddening thought. Life had nothing left but to remember-to remember!

Joe, in the meantime, was fiddling away for them to dance. Ally was very kind to him, and so was Biddle, in a lordly way. They both knew and pitied the little fellow's mad fancy. To tell the truth, a year or two ago it had not seemed by any means mad to Ally. Joe joked with the young men, and flirted with the girls as usual. When the party broke up, he and his umbrella and fiddle stumped away to the drugshop, behind which was his little, three-cornered sleeping-room, as trig as a doll's parlor. hung up the fiddle carefully, turned off the shopgas, whistling and singing loud enough to waken old Mrs. Topp over the way, for Joe had more noise cased up in his little body than any ten men, and then betook himself to bed. In an hour or two he got up again, whistling louder than ever, banged open the chess-board, worked out a problem, took down the fiddle, and scraped out some dancing tunes; took a turn at the old, leather-covered Bible, and then dressed himself out-and-out, and began to compound an oysterstew over the fire. One or two of the fellows were sitting up with old Benson. "I'll take them over something hot, and mount guard with. them till morning," which he did. There was knew him to be the joker of the village. Simms' no medicine in his shop, like that which I've

found in human faces, no doors in his life such as they could open.

CHAPTER V.

Two years passed. The cool, fall winds made a fire necessary in the evenings, in Joe's shop, much to his satisfaction. The shop was never complete without a fire. The silver-mounted cases, and rows of gilt-labelled bottles seemed always waiting to flash back a welcome to it. You could see that cheery little shop, with its violet and crimson lights, from any point of the dingy village street that night. The squire, and Bennett, and one or two other fellows, had just lounged out, and gone home to their suppers. Nobody was left but old Dr. Poole and Joe himself, who were finishing their pipes. Simms, probably, by way of prizing open another door to get away from himself, had picked up enough knowledge of medicine to make him a comfortable companion to the doctor, who used to gossip with him over his cases every evening. The doctor was grave to-night; would not be tempted even to tell his famous crocodile story. When they were all gone, he said,

"You must come up to Biddle's with me, Joe."

"Is she worse?" hastily.

"No. There's no danger of any immediate change."

Now, what with the gossip, and filling prescriptions, and nursing, Joe had come to be a sort of sub-aid to the doctor, to whom the women in the village brought all their troubles, as much as the young men their plans for frolic. But there was no house where he was so indispensable as in Biddle's, the manager of the mill. There was somebody always ailing there. Old Mrs. Farrer had sickened and died. Then Ally, according to the fashion of so many American women, developed one mysterious disease after another, until she had joined that lamentable sisterhood, one of whom may be found in almost every house, lying on a sofa, back, liver, lungs, bulletined as gone, clutching desperately to life with one weak hand, while death quietly holds the other. But she was the same high-spirited, merry Ally as ever, gave her little tea-parties once or twice a week, and lay watching her guests dance, when she was too weak to dance herself. Joe was ready to aid and abet her, mixed her medicines with his own hand at the shop, romped with the baby, Jenny, and was the only man whom Biddle consulted in his business.

"I told Biddle plainly to-day," resumed the doctor, "that the choice was between a long seavoyage for her or death. It was a hard blow for said.

the fellow. He's very fond of his wife. But he's dull, very dull, where women are concerned. There was a chance open, you see. Ford and his wife sail for Fayal in a week from Boston; go on a sailing vessel; only themselves and room for one more in the cabin. Ally would be gone a year. She would come home a new woman."

"A year?" Joe knocked the ashes from his

pipe. "Biddle goes with her?"

"No. It would be impossible for him to leave his business. He's struggling hard, just now, as it is. It will be a strain on him to afford to send Ally. The trouble was about leaving the child.

"She'll never do it!"

"She must. I put it to her to choose between that and death. Absolute rest is all that will save her. You don't seem to understand how near her grave she is, Simms."

"I think I understand," said Joe, getting up, and walking through the shop, briskly, presently

whistling Lillibolero.

"There is a capital way to clear all difficulties," continued the doctor, anxiously. "Miss Webb—you remember Miss Webb? A lean, hardfaced woman? She's in the neighborhood, it seems, for the first time since Ally's marriage, over at Riverton. When Ally heard of it she declared she would trust her child with nobody but Sarah. I telegraphed for her at once. She'll be here to-night; it's a first-rate plan. Biddle can take boarding for the child and her in some farm-house near at hand, where he can be called in case of sickness. Sarah Webb is not what you call a motherly woman, but she'll do her duty to Jenny. She makes duty her God, I fancy."

"I think you're right there," assented Joe, slowly. "But——"

"There are no buts in the question," impatiently. "Ally will not go else. The hitch is with Biddle. He objects, vehemently; don't like the girl, it seems. He has no right to suffer his whims to stand in the way now."

"I don't know," hesitated Joe, looking thoughtfully out of the window.

"Well, put on your coat, and come up. It must be settled to-night. She must leave to-morrow."

Joe put on his coat, and walked silently beside the doctor to Biddle's cottage. A carriage drove up to the gate, and a lady alighted from it as they came up. The dusk hid her from them, but her eyes were keener than theirs.

She had a peculiar calm voice.

"You telegraphed for me, Dr. Poole," she said.

"Miss Webb? Yes. Mrs. Biddle is ill. There is very little hope of her recovery."

"I did not know—" She stopped there. Joe's ears were keen. He saw that Ally was very dear to this woman, who never forgot a hate or a love.

He fell behind, unnoticed, as the doctor walked beside her up the path, explaining, rapidly, what she was called upon to do. She did not reply.

"Do you understand? You do not seem to have heard me."

"I was confused for the moment. This used to be my home, and it is a long time since I was here. You spoke of—Ally's child. Ally's child?"

The doctor opened the front-door. Through the arch, at the end of the hall, they could see the brightly-lighted parlor, where Ally lay in her usual corner on the lounge. Her peaked face was flushed to-night. The cradle had been brought from the chamber, and placed beside her. Biddle, heavier and squarer than ever, sat beside it, rocking it now and then, and watching anxiously every breath she drew.

"It's a pretty home-picture!" the old doctor said to Miss Webb.

"Good God! She is near death!" was her answer. Joe saw that her eyes (and Sarah's thin face was lost now in her dark, large eyes) were full of tears.

The doctor opened the door, and said,

"Biddle, Miss Webb!"

She had looked forward, night and day, to that possible meeting with him; planned it in a thousand ways. Nothing could be more commonplace. He hardly noticed her, shook hands civilly, and then drew the doctor eagerly aside, forgetting she was there.

Ally kissed her affectionately.

"Why did you never come before, dear," she said. "Yes, I've run down very much since you saw me. You'll take the baby, won't you?" and then she drew the quilt from Jenny's face, and lay looking at it a long time. "I go tomorrow, you know, and I may never see my baby again," she said, presently, recovering herself, quietly shading her eyes with one hand.

Biddle and his wife, she felt, had been meeting the realities of life and death, face to face. She alone remembered the shadowy, unclean ghost of her old passion; for they had both forgotten it. She had lived, shut up with it for two years, wrestling against it, yielding to it, but never putting it out of her life. She looked over at Biddle, critically, testing herself.

"I cannot take your child, Alison," she said, abruptly.

She could not live, and look upon his face day by day.

"But you will," said Ally, quietly. "My life depends upon it, and you used to love me, Sarah. Robert will make it pleasant for you. Explain to her, Robert."

Biddle turned and met the eyes of the woman who loved him, as no other could do. It all came back to him. She saw that.

"It would be better I did not take the child, Mr. Biddle," she said, looking him straight in the face.

A sort of impatient jerk passed over his burly body, as the old force or pain wakened disagreeably. Then he began twitching his yellow beard. It would be safer to keep clear of the woman—for her own sake. But if he objected, what would the doctor say? Or Joe? How the women in the village would cackle if it were known that he objected.

"Mrs. Bryan, out at the Oaks, will take Miss Webb, and the baby, and nurse," suggested the doctor. "You can ride out every day, Biddle, and see how the pappoose is coming on."

"Yes, I could ride out."

"You'll go, Sarah?" Ally took her hand.

Sarah had gone through an inward struggle also in that moment. After all, what harm could come of it? She was a Christian, and knew her duty. She would guard herself as with armor of steel; she would never meet him when he came. But, oh! after these years of famishing thirst, to see him, sometimes, even far off!

"I'll go, dear," said Sarah, kissing Ally, and praying silently for help to do her duty. But the prayer fell back on her heart like lead.

Tea was brought in. Biddle raised Ally up, so that she might pour it out herself. Sarah wondered that any one could be so trivial and funciful in the very face of death. Ally picked out the sugar daintily for each cup, laughed, and sipped, and nodded, as though it were the most serious business of life.

"I am quite sure of coming back, now, Robert. I feel new blood in my veins, since Sarah came. You dear old girl! You'll be careful of Robert, when I'm gone, just as much as of baby. But you must never make his tea. Nobody must make your tea but your little wife, Robert," nodding gravely over the urn.

Biddle's spirits rose. He always went up and down with Ally's moods, like a bulky ship, following the bidding of a bit of steel. He fussed heavily about her sofa, until it was bedtime, and then carried her off in his arms, she looking over his shoulder to nod and smile to them. He was very fond of his wife. No other woman could

have any power over him. Joe thought Miss Webb reached the same conclusion, and thanked God for it-or thought she did.

CHAPTER VI.

Two days had passed since Sarah and her charge had taken their places in the quiet farmhouse. Mr. Biddle had not yet ridden out to see the child.

"If you will spare the buggy, I will send the nurse and baby into town, Mrs. Bryan," Sarah said. "It will save its father the time and trouble of coming out."

"I forgot to tell thee, my dear; but Robert Biddle requested me this morning, when I was in the village, that the child should be sent to him every day, for an hour or two. So thy plans tally with his."

"Yes; they tally very well," smiling. her soul waxed bitter within her. Was he afraid that she cared for him still? Was it for him to forestall her, to erect boundaries, and place defences? This caution was a covert insult. But she said nothing, and sent the baby in every day.

One evening, when two months had passed, Joe, the druggist, lounged down to Biddle's, as he usually did, to see the child when it came

"You never go out to see how the little lady is housed?" he said, to Biddle, as they watched the carriage drive off.

"No," with a furtive, uneasy look, that was shrewd enough to detect Simms' quick expression of satisfaction. He was angry. What right had any one to keep guard over him? He certainly had proved no weak or unfaithful husband, that Ally's friends should fear to trust him.

When Joe was gone, he took out a package of letters, which he had that morning received from his wife. He had intended to send one concerning the child to Miss Webb. "But I have half a mind to ride out with it myself this evening. I have been uncivil; uncivil enough to rouse suspicion, when God knows there is no cause for it. The woman is simply disagreeable to me."

He did ride out that evening with the letters. Miss Webb, and the baby, and the old Quaker, were in the brightly-lighted parlor. He stayed a few minutes, chatted with Mrs. Bryan about the crops, with Sarah about the letters, romped with Jenny, and rode home, very much cheerfuller, at least. It was a pleasant change from the dreary hotel where he bearded.

rain prevented the child's usual visit, he rode out again, writing a full account to Ally of the visit, and of Jenny's chatter. "Your friend," he added, "has quite a little library of curious books, which argue that she has grown intellectually since we knew her. We were too engrossed with each other to grow, weren't we, little wifey? But, really, I felt as if I had fallen far behind."

He did not try to explain to Ally the keen pleasure he felt in fingering those few old volumes. What did she care for rare editions? "A book was a book," she used to say, "and usually stupid. So different from men and women!"

Biddle dropped into the bookstore that afternoon, and looked over Bell's English Catalogues. "Going back to bachelor habits?" said Bell:

Robert slept at his own house. It never had occurred to him before, but, on entering it tonight, he thought, how not only bachelor habits, but a large part of his life, had been closed and sealed when he became master of this Farrer homestead. The mill, Ally and the child, had filled his whole life; books, art, music, were thrust aside.

"Verily, I have grown of the earth, earthy," unlocking an old chest, and taking out some German classics. Novalis was among them. He put it in his pocket, and rode out to see the baby next morning. He was so pleased and excited that he only thought of Miss Webb as of another man ready and able to help him. Their old, silly love affair scarcely crossed his mind: Miss Webb was sewing when he came in, Jenny playing at her feet. The moment he pulled out the old brown volume, Sarah knew it.

"I found this among my books, and thought it might while away the time before Ally's return, if I began translating. We worked at this, I think ?"

"Yes, we read Novalis," coldly.

Would you? But, no, it is better that I should plod on by myself. You could not attend to Novalis and Jenny."

"No. And I prefer Jenny."

He nodded with a gratified smile. "I did not think the baby would grow on you so. But she's very like her mother,"

"Very like." He played with the child awhile, and went away. " Oh, fool, and blind !" she cried, with hot tears in her eyes, as she watched him ride down the avenue.

CHAPTER VII.

THE year was nearly over. It was a cold So pleasant, that the next week, when the { January afternoon; the hills crusted and glittering with a week-old snow; the biting wind driving man and beast for shelter from the lonely roads leading to the farm-house.

"But Robert will not fail to come," said Mrs. Bryan.

Sarah Webb was changing her dress. There was a certain dull, gray stuff, which she invariably wore on the evenings of Biddle's weekly visit. It made her skin sallow and brought her large nose into fuller relief. She combed her magnificent hair tightly back, feeling that she was serving God with every unsightly twist. She talked to Biddle of his wife incessantly.

But it was only her own heart, she thought, that was perishing in the struggle. "We have done our Christian duty to both the man and the child," she said, looking full at Mrs. Ryan.

"Thee has, my dear. There he is now."

They went down together to meet him. He was standing in the hall, covered with snow, with a stunned, stupid expression in his face. "Read that," he said, holding out a yellow envelop.

Sarah drew out a long strip of jagged paper, and walked to the window. Biddle went into the room. He felt as if he had received a mortal blow.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Ryan, touching Sarah on the shoulder, finding that she did not speak.

"The Susan Hall was burned at sea. None of the passengers were saved. Ally was on board."

"Dead? Dead? Oh, the child! the child!

And her little, motherless baby!"

The old lady burst into ready tears, and loud sobs. But Sarah stood quiet. Her flesh was cold, and her teeth chattered.

"You had better go to him," she said, nodding to the parlor. "He needs somebody to comfort him," and then turned and went to her own room.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERYBODY was ready to comfort him. He talked, like a man distraught, of her for a few weeks. He sent for the child and its nurse, and would hardly suffer it out of his sight. It was not until it cried for Sarah Webb, one evening, that he appeared to remember that the woman was in existence. He drove out to the farm-house, the baby beside him.

Mrs. Ryan, seeing him coming, betook herself to the kitchen. She had faith in the efficacy of a good supper in all cases of grief. The child ran after her.

Biddle opened the parlor-door. Sarah Webb sat on a low stool by the fire, her hands clasped on her knees. She wore a crimson dress, such as she used to wear in the long-ago Novalis days. The rolls of black hair framed her face in the

old fashion. There was a jet cross in the lace at her throat, which he had given her.

Old recollections rushed on him like a flood. This was his friend of that old time come to life again. This woman had loved him. Could there be any love remaining for him now in the world? Biddle, who was of a domestic, affectionate nature, felt the void of his wife's death keenly. Nobody could take Ally's place to him, he knew. But did this woman care for him still? Could he have a friend? He would go to work to find out, cautiously and slyly. She should suspect nothing.

He came in and closed the door. She did not rise, only turned her head, and smiled—a faint smile, as if weary with waiting; but there was something sweet and appetizing in it to Biddle, for he felt that that which waited had been kept for him. He took the chair near her, and sat down, his hands on his knees.

"One could fancy we had but dreamed the last three years," he said, directly. "You are your own self to-night, Sarah."

She did not answer. Unseen, she shot a lightning glance up at the heavy face and dull eyes bent on the fire. This woman's meagre frame was full of fine and subtle flame to-night. Perhaps it was by virtue of that she was able to make a god out of such poor material.

"I declare, I do not think we have altered at all," he said, patting his knees leisurely with his fat hands. "The nights were just as bitter as this the winter I came first to the mill. I was hardly worked then. Still run the mill heavily. But I always came to you for sympathy."

"You have more responsibility in the mill now, then?"

"I am not talking of the mill," turning his small eyes steadily on her. "I am not talking of myself. I've had hard usage from fate, especially in this last loss. But I've only to carry my load until the end," with a sigh.

He paused, still keeping his eyes on her face. But she turned, without speaking, to the fire.

"It is of you I want to speak. When I stood in the door, just now, I wondered, should I come to you again, if you would be the same."

"What do you want of me?" in a hard whisper. Biddle rose, stretching his large frame with a laugh that had a pitiful break in it. "I'm a great, awkward mass of flesh, I know, Miss Webb, and with nothing in my head but accounts and mechanics. But I am as helpless and lonely as poor Jenny, since I lost my wife. I think I suffer like a woman, sometimes. I used to have great happiness in coming to you, in those translations, and so on. You always understood every-

be glad if we could be friends again."

Sarah rose.

"I think I understand," she said, slowly. "You want something for a reserve, to turn to occasionally, when the mill and day-books, and the chatter of the townspeople over your loss fail to satisfy you. You want-a friend, who will be tenderer than a man, and not as exacting as a wife. You think," stopping to steady herself with her hand on the mantle-shelf, "that you will find friendship, and strength, and cheerfulness waiting for you when you choose to come to me?"

The heat in her blood mounted to her pale face, kindled her eyes, quivered on her scarlet lips. Biddle rose. His stealthy, half-shut eyes lost not a trace of her emotion. Why had he never seen the subtle beauty in this woman?

"Well, something of that kind, though you put it roughly," he said. "And if I did come to you for friendship or strength-what then?"

She flung her hand out with passionate gesture. "I have none to give you, Robert Biddle. None!"

She walked to the window, and stood looking out on the white waste of snow. Biddle stood outwardly stolid, as usual, on the rug; but his small, dark eyes had a dangerous fire in them. Whatever master-passion tugged fiercely at his senses, he struggled to fight down, that was evident. He opened the clock on the mantel-shelf. and wound it up; took out his watch and compared them carefully. Then he sat down and looked in the fire, humming a tune under his breath. The hail beat sharply on the windowpane, the coal flashed in the grate, and crumbled noiselessly in ashes.

Suddenly he started up, and reached her with a single step, caught her arm, and turned her round with such haste that she caught her breath.

- "You have no friendship nor comfort for me?"
- "No, I have not."
- "What have you for me, then? What is it that is waiting for me in your eyes, your lips,

thing, even to the day-book at the mill. I would, in every movement of your body? Do you think I am blind? Do you think I will not have what is my right?"

> "There is nothing for you. I have nothing to give Alison Farrer's lover."

> "I never loved her. It was you I loved. I was beguiled into marrying her; that is-I mean-she had the reins, and led me where she would. Any woman can do that, it seems to me," with a momentary perplexed look. "But I know now what love is-love! Do you know, Sarah?"

> He had laid his hands on her shoulders. Her body shook like a reed in his hold, but her eyes met his defiant, yet yielding. The culmination of her life had come-the love and triumph.

"Do you know?" he repeated, eagerly.

The tears gathered slowly, and wet her cheeks. He drew her to his breast, and kissed her lips. The touch maddened him. Comfort! He had found the clixir of life at last. What was trivial little Ally's tame, insipid affection to this woman's store of passionate love, hidden for years, and growing, like rare wine, ripe, and fierce, and pure with time?

She would keep step with him in brain and soul; she would fire him with an antagonism, an attraction of which he well remembered the potent spell.

"You will be my wife?" straining her to "I have been drowsing through these years. I will know what life is at last -at last !"

"Yes, you shall know, Robert."

Mrs. Ryan, over the supper-table, an hour later, had her own thoughts about her guest. The widower was finding his appetite. He was not half so attractive, laughing heavily and demolishing waffles and oysters, as he had been in the depth of his first grief. How could that bright little fairy, Ally Ferrer, ever have fancied such a clod of a man?

But it was a kingly Hercules that sat opposite to Scrah Webb, and his jokes were shafts of Attic wit, diamond-pointed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THANK THEE!

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

WE thank thee, Father, that the days Are not all dark, and full of pain; Sometimes along the arid ways We hear the sound of rain.

We know not why Thy loving hands Such chastisement upon us lay;

We raise the cross above our plans, And go our lonely way.

Sufficient unto us Thy grace. We felt it in our sorest need; thy mercy is our safest place-We still are blest indeed.

MISS VERNON'S CHOICE

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

SHE crossed the wide, closely-shaven lawn, } holding her croquet mallet carelessly in her hand, and adapting herself to her escort's halting gait; and as the players looked up at her, more than one man's eyes held something even deeper than admiration. There were not many of the masculine visitors at Mordaunt Lawn, that most superb of the many superb villas in the environs of Boston, who had not succumbed to Rosamond Vernon; and there were still fewer who had not staked more upon the result of their efforts than the most careless of them cared to acknowledge. Yet she was a new star, comparatively. It was only six months since she had accompanied her father, the head of the great Calcutta firm of Vernon & Verity, on his voyage of business to Boston; yet, in these six months, she had achieved such success as few women achieve in so many years. There might have been some magnetism in her graceful, girlish manner. She cared so little for the popular admiration, was so simply natural in her indifference, and yet, as she went on the even tenor of her way, men fell down and worshiped. Her fair face carried all before it; but the fair face was not the only attraction. The paternal Vernon was a millionaire, or a billionaire, if not even a trillionaire, report said; and his daughter was his only child. Accordingly, the good fortune of the man who won the right to be called her lover, would not be a little deserving of envy, which fact might possibly have added to her popularity. As she crossed the lawn, this evening, her thin, vaporous, white dress sweeping the sward, with the suggestive mistiness which was peculiar to her attire, and which suited so well her purely pallid face, her oriental brown eyes, upraised to her escort (for she was that artist's rarity, a dark-eyed blonde) the players who glanced toward her, glanced toward the man with an almost savage envy of him.

In spite of his crutch and impecuniosity, they were beginning to envy Durham Tredennis, these eligibles! How could they fail to do so? She was never indifferent to him. Her gentleness toward him had almost become a subject of wonder. He was not a handsome man, merely tall and dark-faced, possessing scarcely a good feature but his melancholy eyes. They were a grand feature, however, those eyes—sad and

deep, looking as if there were passion, and fire, and regret, subdued in their darkness—the sort of eyes, in fact, to work upon a woman's sympathy, and touch her heart.

How people had discussed the poor fellow, and the strange stories which were rife concerning him. He had been one of scandal's choicest morsels a few years ago. He had squandered a fortune, people said; his reckless extravagance had been almost a proverb; his very crutch had its story, and not a very pleasant one either.

"It was done at Baden-Baden," said Major Carmichael, who, knowing everything and everybody, came to Mordaunt with the rest. "He had an affair with a Frenchman, Gerard his name was, over one of those rascally rouge et noir tables. He was a good shot, too, that Gerard, scamp as he was. Used to it, I suppose."

But, however true the stories might be, Miss Vernon had not heard them at least. She liked Durham Tredennis, perhaps pitied him, and was frank enough not to attempt to conceal her friendship. In a certain girlish, tactful way, she exercised her power upon him, and exercised it, not as other women might have done, but to please him, and make him forget himself, and the misfortune which stung him so keenly. But, in his excess of wretchedness, the man was too self-scornful to be soothed, in spite of his gratitude. Even in his most grateful moods he held a fierce guard over himself.

He could not expect more than a woman's pity now, yet the time had been when his chances of gaining woman's love had been stronger than most men's. If the rest hoped, he did not. He would have sneered at the thought of such madness. Well, he had squandered the sweet, and now he was draining the bitter to the dregs, a maimed beggar, with his galled hear full of a passionate worship for a woman, who was is high above him, so he told himself every hour as the stars of heaven. But he did no wear his heart upon his sleeve. He laughed and jested with the rest, and sneered his weakness down: and, if his jests were bitter and coustin, few people guessed what the bitterness hid. A rong men he was a favorite, his daring and stilling wit making him popular. Women pitiet or feared him, as a rule; but Rosamond Ver. n did something more, she extended her fair han \

to him, and submitted to him gently, with a ten- ; of masculine Peri. der, quick insight into his pain.

People could not understand it. To tell the truth, the girl was not easily understood, and her calm, reticent pride baffled a casual observer. She had even puzzled Major Carmichael, who, at forty-four, had seen everything, learned everything, and experienced everything.

As she came to take her place on the croquetground, Major Carmichael was one of a small group of spectators and he turned with the rest to look at her.

"I thought I understood women as a rule," he said: "but I don't object to acknowledge that I have at last met a woman who baffles me."

"I will tell you what it is," said Fred Mordaunt, who had been one of the faithful from the first. "A man will advance as much with her in two hours, as he will in two years. She knows how to draw the line, and none of us will step beyond it. She is as straightforward with Langstroth and Ferris to-day as she is with me, and will say as much to them; and they have only been here a week, while I have followed her like a shadow since she first came to America in the winter."

"How about Tredennis?" put in an observant outsider, who, being a new arrival, was scarcely one of the initiated as yet. "She isn't in earnest, is she?"

"That remains to be proved," said Major Carmichael. "I think we have been making a mistake, heretofore. We have been speaking of Miss Vernon, as if she were one of those pretty Langstroth girls, who have been fed on propriety from their earliest infancy, and would prefer annihilation to anything 'unusual.' I am beginning to change my mind on this subject. Observation inclines me to believe that, if Miss Vernon was in love with Tredennis, she would marry him, crutch and all, and they would be as madly happy as is possible with humanity."

There was some slight expression of incredulity. It was not easy to believe. "The man has squandered everything-is the next thing to a beggar," said one.

"All the better for him, then," returned the major, concisely. "All the better luck, if the luck comes. A cool million is not an unpleasant thing in itself; but a cool million and Rosamond Vernen-

"Paradise and a Houri," laughed the new

"Paradise and the Peri, at present," replied the major, aptly. "Miss Vernon and the elephant's a figurative paradise, Tredennis a sort aloof. He could row, if he could do nothing else.

I wonder if the gates will swing backward."

Major Carmichael was rather partial to Miss Vernon. She was a novelty to him, with all his worldly experience. Her calm indifference to the furore she had created in Beacon street, had struck him first, and then her friendship for Tredennis had excited a deeper interest. had watched this friendship with no slight curiosity. It was something new to him, and he had begun to think that perhaps his world-wise theories might have their exceptions after all. There was no cruel vanity in this girl, beautiful and popular as she was. It would be a strange thing, if, in the strength of her loveliness and power, she flung all aside, forgetting everything but that, in spite of his past errors, she loved this man, and was ready to render up her glorious womanhood to his keeping. He had heard of women doing such things, but he had never believed it. Still, if such a thing could be, he began to understand that Rosamond Vernon was the woman to do it. To this man of the world there was something almost sublime in the fancy. It was like watching something startling and dramatic upon the stage, and he was curious to see the end.

A little apart from the rest, Durham Tredennis leaned upon his crutch, watching the players. It was his fate to stand aloof, and he was becoming accustomed to it; but the standing aloof held its own bitterness for all that. Miss Vernon was an admirable croquet-player. Her indolent gracefulness made every motion perfect, and in her supple-wristed white hand the mallet became a dangerous instrument. But even as she paid such charmingly scientific attention to the game, her thoughts were not wholly fixed upon it. She was oddly conscious of the tall figure leaning upon its crutch, and the dark eyes which followed her, as she passed to and fro. She was conscious of the man, as women are often conscious of a presence; and she was taking in the bitterness of his expression with a woman's true. quick insight into its meaning. Having come to a decision upon the subject, she did something novel-something which perhaps no one else would have done so well. But Miss Vernon had many novel privileges. She made an adroit stroke, which brought her to his side, and then, half bending over her mallet, she spoke to him,

"I am going to give up my place to Laura Langstroth," she said. "I am tired, and I want to go to the pond, to see the new boat."

He bowed with a quick pleasure in his smile. Certainly that would be better than the standing

Vol. LXII.-4

A careless stroke or so more, and Miss Vernon rendered up her mallet.

"Take my place if you please, Laura," she said. "Mr. Tredennis is going to take me down to the lake. He wishes to show me the Lurline."

The rest of the men looked after her with no slight envy of her companion, as he limped across the lawn, with the vaporous white dress trailing upon the grass at his side. Which of them would not have carried a crutch also to have been thus favored? Which of them did not imagine so, at least, which is a more reasonable way of putting it.

They found the Lurline under its pavilion, gay with fluttering pennons, and a dozen or so strong, steady strokes took them into the center of the lake, for Tredennis had been a good oarsman, even at Harvard; and muscle was his strong point yet, in spite of the crutch incubus, which he cursed so often.

He had gathered two or three heavy, waxenleaved water-lilies, as they pushed off, and Miss Vernon held them in her hand, and, when he rested upon his oars to look up at her, he was struck with a dreamy fancy of her likeness to them. Her pure, blonde face, her fresh loveliness, the misty, white dress enveloping the gleaming arms and shoulders. She might have been Undine herself; and a sharp pang stung him through his very recognition of her beauty. If they might float on thus forever in the soft, summer sunshine and fragrance, with the silvery ripples feathering in their wake. A mad thought enough, and he sneered at it, inwardly, the next moment; but it clung to him, nevertheless.

There had been a little silence upon them, but she broke it, even as these fancies were passing through his mind.

"I wonder if you will grant me a favor?" she

"I wonder if I could refuse one," he returned, trying to speak lightly. "Try me, at least."

"Tell me what you were thinking of, when I spoke to you upon the croquet-ground?" she said, with a touch of hesitant gravity in her sweet voice.

His dark face brightened marvelously, and certainly, sombre as he was, no man could light up with a more sudden brilliance. She had cared enough to observe him then; but the next moment, as he remembered what had really been the subject of his thoughts, the old satiric bitterness settled upon him.

"I was philosophizing," he said, with a half sneer at his remembrance. "One needs philosophy sometimes. I was thinking of croquet,

pointed, with a self-scorn which was almost terrible, at the crutch lying at his foot. "A pleasant subject for thought, truly-is it not?"

She glanced up at him quickly, and her eyes held just the soft, caressing sympathy one sometimes sees expressed in the face of a woman toward some lonely, uncared-for, suffering child. It was a strange expression to reveal itself on a girlish face; but still it was a natural one.

"I fancied as much," she said, softly. "I was afraid so. Did you know that was the reason I asked you to bring me here?"

He did not speak, because he could not trust himself; and she could see the blood beat into his dark cheek like a flame.

"It was," she went on. "You wear a look, sometimes, which I do not like to see. wore it then, and I wanted to save you from it. I have often thought I should like to save you from the thoughts which are the cause of it. Will you let me try?"

The simple, earnest speech, and the simple, sudden question, were almost a surprise to him, in spite of the unembarrassed frankness, which was natural to her. She made no pretence of ignoring the fact, that she had been sufficiently interested in his welfare to feel pained by his sadness. It was hard not to betray himself, and answer her as he would have answered her four Any other man, meeting with years before. such sweet sympathy, might have felt that it gave him the right to be madly happy; but, in his morbid sensitiveness, he had long ago convinced himself, that no other man would have met with it. He meant to do her no injustice when he told himself, that her pity, being quite natural in such a woman, could still be nothing more than pity. There was no danger of a beggarly lamester presuming upon it, and so he made her very tenderness toward him his keenest pang.

"I want you to promise that you will consider me your friend," she said. "Men do not believe in the friendships of women, generally, I know; but I think you will believe me when I say, that it will make me happier to feel that you think me worth the trusting. I am twentyone years old, Mr. Tredennis," with a frank little laugh. "And at twenty-one a woman is old enough to be faithful."

A faint rose-color had fluttered to her fair face, and her eyes were almost girlishly wistful. She understood the rare grace of making the indebtedness appear her own, and not his.

The man almost trembled in his passion of unconquerable feeling. No inward sneer at his of fate, of this, perhaps, most of all." And he weakness could make him master of himself for the moment. He pulled at his oars fiercely, { holding to them with a strong grasp

"Do you know what you are offering me?" he said. "You are giving a mortal a glimpse of heaven. Do you remember the maimed beggar who lay at the gate of Dives, Miss Vernon? You are reversing the parable. The beggar is not worthy, and Dives is merciful."

The color did not deepen upon her cheek. She looked at him with a clear-sighted pity for his self-scorn, and, as their eyes met, his caustic bitterness was overpowered.

"For heaven sake, forgive me!" he said, passionately. "I need your friendship, indeed. You have offered me a royal gift, and 1-I can only thank you."

She let him take her hand, and kiss it. would have submitted to such a thing from no other man; but she submitted to it from him, with a tender grace of yielding. The people who did not understand her, would have understood her less than ever, if they had seen her at that moment; but Miss Vernon was not easy to

When the Lurline came back to the little pavilion the shadow was gone from Durham Tredennis' face. The evil spirit was conquered, for the time at least, and, in forgetting his humiliation and defeats, he forgot to be bitter and sneering.

There had been a great deal of discussion concerning these two. What was Miss Vernon going to do with the man? Not marry him, of course, that was out of the question; and yet it would be strangely unlike her to amuse herself at his expense, and then cast him asido. Tredennis himself betrayed nothing; he was even harder to read than Miss Vernon. If he knew that he was the subject of discussion, he ignored the fact altogether. He passed through the ordeal of polite curiosity, cool, satiric, and indifferent. He followed the fair face with the rest; he picked up Miss Vernon's handkerchief, and carried her fan: but he never made gallant speeches, or talked complimentary nonsense-his folly, as he called it, was hidden within his own breast. Miss Vernon's stay at Mordaunt was not to be a long one. The head of the Calcutta firm was in New York at present, plunged in business; but as soon as a few arrangements were completed, the . Calcutta firm would require his presence. One or two brief letters had reached his daughter already, requesting her to be in readiness for departure at any time, so that Tredennis was only lingering for the end.

Unlike most belles, Miss Vernon was a great

cause of her popularity might have been her indifference to the general admiration; but however that was, she was certainly popular.

But, among the fair guests at Mordaunt, there was one marked exception to this rule, who decidedly made up, in the fervor of her dislike, for the adoration or the rest. The exception was an indefatigable young widow, who had been a rising favorite before the advent of fair Rosamond; but the fair face, and the millions, had swept her claims to belledom into emptiness-and she could not forgive her successful rival. Worse still, she could not hide her mortification, and the fact that her small shots of malice were calmly ignored, and that the enemy was too well bred to be roused to any passage at arms, did not add to her amiability. But Mrs. Redgrave fell upon the stories concerning Durham fredennis at last, and caught at them with a true feminine instinct as an easy mode of revenge. She knew that Miss Vernon made no secret of her friendship, and, accordingly, one evening, in the drawing-room, she opened her small battery.

Miss Vernon was standing in a little group of her adorers, fair and cool, as usual, and Tredennis was looking over a collection of engravings at a side-table, apart, when the widow, glancing toward him, shrugged her significant, silken shoulders, with a flutter of her Spanish fan.

"I wonder how our friend came here?" she said, with malicious innocence. "It is singular what people one meets, even in the best of society."

Miss Vernon held a fan, too-a quaint little, snow-fringed jewel of a thing-and as she turned slightly toward the speaker, the little fan fluttered for a moment with an odd tremor.

"One hears stories of him everywhere," went on the widow, with righteous malignity. "Every one hears them."

"I have not heard them," interposed Miss Vernon, in the coldest of clear voices.

This was precisely what the enemy wanted.

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed, looking up maliciously. "He is a penniless adventurer, it appears. Some Frenchman shot him in a disgraceful gambling quarrel at Baden. He has squandered thousands at the gaming-table, they say. He is a regular --- What is the word --black-leg, don't they call it?"

Rosamond Vernon lcoked at her calmly.

"I do not understand the word---" she was beginning with, when a slight sound made her glance toward the side-table. Durham Tredennis was leaving the room. Perhaps, unconsciously, favorite among the majority of her own sex. One \ Mrs. Redgrave had spoken too clearly; er, perhaps, his sensitive ears had been too quick; at galling Yet he bared his lost life to her relentall events, he had heard all, and, stung to the quick, in the bitterness of his torturing humiliation, had risen from his seat and gone out.

The group exchanged glances. Even the indefatigable widow looked defeated. But Miss Vernon completed her sentence without a touch of embarrassment.

"I was going to say that I did not understand the word. I have never heard the steries before, and now, you must pardon me for saying that I utterly disbelieve them, at least in the sense in which they have been rendered to you. Such stories never lose by repetition, we all know. Excuse me for saying this."

A calm speech enough in itself, but a very telling one, in spite of its ceremonious coldness. The widow was ingloriously defeated, and positively raged inwardly at the cool, unshaken face Miss Vernon carried out of the room when, a few minutes after, she left it with Major Carmichael.

It was a clear, moonlight night; and when the two came out together, Durham Tredennis was s'anding upon the collonade, leaning against one of the pillars, his galled heart beating in a fierce passion of tortured pride and wretchedness. He had been used as a means of humiliation to this proud, high-bred girl. Nothing in the world could have stung him so madly. When he turned at the sound of footsteps, and met her eyes, he could not speak. After the first few commonplace speeches, Major Carmichael left them very discreetly. He hoped this was to be the grand finale of his drama.

Then Miss Vernon spoke out impulsively.

"For pity's sake, forgive us!" she said, in a little passion of regret and pain.

"It is I who should ask you to forgive me," he returned, bitterly. "The stories were partly true, at least; and I have been the means, and by petty malice, to wound you. I might have expected as much. My very presence here is an insult to you."

There was a moment's pause, full of vague pain to both, and then Miss Vernon spoke in a low, scarcely steady voice.

"I am going to ask a favor of you again," she said. "We promised to trust each other honestly. Will you tell me the truth of these stories?"

Very few men would have dared to be wholly truthful with her; even he faltered a little, but her lovely, fearless eyes conquered him. It would have been a terrible ordeal for any man to pass through, but to him, sensitive, stung, almost mad with humiliation, it was more than }

lessly, sparing himself nothing. He had been more than reckless, he had flung away his noblest gifts: the very misfortune which might otherwise have won her pity, was his greatest disgrace. This was what he told her with bitter honesty.

He was actually pale when he had finished: he felt as though he had been signing his deathwarrant-he had reached the end of his tether.

But, for once, he had made a mistake; one of those mistakes which men are always making with regard to women, particularly with regard to women like Rosamond Vernon. She had listened without a word of comment: but when he concluded, he saw, to his astonishment, that there were actual tears in her eyes. She did not try to hide them from him, and he saw them when she looked up; but neither of them recognized their presence by a word.

"I had no right to ask you to tell me this," she said; "but I wanted to hear the truth from your own lips."

The quick glow which leapt to her face thrilled his very soul, it said so much, if he dared to be-

"When a woman is a man's friend," she said, "her womanhood teaches her to look beyond the line the world draws, and see more clearly and mercifully. You have proved that you thought me worth the trusting, Mr. Tredennis, and I thank you." And she held out both her hands to him with a simple gesture which, in itself alone, showed with what perfect woman's tact she had let the sad past drop away into utter oblivion.

He caught them in his own, in a passion of gratitude, which was almost fierce in its pathos. "Great heaven!" he said, "I think I have never met a true woman before!"

For the week that followed, the people who had discussed these two, began to experience some doubts as to the infallibility of their former decisions. Miss Vernon was beginning to suggest, even to the mast self-satisfied of her admirers, a new idea, which shook their self-possession greatly. Things which had appeared absolutely impossible a week or so before, were losing their appearance of impossibility, and the most superciliously incredulous faltered. They even talked over the matter among themselves with a wonder which was slightly ludicrous in its intensity.

But, one morning, at the week's end, Rosamond Vernon came into the breakfast-room with an open letter in her hand; a letter of businesslike appearance, bearing the post-mark of New York. It was the letter whose coming the interested had so much dreaded—and it came from the head of the Calcutta firm. Durham Tredennis gave it one glance, and then turned to the window with an odd pallor on his dark face.

"It is rather an abrupt termination to my pleasant visit," he heard her saying to their hostess. "But my father is anxious to reach Calcutta as soon as possible, and he wishes me to go out in the Scotia with him, to England, next Wednesday, so as to take the overland route."

That was all; but it was odd what a damper the simple announcement cast upon the general mood that day. The men who had anything at stake, looked wretched and excited. The head of the Calcutta firm would reach the Lawn tomorrow, and there was only this short day in which to win or lose. However much a man may be in love, he cannot easily face a voyage to Calcutta, and the following twenty-four hours must decide the fate of half a dozen of them. So it was that one after another took his chance as it came, and received his answer. What that answer was let the result prove.

That evening Major Carmichael sauntered into Tredennis' room, smoking a big Cabana, and looking somewhat excited, in spite of his usual sang froid.

"By Jove!" he said. "She has refused them all, from Mordaunt to little Langstroth; and there were about a dozen of them."

He gave Tredennis a curious glance as he spoke. The wretched day he had spent had told upon the man, and the generally cool, satiric face was almost haggard. Altogether, it was too much for the major to bear placidly.

"Confound it!" he broke forth, "Has she refused you too?"

A short laugh broke from Tredennis' lips—a laugh with the old sound of sneering bitterness in it.

"I am not a madman," he sald. "I have never asked her. If she refused these men, what would she say to me? Do you think," he cried, fiercely, "she'd tie herself to a crippled beggar?"

For a moment Major Carmichael stared at him in blank amazement. This was a new phase of affairs. He had not thought of this, natural as it was. But he recovered himself at last.

"You are worse than a madman," he said, his earnestness breaking through the old superficial crust of manner for once. "She refused these men, because she did not love them; if she had loved one of them, she would have said,

'yes' to him, and there would have been an end of the matter. If there were a thousand men at her feet to-night, it is my opinion she would refuse them all, for the simple reason that she is an honest woman, and the man she loves is—as you rather savagely put it—a beggar and a cripple."

Tredennis caught his breath sharply. He did not believe this, but it shook him nevertheless. He was only one of the many, after all. He had only shared his loss with the rest, and he could almost thank Heaven that the blow was no heavier. He had tried to avoid her that day, fearing to betray himself, and in doing so had been more thoroughly wretched than ever. He had felt his desolation as a foretaste of what the future would prove.

"She is in the drawing-room, alone," Carmichael went on to say. "She asked me where you were just now. Go down to her and say what you have to say. That is my advice. Women cannot speak for themselves."

A sudden thought shot across Tredennis' mind. He could bid her good-by, at least, and be spared the misery of feeling that they had no word apart.

"I will go down," he said, briefly. That was all, and he halted slowly out of the room.

Miss Vernon was alone, as Major Carmichael had said. Tredennis found her in the drawing-room, standing before the window, and, as she turned to greet him, at the sound of his entrance, he saw, by the dim light, that there was a faint pallor on her fair face, and a faint mistiness about her eyes. She was not quite so self-possessed as usual; some shade of the almost regal calmness was gone, and when she spoke to him there was a new tone in her voice, which was strangely hesitant.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I wanted to say—to say good-by to you, Mr. Tredennis. I suppose it is to be good-by," with a half-sad smile, and there she stopped, for something in his face silenced her. He had not intended to speak, but now, standing face to face with her, and face to face with the bitter end, he lost control over himself. One moment's struggling with his man's pride, and then his pentup wretchedness gained the mastery over him.

"Yes," he said. "It is to be good-by—goodby forever to me. Fate has thrust the beggar from the gate of Dives again, Miss Vernon."

She looked up at him quickly, and then looked down.

"I hope it is not forever," she answered, tremulously almost. "I should be sorry to think so." He drew a step nearer to her, and stood there, sad-eyed and haggard.

"If I were like other men," he said, unsteadily, "I might feel that it is best for me that we should part now; but it must be that I am weaker than the rest, for I cannot feel it yet. I have staked all and lost, and the loss is my rightful punishment. Can you guess what a madman I have been?"

She did not speak, but the white, jeweled hand, which rested upon the window, trembled strangely, and he went on, in the reckless bitterness of his pain, scarcely knowing what he said.

"I have no right to speak. I have not even the right another man might have, and yet I have dared to love you as another man might do —even I!"

Even then he would have been blind enough to leave the rest unspoken, in the hopelessness of his self-distrust; but fate had determined otherwise: for the next instant the soft flood of color on her cheek, and the soft, new light in her eyes, made him pause, in a sudden rapture of hope and fear.

"The rest spoke," she faltered. "You did not, and I thought I was to go away, and—never know——" And there the strange, sweet tremor conquered her again, and looking down at the fair, proud face, he began to understand, for the first time, that the great gift for which others had striven in vain, had been given to him unsought—was his, indeed, in spite of his unworthiness. He could not believe it. He drew yet nearer to her, his heart beating fiercely.

"You love me?" he said. "I am a beggar, and maimed, and you---"

Her clear, brown eyes met his, with a tender truth that checked his words.

"Do you not understand?" she said, softly. "I have loved you from the first."

And was not this enough?

OUR BOY.

BY MRS. E. N. HUNTINGTON.

Two little bright eyes, Jetty as night; Changing and darkling, Gleaming with light.

Two little red lips,
Four teeth within;
Sweet little dimples
In cheek and round chin.

Soft, sunny locks,

That will not stay curled,
On the busiest head
In all the wide world.

Dear little hands, So dainty and small, All the day long
Making marks on the wall.

Plump little feet,
That never are still;
Chattering tongue,
That carols at will.

Little plaid dress
Of black and red;
Little Scotch cap,
On jaunty head.

Sweet little prattler!

Brimful of joy;

Now can't you see,

Our dear little boy?

SUNSHINE.

BY M. E. M'CLEARY.

LOOKING onward from life's threshold, Through the mist of coming years, How the brightness and the beauty, Seem defaced by sighs and tears.

Gleams of sunshine in the vista,
Linger sweetly all the way;
But we fail to note their presence,
As among the shades they play.

Happiness, for those who seek it,
All may sometimes learn to know;
To revive the drooping spirit,
Kindly, with its genial glow.

There are flowers in our pathway,
Which we pass with careless tread;
But the thorns which stay our progress,
Are remembered there instead.

Shades will fall, and clouds will lower O'er us, as we journey on; But the sunshine seems the brighter, When the darkness all is gone.

There is light for every shedow,
Light from Heaven, streaming down;
Bearing every cross with meekness,
We will surely win the crown.

MY IDEES ABOUT FREE LOVE.

BY JOSHUA ALLEN'S WIFE.

PROF. THERE'S GUSHER has been a lecturin' on free love to Jonesville, and the next mornin' Betsey Bobbet came here, and sez she,

"Josiah Allen's wife you can't imagine what new and glorious and soarin' ideas that man has got into his head."

"Let him soar," says I coolly, "it don't hurt me none."

Sez she "He is too soarin' a sole to be into this cold unsympathizen' earth, he ought, by good right, to be in a warmer spear."

Sez I coldly, and almost frigidly, "From what I have heard of his lecture, I think so too, a good deal warmer."

Sez she "He soared to that extent that it seemed as if he would lift me right up and carry me off."

For a minute I thought of Theron Gusher with respect, and then again my eye fell sadly upon Betsey, and she went on, "I came right home and wrote a poem on the subject, and I will read it to you, and before I could say a word to help myself, she went on to read,

HIM OF THE FREE LOVE REPUBLIC.
BY BETSEY BOBBET.

If females had the spunk of a mice From man their foeman they would rise, Their darning needles to infamy send, Their dish cloth fetters nobly rend; From tyrant man would rise and flee, Thus boldly whispered Betsey B—.

Chorus—Females, have you a mice's will You will arise and get a bill.

But sweeter—sweeter 'tis to see
When man haint found afinitee
Are wedded unto lumps of clay
To boldly rise and soar away.
Ah 'tis a glorious sight to seo
Thus boldly murnured Betsey B——,

Chorus—Male men, have you a mice's will You will rise up and get a bill.

Haste golden year when all are free To hunt for their affinites When wedlock's gate opens to all The halt, the lame, the great, the small, Ah blis-ful hour may these eyes see These wishful eyes of Betsey B——.

Chorus—Males! females! with a mice's will Rise up! rise up! and get-a bill.

For that will hasten on that day That blissful time when none can say Scornful, "I'm more married than thee," All will be married, and all veou's be, Promiscous like Oh shall I see That blessed time, sighed Betsey B

Chorus—Yes if folks will have a mice's will And will arise and get a bill.

"You see it upsets some," said Betsy, as she finished readin'. "But Prof Gusher wanted me to write a him to sing at their Free Love con-

ventions, and he wanted a chorus to each verse, a sort of war-cry, that all could join in and help sing, and he says these soul-stirrin' lines,

> "Have you a mice's will You will rise up and get a bill,"

have got the true ring to 'em. I had to kinder speak against men in it, I hated to awfully but Prof Theron Gusher said it would be necessary in order to rouse the masses. He says the almost witherin' sarcasm of this noble song is just what they need. He says it will go down to posterity side by side with Yankée Doodle if not ahead of it. I knew by his kountenance that he thought it was ahead of Mr. Doodle's him. But what do you think of it Josiah Allen's wife?"

"I think," sez I, in a cautious tone, "that the verses is about offen a piece with the subject."

Says Betsy "Prof Gusher has heard that you are in favor of Wimmen's havin' a right, and he is comin' to see you."

Sez I "is he a man of a family?"

"Some," says she.

"Has he been married?" says I.

"Oh yes; a few times, or that is, what the cold world calls married; but he haint found the affinity yet, he has got several bills of devorcement from various different women, tryin' to find her; that may be his business to Jonesville; but it don't become me to speak of it. Don't you think, Josiah Allen's wife that it would be real sweet to get bills from men. It is a glorious doctrine for wimmen, so freein' and liberatin' to 'em.'

"Sweet," sez I, haughtily, "it would be a pretty world wouldn't it Betsey Bobbet, if every time a woman forgot to put a button on to a shirt, her husband would stand up and say she wazn't his affinity and go to huntin' of her up, or every time his collar choked him."

"Oh but wimmin could hunt too."

"Who would take care of the children if they wuz both a huntin'?" says I, sternly, "it would be a hard time for the poor little innocents, if there father and mother was both of 'em off a huntin?"

Before I could free my mind any further about Prof Gusher and his doctrine, I had a whole housefull of company came, and Betsey departed.

The next day Prof Theron Gusher came. Josiah was to the barn a thrashin' beans, but I re-

ceived him with a kam dignity. He was a harmless lookin' little man with his hair parted right in the middle, and he sez to me most the first thing after he sat down,

"You believe in wimmin's havin' a right don't you?"

"Yes sir," says I keenly lookin up from my knittin, "Just as many rights as she can get hold of, rights never hurt nobody yet."

"Worthy sentiments," sez he, "and you believe in free love don't you?"

"How free?" sez I coolly.

"Free to marry anybody you want to, and as long as you want to, from \(\frac{1}{2} \) a day, up to 5 years or so."

"No sir" sez I sternly, "I believe in rights, but I don't believe in wrongs, and of all the miserable doctrines that was ever let loose on the world, the doctrine of free love is the miserablist. Free love!" I repeated in indignant tones, "it ought to be called free deviltry, that is the right name for it," sez I.

He sunk back on his chair, put his hand to his brow and exclaimed wildly.

"My soul aches, I thought I had found a congenial spirit, but I am deceived—my breast aches, and sighs, and pants." He looked so awful distressed, that I didn't know what ailed him, and I looked pityin' on him from over my spektakles—and I says to him just as I would to our Thomas Jefferson,

"Mebby your vest is too tight."

"Vest!" he repeated in wild tones. "Would I had no worse trammels than store clothes, but it is the fate of reformers to be misunderstood. Woman the pain is deeper, and it is a gnawin' me."

His eyes wuz kinder rooled up, and he looked so wilted and uncomfortable, that I says to him, in still more pityin' accents,

"Haint you got wind on your stummuck, for if you have, pepperment essence is the best stuff you can take, and I will get you some."

"Wind!" he almost shouted, "Wind, no it is not wind." He spoke so deleriously, that he almost skairt me, but I kep up my placeid demeanor and kep on knittin?

"Woman" sez he "I would right the wrongs of your sect if I could. I bear in my heart the woes and pains of all the aching female hearts of the 19 centurys."

My knittin' dropped into my lap, and I looked up at him in surprise and I says to him respectfully,

"No wonder you groan and rithe, it must hurt awfully."

"It does hurt," sez he "but it hurts a sensative spirit worse, to have it mistook for wind." He see my softened face, and he took advantage of it and went on,

"Woman you have been married you say 25 years, haint you never felt slavish in that time, and felt that you would gladly unbind yourself."

"Never!" sez I firmly, "I don't want to be unbound."

"Haint you never had yearnings, and longings to be free?"

"Not a yearn," sez I kamly, "not a yearn. If I had wanted to remain free, I shouldn't have give my heart and hand to Josiah Allen. I didn't do it deleriously, I had my senses." Says I "You can't sit down and stand up at the same time, each situation has its advantages, but you can't be in both places at once, and this tryin' to, is what makes so much trouble amongst men and women. They want the rights and advantages of both stations to once-they want to sit down, and stand up at the same time, and it can't be did. Men and wimmin haint married at the pint of the bayonet, they go into it with both their eyes open. If anybody thinks they are happier and freeer from care without bein' married, nobody kompels em to be married, but if they are, they hadn't ought to want to be married and single at the same time, it is onreasonable."

He looked some convinced, and I went on in a softer tone.

"I haint a goin' to say that Josiah haint been tryin' a good many times. He has raved round some, when dinner wasn't ready, and gone in his stockin' feet considerable, and been slack about kindlin' wood, I haint a goin' to deny it. Like wise, I have my failins. I persume I haint done always exactly as I should about shirt buttons, mebby I have scolded more'n I ort to about his not keepin' geese. But if men and wimmin think they are marryin' angels they'l find they'l have to settle down, and keep house with human kritters. I never see a year yet, that didnt have more or less winter in it, but what does it say-for better, for worse, and if it turns out more worse than better why that don't part us, for what else does it say- Till death does us part,' and what is your little slip of paper that you call a bill to that? is that death," sez I.

He sot quailin' silently, and I proceeded on.

"I wouldn't give a cent for your bills, I had jest as leves walk up and marry any married man, as to marry a man with a bill. I had jest as leves," sez I warmin' with my subject, "I had jest as leves join a Mormen at once. How should I feel to know there was another women loose in the world liable to walk in here any minute and look at Josiah, and to know that all that sepa-

rated em was a little slip of paper about an inch wide?"

My voice was loud and excited, for 1 est deeply what I said, and sez he in soothin' tones.

"I persume that you and your husband are congeniel spirits, but what do you think of soarin' soles, that find out when it is too late, that they are wedded to mere lumps of clay'?"

I hadn't yet fully recovered from my excited state of mind, and I replied warmly,

"I never see a man yet, that wasn't more or less clay, and to tell you the truth I think jest as much of these clay men, as I do of these soarers, I never had any opinion of soarers at all?"

He sunk back in his chair and sithed, for I had touched him in a tender place-but still clingin' to his free love doctorine, he murmured

"Some women are knocked down by some men, and dragged out."

His meek tones touched my feelins, and I continued in more reasonable accents.

"Mebby if I was married to a man that knocked me down, and dragged me out frequently, I would leave him a spell, but not one cent would I ever invest in another man, not a cent. I would live alone till he came to his senses if he ever did, and if he didn't, why when the great roll is called over above, I would answer to his name I took when I loved him, and

married him, hopin' his old love would come back again there, and we would have all eternity to keep house in."

He looked so depressted, as he sat leanin' back in his chair, that I thought like as not I had convinced him, and he was sick of his business, and I asked him in a helpful way,

"Haint there no other business you can get into, besides preaching up free love? Haint there no better business? Haint there no cornfields where you could hire out for a scarecrow, haint there no sheep you could steal, can't you get to be United States Senator? Haint there no other mean job not quite so mean as this you could get into?"

He didn't seem to take it friendly in me, you know friendly advice makes some folks mad. He spoke out kinder surly and sez he,

"I haint done no hurt, I only want everybody to find their affinity."

That riled up the old Smith blood in me, and sez I with spirit.

"Say that word to me again, if you dare." Says I, "of all the mean words a married woman ever listened to, that is the meanest." Sez I, "if you faffinity' here in my house, again, young man, I will holler to Josiah."

He see I was in earnest, and deeply indigant, and he ketched up his hat and cane, and started off, and glad enough was I to see him go.

ALLOY.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

The stars are in the quiet sky, The rippling river rushing by Each leafy spray, Bends to the water's soft caress, Then in coquettish loveliness, Dances away.

But through each perfumed pulse of night, Through all its subtle power and might, Its sheen and gloss,

Forevermore must lurk for me,

In summer's pomp and pagentry, A sense of loss.

For memories of a sunny past, Their shadows o'er the present cast, Proving too well, In all life's bitterness, naught wrings Like these remembered "happier things," Haunting 'till death, loosing life's strings, Unwind the spell.

A PICTURE.

BY HELEN BREWSTER RANDOLPH.

ALL alone! all alone! Sitting with folded hands; Quenched is the light of love and joy, Broken the golden bands.

Bleeding and torn! bleeding and torn! Heart, beat faintly and low; Drifted away have the silver clouds, Revealing the darkness of woe,

Faded away! faded away! Gone the ambition of youth; Faded the visions of honor and fame, Broken the vows of truth.

Longing for rest! longing for rest! Praying for swift release: Longing to drift o'er the silent sea, And enter the harbor of peace.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 431, VOLUME LXI.

CHAPTER XII.

On went that colt, with a wild dash, that would have hurled any rider less lythe and bold to the earth. Little Patty clung close to the girl, with both arms flung tightly around her waist, her own hair flying out loose, and her voice ringing its exultant glee upon the air.

Along the river's bank, where the road ran close to the water, these two young creatures were hurried. The danger filled them with mad delight; the swift motion was wildly intoxicating.

Down the long sweep of the road they went, rushed round a curve near the bridge, and across that with a dash and clatter that brought Mrs. Vane into her front stoop, and held the miller motionless, with a bag of flour on his shoulder, which he had just lifted from a horse, ridden by a boy who was not strong enough to unload his own grist.

"Oh, par! par! See how we are a going it!" shricked little Patty, bending back, and shaking the loose hair from her eyes.

Before Vane could answer, or draw his breath, the colt had passed, bearing those two young creatures up the street like a whirlwind. A long hill uplifted itself at the lower end of the village, and toward this the animal bounded; but, as he began to mount the high ground, his speed slackened, and his mouth was white with foam. Then that seeming boy gave free play to her whip, and urged him to keep his swift pace till he reached the top of the hill, recking with sweat, ridged with foam, and champing his bit with impotent fury.

"There, how do you like it, little girl?" said Sarah Ann, turning her flushed face back on little Patty. "Never had such a ride in your life before; now did you?"

"No, indeed! Make him go it again."

"Not just now, you little humbug. I reckon his fire is pretty much run out. So, ho! old fellow, supposing we turn now, and walk down hill, if you've come to that."

"Let him trot, anyway," pleaded Patty, whose wild spirits were not half exhausted, "It is five hundred times better than any old chestnut, that trots, trots, trots, all the time at one pace. I like this; but she's clear grit, anyway."

I'll take the first real horse that comes to the mill, and go it, all by myself-see if I don't."

Sarah Ann turned her now submissive colt toward the village, where an alarm had been given, and half the inhabitants were out, waiting for some dreadful catastrophe, for the miller had rushed into the street, mad with apprehension, and Mrs. Vane followed him, wringing her hands, and pleading for help, with a flow of pathos that wrung the honest hearts of her neighbors into doing impossible things to rescue her child.

In the midst of this tumult, during which the mill-stones were grinding fiercely against each other, without a handful of grain to soften their harshness, that strange colt came trotting gently down the street, and halted in the midst of the crowd, with what seemed a handsome boy, and little Patty, flushed and smiling, on his back.

The miller, whose white features began to quiver with thankfulness, ran forward, and lifted the child from her perilous seat, in spite of Patty's struggles to retain it.

"My child! My own, little Patty! came you on that wild horse," he cried, still trombling with affright.

"Oh, I just gave a jump to his back, and away he went," answered Patty, parting the hair from her face, and tossing it back with both hands. "Oh, wasn't it fun? Just ask him?"

"She isn't hurt a bit," said the boy, smiling, till his white teeth were visible; "but she might have been if the colt hadn't stood handy. Never saw such a creature for clinging. Are you her father?"

"Of course he is," interposed Mrs. Vane, giving Patty half a dozen warm, maternal kisses, and ending them off with a shake that made the child's teeth chatter. "And he deserves to give her a good whipping."

"No! no!" answered the miller, rescuing the child from its mother's fond wrath. "She didn't mean any harm."

"The little girl would have broken her neck, if it hadn't been for me, and the colt, sir. Riding a chestnut limb, twenty feet from the ground, isn't safer than a run along a clear, open road

- "And who are you, if I may be so bold?" questioned the miller
 - "Me? Oh, I'm nothing in particular!"
- "Business in these parts, mebby," suggested sone of the neighbors.
- "No-no! I believe not!" answered the boy, blushing red.
 - "Up above, then?"
- 'Yes—yes! I have got a little business up above; but the colt is pretty well tired out. I shall have to stay somewhere all night. Is there any place?"
- "Put your horse under the mill-shed; there is plenty of oats inside, and the old woman will make up a bed somewhere," said Vane, who comprehended, in a vague way, that the lad had saved his child from a great peril.
- "That's right, par! that's right! He's just the nicest sort of a boy," said Patty, fairly dancing with delight. "I'll sit next to him at table.

 I—I——

"This way," said the miller, walking off toward the low-roofed entrance to the mill. "Tie up your horse, and I'll bring out a measure of oats. Then you can look about till supper-time."

This was exactly what the seeming boy wanted. The fates were playing into his hands, though he did not reflect upon it in that light, never having heard much about fate. The colt was soon unsaddled, and gently rubbed down, with a wisp of clean straw, before the miller came out with a generous measure of oats in his hand.

"Now, my good boy, tell me all about it," he said, earnestly. "My child, how came she on this skittish creature's back?"

"Easy enough, sir. She was tottering on a high limb, and would have slipped off, if I hadn't rode the colt right under it, and told her to jump, which she did, and she jumped square behind me. The colt didn't like it, kicked up like fury, bolted, and you saw how we went it. The little girl hung on like a hero, and seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. The colt liked it, too; but the long hill tired him out, so that gave me a chance to bring that smart, little creture back home. That's all there is about it, so far as I know."

The miller listened with very deep interest. as a loving father does when his child has been in danger. He did not speak at first, but the seeming lad saw the traces of two large tears, which made a slow path down the flour-dust on his face.

"Wait a minute," said the little man, at last; and he went hastily into the mill, and brought out another measure of oats, which he poured out before the colt, thus offering that spirited

animal a fair chance of foundering itself, out of his teeming gratitude.

"Now just look about the mill, or go in and rest, if you hadn't rather do something else, till supper-time," he said, with a burst of glowing hospitality. "I've got to tend the hopper, now, or I'd go about with you."

"Oh, never mind about that," answered the boy. "I can find my way about."

"Don't go too far off. If you shouldn't be back, we will blow the toot-horn, and you'll know by that when supper is ready. Speaking of supper puts me in mind. If you know how to shute, just knock over one of them chickens there, and we'll have him broiled agin you come back."

Here Vane ran into the mill, and came out with an old flint-lock gun in his hand, which he offered to the boy.

"Just take hold here, and settle one of them fellers," he said. "My eyesight ain't as good as it was once. It's all loaded—so blaze away!"

Fortunately for the disguised girl, she knew how to handle a gun, and the flint lock had no terrors for her. In less than a minute, there was a fearful commotion among a flock of chickens, which was lazily picking up grain about the mill. One white pullet was making desperate bounds into the air, while the rest fled away, shricking out hoarse cries of terror.

"Now just carry that in to the old woman. Tell her it's for supper: and batter cakes, beside, wouldn't be too much for a shaver that has saved our little girl's life. You can give that as my opinion, and let her do as she's a mind to."

The boy scarcely stayed to hear these directions out, but seized upon the pullet, carried it to the house, and handed it to Mrs. Vane, who had been alternately kissing and scolding little Patty, who was forbidden to leave the house again that day, and sat gloomily in a corner, with rebellious tears streaming down her face.

"To be briled with batter-cakes, the old man says."

Mrs. Vane took the pullet, which was still enough now, and looked hard at her husband's messenger.

- "Batter-cakes?" said she, with emphasis.
- "That's exactly what the old feller said. Ask him, if you don't believe me," was the prompt answer. "Nothing dreadful about that, I reckon. Batter-cakes is easy made, some milk, and plenty of eggs."
- "Some milk and eggs! Boys about these times are nation bright. What does a whipper-snapper like you know about cooking."

The seeming lad blushed crimson, and stam- } half-covered with moss, over which a clump of mered out,

"No-nothing! Only boys have mothers sometimes, and mine knows how to cook anything, from a chippen-bird to a turkey-gobler."

Mrs. Vane gave the chicken a toss into the back balcony, where it lay, with its white wings outspread, and its neck twisted awry, waiting for future action. ... I.

While the good woman's attention was drawn that way, Patty made a sign to the boy that he was to insist that she should go out with him. Her eager face was plea enough for the lad.

"I should just like to have that little girl go along, while I look about a little," he said. "She can show me the way."

"And I should just like to keep her where she is. Two children nigh about killed is enough for me in one summer."

"Oh, mar, mar! Do let me go," pleaded Patty.

Mrs. Vane turned her look on both petitioners, and proceeded to fill an iron pot with water, which she swung over the fire.

"May I, mar?" pleaded Patty, in a piteous, little voice.

"No. I want you to help pick the chicken," answered Mrs. Vane. "You may go, boy. She'd better stay with me."

The strange boy gave little Patty a look of tender sympathy, and went away. Drawing his cap down low, and stooping a little in his walk, he crossed the bridge, sauntered along the garden-wall, and, from its shelter, took a survey of the red farm-house. No one was at the windows. or about the front-door, but the bay horse stood by the gate still, and this sign of a protracted visit filled that young heart with angry pain.

"I can't stand it," the boy muttered. "If it's real, I want to lie down somewhere, and be buried out of sight."

A noise, as of a closing door, startled the young listener, who kept along the stone-wall, until the terrace ended, then sprang over it; and wandered off, across an orchard, where the yellow and crimson fruit lay in rare ripeness among the thick grass of a thrifty aftergrowth. Since morning the poor girl had taken no food; but excitement made her forget that, and kept away all idea of hunger. She scarcely heeded the tempting apples, but passed through it rapidly, feeling oppressed by the gloom of the trees, and a little faint from the rich fruity smell that loaded the

At last she left the orchard, mounted the rising ground still farther, and then threw herself down on a broad-rock, tufted with wild plants, and larch trees cast their delicate shadows.

It was a bitter hour for this wayward, young creature, filled with loving tenderness; stung with jealousy, passionate by nature, ardent in all things. She was drinking the first wormwood of her woman's life-drinking it with fierce struggles, and infinite pain.

"I will know-I will know it all, and then die," she moaned, clasping her knees with both hands, and rocking to and fro in anguish that, to her ignorance seemed immortal. "Nobody shall find me out, nobody but mother. knows; she may pity me, and cry over me, if she wants to. It won't be for long. A heart that pains one so, must break in the end. But who will care? Mother and Tim-not another soul."

The sound of soft, low voices, and of footsteps wading through the grass, made the girl start up and look about. She saw nothing, but dreading the approach of some one who might observe her distress, slipped down the rock, and hid herself behind an old hollow tree that stood close by it. As she sat there, holding her breath, two persons came upon the rock, and sat down on the very place she had occupied. A man and a woman; she was certain of that, from the shadows that fell upon the turf.

The girl knew in her heart that this man was the person she had followed, and the woman-Who was she?

A sweet, rich voice answered the thought-a voice that made the heart of that listening girl thrill, like a handful of torn harp-strings.

"Have I wanted to see you, Webster? I been impatient? How can you ask me? not your own heart answer mine?"

"But I would rather have it from your own sweet lips."

The girl by the oak started, and a faint moan broke from her. She knew it all now. He loved some one else. He never had loved her.

Strange! very strange; but the pain at her heart relaxed; certainty had crowded back suspense, which is the most harassing anguish that can fetter a human soul. To know the worst is to be unchained.

Sarah Ann leaned back against the hollow tree, wondering at herself. A sentence or two had been spoken on the rock, and lost to her. She was quite unconscious of listening. It seemed natural and right that she should learn all that related so nearly to her own life. Beyond that she had no power to reason. Indeed; those nice: shades of honor, which are a part of the refinements of social life, were only known to that

wild nature by intuition. Thus she listened without shame or compunction—listened to that which seemed to wreck her young life in the beginning.

"Thought of you every day and hour. Why, girl, you have filled my whole life."

"Am I indeed so dear to you?" answered the sweet voice, through which came a faint ring of triumph. "It seems so strange to be loved so entirely."

"Strange? And were you never loved before?"

"How should I? Who ever comes to this place worth noticing?"

There was a thrill of scorn in that fresh, young voice, which aroused the girl that listened. Perhaps it was also felt by Webster Hart, for his next sentence was uttered gravely.

"But how will it prove," he questioned, "when you are surrounded by men far superior to the one you have chosen?"

"I never expect to find anyone half so good, so wise, or so kind," was the laughing answer.

- "Do not think that. I should not care to be loved because of your inexperience. When once in the world you will find many persons infinitely my superior, especially in the power of giving you those luxuries and pleasures which youth craves, and beauty like yours should command."
 - "Are such things so very important then?"
- "In the society you will adorn, they are considered important. It will require great love to overbalance them."

Gertrude Harrington was silent. The young man's eyes were upon her, and she felt the scrutiny of their glance with a sort of irritation. Did he doubt her? Did she, in fact, doubt herself?

"You hesitate. You are not sure," he said, very gravely.

"I—I only would not speak, because you seemed to doubt me. What can I say that you will not think springs out of a young girl's inexperience. But time will satisfy you, for I am going into the world—your world."

"What do you mean, Gertrude?"

"Only this. I have a rich aunt in New York, who wants me to come and stay with her, until my education is complete."

"What? Going to school?"

"Not exactly. My aunt was the second wife of a gentleman who left a daughter to her care. I am to have a proper amount of society with this young lady, and masters at home. So, in the end, you may perhaps marry a very accomplished young lady, who will have seen enough of life to make it certain that she chooses you out of something beside country ignorance."

"Indeed," said Hart, thoughtfully. "And is this really arranged?"

"Why, you hardly seem to like it."

"Still, I have no right to make objections. Were it possible you should at once go from this quiet and safe home to mine. But that is in the clouds as yet. It may be years before I can claim the right to have you all to myself."

"The more reason, then, why this aunt of mine should put me in the way of knowing something of life."

"Perhaps. But you are safer here."

"Safer! Who can wish to harm me?"

"You cannot understand," said the young man, impatiently. "Experience is sometimes dearly bought."

"But one must have it, sometime, you know," answered the girl, tossing a handful of broken fern-leaves from her lap. "Since you left us I have been thinking of nothing but the place you are to fill in the great world; of the need there is that I should be prepared to stand side by side with you in it. No one shall say that you have sacrificed anything to love for a mere country girl."

Gertrude spoke excitedly. Her cheeks flushed, and ner eyes kindled. If love had made her tenderly gentle, ambition rendered her brilliant. The young man looked at her with a strange expression in his face.

"You forgot," he said, "that greatness, in any walk of life, seldom comes all at once. It is a thing to be worked for, waited for, as we watch fruit ripen on the bough. Like that it is oftenest full and perfect in the autumn of life, when it becomes a power rather than a passion."

"So long! so long!" murmured the girl.

"Ah! but in the meantime we have love, and the toil that wins success, which is, some men say, sweeter than success itself. That is what you and I can look forward to, let the rest come when it may."

"But we shall be old when it comes."

"True. What then? With love such as ours, deepening every year, greatness, if it ever comes, will be but a secondary thing."

"Ah! but I should like——" Gertrude broke off this sentence, and blushed deeply. She was ashamed of the impulse that had grown up rankly with her love.

"Well, what would you like, my beautiful darling?"

"Oh! to have the whole world look up to you, and worship you as I worship."

The young man shook his head, smiling almost sadly.

"But the world is too clear sighted for that.

No matter, dear one, so long as we are all the world to each other."

Hart threw his arm about Gertrude's waist, as he spoke, strained her to his heart, and kissed her on the lips and forehead with passionate warmth.

"You love me! Notwithstanding these proud dreams, you love me as I am? Say that over again, for somehow the joy I felt in seeing you once more seems chilled."

"I do love you. Indeed, indeed I do!"

Gertrude made no effort to free herself from his embrace, but clung to him, and shyly returned his kisses.

The girl who sat in breathless stillness by the hollow tree, clutched at the grass on either side of her with both hands, and shut her eyes, till the quivering lashes knit together; but great tears came through them, broken up like crushed diamonds, and the rich bloom faded utterly out of her face.

"Let us go now!" said Gertrude, releasing herself, and rising in some natural confusion. "Some one may be coming, and we shall be talked about fearfully."

"Well, what then? Are we not engaged?"

"That is just what they have been asking me these three weeks," answered Gertrude, laughing. "The moment it was settled about Clara and your friend, public curiosity turned toward us."

"Of course; so far as you are concerned, it could not have turned on a fairer subject. But you really are not going?"

"Yes, I am, or half the children in the village will be peeping at us from back of the orchard-wall. You don't know what curious little creatures they are. It was from them the first news about Clara got about."

"Very likely. But, tell me, has our friend got the school?"

"The school? Oh, yes; and Clara is one of his pupils. He is a great favorite with every one but little Patty. She, poor thing, is disconsolate, and grows more and more hostile to him every day."

"What a child it is. I rather think she dislikes me also."

"Of course she does. I expect to see her starting up from some hollow every instant, menacing you with her little fist. So we had better be gone."

Hart laughed, but protested against a cowardly retreat from the place made dear to him by the first associations of their love.

"But you haven't seen your aunt yet," argued Gertrude.

"No; but there is time enough."

"And your horse is standing before our gate. She will see it across the river, and so will every one that comes to the mill. This is the care you take of a delicate secret, is it? Come, now, we are safe here no longer."

Gertrude stepped down from the rock, as she made this playful reproach, and turned into a foot-path that led through the orchard. Hart followed her reluctantly, and, in a few minutes they disappeared under the apple-trees.

Then Sarah Ann came out from her hidingplace, pale and trembling with passionate grief. She was given up to the first love-sorrow, which rends its way through the young heart like a wild beast. That moment was utter desolation to the poor girl. She was humbled to the dust. Her inferiority to that girl, in her great beauty and natural grace, forced itself upon her with crushing force. No wonder Hart Webster loved a creature like that. How he must despise her. How could she ever think that he liked her.

Sarah Ann crushed the cap over her farehead, and walked toward the orchard. She had learned enough to break any girl's heart; but her tortured fancy clung to the subject. She longed to know what it was that lifted this young lady so much above her.

"I will see her close. I will see how she lives, and what it is that charms him," thought the girl, as she walked toward the road. "The thought of her is sure to kill me, when I get home: but I will carry her picture back with me I tried to look at her, but the tears came so thick and strong I couldn't."

Yes; Sarah Ann had resolved to see and speak with her rival—but how? It was all easy enough. Despair had made her reckless, and she was naturally quick witted. Leaping over the wall into the terraced-garden, she went boldly up to the front-door, for Hart's bay horse had disappeared from the gate, and she had no fear of meeting him. Her knock was answered by a request to come in, and the next moment what seemed to them a bright young boy stood in the parlor, where Gertrude and aunt Eunice had, ten minutes before, parted from Hart, asking, in a quick, nervous way, for permission to pick up a few apples from the orchard.

The boy held his cap in one hand, which seemed to tremble with fright; and his great, wild eyes looked piteously on Gertrude, as if the request had been one of life and death to him.

"Of course you may. Get just as many as you want to eat, and both pockets full to carry home,' said aunt Eunice. "You must be a stranger in these parts to have the decency to ask."

"Yes, marm; I am a stranger," answered the boy, in a low, trembling voice.

"Just so," said aunt Eunice. "Such politeness wasn't born in this neighborhood, I reckon. But you look sort of tired; won't you take a drink of milk or something."

"Thank you," answered the lad, sitting down on the edge of a chair. "I don't mind if I do."

Aunt Eunice went out to get the milk, and Gertrude was left alone with the boy. Expecting Hart that day, she had put on a soft, crimson merino dress, which gave depth and richness to her complexion, while its subtle folds fell in drapery around her person. A cluster of white asters, of which she was half ashamed—having gathered them for his especial admiration—contrasted with the raven blackness of her hair, and in her eyes there lay more tender shadows than the drooping lashes could throw, thick and inky as they were.

The seeming boy sat gazing on her, his great eyes full of enforced admiration, his heart burning with a bitter sense of bereavement. Why was she so beautiful? What good fortune had surrounded her with such beautiful things, while his own home was so bare even of necessary comfort? The carpet on that parlor-floor, though an ordinary one, in fact, seemed to him a sumpluous affair; and the windows, with red worsted rurtains falling over them, gave the room wonderful splendor in his eyes. His heart sank lower and lower, as he saw these things, and compared them with the bare floors, and naked sashes at home.

Gertrude was not thinking of him, but took her position at the window, and was looking out. She had just caught a glimpse of her lover, who stood talking to Mrs. Vane under the old button-ball tree, and her face brightened so beautifully, that the boy felt the cause, and almost hated her.

Aunt Eunice came in with a tumbler of milk in one hand, and a plate of apple-pie in the other. These she placed on a little, round stand, which she drew up to the boy, who lifted his eyes to her face with a quick, thankful look, as if he felt grateful that any one should notice him. But he could not eat; the pie, nice and flaky as it was, choked him. He drank a few mouthfuls of the milk, and got up from his chair.

"But you haven't eaten anything?" expostulated aunt Eunice.

"I—I haven't much appetite," answered the boy, looking ruefully at the pie. "That is for anything but apples," he added, remembering his seeming greed for them.

"I reckon they do look tempting," said the

old woman, greatly appeased; for the orchard was her pride and delight. "So just go out, and help yourself."

"Thank you, marm !"

The boy snatched his cap from the floor, where he had dropped it, and, making an awkward bow, went into the hall, and out of the back-door. How thrifty and green everything looked. The old well-pole, with moss on its bucket; the peartrees, deeply green; the garden, all red and golden with fall flowers, sickened that young creature with their beauty. He went into the orchard in a wild and desperate condition of mind. The crimson apples in the grass tantalized him. He snatched one up, and dashed it against the rough trunk of an old tree, from which it fell back split in twain.

"I wouldn't touch one, if I was starving," he sobbed.

Another, and another ruddy-cheeked apple went whirling from that little hand. It was a relief to destroy something. When his hands tired, he began to kick the fruit with his foot, and stamp it down in the grass.

This appeased the restless spirit that tortured him, and he left the orchard weary with excitement. The afternoon shadows were lengthening when he reached the highway, and crossed the bridge. Hart was still lingering in the little triangular garden, where little Patty was gathering ear-jewels from the wall that kept back the waters of the river. The young man was deep in his love-dreams, and observed nothing. So the lad crept by, and turned into the mill-shed. Here he found the colt so rampant, from a double feed of oats, that he danced and curveted all the while his owner was putting on the saddle.

The boy did not mount, but led the colt toward the bridge, keeping close to the garden fence, after he passed Vane's cottage. This caution was unnecessary, for Hart did not even look that way; but Patty did, and made a rush for the fence, which she cleared like a fawn.

"Boy! boy!" she called out. "You aint a going, and supper most ready?"

"Yes, little girl. I've got a good way to ride."

"But par will be mad, and mar too, for she's a stirring up the batter-cakes now."

"Little girl, you see I can't stay, and I don't want nothing to eat. It don't seem to me as if I should ever eat agin; but I'm just as much obliged to you as if I did. Any way," he added, breaking into a hysterical laugh, "we had a good ride together—didn't we? A splendid ride?"

"Didn't we now?" shouted Patty, looking be-

hind her to make sure that no one was calling her back. "I should just like to do it again."

The lad shook his head.

"You won't?" said Patty, disappointed.

"No, little girl. I don't think I shall ever have the heart for another run like that. The colt could master me easy as nothing now."

"No, he can't. Just get on, and help me up."

"Not this time. I must go home."

The lad spoke so mournfully, that little Patty grew sympathetic.

"Are you sick?" she inquired.

"Yes; I am afraid so."

"How cold your hand is!"

Here the child lifted the little hand to her cheek, as if she hoped to warm it against the rich bloom that burned in it, like color on a peach.

"You are a good, sweet little girl," sobbed the lad.

"Yes; I am that, if folks would only let me alone," said Patty, still fondling the boy's hand. "But they won't, and then I'm awful!"

They had now come in sight of the chestnuttree. Patty saw it, and began to leap forward.

"Come! come along! Mother don't know I'm out: so just take me up, and off I go. Won't she be sorry then, for fastening me up. Oh, no! I reckon she won't! But then par, poor, dear old par. No, indeed, I couldn't do it. He'd just burst his heart a crying for his little girl. So good-by, boy. I should like to run off with you, but won't on that account."

By this time they were under the chestnut. The child lifted up her arms, and wound them around the boy's neck. She looked into his sorrowful eyes, and began to cry.

"Don't! dont!" she said. "It makes me feel awful; don't now."

The disguised boy snatched the little creature up, kissed her again and again, then sprang on the colt, and was gone.

Little Patty followed the colt with wondering eyes, till he dashed around a curve of the road. Then she sat down, and began to cry, feeling very lonely, and afraid to go home.

"That's the way it is," she sobbed, in confidential conversation with herself. "They all come and rush about, then cut off just as hard as hosses can carry them. All but Clara's feller, and he won't go anyhow; but hangs about, and makes sister just good for nothing; besides, eating up all our chickens; for Clara will have 'em every time he comes. Then I have to wait till they've done, and eat drum-sticks. He'll never go. I wish he would. So does par; only he won't speak out. As for mar— Well, I sup-

pose she'll give me Hail Columbia on both ears, when she gets me back. Why couldn't that boy just have took me along? Then she'd a been sorry enough! But he rode off, just as cousin Hart did, and Gertie a sitting by the winder, and crying just as I do now. He's come back. I wonder if that boy ever will? If he does, I'll have a new, red merino frock, like hers, and set all ready for him, in the best room, as she did this morning. No. Mar would hustle me out of there; but I could fix up and hang about the mill. Oh, goody! goody! He's coming back again. He is, sure!

Here Patty sprang to her feet, clapped her hands, and was about to rush forward, when a new caprice seized upon her.

"Gertie don't let cousin Hart see half how glad she is, and I won't. This is the way grown ladies act when their beaus come—make believe they don't care."

Here Patty folded her hands demurely, drooped her eye-lids, and shot side glances at the colt and his rider, as they came swiftly toward the chestnut.

"Little girl?"

"Did you speak to me?" answered the child, meekly looking down at her hands.

"I want you to do something for me. What is your name? I haven't thought to ask?"

" Patty."

"Patty what?"

"Patty Vane, please."

"Well, Patty, I hope you like me a little."

"Don't just know," answered the child, somewhat at a loss as to the way young ladies would answer a question like that.

"Now, that's tough. I thought you liked me, ever so much, and I wanted you to do something against I come again."

"Then you will come again!" cried the child, springing up, and brightening out of her pretty affectations. "Just as cousin Hart did for Gertie? Yes, I'll do it. Anything you want."

"Well, Patty, I want you to come here just a week from to-day."

"That's next Monday," said the child. "I'll come. Under this chestnut-tree, you mean-don't you?"

"Yes. I'll ride over, and get here before noon; but I don't want to see a soul but you."

"That's just like them others," thought Patty.
"They never want to see anybody but their own girls, and like to do it out of doors, too."

"So you won't say a word about it," continued the boy, rather anxiously.

"Not a word!" said Patty, shutting her lips close.

"Well, I want you to find out something. You can?"

Patty nodded her head.

- " Find out where that young lady----"
- "Don't know any young lady," said Patty.
- "Well, that girl in the house by the bridge-"
- "Our Gertie?"
- "Yes. Find out where she is going to in New York."
 - "I know now. It's to her other aunt."
- "Yes; but I want the name of her aunt—the street she lives in——"
- "Why, Gertie hasn't got no aunt that lives in the street—nobody does that," cried Patty, interrupting her friend.
- "Never mind that. Only you ask what her aunt's name is, and what number is on her door, and about the street, just as if folks did live there. That is just what I want you to do for me. Now will you?"
 - "Yes I will. So, there!"
- "And I'll bring you something. What shall I bring you, Patty?"
- "Just your own self," said Patty, drooping her eyelids, and taking to side glances again, for she had not observed Gertrude and Hart sitting under the larch trees for nothing.
- "Well, I'll be sure to come next Monday. Good-by, Patty."
- "Good-by, boy. You'll find me either down here, or up in the limbs. Good-by."
- "Some one is coming. I hear a horse crossing the bridge."

The boy bent forward on his saddle, spoke to the colt, and dashed off on a swift run. Patty slid down the bank, and contented herself with throwing tufts of grass into the water, until a horse and wagon passed by, then she crept slowly home, feeling that supper was waiting for her, and perhaps something else, not quite so pleasant, on the maternal side.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PLAIN carriage, with a footman standing by the door, was waiting for the train. As it came slowly into the depot, a fine old lady, who had been sitting inside, got out hastily, and went upon the platform, where she stood anxiously scrutinizing each female face. As it passed her at last, she gave a start, and, pressing forward into the crowd, addressed a young lady, who was walking slowly, and looking around in some bewilderment.

"Gertrude! Miss Harrington!"

The girl turned, and looked at the sweet and somewhat agitated face of the old lady, who had spoken her name.

Vol. LXII.-5

"Is it—is it my aunt?" she said, brightening all over. "I am so relieved—so glad?"

The old lady held out her arms, and Gertrude felt them tremble as they were thrown around her.

- "I was half-frightened," said the girl, returning her aunt's kiss. "Would you believe it, aunt Foster have never been so far away from home before."
- "Well, you are safe enough now," was the kind answer. "There, Thomas, take the young lady's satchel and books."

Gertrude resigned her satchel to the footman with shy hesitation. She could not, all at once, comprehend that this neatly-attired young man was a servant, and insisted on carrying the books herself.

When once in the carriage, the girl, with all her natural grace, would have sat bolt upright among the luxurious cushions; but Mrs. Foster drew her softly into a caressing embrace, and laid her own pale cheek against the bloom of that other youthful face, with a murmur of love, not unmixed with something like tender pity.

"You must try and be happy with us, Gertrude; and, remember, you are not to get homesick, because things are a little cold and strange at first."

"Oh, I am not likely to be that, and you so kind," answered the girl, kissing the soft cheek resting so near her lips. "It seems to me like having aunt Eunice with me again. Dear aunt Eunice! she told me to kiss you for her."

- "Did she? Dear sister! Is she much changed?"
- "Not since I knew her. It seems to me that aunt Eunice never can change."
- "Not change!" said Mrs. Foster, dreamily. "But her youth and her beauty was all before you were born. From that time, I think my sister did become what she is now."
- "And that is," said Gertrude, "the dearest, kindest, most unselfish creature that the sun ever shone upon."

"She was always that," said Mrs. Foster, earnestly. "Always! always!"

There was silence between these two for a time, and in that silence their hearts seemed to knit together and understand each other. All the feeling of dread and uncertainty that had haunted Gertrude, during her ride in the cars, was gone. She knew there was one heart honest and kind as the one she had left, that would always turn to here in case of loneliness or need.

"Here we are," said Mrs. Foster, as the carriage stopped before a large house in one of the fashionable Avenues.

"We will go directly to your room," said

aunt Foster, leading the way up a broad walnut stair-case, whose shining wood was but half covered by a carpet, in which forest-moss and roses seemed matted together.

"We gave you this room, because it is nearest my own," said Mrs. Foster, untying the girl's bonnet, and smoothing back her thick hair with evident admiration. "You are very like your mother, my dear—and she was the handsomest of us all."

Gertrude blushed, and then grew slowly white, "I scarcely know anything of my mother," she said. "Aunt Eunice never will talk of her, and there was no one else to tell me anything."

"No, she never lived at the farm. That belonged to your grandfather, on our mother's side. It came to us after her death; or, rather, to your aunt Eunice, for I refused all share in it."

"But my mother—you know all about her?" inquired Gertrude, earnestly, for she had forgotten everything else in that one absorbing subject. "De I indeed look like her?"

"Yes," answered the aunt, briefly. "I recognized you by the likeness."

"So you did. How else could you have known me?"

"But we must not stop to talk now," said Mrs. Foster, evading the subject without seeming to shrink from it. "Through this door is your dressing-room. You will find a bath ready."

Mrs. Foster opened the door as she spoke, and Gertrudo followed her into a small inner-chamber, in which a tall mirror reflected her figure from head to foot. Opposite this stood a bureau, on which lay a pair of delicately-carved ivory brushes, and beyond them glistened the crystal gold of some toilet-bottles, whose contents filled the apartment with a scarcely perceptible prefume.

"Open the drawers, you will find almost everything you need," said Mrs. Foster, taking a key from a jewel-case of oxydized silver, which was a chief ornament of the bureau.

Gertrude obeyed her, and opened the first drawer. It was full of articles, enriched with delicate French embroidery, such as she had never seen in her lifetime.

"Oh, aunt!" she exclaimed, all in a tremor of grateful delight, "Are all these things for me?"

"For you, child. Yes; we must not let Mr. Foster's son or daughter think that such articles are a novelty.

"Are they here?" inquired Gertrude, dropping a lace handkerchief back into the drawer, and turning a half-frightened face on her aunt. "What if they should take a dislike to me?"

"Would that frighten you?"

"I-I don't know. At first it might a little."

"I hope not, because it is my first wish that you should be happy while you stay with us."

"But will they prevent it?" inquired Gertrude, aghast with the thought of meeting enemies in the house.

"I hope not. Of course, they cannot help liking you."

Gertrude sat down in a pretty easy-chair, halfcovered with lace, and was for awhile silent with dismay; but she started up at last with a glow in her face.

"Never mind, aunt, I'll make them like me."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Foster, doubtfully.

"But I will! So don't be anxious about it. I know you are, and it troubles you. Now it will make a coward of me if I think my coming brings you into difficulty. So I will act like an angel—see if I don't."

"I fear there will be need of it," said the aunt.

"Why, have they made up their minds to hate me already?"

"No, child, it is not that; but Mr. Foster and his sister seldom agree to like the same person."

"Oh, that is it! Well, aunt, which of them am I to please?"

"Both, if you can. As a beginning, get dressed as soon as possible, for it will soon be dinner-time."

"But my trunks—the express-man has them?"

"They are here; Thomas is bringing them up."

True enough; that moment the trunks were brought in, and Gertude took the crimson merino dress from one of them. It was the best garment in her wardrobe, and she had been rather proud of it, but now drew it forth with some misgivings.

"Will this do, aunt?"

"Very well, child," answered the aunt, looking at the girl as she flung down her magnificent hair, and thinking that such beauty would sustain itself in any dress.

As the girl stood between the two mirrors, seeing the full effect of her own beauty, almost for the first time in her life, the door opened, and Miss Foster looked in.

Gertrude turned, dropped the hair she was braiding in waves and ripples, over her person, and in a wild, embarrassed way, saw that a strange woman was looking in upon her.

"Oh, aunt!" she exclaimed, shrinking back in dismay.

The young lady at the door was held motionless with surprise. She neither advanced nor receded, but stood a moment on the threshold, then closed the door without speaking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, a walking-suit of white pique.
This costume is made to simulate three skirts.



The lower one, as may be seen, is ornamerted with a row of fringe, headed by two narrow rows of black velvet ribbon. Or a pique trimming may be substituted for the velvet, if the costume is preferred all in "white." This trimming, upon the lower skirt, simulates a square-cut apron in front, correspondingly disposed of at the back. The over-skirt is cut round, looped quite high at the sides, and festooned at different intervals around the back, a little more than half-way up the skirt. This skirt is also trimmed with fringe and velvet to correspond with the under-skirt.

The basque is pointed, back and front, slashed at the back up to the waist, with similar ornamentation. A small cape, open up the back, is added, to be worn at pleasure. A small coatsleeve completes the costume. This style would be well adapted to light, woolen material, suitable for traveling, etc. Of pique, sixteen yards will be required. The fine French cord is the pretiest, and most comfortable for summer wear, and can be bought from sixty cents up to one dollar per yard. From twelve to fourteen yards of white (bullion) cotton or linen fringe, and two pieces of velvet ribbon, for the trimming.

This is an exceedingly pretty walking-suit, to



be made in silk, alpaca, pique, or even Victoria lawn. It has one skirt, which is ornamented with a flounce ten inches deep, slightly full, and is gathered, and finished at the top with a bias band three inches wide, above which is a quilling of the material to stand up. There is an apron-front, which is trimmed with fringe, and



gathered up quite to the waist at the sides, where it terminates in two long sash-ends, trimmed with fringe, and simply tied once in the back, as may be seen in the engraving. The waist is plain and pointed, back and front. Coat-sleeves, with a cuff turned back. A frill of clear muslin, in the neck of the dress, completes this charming costume. All dresses continue to be worn quite long at the back. Fourteen yards of yard-wide material, or eighteen of ordinary width, will be sufficient for this dress. Three yards of fringe will be required for the apron and scarf-ends.

We give, above, a design for a summer walking-

suit of Hernani, of a light shade of buff or gray, The one skirt has a side plaiting of the material. fourteen inches deep, which is finished, top and bottom, (also separating it in the center,) with a box-plaiting two inches wide, edged with a narrow Tom Thumb fringe in black. The waist is made high, and with a small pointed basque. Coat-sleeves. Over this is worn (for the street) a sacque, fitting slightly to the figure in the back, but loose in front. As may be seen, the fronts round up to the side seams, and under the back lappets of the under-waist, is a large, loose puff of the material, under which fall broad sash-ends of black ribbon or silk. This sacque is trimmed with a box-plaiting, the same width as that which ornaments the skirt. The sleeves are slightly flowing, with a plaited under-sleeve of clear muslin. This style would be very pretty in organdie, buff linen, lawn, or almost any thin material. Of Hernani, twenty yards would be required. In colored they can be bought for seventy-five cents per yard. Of yard-wide material, fifteen to sixteen yards would be sufficient, Three pieces of Tom Thumb fringe, at one dollar: twenty-five cents per piece of twelve yards.



As this is the season for it, we give, next, a bathing-suit for a young lady. This bathingsuit is to be made of either striped or checked flannel. The trousers are cut long, coming to the ancles, and may be either confined by an elastic, with a ruffle below, as a finish, or left open, as in the design. The upper part of the garment is straight, and plaited into a yoke fitting closely at the throat. The sleeves are long, and fastened with an elastic at the wrist, with a ruffle falling over the hand for protection from the sun. A leathern belt, or one of the same material, is ased for confining the garment at the waist. The leather belts are much the best, both for wear and the keep in place better. Alpaca braid is used for trimming. Several rows are stitched upon the skirt of the upper-garment, around the yoke, sleeves, and bottom of the trousers. White tape is very much used upon suits of darkblue flannel, and looks and washes remarkably well. Eight to ten yards of flannel will be required, according to the size of the wearer.

We also give, in the front of the number, three illustrations of garments ornamented with the

"Standard Trimmings." The first is a lady's lawn-suit, just the thing for this season of ths year. The "Standard," box-plaited flouncing overlaps the straight-plaited, on the under-skirt, as will be observed, forming a heading of unequaled richness. These flouncings can be obtained in either cambric or Swiss, so that they can be adapted to any description of white suits. The second is a lady's polonaise, showing another style of the "Standard Trimmings" in the bias plait, which cannot be imitated by hand or machine. It is both elegant and graceful, and evidences the perfection of manufacture which the "Standard Trimmings" have attained. The third is a skirt for a lady's trained dress. The styles of "Standard Trimmings"-with which every lady should be familiar-are the straight-plait, box-plait, bias-plait, and fluted. These, each, can be obtained in any width from two to twelve inches, and of suitable materials. They can be used separately or in combination; and the "Standard" bias tucking, used in connection with either style of flouncing, as in this cut, is stylish and effective.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER HATS.



TABLE-COVER CORNER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in colors, | edges, and cording-stitch stalks, veins, and tenwe give a new and pretty design, in applica- drils These covers may be finished with fringe, tion, for the corner of a table-cover. We give or with an embroidered border, such as is shown both the reduced and full-sized corners. This in our smaller illustration. We also give a monocharming design is of ivy-leaves, as will be seen, gram for the corner. The letters are L. P., but: and is worked with white, black, or colored any others may be substituted.

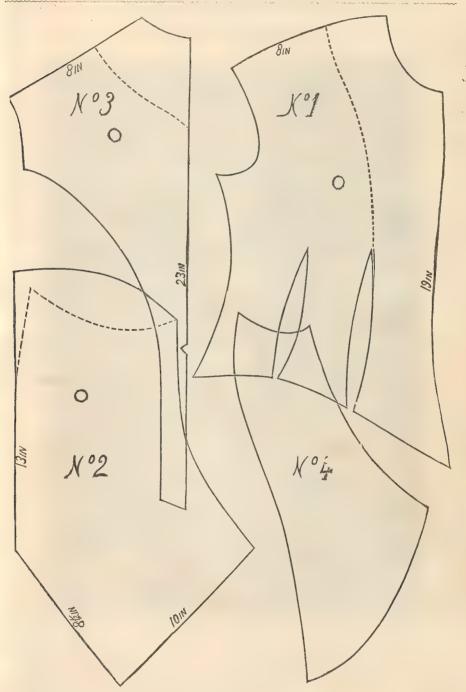
CORSAGE A GILET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This new and stylish affair, which is a dress-, display the bouffant, or group of bows, worm body with waistcoat front, called a Corsage A underneath. The sleeve is wide at the wrist, GILET, consists of a front, side-piece, back, and and is left open at back of arm as far as the sleeve. It has no seam at the waist, and the elbow. The middle, or waistcoat portion of the basques form deep points at front, are narrow fronts, should be covered with silk of another at the sides, and again deepen out to the back, color, or a darker shade; and this waistcoat, or

where they are left open to the waist, so as to "Gilet," is carried over the shoulder, terminat-



ing in point at the back of the neck, as shown by the lines of picking on the patterns.

We give, here, a diagram by which to cut out the corsage, which is for a lady of the ordinary size. No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. SLEEVE.

No. 3. BACK.

No. 4. Side-Piece.

Of course, enlarge these diagrams.

NETTED CURTAINS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



are Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 8, and Royal Em- the curtains. It will require thirty-six for each broidery Cotton, No. 16. A bone mesh, about a pattern; and as, with the mesh we have given, quarter of an inch wide, will make a nice-sized about five patterns will make the depth of a yard, diamond.

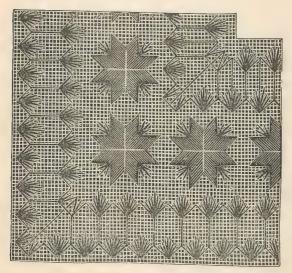
The materials for this pretty style of curtains | must depend entirely on the length required for it will be easy to calculate precisely the number The entire curtain is to be done in ordinary of stitches required for curtains of any given diamond netting, on which the design is after- length. With regard to the width, this also must ward to be darned. The number of stitches necessarily depend on the size of the window.

Each stripe occupies thirty-eight rows, or nineteen squares, the border being of the same dimensions; any number of repetitions can be made. Curtains are extremely pretty if worked in alternate stripes of darned netting, and a fancy stitch which is not darned.

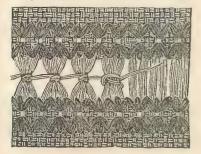
The design for the border itself would, perhaps, be preferred, by some people, to the flower stripes. A very handsome netted lace border should be worked on one side, and at the bottom of each curtain. By occupying leisure moments, you get a curtain very cheap.

DESIGNS ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These patterns are intended for tea and coffee ;



tray-covers, antimacassars, etc. The cloth can be made any desired size, by leaving the middle part plain, or working a small running pattern over.

The outer edge is generally finished with a fringe of the stuff frailed out, or a bought one set in.

The design shown in our small cut may be worked entirely in wool of one color. The cross-stitches are over four threads of the canvas.

The large design is worked with two shades of one color.

INITIALS.

MEC

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A POINT IN MANNERS .- A recent number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine contains an excellent article on "French Manners," and instances one point in which they excel English manners, and we may add American also. It says :- "One of the highest merits of the French system of manners is, that it tacitly lays down the principle that all persons, meeting in the same house, know each other without the formality of an introduction. Any man may ask any girl to dance, or speak to anybody, at a private party. This in no way extends to public gatherings, where the guarantee of supposed equality, which results from the fact of knowing the same host, does not exist. But in drawing-rooms the rule is absolute; everybody may talk to everybody. This is an intelligent and most practical custom: it facilitates conversation; it dispels all awkwardness toward your neighbor: it melts cold natures; it makes it possible to pass a pleasant hour in a house where you do not know a soul; it gives a look of warmth and unity to a room. No one is obliged to sit gloomily and in silence between two repelling strangers. If you want to speak, you are sure of a listener."

The result of this practice is, that it polishes manners still further. Says Blackwood :- "Though you have the indisputable right to begin a conversation with a lady next to you whom you have never seen before, you can only do so on condition of employing all the most respectful shades of attitude and language: you cannot jump into intimacy with her, and can only profit by her presence, provided you show yourself to be well worthy of it. The principle which temporarily equalizes all the people who are united under the same roof has other applications besides this one. It is a consequence of the self-same theory which obliges men to raise their hats when they enter a railway carriage, or an omnibus, or a waiting-room, or a shop, or any covered place where they find other people. It is the same feeling which leads them to bow respectfully to every lady they may encounter upon a stair-case; and if she does not return the courtesy, you may be sure from that single fact she is not a Frenchwoman. These acts, and others like them, are very civilizing; they add much grace to life; they induce external consideration and respect for others."

Can't Afford Ir.—We often hear the complaint that, though dressing fashionably is prettier that not dressing fashionably, it costs too much. "I can't afford it;" is the cry. This is a mistake. It really costs no more to dress in tasto than to dress out of it. But even if it did cost more, there are compensations in a different direction.

The Philadelphia Ledger, a journal that has always been distinguished for its excellent sense, had a very forcible article, lately, on this subject. "A great deal is said and written," it remarked, "about the vagaries of fashion, and the ladies are especially blamed, because they do not go on in one everlasting suit of 'hodden gray" or 'sodden black,' untrimmed and unornamented. But where would be the thousands who now find employment in the multiform modes of skill and industry if 'society' went back to primitive and absolute necessities? So, in all the outlets for expenditure, and for the gratification of taste. The very best philanthropy is in the judicious expenditure of money, and the more that all classes expend, of course within the bounds of proper economy, the better is everybody enabled to live. A spirit of sordid hoarding is the most depressing influence which can affect an individual. If a nation or a city of misers could

be imagined, we should have a community worse than savages. The barbarian is poor by necessity. The miser is wretched from choice. Common sense, in the matter of dress and living, is the only guide, and common sense is not so rare as many people would have us believe. The women have their due share of it, If we are occasionally 'stunned' on the street by some very 'pronounced' lady in her 'gett'ngup,' it is because she is exceptional. But to take the things which go to the ladies' 'make-up' out of the market of capital and labor, would bring on a 'crisis' to which the famous 'Black Friday' were nothing."

THE SUPERIOR ELEGANCE AND AUTHENTICITY of the fashions published in "Peterson" is a point, to which, in justice to our correspondents in Paris and our artists here, we ought, more frequently, to call attention. There is hardly any other lady's publication left, which is not interested, directly or indirectly, in puffing its own home-made designs and patterns. It is their interest, of course, to represent their caricatures of the styles as the newest and most elegant. This magazine, on the contrary, has no object to serve by misrepresenting the truth. "Peterson" has no connexion with any dry-goods or milliner's shop. It receives patterns of all the most beautiful costumes that appear in Paris, and lays the freshest and most stylish before its million readers. To prove the superiority of "Peterson" to all others, it is only necessary to examine its pages. A comparison is confidently challenged between its colored steel-plates and the fashions given in other publications. It is hardly going too far to say that it is a fraud to represent as "fashions" the hideous things that often appear elsewhere, and which, instead of coming from Paris, were really designed in some third-rate milliner's or dress-maker's back shop, and which make frights of every woman wearing them.

ONE OF THE MOST STYLISH summer materials, where a really elegant dress is desired, is Chambery gauze. Worth, the great Parisian dress-maker, always mixes silk with his Chambery gauze dresses. This gives substance to the gauze, as well as produces a richer effect; and almost in every case the silk is striped with a soft shade of pearl-gray, mauve, or pale blue; but with white Chambery gauzes brighter colors are used. What, for example, is prettier for a summer dinner-dress than white Chambery gauze over a striped bright pink silk? The flounce that borders the skirt is white Chambery gauze, and the gauze-train has large revers of the striped pink silk.

A Woman Should Dress Herself suitably to her age and style of beauty. Ladies of regular beauty require great simplicity in the lines and form of their dresses and outer garments; those who are only graceful and pretty, require dresses smartly trussed up, dashing bows and saucy bonnets: in short, whatever is calculated to give piquant charm to their persons.

SAVE MANY TIMES THE PRICE.—The Phoenix (N. Y.) Register says of this periodical:—"Through its valuable seasonable hints the subscriber saves many times the price of the work each year, in renewing the home wardrobe, and arranging the natty hats and bonnets, now so common, and easy of imitation."

GOLD BALLS are much worn, in the hair, by brunettes, this season. Blondes wear jet balls.

A New Volume begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Subscriptions will be taken for either six months or a year. No other two-dollar magazine in the country, we claim, can be compared with this one. "Peterson" gives, in every number, not less than eight pages more of reading matter than other magazines at the same price; gives also a colored pattern, which no other magazine gives; and gives a double-size colored fashion, printed from a steel plate, while others give only lithographs, or plates of only half the size. Many magazines, that charge three or four dollars, are not so good as " Peterson." The Portland (Me.) Monitor says :- "Only two dollars a year, and equal to the best three dollar magazine. Everybody ought to have a copy of it." If persons wish back numbers from January, they can be supplied. Additions may be made to clubs, at the price paid by the rest of the club.

MANY LADIES, who aspire to a reputation for elegance, do not hesitate to put a flower in their hair, even when they wear a high-necked dress. This is certainly wrong. A high-necked dress, however elegant it may be, does not harmonize with flowers, which should be worn only with low-necked dresses. A bow of ribbon, or an artistic comb, is admissible; but that is all that can be regarded as approved by good taste, in a high-necked dress.

EVERYTHING IS GOOD.—The Yankton (Dacota) Union says of our last number:—"We find so many good things that to tell of all would take an age. Everything contained therein is good, and there is nothing in that could well be left out. We wonder if Mr. Peterson ever dreams of one half the blessings he receives from the fair sex, thousands of whom he blesses, by answering the perplexing question they so often ask, how shall I be clothed?"

THE FASHIONABLE MATERIALS, this summer, are muslins, jaconets, organdies, unbleached linen, and satin cottons—in a word, all washing materials. With all their air of simplicity, toilets of this kind have great elegance, especially where tastefully trimmed. They also possess the advantage of being economical.

Do You THINK YOURSELF unhappy, poor, friendless, or otherwise worse off than others? Look around, and you will see many who have less, even, than you. Be, therefore, thankful that affairs are no worse with you.

NEVER LET A DAY PASS without doing some one good action. A day mis-spent is a day lost forever.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Gustave Adolf, and the Thirty Year's War. By Z. Topelius, Translated by Selina Borg and Marie A. Brown. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.-Until Miss Bremer's novels were translated into English, Americans knew absolutely nothing of the popular literature of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland. Since that period Hans Christian Anderson, Mrs. Carlen, and other Scandinavian authors, have become almost household names. The present writer is another accession to this list of worthies. His "Qeeen Christina," "Carl XII.," and "Princess Vasa," are highly popular in Europe, and we are glad to see an effort made to introduce his works into the United States. The novels of Topelius belong to the historical school, and so combine instruction with amusement. The present work tells the heroic story of Gustavus Adolphus, one of the most sincere and unselfish of monarchs and warriors. The volume is neatly printed and

Who Shall be Victor? By Eliza A. Dupny. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a sequel to the "Cancelled Will," a novel favorably noticed in the next column.

The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman. Vol. III. New York: Hurper & Brothers.—We have here the concluding volume of this painstaking and much-needed biography of the great founder of Methodism. The reverend author has quite fulfilled the promises with which he set out, and has given us a fair, intelligent, and comprehensive memoir of Wesley. Altogether it is the best account of this great man's life that we have or are likely to have. The present volume takes up the narrative in 1768 and carries it on to the death of Wesley in 1791. A portrait of Wesley, painted when he was eighty-five, accompanies the volume.

Sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt Tallmage. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The Rev. Mr. Tallmage is a Brooklyn celebrity, almost as noted as Henry Ward Beecher. His sermons are, perhaps, liable to the charge of sensationalism; but, on the other hand, they deal with live issues. They are peculiar, almost eccentric, and very ungrammatical; but they are also forcible and full of thought.

Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1871. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In preparing this record of the progress of science and industry during the past year, Mr. Baird has had the assistance of several eminent men of science, and as he is himself peculiarly fitted for the task, the result is a compilation of great and lasting value.

Shakspeare's Tragedy of Julius Casar. Edited by William J. Rolfe. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of those charming volumes, in flexible cloth covers, with notes and illustrations, that, when complete, will make the most desirable edition of Shakspeare, for many purposes, in the language.

An Account of the Battle of Bunker Hill. By David Pulsifer. I vol., 16 no. Boston: A Williams & Co.—This little narrative has been carefully compiled; is tersely written; and is free from national or political bias. A copy of an old map of Boston and Charlestown, at the time of the battle, adds to the value of the volume.

The First German Reader. By George F. Comfort. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is designed to succeed "The First Book in German," by the same author, and is a work we can recommend to teachers, students, and others. It is neatly bound in flexible cloth boards.

The Cancelled Will. By Eliza A. Inepuy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is by the author of "Why Did He Marry Her," "Michael Rudolph," and other popular novels. It is handsomely printed, and is bound in cloth gilt.

Beverly; or the White Mask. By Mansfield Tracy Walworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—A new novel, by the author of "Warwick," "Hotspur," "Stormcliff," etc., works favorably known to readers of fiction.

Martin Chazzlewit. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another instalment of Harper's "Household Edition of Dickens," one of the handsomest and cheapest we have ever seen.

The Woman's Kinjdom. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 no. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is another of the neat duodecimo volumes, in which the Harper's are reprinting Miss Murloch's novels.

A Bridge of Glass. By F. W. Robinson. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, by the author of "True To Herself," "Carrie's Confession," etc., etc. We think it his best.

A Brave Lady. By the author of "John Halifax," 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another instalment of the new library edition of this popular author's novels.

Grif. By B. L. Furjeon. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A story of Australian life, by that popular writer, the author of "Blade O'Grass," etc., etc.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A Choice of Seven Engravings, all large-sized for framing, is given to any person getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine." The engravings are, "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," and "Five Times One To-Day." When no choice is made, this last is sent, as being the newest. For large clubs an extra copy of the Magazine is sent in addition.

The "Novelty Clothes-Wringer."—We understand that this great labor-saving machine, with its many improvements over all others, not only saves labor and time, but will pay for itself in one year in the saving of clothing. This Wringer has long been before the public, and has steadily gained favor with the people. In purchasing a Clothes-Wringer, give the "Novelty" a trial, and you will be sure to give it the preference.

Example for the Ladies.—Mr. Leutz, Philadelphia, Pa., has had a Wheeler & Wilson Machine 16 years; for 8 years it supported a family of nine persons, two of these invalids, running on an average of 19 hours a day, by different persons, without costing a cent for repairs; some of the original dozen of needles are still in use. No personal instruction was received, and a child ten years old learned its use thoroughly.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or W. J. Carlton, Advertising Agent, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

FASHIONABLE STATIONERY BY MAIL.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, make a specialty of sending Ladies' Fine Note-Papers and Envelopes to any part of the country by mail. Any one sending them one dollar, will receive, post-paid, a box of assorted note-paper and envelopes of the latest patterns. Send for their circular.

"THE CHEAPEST AND BEST."—Says the Fonda (N. Y.) Democrat.—"It is impossible to conceive how a ladies' magazine could be more handsome or perfect than 'Peterson." It is unquestionably the cheapest of the really good magazines. The steel colored fashion-plates are a specialty with it."

"BOUGHT WITH A PRICE."—The Camden (N. J.) Democrat says:—"This novelet, 'Bought With a Price,' in 'Peterson's Magazine,' is worth a year's subscription."

"Perfection Itself."—The Union (N. Y.) News says:—
"Bright as a May morning is 'Peterson.' It is perfection itself."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VII.—Nurses.

The thoroughly qualified and Christian nurse will find her duties few, simple, and easily performed, whilst, to the incompetent and unscrupulous one, they may be proportionally intricate, arduous, and perplexing.

And there are so many of this latter class, who, with a mischievous tendency of ill-judged interference with the

regular and uniform operations of nature, incline to disobey and violate those wise and unerring laws, in administering to the wants of the new-born, that it is of the very highest importance that the mother should be put upon a watchful guard of her, to whom is assigned this sacred trust.

It has been previously stated that a quiet, calm sleep is the normal, or natural condition of the infant, during the first month of its existence at least.

Hence a disturbed or broken slumber, attended with nervous movements, as jerking of the limbs, a sudden starting with loud cries, as in a fright, or a low, moaning noise, evincing pain, all mark an unhealthy state, or artificial sleep, and should awaken in the mother an anxiety to learn the cause. This condition is mainly the result of cold, improper nursing, washing, or changing the infant, or other imprudence, through accident or carelessness on the part of the nurse; or else through the agency of paregoric, Bateman's drops, Godfrey's cordial, or even spirituous liquors given (on the sly) by the nurse, to allay the distress caused by improper conduct on her part.

The habit of resorting to these poisonous drugs, upon every slight appearance or manifestation of pain or uneasiness from the above causes, or any other of kindred character, is one fraught with the most ruinous and destructive consequences to the infantile race. Instances of positive infanticide, and many more of destroyed health and shortened existence, from the continuance of this most unnatural custom, are well-known to all physicians; and many striking cases have been vividly set forth by Dr. Beck in his little work on "Infant Therapeutics;" a work that could be profitably placed in every mother's hands.

Many who assume the important charge of nurse, are possessed of so little moral sensibility, that they do not hesitate to commence the nefarious trick of "giving drops" from the very first, in a little food or drink during the mother's sleep, for fear the infant may be troublesome, or break her rest at night. And thus its healthy nature is changed into one of unnatural dullness, which is artfully imposed upon the unsuspecting mother by the nurse, as an evidence of her superior skiil in her profession, and who, not unfrequently, remarks, with an air of triumph, "I never have cross babies." Again, the mother, after vainly essaying, on divers occasions. to quiet her babe, passes it into the hands of the nurse, who, ever prepared with a cup of arugged tea, or pap, with her back toward the mother, gives a few spoonfuls, and soon the child is hushed, whilst the good, honest, confiding mother, thus imposed upon, only flatters the nurse, by saying, "what a good nurse you are."

This deception is often not detected by the mother till after the nurse has taken her departure, and not always then, for the mother, in her embarrassment to discover why her bube is more fretful and restless now than whilst in charge of the nurse, too readily attributes it to her tact in management, instead of ascribing it to the proper cause. Have a watchful solicitude, therefore, ye mothers, for your dear offspring, that the seeds of suffering and death be not thus early implanted in their constitutions; and thus render the task of rearing children painful and anxious, which was designed to be one of enjoyment and pleasure.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

In the Middle States, this, like June, is a month of labor in the garden. Weeds are in rapid growth; plants are to set out, seeds saved, and various matters require attention.

Beans, plant for succession. Beets, the Long-blood and Sugar, also Mangold Wurtzel, may be planted for stock as late as first of July. June is, however, much better. Beets, for late winter and spring use, may now be sown. Cabbage, plant. Celery, plant. Endive, sow. Peas, a few may be sown; they

seldom do well at this season. *Turnips*, sow. See remarks under head of Farm Calendar.

In the South.—Under favorable conditions plant Beans, transplant Cabbage, Cauliflowers, and Broccoli; transplant Leeks; sow Carrots and Parsnips, if needful; sow Endive for early crop; a few Thrnips may be sown; transplant Celery for early supply, and prepare trenches for the main crop; Spinach may be sown toward the close of the month; the seed will not vegetate if the ground is dry, and, though watering is practiced by some, the results scarcely repay the labor. Irish Polatoes, plant; Oucumbers, for pickles, plant.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

For Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper,

SOUPS.

Mock Turtle Soup .- The calf's head being divided, having the skin on, the brains carefully remove and boil separately in a cloth; it must be placed in the sauce-pan, with more than enough water to cover it; skim while heating, let it be parboiled, and then let it cool; cut the meat from the head in square pieces, the tongue also; then break the bones of the head in pieces, return them into the water in which they have been boiled, add three or four pounds of shin of beef, knuckle of veal, three or four onions, two small carrots, sliced, a turnip also, with black pepper unground; then add the brains pounded, and stew gently five hours; strain, cool, and remove the fat. Take a clean stew-pan, place in it four ounces of fresh butter; add to it, when fluid, three wooden spoonfuls of flour, stirring it well until it browns, some shalots, or a little of the soup may be added to this, also parsley, sweet basil, chives, salt, soy, cayenne, and catchup; strain before you add it to the soup, into which you will return the pieces of meat, and boil it for upward of an hour; previous to dishing, half a pint of sherry or Madeira should be added, a lemon squeezed into the tureen in which it is to be served. and when in the tureen, add twenty or thirty egg-balls,

Another.-Blanch half a calf's head sufficiently to draw out the bones, cut off the ear and the tongue, taking off the skin of the latter, lay all separate until cold, and strain off the liquor, adding it to your veal or second stock; cut the meat into large square dice, put it into a stew-pan with your already prepared stock, and stew it until tender; then strain off some of the stock, get another stew-pan, cut about one pound of lean York or Westphalia ham, one pound of lean veal, a good faggot of basil and knotted-marjoram, two or three blades of mace, six or seven cloves, two bay-leaves, four onions, the parings of a few mushrooms, half a pound of butter, fry them for some time a nice, light brown, and dry all up with flour, then add the stock you have previously strained from the cut pieces; if too thick, add more stock, and let all boil for some time, keeping it stirred with a wooden spoon; when boiled sufficient, strain it through a tammy or tammy-sieve into the stew-pan that has! the cut pieces of the head, and boil all together; season with sugar, cayenne pepper, and salt, juice of lemon, and white wine.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

A Breakfust Dish.—Two kidneys, one tablespoonful of flour, pepper, and salt, half a teaspoonful of each, one tablespoonful of walnut catchup, or walnut pickle juice, two tablespoonfuls of gravy, one round of buttered toast, half a glass of claret. Skin and cut the kidneys into thin slices, and shake the flour well over them; place all the other ingredients, except the toast, in a sauce-pan, and let it boil gently for five minutes. Place it at the side of the fire till it ceases boiling, add the kidneys, and let it stew gently for ten minutes, but be sure it does not boil. Have the toast ready in a hot dish, pour it in, and serve immediately.

Cream Cheese.—Take about half a pint of cream, tie it up in a piece of thin muslin, and suspend it in a cool place. After five or six days take it out of the muslin, and put it between two plates, with a small weight on the upper one. This will make it a good shape for the table, and also help to ripen the cheese, which will be fit to use in about eight days from the commencement of the making. My dairymaid laughed to scorn the idea of any cheese without rennet; but she is convinced that my receipt is most excellent, and literally no trouble.

Or.—Have a small deal mould made, five inches long, three and a half inches wide, two inches deep, with about a dozen small gimlet-holes in the bottom, equal distances apart. Put into the mould a piece of cloth, letting it hang well over the sides. Fill it with good, fresh cream—all one skimming; lei it drain for four days, then turn it out (turning it over every day,) and in three or four days the cheese will be fit to eat. We have had most delicious cheeses, by this process.

Or.—Take a quart of cream, either fresh or sour, mix about a saltspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of sugar. Put it in a cloth, with a net outside, hang it up, and change the cloth every other day; in ten days it will be fit for use.

Savory Toasts.—Cut some slices of bread free from crust, about half an inch thick, and two and a half inches square; butter the tops thickly, spread a little mustard on them, and then cover them with a deep layer of grated cheese and ham, seasoned rather highly with cayenne; fry them in butter, but do not turn them in the pan; lift them out, and place in a Dutch-oven for four minutes to dissolve the cheese. Serve them very hot.

Stomachic Liquor.—Stick into the rind of a fine China orange three or four cloves; put it into a glass jar, and then add half a pound of sugar; pour in one quart of brandy; tie a bladder over the jar, and place it in a sunny window, or any other warm place, for twenty or thirty days; shake it gently round every day; then strain it off, and bottle it.

Currant Sauce.—Put one tablespoonful and a half of currant jelly and two tablespoonfuls of boiling water into a jar, which should stand in boiling water until the jelly is quite melted, stirring with a spoon to mix it well with the water, and render it smooth. Any quantity required can be made in this way, provided the proportions be attended to.

Breakfast Dish.—One pound of rich gravy beef, cut up into small pieces, put them into a basin with a small lump of fresh butter; cover over with a plate, and place in an oven for about an hour; take out and bruise in a mortar, add salt and pepper to taste, and press all into a potting pot; pour over melted butter.

Eggs and Beet-root.—Take some slices of dressed beet-root; toss them in some good fresh olive oil made perfectly hot; arrange them in a dish; place some poached and trimmed eggs (in a circle) round the beet-root; add pepper; squeeze lemon-juice over, and serve directly.

DESSERTS.

Vanilla Cup Custards.—Pound a vanilla bean in a mortar, and stir it into three pints of milk, eight well-beaten eggs, and sugar to taste. Fill your cups, place them in a pan of hot water, set them on the oven, and as soon as a custard is formed, take them out. They are very nice if placed on the ice in warm weather an hour or two before they are served.

Rice Pudding With Fruit.—Put your rice in a stew-pan, with very little milk; that is, one cup of rice, one gill of milk. Stand it where it will be hot, but not boil; when the rice has absorbed all the milk, add to it a quarter of a pound of dried currants, and one egg, well beaten. Boil it in a bag till the rice is tender, and serve it with sugar and cream. Morefruit may be added to the rice if it should be preferred,

Green Corn Dumplings .- A quart of young corn grated from the cob, half a pint of wheat flour sifted, half a pint of milk, six tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, a saltspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and butter for frying. Having grated as fine as possible sufficient young, fresh corn to make a quart, mix with it the wheat flour, and add the salt and pepper. Warm the milk in a small sauce-pan, and soften the butter in it. Then add them gradually to the pan of corn, stirring very hard, and set it away to cool. Beat the eggs light, and stir them into the mixture when it has cooled. Flour your hands, and make it into little dumplings. Put into a frying-pan a sufficiency of fresh butter (or lard and butter in equal proportions,) and when it is boiling hot, and has been skimmed, put in the dumplings, and fry them ten minutes or more, in proportion to their thickness. Then drain them, and send them hot to the dinner-table.

Corn Porridge.—Take young corn, and cut the grains from the cob. Measure it, and to each heaping pint of corn allow not quite a quart of milk. Put the corn and milk into a pot; stir them well together, and boil them till the corn is perfectly soft. Then add some bits of fresh butter dredged with flour, and let it boil five minutes longer. Stir in at the last some beaten yolk of egg, and in three minutes remove it from the fire. Take up the porridge, and send it to the table hot, and stir some fresh butter into it. You may add sugar and nutmeg.

Nursery Pudding.—To use up the crusts. Put your crusts into a large basin, with any other pieces of stale bread you may happen to have; pour over them as much hot milk as you think they will absorb; cover close, and let them soak all night. Beat thoroughly one or two eggs, according to your quantity of bread; add, on the same principle, raisins, stoned, and sweeten at discretion. Then work in a little flour to solidify the materials; butter your basin well, and boil from an hour and a half to two hours, as your pudding is larger or smaller.

Syllabub.—Half a pound of sugar, three pints of lukewarm milk or cream, one teacupful of wine. Dissolve the sugar in the wine, then pour in the milk, in a small stream, from a vessel, holding it up very high, so as to cause the milk to froth. In the country it is best to milk into the bowl, the last of the milk which is taken from the cow is richer.

CAKES.

Spanish Buns.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of rose-water, four eggs, one gill of yeast, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, half a pint of milk. Cut up the butter and rub it well with the flour, add the sugar, beat the eggs very light, and stir in lastly the spices and rose-water, with milk enough to form a very thick batter, then add the yeast. The next morning stir it again, and let it rise the second time. Butter your pans, and fill them three parts full. When they are done and cold, sift sugar over, and with a sharp knife out them in squares.

Silver Cake.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one and a half cup of flour, half a cup of milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the whites of four eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk and flour with the soda and cream of tartar, whisk the whites of the eggs to a froth, and stir them in gently at the last. A few drops of oil of almonds will give a fine flavor.

Sponge Ginger-Bread.—Warm a pint of molasses; stir in while warm a piece of butter the size of an egg, then stir in a large spoonful of best white ginger; dissolve one large teaspoonful of soda in a pint of new milk; strain this into the mixture; when cool, sift in as much flour as will make it stiff, then roll it out in cakes and bake on tins.

Gold Cake.—The same receipt as for Silver Cake, except the yolks of the four eggs should be used, instead of the whites.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC.

Apple-Jam.—Core and pare any quantity of good, tarapples, weigh an equal quantity of good, brown sugar, then chop up the apples; grate some lemon-peel, and shred some white ginger; make a good syrup of sugar, and skim it well; then throw in the apples, lemon-peel, and ginger. Let it all boil until the fruit looks clear and yellow. This is a delicious jam.

Pear-Marmalads. Select not too ripe pears, wash and parboil them soft; when cold, rub them through a collander. To two pounds of pears allow one pound of good brown sugar; simmer slowly for one hour, then put into jars, and cork tightly.

Gooseberry-Syrup.—One pint of juice, one and three-quarter pounds sugar. To twelve pounds of ripe gooseberries add two pounds of cherries, without stones; squeeze out the juice, and finish as others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Clean Black Lace.—Black lace looks well and nearly new if washed in skimmed milk. Of course, it is not to be rubbed, but constantly softly squeezed. When it seems clean take it out and put it into a little clean milk, also skimmed, then give it another soft squeeze and directly lay it out on sheets of stout paper, though a newspaper will do; touch it every here and there with the fingers to draw out the mitres or scollops, as the case may be; lay sheets of paper over the lace, and until dry a heavy weight over all. If laid on anything soft, the moisture is absorbed, and the lace is not so new-looking.

Hints on Making Gum.—Procure two ounces best gum Arabac at the chemist's. Take one moderately-sized lump of white sugar, and crush them both together until reduced to a fine powder. Dilute it in eight tablespoonfuls of cold water for four-and-twenty hours, one ounce to four tablespoonfuls. When strained it is fit for use.

To Wash Decanters.—Put some fine shot into the decanter, with some cold water, and shake about till the stain is removed, and the glass looks clear. Turn the shot out, and rinse with clean, cold water. Put the decanter in a bottle rack or in a jug to drain till dry.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Fig. 1.—Walking-Dress of Apricot-Colored Foulard, made qu'te plain, with a white muslin over-dress; the underskirt has one deep flounce, put on in full plaits; the upperskirt is simply hemmed, and looped up with muslin rosettes with apricot-colored ribbon bows in the center. The high waist is made with bretcles, the ends of which form a small basque at the back. Band and small bow of apricot-colored ribbon. Hat of white straw, trimmed with peach blossoms.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED CHALAIS AND GRENADINE.—The skirt is of chalais, trimmed with grenadine ruffles and bias satin folds, and three large rosettes, made of loose bows of satin ribbon down the front; an overskirt of the grenadine falls from the side, is finished with bias bands of mauve satin, and is looped up in the back with a rosette bow of ribbon. The basque waist is of chalais, covered with grenadine, and is trimmed with fringe. The waist is square in front, sloping off at the sides, and forms a basque at the back. Leghorn hat, trimmed with a bunch of glycena and mauve ribbon.

Fig. 111.—Carriage-Dress of Pink Striped Gauze de Chambert, over Pink Stik.—The under-skirt has three deep, full plaited flounces. The Polonaise upper-skirt is very mur', a puffed up at the back, and is trimmed with deep fringe. The waist is close, and the sleeves wide, and finished with frizge Straw hat, trimmed with roses and black lece.

FIG. IV .- WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE MOHAD .- 7 ES SAIN \$

trimmed with four rows of black velvet ribbon. The tunic, which is short, and opens in front, is made in one piece with the body, and with the loose sleeves, is trimmed with two rows of black velvet. Black lace fichu, fastened in front with a knot of black velvet ribbon. Straw flat, trimmed and tied with black velvet ribbon.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF POPPY-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is quite plain, with a plain, white muslin over-skirt, looped up in the back. Jacket of dark-green cushmore, braided in black. Straw hat, trimmed with poppy-colored ribbon and black feathers.

Fig. VI.—House-Dress of Gray Mohair, over a Gray Foulard Petticoat, which is made quite plain. The mohair skirt and front of the basque are made longer before than at the back, and are edged with a row of scallops headed by narrow black velvet ribbon. A large bow, with ends fustened to the skirt up in the back. The sleeves and corsage are plain.

Fig. VII.—Carriage-Dress of Buff-Colored Pongee.— The entire under-skirt is laid in Russian plaits. The apronfront of the upper-skirt, the front of the waist and sleeves, are plaited in the same manner. The tunicat the back falls away like a train, is simply bunched up here and there, and with the sleeves and body, is edged with a brown velvet ribbon.

Figs. viii. And ix.—White Muslin Bodies, Edged with Embroidered Ruffling.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give our usual amount of varied patterns, including some of the numerous shapes of hats, bonnets, etc., etc.

Nothing but the coolest, softest materials are to be seen now, except at the sea-side, where soft, flexible woolen dresses and wraps are often found very comfortable; even the heavy cretonnas and chintzes, of which so many of the so called "Dolly Varden" costumes are composed, which are in reality warm, are intended to look cool. We think that the immense bouquets, tropical leaves, birds and birds'nests, swinging cupids, and love-lorn shepherdesses, which adorn these dresses, are in the very worst taste; they look as if the bed-room curtains had been made to do double duty, The true "Dolly Varden" dress is really picturesque and very becoming, except to persons over middle age; and even then the gay skirt, open in front, and puffed up a good deal behind, and the rather short petticoat can be very much modified, so as to be becoming. The low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, looped up at the sides, are suitable to most faces, trimming them according to the age of the woman. Nearly all the foulards, chintzes, organdies, and lawns, are covered with bright, rather large bouquets, etc., which makes the modest, delicate striped, dotted and small-figured cotton goods of past years look both pale and plain beside them. The immense figures on some of these cretonnas, etc., have given the dresses so common a look, that some very fastidious ladies have gone to the other extreme, and wear their dresses quite long, and gracefully drooped, but not very much puffed out. These ladies select the quietest colors, some of those indescribable new tints which are so exquisite in themselves, though, as we have said before, not always effective nor becoming.

THE RUSSIAN PLAITING, which is now so fashionable, takes an enormous amount of material; and even if this plaiting is not used, the innumerable rufiles or flounces, puffings, quilings, etc., help to make a dress cost a vast amount. We think a reaction must come, and that the plain redingote or polonaise, buttoning down the whole length of the front, with tight sleeves, will begin to creep slowly into favor. Some few dresses in this style have already been made in Paris, but they require good figures, and an aristocratic bearing to carry them off well. Some few grenadines, with large checks or plaids, have appeared; but they are not popular.

WHITE MUSLIN DRESSES are much worn this summer; but

persons inclined to stoutness must not be tempted to wear them for any other purpose than morning wrappers, under pain of appearing twice as thick as they really are.

THE LINEN OR SATINETTE DRESSES, now to be procured of all colors, mauve, pale-blue, pule-green, salmon, and light pink, may be trimmed with English embroidery and coarse white lace.

BUT THE BLOUSE TUNIO will be made more especially in unbleached linen, and to brighten up the unbecoming tint of this linen, it will be trimmed with braid work of a more decided color, such as blue, green, garnet or violet. The tunic blouse will be gathered in at the waist with a wide belt of morocco of the color of the braid work, fastened in front with a high buckle of steel or of cut jet.

BROAD SASHES, especially those falling below the waist, and knotted on the left side, are very much worn in evening dress; but they look well chiefly on slender persons.

THE youngest and smartest spring outer garment is the mariner's jacket. Made of light cloth, there is nothing preferable for the intermediate season.

HATS are high in shape for the town or for traveling, but for the country, one sees some of quite a different style, with small flat crown and very wide brims. The crown is trimmed round with a series of small bows of ribbon or velvet, with two long strings floating behind, sometimes a wreath of flowers is added. Yet even in our large towns, the G.psy, Cicily Homespun, and Dolly Varden hats, are very much worn, and are usually very becoming.

Bonners are sufficiently varied to suit all tastes; some are very high, with a narrow border, a little raised, and would rather resemble hats, if it were not for the wide strings which are tied in front. Others, meant to be worn with the new coiffures a la d'Orleans, have no crown at all; they are mere borders which go round the chignon, and are joined together under the hair with a very large bow of ribbon; they also have very wide strings. We are glad to say that they are not popular, for they are very unbecoming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Boy's Dress of Fawn-Colored Kerseymer.— The trousers are cut as worn by gentlemen; the jacket is short and square, and trimmed with very broad military braid, and the vest is of a dark chocolate brown.

Fig. 11.—Smaller Boy's Dress.—The skirt is made in the kilt fashion, in very full, broad plaits; the jacket is half coat-shaped at the back, and is open in front over a white linen skirt, which has a deep, square collar. Plaid stockings.

Fig. 111.—Little Giel's Dress of Pongee.—The lower-skirt has two rows of braiding, in brown, put on between two straight rows; the upper-skirt, which is square in front and round behind, is trimmed with one row of brown braiding, and is joined at the sides with bows of brown ribbon. The sleeves are short, and the neck square. A white chemisette, with long sleeves, is worn with this dress.

Fig. IV.—Dress of White Pique for a child two years of age.

Fig. v.—A Young Girl's Dress of Gray Mohair.—The lower-skirt is made with one ruffle, headed with black velvet ribbon. The upper-skirt, which is trimmed with a gray fringe, is open in front, and is looped back with bows of black velvet. The high waist has a black velvet collar, edged around the thront with a narrow lace. Black velvet sash and black velvet cuffs on the long, tight sleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We wish we had something new to chronicle with regard to children's fashions; but when we have described the mother's dresses, we have, to a great extent, described the little daughter's also. The good, old-fashioned, simple style of dressing girls has gone out of vogue, we are sorry to say.



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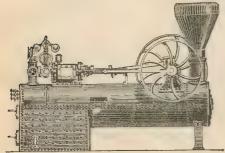
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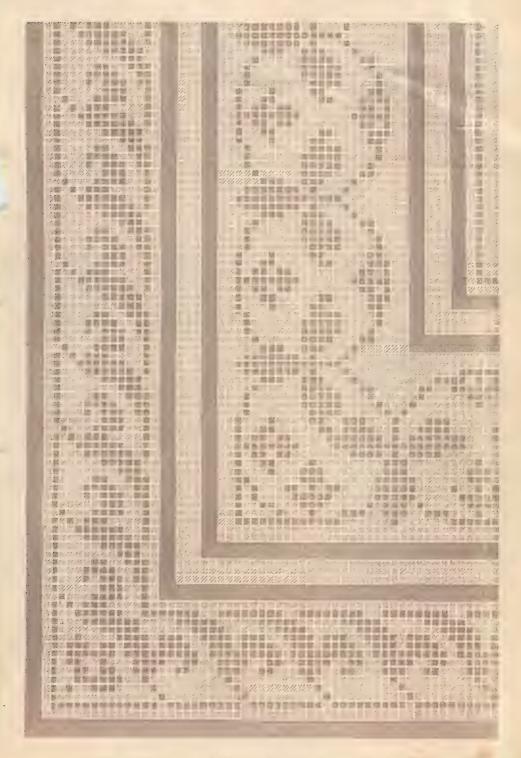
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE-August, 1872





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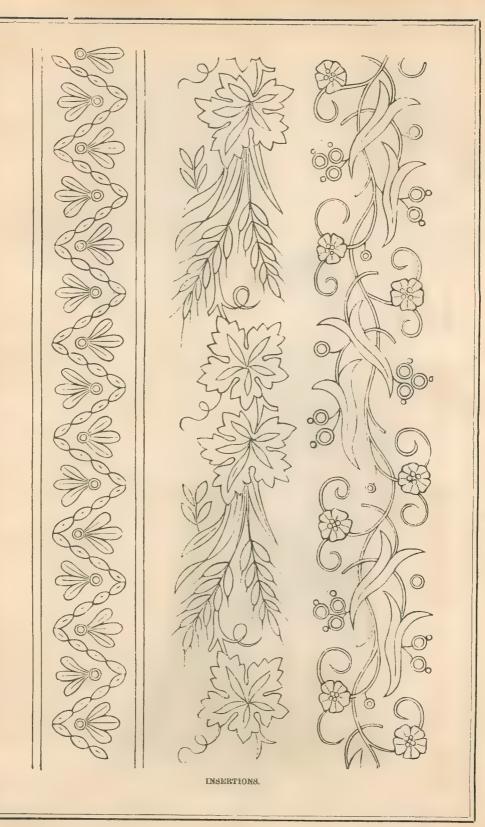














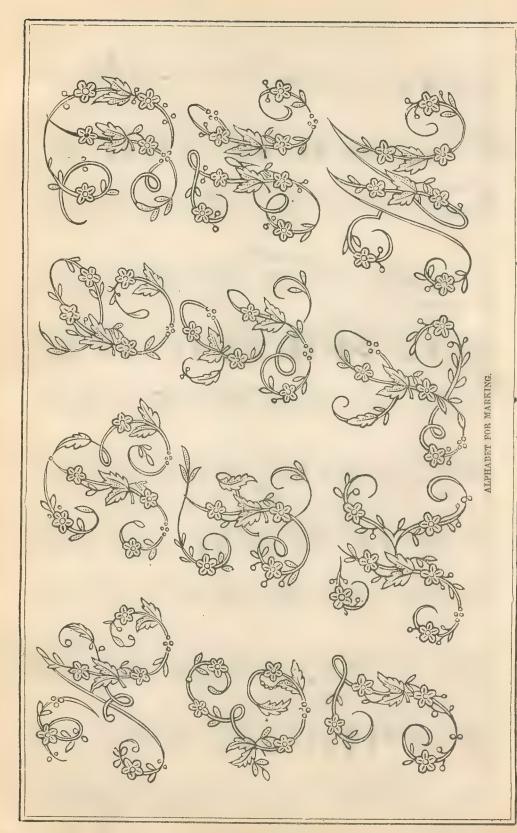
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXII.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1872.

No. 2.

WAS IT A WRAITH?

BY A. B. CAROLAN.

"Welcome! most welcome to California, my friend!" said Charles Evans, as we warmly shook hands on the wharf.

I had just arrived by the Pullman train from Omaha, having left New York seven days before; and the friend of my boyhood had insisted, in his letters, when he knew of my intended immigration, on my passing the first few weeks of my sojourn with Mm, till I should be made, as he expressed it, "a Californian of."

The moon had risen in the clear, June sky by the time we had dined at the Russ House; and mounting to the seat of a light buggy, we started for a twenty mile drive to my companion's country-seat.

"My dear old boy!" he exclaimed, taking a good hold of the reins, and touching the fine pair of grays with the whip, "You can't imagine how delighted I am that you have come out-left the land of Egypt for that of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey."

"I have no doubt," I answered, "that I shall be equally pleased, if one-tenth of the descriptions and stories which I have heard and read about it is true."

"True!" said he, with an accent of disdain. "Why, one-tenth has not been told. I tell you what it is, Philip-now that the railroad is completed, and communication made so easy, and cheap, too, taking all things into considerationthe whole East will come here, en masse; and the first who come, by investing in real estate, may make their fortunes by selling a portion of it to the last."

"A golden prospect, indeed," said I, laughing, "for the first comers! But tell me-how did you chance to come here so early? Surely, if I reap a golden harvest, you should reap one of diamonds; for you have been here since '50. Wise as I suppose the move was, I could never guess what prompted you to make it."

Vol. LXII .- 7

nearest and dearest friend, and I will reveal to you the mystery of my life; it always awes me to think of it, and I have never before spoken of it to any mortal.

"You know," he continued, after a pause, "that I received a good education as a physician; and when I was twenty-three years of age my father died, leaving me alone in the world, and with, perhaps, three thousand dollars in money and real estate. I settled in a little village in Connecticut, and was doing well; and though sometimes the life seemed rather dull, I think I was pretty well content. This was in the latter part of 1849. In the beginning of 1850, I began to feel a vague discontent-why, I can hardly tell. I was doing better than usual, and I had every reason to think myself a favorite with the community among which my lot was cast. But still the feeling grew in intensity, until it amounted to constant restlessness and dissatisfaction.

"Well, one evening I felt particularly weary and dispirited; and as I happened to have nothing to do, I took up a New York paper to pass the time. The word 'California,' in monstrous letters, attracted my attention, and I began to read the news. You remember the time, and how the soberest business letters read like bulletins from fairy-land. But what struck me most, I remember, was the price-list at the foot of the column. Flour, fifty dollars per barrel; sugar, one dollar per pound-and all the rest of it. Somehow, as I read, I felt still more dissatisfied with my present life; but the thought of going to California never entered my mind; and if it had, would have seemed too wild and absurd for serious consideration.

"It was after midnight before I went to bed, and I tossed a long time in feverish unrest until, after some hours, I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till late in the following morning. In the midst of that sleep," continued my friend, his "Well," said he, very gravely, "you are my voice sinking to a low and tender whisper, "I

95

saw the wall of my chamber suddenly illuminated, showing above my writing-table a portrait in a large, deep frame; the features-the broad, smooth forehead, the lustrous, brown eyes, the perfect lips and nose, the delicate ear, the clustering, beautiful brown hair-all are stamped upon my memory. Nothing surprises in dreams, and my only emotion was love-love that has never ceased to this day, nor will cease till death. I have called the vision a portrait, but its real appearance was that of a living person, looking through the unglazed picture-frame; and I felt no surprise when the dark eyes shone, and the sweet lips parted in a smile upon me, and the small, right hand was stretched forth toward the writing-table with a gesture I did not comprehend. Then heavy sleep closed like a great wave over me till I awoke in the broad daylight."

He paused, and I gazed on him in perfect astonishment. I thought he must have taken leave of his senses, and was about to speak, when he smiled, and motioned me to wait.

"I see," said he, "you think this more than strange-foolish, perhaps? Now, listen to the rest of my story. When I awoke in the morning, the light was streaming in at the casement, and the apartment was as cheerful as a June day could make it; and then, if ever, come perfect days," he added, smiling. "But the whole dream, or vision, or whatever it was, came to my mind as clearly and distinctly as though I saw it-and so it has ever remained. Well, as I was thinking over it, I mechanically lifted some of the papers that were lying on the table, and saw written, in a fair, feminine hand, the words, 'La Californie. Notice-it was not California, but Californie!"

"Why," said I, "there is nothing very odd in that; it is but French for California."

"Yes," he rejoined; "and that is the very thing to which I wish to call your attention. I knew little of the French language at that time, but I knew that these words were, as you say, the French for the name of the Golden State."

"The words might have been carelessly written by some one who had access to your room," said I. "You surely do not suppose-"

"I beg your pardon," he replied; "let us leave that for the present. I only wished to call your attention to it, to make my story complete. I will not," he continued, "weary you with an account of my feelings on that occasion; you may judge of their intensity by the fact, that in one month I was on my way to California. I was fortunate in finding a ship just starting from

adventurers-on board, and a most miscellaneous cargo, most of which was owned by the passengers. I added the whole of my fortune to it, invested in a variety of goods. I was so fortunate as to get my passage free, on condition of acting as physician on board the ship. The voyage was the usual long, stormy, and wearisome one of those days, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon it.

"When we arrived in San Francisco, I sold my goods at a very large profit; and then, catching the universal fever, I lent all my money out at what would now seem a very high rate of interest, so as to be free to go to the mines, and started off.

"I was not long in the gold fields till I saw that many a man worked hard and made money, and then lost it all in sinking shafts, or other expensive mining operations; and I determined to risk nothing that way-to work only at the placer diggings, and to stop when I had accumulated fifty thousand dollars. Within two years, what with my original capital, interest on loans, and mining, the goal was reached-and I paused. Yes; but the object toward which all my offorts were in reality directed-that perfect face, for which my heart yearned night and day-was still unfound; and with it my happiness must ever remain. I had an assurance, amounting to infatuation, that fate, or Providence-which is the Christian name of fate-had called me to California, and would not disappoint my trust.

"I had bought land-we are entering on it now," said he, as the horses, with a brisker trot, turned down a lane, between waving fields of grain, off the main road. "I had bought land in considerable quantities, while I was at the mines; as I foresaw that the owners of land would be the future millionaires of the State; and I was thinking of devoting my time to its improvement, but decided to work one month longer, 'just for luck,' and give the proceeds to the poorest man in camp.

"I had not far to go to find that unfortunate individual; he was my nearest neighbor-a Frenchman-unlucky in everything; unlucky in leaving France, where he had sold out at a sacrifice; unlucky in coming to America, for he had been wrecked on the voyage; and unlucky in California, for he could barely make expenses at the mines. As you may suppose, the bag of gold-dust which I gave him was no unacceptable present. He felt no scruples at taking it, as I had made out well at the mines, and we all helped each other. While I was talking with him, he addressed one of his little daughters by New York, with a large number of passengers - the name 'Californie.' I started with sudden

emotion, and glanced at the child-a pretty little commonplace brunette, about three years old. I could not help smiling. 'No, that is not my fate,' I thought. Lenoir, her father, smiled too.

"'I see,' he said, 'you are amused at the droll name of ma petite fille. Eh bien, monsieur, c'est ma Marie: she did fall in love wis la Californie, and she would have la petite so named.'

"Further conversation revealed the fact, that Marie, his eldest daughter, was living as a governess with a rich family of compatriots, in San Francisco. She was, he told me, well educated; and could live much more comfortably with those, who were more friends than employers, in the young city, than she could with the family at the camp; and he much preferred it for her, though the separation was hard to bear.

almost in sight. Within three months I had { reader.

wooed and won Marie. Ah, my friend! you smile; but I had loved her for three years-ever since I had seen her exact likeness on my chamber wall, in that little Connecticut village. Yes, my friend; and the writing on that sheet of paper, 'La Californie,' I have it yet, word for word, letter for letter-it corresponds with her hand.

"But, see!" he cried. "there is my castle! and here comes two of its garrison," as two rosyfaced girls came to meet us, " and soon you shall see its lady. But tell me, my friend-you always had a reputation for being clever at solving difficult problems-what was that vision? Was it a wraith? Or was it truly, in the light of after events, a mere illusion of a weary brain?"

And I beg leave to propound the same ques-"But I must abridge my story, as home is tions, which I could not answer, to you, my

DON'T FORGET!

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Don't forget! Oh! word that echoes All along the lines of life, Borne upon the Summer night-wind, Mingling with the din and strife; Falling from the lip of beauty, To the waltz gay measure set, Quivering through the kiss of parting, Sadly flutters-Don't forget!

And, far out upon the ocean, While the good ship ploughs the sea, To the sailor, in his night-watch, Borne on waves of memory, Comes a face as sad as tender, (And quick tears his brown cheeks wet,) While again a fond voice whispers-God be with you! Don't forget!

Don't forget that truth and honor, Steadfast faith, and courage high, Lend a strength to meet ill bravely With undaunted heart and eye;

Words the tender mother murmurs, Loving as but mothers love, Would those words 'gainst sin and suffering, Might, for aye, a talisman prove.

Prison walls, so darkly frowning, Surely hear that sad refrain, From the hearts within those portals Prostrate, beneath sin and pain; Hearts all scathed, scourged, and writhing In the torture of regret, Oft must cry in bitter anguish, God forgive! I did forget!

Many a midnight to the grating Of his barred and bolted door, Comes a face his sin has saddened, Yet as gentle as of yore; While the voice which he remembers, To glad notes once ever set, Breathes. " High courage, full atonement, Will ennoble. Don't forget !"

"AND IDLY FLOAT."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

In Summer days, when sea and sky Rocked with my rocking boat, A wayward boy, I loved to lie And dream, and idly float. The plash of ripples, low and sweet; The white gull's glistening wing; The anchored sloop; the seaward fleet-And youth in everything!

But now my hair is gray, my eyes Are dim with manhood's tears; I hardly know those Summer skies Across the stormy years. If I could be a boy once more, Rocked in my drowsy boat, And hear the ripples on the shore-And dream-and idly float!

OUR CABINET ORGAN.

BY HELEN BREWSTER RANDOLPH.

MOTHER laid down the letter with a sigh. I echoed it. There we were, two lone women, in one small house, only ten dollars in the common purse, and no prospect of work ahead. The house was ours, to be sure, and, come what might, we were certain of a shelter; but here was aunt Laura aunouncing a visit to us of an unknown length, and giving us only two weeks' notice at that.

We had never seen her. When father died, four years before, she did not attend the funeral, as her health was too delicate to admit of her making the necessary journey. Cousin Annette and I had been at the same school at Fairmount, and I had my ideas as to what her mother might be.

"Oh, dear!" said I, "Annette is so fashionable, and, of course, she'll come too. I don't see where we're going to put them, mother. We've only these three rooms; and they can't sleep with us, that's certain."

The sitting-room was large and airy, and served us for dining-room as well. Then there was our sleeping-room, and back of this a cozy little kitchen, where we took our meals in winter There was a small parlor on the other side of the hall, but it was unfurnished. We had sold off what furniture we could possibly spare, after father's death, to make the last payment on the house.

"Yes," said mother. "I wish we could give them better accommodations. You and I might occupy the small room up stairs, but there's nothing there but a bed. And what shall we do without the parlor? It would take nearly a hundred dollars to fix up everything nicely; but where is the money to come from? We might possibly borrow it from Dr. Perry. What do you think, Annie?"

"No," said I. "We couldn't get it without giving a mortgage on the house." (I had done copying for a law office one winter, and knew something about such affairs) "and then we'd be certain to get sick, and need more money, and, presently, our creditor would refuse to wait longer; the dear, old house would be sold, and we would be cast upon the world penniless. We had better sell the cabinet organ. It will bring forty or fifty dollars, and we must manage on that somehow."

Mother made no objection. She was a timid little woman, only eighteen years my senior, and had never known a sorrow until father's death. Accustomed, as she had been, to his advice and guidance in everything, it seemed only natural that she should turn to me for support.

I had tried to fill father's place as well as I could. Sometimes I had a pupil in music. I was a good copyist, and there was generally sewing, or work of that kind to be had, when everything else failed.

"Sell the organ." I had spoken the words carelessly; but there was something of pain in my heart at the very thought. There it stood, the old friend, at whose side we had passed so many happy hours. How could we bear to give it up?

"There's a good deal to be done, if we sell it," said I, abruptly. "Don't you think I had better see about it at once, mother?"

I confess that it was with some misgivings that I tied on my gipsy, (it was in 1871) preparatory to going out. Nothing but the thought of our extremity could have nerved me to expose myself in places of business, as I felt I must. I had determined to make the auction-rooms a last resort; and, directing my steps to the nearest music store, I called up all my courage, and asked to see the proprietor.

He bowed politely, as I approached him, and seemed waiting for me to speak.

I was less composed than I had hoped to be, and felt the color mounting to my cheeks, like fire.

- "I have a small cabinet organ, which I wish to sell, and thought, probably, I could dispose of it here."
- "Ah, very sorry, indeed, miss; but the fact of it is, we do not buy second-hand instruments; sometimes we take them in exchange, part payment for new ones. Did you wish to purchase a new instrument?"
 - "No, sir. I only wish to sell."
 - "Anything else I can do for you?"
 - "I believe not; thank you."
- "Well," thought I, as I gained the street. "They say a bad beginning makes a good ending, and I shan't give it up, if I try every store in the city."

But, alas! it was everywhere the same. At some places they would make me no offer at all, and at one or two the paltry sum of twenty dollars, or thereabouts.

Weary and disheartened, I turned my steps toward home. "What shall we do?" thought I. "How can we bear to have father's sister discover that we haven't a room in the house better than the dining-room; and our ten dollars won't begin to keep us in provisions, not to speak of fixing up the house any; and mother is so anxious to treat aunt Laura well." I could have cried, had I not recollected my position as head of the family.

I had nearly reached home, when I happened to think of a large music store a few blocks the other side. "I'll try once more," thought I, "and next, the auction-rooms. "Weyman & Sanford." There it was, in great, golden letters. "I'll ask for Mr. Weyman; his name stands first, probably an old gentleman."

My many disappointments had rendered me sensitive, and I went in slowly.

"Is Mr. Weyman in?" I said, nervously.

"Just stepped out," answered a clerk, briskly.
"Be in, presently. Ah! there he is now. Mr.
Weyman, this way, if you please."

I looked up. But it was not an elderly gentleman's eye that met mine, inquiringly. What a brave, honest face it was! Clear, gray eyes, and such a firm, good-natured mouth. He was six feet at the very shortest. Oh! how insignificant I felt, looking up at him, from my five feet one inch of altitude, and clumsily stammering out my whole story.

"I have an organ to sell, sir—a small one. I do not wish to buy a new one; I want to sell it for money. Could I find a sale——"

I stopped in confusion. How awkwardly I was stating it!

"Has it been in use very long?" said he, pitying my embarrassment.

"Yes, sir, five years. But it has had the best of care, and is not injured in the least."

"What was the original cost?"

"Seventy-five dollars. But we don't expect to get over fifty for it."

"I think we can make some arrangement," said he, smiling. "We are not in the habit of buying, in this way, ourselves; but I can, probably, dispose of it for you at a good advantage."

"Do you think you can sell it this week? I would like the money as soon as possible."

'It is quite probable that I can. If you will favor me with your address, I will have the organ brought here to-morrow, and, if I make a sale, will advise you of it at once."

"Well, Annie, what luck?" said mother, a few minutes later, as I bounded into the house.

"Oh, perfectly splendid! I've found a place where they're going to sell it for us, this week, for fifty dollars; and if they can't sell it right away, he is going to advance the money."

"Who is?"

"Mr. Weyman. Oh, mother! he's such a perfect gentleman."

After tea was over, and the work finished for the day, we sat down to consider the best manner of investing our funds.

"Now, mother," said I, producing pencil and paper, "you plan, and I'll count the cost."

"Well, then, I think we had better get the parlor off our minds, the first thing. But I'm afraid we'll never get over the carpet; it alone will take nearly two-thirds of our money. We can't get a decent ingrain for less than a dollar and a half a yard. Why wouldn't matting de? It's summer."

"Just the thing," said I, an idea striking me, at once. "There are those handsome rugs, up stairs, that we didn't sell; we can use those, you know, and it will look real comfortable. Let me see. What's the size of the room? Twelve by fifteen; that is, four widths across, and five yards down. Twenty yards, at say forty-five cents a yard; ought is an ought, twice five are ten, twice four are eight, and one are nine. Nine dollars for the carpet. Now what about the curtains, little mother?"

"How would dotted Swiss do? We could ruffle them neatly, and loop them back with blue ribbon. I think they would be in much better taste than cheap lace ones, and not so expensive either. They won't cost over fifty cents a yard. Eleven yards will do for the two windows, I think; they are not large."

"Eleven yards dotted Swiss, at fifty cents a yard—five dollars and a half. Oh, we're doing bravely, mother. Now, there's the old sofa. We could make it look real nice again by covering it newly."

"I am afraid this room will look rather empty, by the time we get the organ and sofa both out" said mother, thoughtfully.

"Well, we can make a box lounge for this, and cover it with chintz; it won't cost but a trifle. I don't know exactly what the damask will come to, though," said I. "We will call it five dollars; put it on ourselves, you know."

"Now the chairs. I think there will be enough, with the large rocker. Good cane-seated ones ought not to cost over three dollars.

"Nine dollars for chairs."

"Ten dollars for a table."

"Thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents; that leaves us one dollar and a half for extras; and twenty dollars for provisions, counting the ten dollars me have now."

I laid my paper down on the organ, and seated myself for a farewell song. Mother's voice was very sad, as it joined mine in a low, sweet alto. I knew her thoughts were busy with the past. Dear father! If he were only living, there would be no need of this sacrifice. My own voice grew husky, and my eyes were blinded with tears, as I closed the organ, remembering how like this they had shut down the coffin-lid, and the pale, still face had gone from our sight for ever.

The next evening Mr. Weyman himself called. "It was directly on his way home," he said, "and he could save us the trouble of coming to the store again." He had been fortunate enough to find a purchaser that day. He hoped the transaction would meet our approval. He had obtained seventy dollars for the organ, as the case was not injured in the least, and age had, if anything, improved its tone.

Seventy dollars! We could hardly believe our eyes.

"I thought you offered it to him for fifty," said mother.

"So I did. Perhaps I ought to have waited to see what it would bring. I saw him smile when I said it. I'm glad I ain't a man, and obliged to do business. I've a horror of the very word."

Mother went on. "It's rather odd that he happened to sell it so soon; and how kind in him to bring us the money immediately."

"I presume he would do any other deed of charity just as kindly," said I, bitterly, turning over the clean, crisp bills, and thinking how poverty-stricken we must appear in his eyes, selling our household furniture for bread, for aught that he knew. "Mother, it makes me feel like a pauper," I said.

The preparations for aunt Laura's visit went on briskly now. Mother and I exchanged our sleeping room for the one up stairs. The furniture consisted of a mirror, bed, and an hourglass toilet-table, manufactured out of two barrel-heads and a broom-stick.

For the dining-room, I had a rude frame for the lounge, constructed at the nearest cabinetshop, at a trifling expense. Part of a well-worn mattress furnished the cushion, and we covered it neatly with bright-colored chints. It was cheerful-looking, if not very elegant. The sofa was a still greater success. Upon taking off the old cover of reps, we found it still good, and the wrong side passably bright. This we used as a

covering for some small boxes, of suitable size and shape, padding them thickly on top, and transforming them into very respectable ottomans. I had indulged in one piece of extravagance for the parlor, and that was a large easy chair for one corner. For pictures, we had a few water-colors and crayon sketches, that I had done at school, and father's portrait in oil, with its massive gilt frame. My guitar was newly strung, and I took care that the room should not lack for flowers, of which we had an abundance.

"Well," said mother, stepping back to view the table, after we had changed its position for the third time. "The room really looks better than I expected it would. In one sense of the word, it isn't a parlor at all; but it is neat, airy, and comfortable, and what more could one ask?"

How we did toil through the three weeks that followed! Aunt Laura was quite an invalid, and all manner of dainty dishes were required to tempt her appetite. It seemed as though the demand rose with the thermometer, until our little kitchen was transformed into a second "fiery furnace," with two walking in the midst thereof.

Annette wore white a great deal; it was so becoming to her style of beauty. Of course, we couldn't afford to put the washing out, and how I grew to detest the sight of those Victoria lawn suits. I was on the point of rebellion, several times; but mother's patience was a reproach to me. "Never mind, Annie," said she. "We'll treat them well, while they are here, and the visit can't last forever, you know."

Aunt Laura was in the habit of occasionally taking short walks for her health; and from one of these she returned, one morning, flushed and excited.

"Such a piece of luck," said she. "Nettie, dear, whom do you suppose I met, this morning? I had just stepped into a store to purchase some Java canvas, when a gentleman's voice, at another counter, attracted my attention. He was looking at gloves, made a purchase, and turned to go out, when I recognized Harry Weyman! It seemes that he has a music store here, or something of the kind. He was delighted to see me, and seemed particularly pleased to learn that you were with me. I invited him to call. Now Annette, don't let him slip through your fingers, again. I don't know what he will think, though, coming to such a shabby little house as this. He knows, too, that we are visiting our relatives."

"Oh! He has been here before," said I, carelessly.

Annette eved me keenly.

"Only on a matter of business," said mother. I almost wished she had not said it. It was so hateful in them, I thought, to be always trying to make us feel our insignificance; and I wanted them to think we had one aristocratic acquaintance, at least.

Annette's thoughts seemed to be of a very pleasant nature, all day, for she smiled continually. She was unusually sociable, too, and informed me, confidentially, that she and Harry Weyman were almost as good as engaged, the summer before. They had met at Cape May; but he was unfortunately called home before the season was over; had it not been for that interruption, she was confident that all would have been settled. I accidentally discovered, too, how we came to be honored with a visit from them. It seems that uncle Rogers had met with severe financial reverses, the year before, which prevented his sending Annette to their usual summer resort. She was determined not to remain in the city, and they had come here to save expense.

I did not see Mr. Weyman, the next evening. When he called again, several evenings after, mother said he asked so particularly for Miss Lawrence, that she insisted on my going down.

"I shall not make any change in my toilet," said I, glancing down at my ruffled, pink lawn, and black silk apron. "Annette is radiant in blue silk and white Swiss, and I should only look ridiculous beside her. And more than that, of what possible interest can I be to Annette Rogers' lover?"

What an evening that was! The conversation, at first, was upon subjects, with which I was unfamiliar, Long Branch, Saratoga, Cape May. Byand-by, art and literature began to be discussed. Here I was more at home. Occasionally, Mr. Wayman addressed himself to me. His manner was deference itself, and I gradually and almost unconsciously took part in the conversation. It turned upon music. Annette had introduced a song, which, it seems, they had often sung together.

"How stupid!" said she, glancing around the room. "There's no instrument here for an accompaniment. I'm almost dying for the sight of a piano."

Mr. Weyman was silent. I could say nothing, for I was choking with indignation, at her lack of feeling. I think she saw that she had committed au error, for her next remark was conciliatory.

"Annie, dear! do favor us with a song; you used to sing charmingly, when we were at school."

Mr. Weyman joined in the request. "I am particularly partial to guitar music," said he, "and I see you have a guitar."

I took the instrument from his hands composedly. My embarrassment had gone. I was determined that Annette should find I had one accomplishment, at least, that could equal hers.

I chose an Italian love song, full of passionate tenderness. My voice rose clear and full above the mellow accompaniment, gaining power and sweetness at every note.

A flood of emotion was swelling at my heart; I thought of Annette, with all her wealth and beauty: never a want unsatisfied, never a wish unheeded; with no greater pleasure in ife than to find her dress fashionable and becoming. How this man's love would brighten all her future; his voice make music in her heart forever.

And my future? How narrow and cold the old life seemed to stretch away before me. How soon these brief, bright days would be nothing but a memory, and I should take up the burden of toil again, to join the innumerable host, whose prayer is "daily bread."

I sang well. I saw it in the look of astonishment which passed over Annette's face. And, could it be? There seemed a look of tenderness in Mr. Weyman's eyes, as he begged me for one song more. I declined, as gracefully as I could, and, rightly divining what would give Annette most pleasure, excused myself, soon after, and retired.

"Oh, mother!" said I, throwing myself down at her feet, as she sat at the open window of our little room, trying to escape from the fever heat inside. "I'm so wretched and unhappy. I almost wish I were dead."

"Why, Annie," said she, in astonishment. "What is the matter? I never knew you to be so discontented before."

"I don't know what is the matter," I sobbed out. "I want handsome dresses like Annette's. I'm jealous of her beauty; I'm jealous of her happiness."

I might have said that I was jealous of more than that; and I think mother had a suspicion of the truth, for her voice was very tender, and her hand caressed mine, as she said: "I shall be very glad, for my dear child's sake, when we can have our quiet days again."

After this I saw but little of Mr. Weyman. He and Annette were very much together. He called often at the house, and never without asking for me. But I thought it was merely for courtesy's sake, and generally found some means to avoid him. Aunt Laura was in ecstasies. "She should have a son-in-law to be rroud of!" she

said. "He was very wealthy, and belonged to one of the best families in New Jersey."

They had been gone three or four days. I had been out all the afternoon, looking for work; and it was nearly dark when I reached home. I was surprised to find Mr. Weyman in the little porch, apparently waiting for me. I presume I looked my astonishment, for he went into explanations at once. "I have called, Miss Lawrence, on a matter of business," he said, "and had probably better dispose of it at once. The gentleman, who purchased your organ, some time ago, wishes to return it. If you are willing, he would prefer another piece of property in exchange for it."

"Sir;" said I, in perfect bewilderment, "I don't understand you."

"Annie," said he, and his voice was low and tender, thrilling me through with a strange delight, "It is your love that I want. I bought

the organ! Will you take it again, and give me yourself in exchange?"

I don't remember what I answered. But I presume it was satisfactory; for he took me right in to where mother sat (he kissed me first) and told her the whole story.

"But I thought you loved Annette?"

"Never," said he, handing me a slip of paper.
"Here is something I must restore to its owner.
I found it underneath the organ lid."

I caught sight of the words, "Renovating old sofa, five dollars." "Yes," said he, laughing, "I confess I had some curiosity to see the room, which could be furnished for forty dollars. And more than all that, I wanted to know and love the little woman, whose clear brain, I felt assured, would successfully carry out the design which her loving heart originated."

Annette did not come to the wedding.

JUNE.

BY MRS. E. R. SMITH.

SHE comes! with a wreath of roses bright
Crowning her golden hair,
In robe of white, and with step as light,
As the touch of the unseen air.
A thousand throats her praise essay,
In many a happy tune;
As from every spray, the sweet birds pay,
Their tribute unto June.

A thrill of life from her glancing tread,
Goes down to the waiting seeds;
And they start from the bed, with leaf-crowned head,
And the flower-bud swift succeeds.
While she looks at the slumbering buds they dance,

Drowsily happy, and soon,
Aroused from their trance by her quickening glance,
They open their eyes to June.

The countless leaves her nod obey,
And gather the sun's fierce heat,
Till not a ray can find its way
Through them to my resting seat.
And the brown, old house, that a month ago,
Stood bare in the blaze of noon,
Peeps shyly now, from vine and bough,
Gay with the roses of June.

Gay with the roses of June.

Midsummer may come, in her pomp and pride,
The Autumn with wealth be crowned,
By the Winter's fireside, happy hours swiftly glide,
Each month bringing joy in its round;
They may have for me more of the smile than the tear,
Each bring me some coveted boon,
And I'll still hold less dear, all the days of the year,
Than the days of the month I love, June.

FORGIVENESS.

BY MISS CARRIE F. LANCASTER.

Through purple shadows wound the path,
Bejeweled with red leaves,
And rambled o'er the upland brown,
Where lay the golden sheaves;
A maiden knelt among the ferns,
Where erimson sumachs burned,
And to the tender, pitying sky,
Her pallid face was turned.

Beside the sighing, purple sea,
Two lovers, hand in hand—
While dreamed the sunset in the west—
Walked on the shining sand.

The twilight came, a silver link
Betwixt the day and night;
One soul's sweet star had set for aye,
And two had risen bright.

Where tender Ave Marias float
Upon the balmy air,
And gentle nuns, in gloisters dim,
Bend low in fervent prayer,
One calm, pale face grows softly sad,
One voice, it inurnurs low,
"Sweet saints, protect the two, whose love
Wrecked mine so long ago!"

A WIFE, YET NOT A WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.

CHAPTER IX.

"You must not judge the young people harshly, Friend Bryan," said the doctor.

"They are not so young," was the answer, "that they should not have learned decency, doctor. I call it immodest, to be patching up a marriage of expediency before poor Ally is cold in her grave."

The doctor laughed. It was in the drug-shop he had encountered the old lady, when they had fallen, with one accord, upon the subject which was then convulsing the village—Robert Biddle's approaching marriage. Whatever the doctor might secretly think of the affair, he was eminently prudent in gossiping about it with women.

"Biddle had to consider his child. Miss Webb could not with propriety retain her position when he was a widower. You know how our village-tongues clack."

"Expediency! Just as I said!" sniffing contemptuously. "I am sorry thee ever brought them to my house, doctor. Besides, what proof is there of Ally's death?"

"Take care! Take care, Friend Bryan!" called out young Treadwell, the lawyer, who was back in the shop; compounding an effervescing draught for himself.

"There can be no doubt of Ally's death, I fear," the doctor said, gravely. "I saw all the letters and dispatches which Biddle received. They were conclusive, in my opinion. You had no doubt on the subject, Joe?"

Joe looked up from the book he was reading. "I had no doubt;" he said. The little druggist had altered since we saw him last; had grown thin, and walked more slowly. But his blue eye was steady and bright as ever.

Friend Bryan took up her package of cream of tartar. "I suppose thee had heard they're going into Ally's house? The wedding is to be next week."

Joe put down his book hastily, and stumped to the window.

"The Farrer house, eh?" said the doctor, after one disconcerted moment: "Well, that's all right. It, belongs to Biddle, or the child, now. Ally made no will, of course; and it always was Miss Webb's home."

'Through charity. Good-morning, doctor!" and the old lady trotted out, with what would have been angry haste in anybody but a Quaker.

"Biddle means to lose no time, nor money, either," sneered Treadwell. "I did not think he could have taken this woman into the house which his wife gave him,"

"It's damnable!" said the doctor. "But the woman's the worst. What d'ye say, Joe?"

"It is not expediency with her. The feeling Sarah Webb has always had for that man makes her blind and deaf to all beside. She has a sort of right to him, it seems to me."

"You're always just, Joe. Well, God knows what the women see in the fellow. It's just those stolid, bovine sort of men that they always choose to dash their hearts against till they break. Now, there's a case in point," he said to Treadwell, when Joe had disappeared into his cubby-hole of a chamber. "There never was a finer soul cased in clay than Joe Simms. The fellow had but one thought in life—and that was Alison Farrars—since he was a boy. But she never spared him a thought. Because he was but five-feet-four, and limped! I tell you, Treadwell, women have no more conception of the real, grand truths of life than monkeys!"

"I believe you're right. Ha! there comes Sam, from the post-office, coming out of Farrer's house!" exclaimed Treadwell. "Hillo, Sam! Any important mail for Mr. Biddle? What did you take up?"

"Foreign letter, sah. Marked immediate. Goin' on wid it out to Miss Webb's. Tink it likely I'll find Massa Biddle dah," with a grin.

"By George! Where the deuce can that be from, doctor? I've a presentiment there's news of his wife."

"Pish! I told you, Treadwell, there could be no doubt on that score. Biddle has several foreign correspondents, on iron."

But the doctor's curiosity was more roused than he acknowledged, and he kept a vigilant eye on Biddle, when, an hour after, he was seen returning from his daily visit to Friend Bryan's. He tipped his hat to the doctor's and Treadwell's noses, as they appeared over the blue lights in the drug shop, with that judicious mixture of

gravity and cheerfulness in his smile which he thought best suited his condition.

"I told you it was nothing but iron!" ejaculated the doctor.

"He has not seen the letter," said Treadwell.

He had not seen the letter. Sam, penetrating through the snow on the porch of the farm-house, at Friend Bryan's, rapped in vain at the door, and finally going in, left it on the hall-table.

"Biddle 'll get it sooner or later," he mumbled, and decamped at full speed. Presently Miss Webb came down the stairs with the baby in her arms. The rich, bright colors she wore now, for the first time in her life, suited her dusky, peculiar face. There were moments now when even Friend Bryan admitted that "the peaked, whey-skinned creature had great beauty." Sarah was waiting now for Biddle. In her room she had just spread out the clothes she had ordered for her wedding. All the money she had saved for years had gone for them. She meant to be fitly adorned to her husband. There was something piteous in the care with which this woman, who had no taste in dress, labored over frills and folds, making the best of every trace or vestige of beauty, when love first came to her thus late in life. Her very cheek grew full and red. She sang and chirruped to Jenny over her work. She had plenty of love and happiness to spare for the child out of her own brimming cup. Its mother had wronged her; but she was dead now.

Nowhere so dead, Sarah thought, as out of Biddle's heart. He never loved Ally. He had only come back to his own now—his own!

She was singing as she came down the stairs, and caught sight of the letter on the hall-table. It bore a foreign post-mark. It doubtless brought further tidings of the ship-wreck, perhaps the recovery of Ally's body. Biddle was coming up the lane. She could hear his horse's hoofs crunching the crusty snow. He would be with her for only an hour to-day. She was greedy of every moment with him. The joy of possession in his love was yet eager and keen. She would give him the letter, when he was going, but not till then. This dead Ally should not steal him from her now for one moment.

She put the letter in her pocket. Biddle overstayed his hour. The letter, for some strange reason, weighed her down, as though it had, in truth, been Ally's dead hand clutching at her skirt.

"You have not heard again from the Susan Hall?" she said. She never had spoken of the ship, nor his wife before; but now, somehow, she could not be silent. Biddle, on the other

hand, was quite willing to talk freely of the whole matter. He thought it natural and proper that Ally's name should become a household word between them, and that Sarah should feel for her as a dear sister gone before.

"No. I do not expect to hear again," mournfully, shaking his head.

"The-the- She was never found?"

The silence that followed was awkward. Robert rose to go. He was more tender and effusive in his affection to-night than usual; kissed her again and again, pressed her eyelids down with his fingers.

"There is a dreadful look in your eyes I want to shut out. A look as though you were bidding me good-by. Have you anything to say to me, Sarah?"

"To say? No. Nothing."

"No trouble that I do not know? Nothing to tell me?"

"No! no!"

"Good-by then, my darling." Yet he came back again, after he had reached the gate. "You are sure there is nothing, Sarah? Your look frightened me awhile ago. But it is gone now. Go to mother, Jenny. You must teach her to call you that in time, dear."

"Yes. I'll teach her. I'm the only mother she will ever have now."

She left the child standing on the porch, and went up to her own room, locking herself in. "Alive? alive? God could not use me so!" she muttered, over and over to herself, as she lit the gas, drew a chair under it, and, taking out the letter, deliberately tore it open.

The next moment she burst into tears of relief. The letter was but a few hastily scrawled lines from a trader at the Bermudas, dated a few days later than the last intelligence which Biddle had received, telling him that a rumor had reached that port that one or two of the crew of the Susan Hall had been picked up from a raft by a vessel bound to one of the Bahamas. "It is very improbable that a woman could be among these thus rescued," the agent added. "I would advise you to build no hopes whatever upon the rumor. But I instantly dispatched a messenger on your behalf, and will be able to write definitely on his return. You may look for the letter a week after the receipt of this."

"Improbable? It is impossible!" Sarah cried,

hysterically. "Oh, dear, little Ally! To think how you used to be my child, my darling. And now I am praying for your death. But you are dead, poor child!" and she sobbed, and shed genuine tears for the dead woman; yet feeling, underneath, it was time that she was out of the way, and that she had her turn for happiness. She was quite confident that she need not fear any further tidings; but she did not know what to do with this letter, and sat turning it over anxiously. "Robert would only think it natural for me to open it in my eagerness. He need not know it was in my pocket all the evening. But why should he be tormented with anything before the other letter can arrive? There is nothing definite in this." She walked to the fire, holding the letter doubtfully a moment, then threw it boldly in.

"Of course we will not be married until the offier dispatch arrives. But there is nothing in this. The trader is a gossip, and delighted to be of temporary importance. There is nothing in this whatever." And she repeated it so loudly and confidently, that she thought she believed what she said.

CHAPTER X.

"But this is the second time you have postponed the wedding for a week, Sarah!" exclaimed Biddle, discontentedly. "People are wondering what it means. Everybody in the village is wondering. One does not like to appear ridiculous."

"No," Sarah said, absently. They were walking up the narrow street together. "But give me another week. I have a reason."

"What is it?" he grumbled, falling into his usual monotone. "I'm sure you're quite ready. And if you were not, you ought to consider my feelings a little. It's miserable to be homeless, and separated from you and Jenny in this way. I'm like a boat without a rudder apart from you, Sarah. That is," hastily, "in matters belonging to a woman's province. Of course the man is the head in important affairs."

"The steamer was in on Friday, which would bring you letters from the Bermudas?"

"Yes," with a startled look. "I told you I looked for no more news from the Bermudas. What news could there be?"

"None, I know. None."

"Is it any fear of such news that has caused you to delay our marriage? Your scruples are morbid, Sarah, and unworthy of you."

"I know it; but give me another week. If no letter comes-"

"We will be married," sharply. "Your fears a secret, Sarah, I know."

imply a reproach on me, which I do not choose to bear, Sarah." They walked on in silence. He was sorry he had spoken roughly, when he looked at her. The last two weeks had changed her in a manner for which he could not account. A sudden, approaching footstep, or the opening of a door, drew the blood from her face, and left it ghastly. Her bright playfulness was gone. She was on guard, rigid, watchful, even in the midst of that electric passion, which sometimes thrilled and bewildered him.

They came that moment opposite the drugshop. There was the usual coterie of gossips about the store inside. Treadwell came out, as if by accident, and interrupted them.

"Ah, Miss Webb! Bright, frosty morning. How d'ye, Biddle? Oh! by the way, there was nothing of importance in that foreign letter that Sam took you out the other day?"

"Sam? Foreign letter?"

"Mr. Biddle receives letters by every steamer from his former partner in Moscow," suggested Miss Webb, gently

"Ah, true! Moscow?" said Treadwell. "I had forgotten Moscow. I thought it might have been—the Bermudas, you know."

" No."

"What the deuce does he mean?" puzzled Biddle, as they struck into the frosty road. "Sam brought me no letter."

She was silent. Now, if ever, was the time to tell him the truth. But to what end? She had waited two weeks, and the promised tidings had not come. If there was anything to tell, the next steamer must bring it. She was doing her duty; but she would drink every drop of happiness possible to her.

Biddle was prosing on. "What could Treadwell have meant now, Sarah?"

"Meant? Nothing. He is the worst of that gang of gossips that infest the village. They peep and pry incessantly. I would shake them off, if I were you, Robert."

"How would you like to shake them off altogether, Sarah? Them, and the village itself?" lowering his voice mysteriously.

"What do you mean?"

"How would you like to leave the village? I've had the matter under consideration for some days. I did not mention it, because the mind of woman is naturally not fitted for business. But I always consulted Alison in all matters suited to her-comprehension, and I will do the same with you."

"Yes, Robert."

"It's an offer I have received. You can keep a secret, Sarah, I know."

- "Yes. I can keep a secret.'
- "Very well. Alison could not, poor child. This offer is from Hernshaw, former partner in the mill."
- "Hernshaw? Why, he went away inimical to you and his partner.'
- "I beg your pardon; not to me," with a knowing smile. "Hernshaw and I have always been in correspondence. He knows my value among men of my own business."
- "I'm sure he must, Robert," with a bright, proud smile.
- "Hernshaw's idea is to start a mill in Illinois, and give me part owner, on condition that I bring the good-will I can command to it, away from this manufactory."
 - "Is that honest?"
- "It is a mere matter of business," fretfully. "Women always look at such things crookedly, somehow. If I accept his offer, I must go at once, and in such a way as to completely blind the people here as to my movements. I would resign on pretence of going to Moscow. Plausible enough, you see, in the present demand in Russia for engineers and mechanicians."
 - "Yes. Very plausible."
 - "You do not like the scheme?"
- "Dear Robert, I am willing to go with you anywhere. Il can be your wife, what does the place matter to me?"
- "But you think the course mean and dishonest?" he persisted.
 - "It seems dishonorable to me," gently.

Biddle stalked along beside her in dogged silence. Ally would not have so opposed him. Whatever he did was righteous in her eyes. But when they reached Friend Bryan's gate, a nobler impulse seized him.

"I believe you're right, Sarah," he said, holding out his hand. "I wish you'd always tell me frankly what you think right. We men get our consciences seared, that's a fact."

Sarah leaned on the gate, watching him as he went away, seeing, as by a flash of intuition, how she might become a visible Providence to this man, steadily leading him to all that was pure and true in life. Or she might-

"Do not ask any sacrifice at my hands," she muttered, stretching out her hands, as to some unseen power. "I have only him-only him!"

She spent the remainder of that day in her chamber, reading devotional books, among which the most frequent was Thomas a Kempis. She prayed, but in long, set formulas. When she was alone with her God, it seemed easy to be pure and truthful, and to give up this one chance that Robert Biddle's eyes, or touch of his hand, she was ready to give up heaven for his sake. Yet. if this woman fell, it was from heights to which few of us have risen.

CHAPTER XI.

It was to be a very quiet wedding. The village remained dumb before Biddle concerning it, and met him with a stolid face; but there was a vague discontent and revolt in the very air. He walked the streets like a man guilty of some capital offence. The very trees and shrubs in the garden, when he shut himself up, seemed to be mourning for Ally.

There was a certain amount of pig-headed obstinacy in Biddle, however, that made him more resolved in his course for the opposition, though it galled him to the quick.

But the praise or blame of the village did not touch Sarah Webb. The steamer was In. and there was no letter. She was free now to accept the happiness which God had given her.

- "We will go to New York for a few days when we are married."
 - "As you will, Robert."
 - "We will leave Jenny with Friend Bryan."
- "No! I will never allow the child to leave me. I'll do my duty. I will be a true mother to her." She spoke more sharply than there was need.

The wedding-morning came. Sarah's trunks steed ready corded in her room. Friend Bryan was too much woman not to have relaxed her righteous indignation in view of a wedding; she bustled in and out perpetually. Her heart ached for the girl, who had no mother to bid God bless

"How plain thee wears thy hair, my dear? Thy face would bear it rolled up above the temples-so. I notice that silly girl of Phelps' has worn hers so since she came from New York. No doubt the fashion obtains among the world's people." A little kindness touched Sarah. Her eyes filled as she laughed, and tried to obey her.

"Thee has not caught the idea. Give me the comb." The old lady deftly twisted the mass of beautiful hair, and then turned Sarah's face to the glass, smiling above it. Something moved her in it. She stooped and kissed her. "I believe thee is a good woman," she said, and went

In a moment she was back. "I have put up a lunch for thee-some of those biscuits thee likes. And I promised Robert Biddle I'd send Jane Scrumpsit down to put the Farrer house in order before thee returns. But I'll go myself. life had offered her. But at the first look into It shall be comfortable and home-like to thee. I have set aside a dozen jars of that marmalade of which Robert is so fond. It is a good relish for tea, or a bit of lunch. Thee will soon learn these odds and ends of housekeeping knowledge," and out she bustled again.

Sarah Webb's heart beat hot and fast. This homely talk of breakfasts and dishes which she could cook, that Robert would like, made real to her, as nothing else had done, that, in a few hours, she was to be his wife. Nothing to do in her whole life to come but to show the love, in simple, every-day ways, which had been hidden as a thing of guilt in her heart so long. As she stood fastening her hair, and buttoning the fawncolored traveling-dress, the gloomy shadows seemed to suddenly fall away from about her. She was not naturally a morbid woman; she would have been happy in any homely house, sewing, cooking, coddling the sick, if she had had her fair share of love meted out to her; but hers had been the Cinderella fate of the poor relation, and sitting in the cinders and ashes is not apt to sweeten the temper anywhere out of a fairy story. When she was dressed, she smoothed down her neat waist with her hands, and looked steadily at herself. "I am a right wifely-looking body," she said, laughing softly to herself. There was a good deal of the child left in poor Sarah. She went to her trunk, and took out a certain ruffled and laced white apron, which she meant to wear at their first breakfast together, and put it on, to see the effect, blushing, and ashamed to meet her own eyes in the glass.

She had put it away, and turned, still blushing and smiling, to the window. It was a mild day in March. The warm air melted the snow in patches on the hill-sides. One or two cows loitered lazily along the muddy road, grazing the tufts of grass in the ruts; over the yet frozen stubble fields, and black skeleton forests, the warm, blue sky bent, flecked with scarce-moving drifts of brown cloud. A lazy black fellow, going into town, slouched down the hill, his hands in his pockets, whistling a lively air. There was a bright, joyous music in it, going straight to Sarah's heart, which she had never found before in the loftiest harmonies.

Friend Bryan opened the door, her bonnet on. "Robert has come, my dear."

"I am ready," said Sarah. She meant to walk to the door, but sat down. Was she a child, that her knees shook under her, and her voice died in her throat. Was happiness such a new thing in the world that she need tremble before it thus?

"It is new to me," she thought. "I will come to him in a moment," she added, aloud.

"Don't be long, my dear. The clergyman is waiting in the church, Robert says, already; and it requires quite fifteen minutes to drive in. I shouldn't wonder if that boy took twenty. And I don't suppose the church is warmed. I'll go and ask." She was hurrying off, but stopped at the door. "Oh! here are two letters that the colored boy from the hotel brought up after Robert. The postmaster feared he would have no chance to deliver them, if you started directly from the church. Thee can give them to him, after thee is his wife. Perhaps that may bring him good luck, in one of them."

"Give them to me." Sarah had risen, and was not smiling.

"Thee'll be down in a minute, my dear? Robert is not likely to be patient."

Sarah nodded, looking at the letter which she held uppermost in her hand. The old lady went out, leaving the door open. The soft, spring air blew in the white window-curtain, flapping it to and fro; she could hear the swash of the cows tramping through the muddy pools, and at the door the crunching of the gravel under the wheels of the carriage which was waiting for her. Inside, in the hall below, she heard Robert's leaden, monotonous voice.

She did not lift her eyes from the letter. The post-mark was New York; but the writing was that of the agent of the Bermudas.

When she was alone, she opened it, quietly, her hand not trembling now. It contained but a few lines.

"DEAR SIR-It is my pleasant task to inform you that our fondest hopes are realized. My agent, on reaching the Bahamas, discovered that there was a woman among the passengers rescued, and that her name was registered as Alison Biddle. We could obtain no further trace of her, however, and presumed that the captain of the vessel, the Stoleaway, had offered her a passage back to the States. As the Stoleaway had not yet discharged her cargo, which would require her to touch at different points, some time may elapse before you will see your wife. Of her safety you need have no further doubt. Accept my sincere congratulations, and believe me, "GEORGE N. SANDERS. very truly.

"N. B.—I will forward this letter by a private hand, to be mailed in New York."

When Friend Bryan entered the room a few minutes afterward, restraining her impatience as best she might, she found Sarah standing idly, precisely where she had left her, looking out at the mild, spring day.

"Is thee ready, my dear?"

Vol. LXII.-8

Finding that she did not answer, Friend Bryan repeated the question, tapping her sharply on the shoulder. Sarah turned to her, dully.

"Is thee asleep? Robert is waiting. Is thee making up thy mind so late as this?"

The gloved look began to disappear from Sarah's eyes. "I am making up my mind," she said, dully.

Friend Bryan moved testily back and forth. She had but little patience with nervous, whimsical women. She put up the window, bowed the shutters, and then glanced at the clock half-past ten, and the train starts at eleven. Is thee coming, Sarah?"

Sarah tore up a sheet of paper she held crushed in her hand, and let the pieces fall slowly in the

"Yes. I am coming," she said.

CHAPTER XII.

THE wedding was over. Robert Biddle sat beside his new wife in the narrow, straightbacked seat of the car, with Jenny on his lap. They had been married for three hours now, and had left the village a hundred miles behind; yet Sarah had not given him a dozen words. She had left Jenny altogether to his eare, too, not vouchsafing even a look to the child, who was fretful and frightened by the unwonted noise and motion. These things affected Biddle unpleasantly. He was not a man to bear with neglect from anybody, least of all a wife. He had not braved the displeasure of his little world, and married Sarah for a companion, to have her sit with her face like a ghost's, staring out at the muddy fields, regarding him no more than the wooden pillar at her back. He was very fond of Jenny; but no man, even the best-tempered, cares to nurse a baby on his weddingjourney-and Robert Biddle was not the best-

The car was nearly empty, and he could say what he thought, without fear of being over-

"The child will be very much of an annoyance!" he grumbled, laying it, in a doze, on the seat in front. "I am sorry you persisted in bringing it."

Sarah turned her head, and looked vacantly at the child. It was a miniature Ally! There were the small features-the pink and white skin. She shuddered.

" Perhaps it would have been as well to have

plunged into the pit with her eyes shut. How she was to escape the swift, certain punishment awaiting her, she knew not. She only knew that she could not give up this man whom she loved. Not if death itself claimed him, instead of this puny woman, who called herself his wife, But her brain, always ready and shrewd, was already full of busy plans. Something must be determined on, and that at once. Ally might already have reached the village, and the messenger be on their track even now. It was before the days of telegraphs, so that she had not that dread before her.

At nightfall, they were nearing the town of . Carlisle, where they meant to remain until the next morning. The lamps were lighted in the car, and made a dull, smoky glimmer. Jenny, who had wakened, began to compose herself again to sleep.

"It's night. Shall Jenny say her prayers?" she said, as usual.

"No, child." Sarah hastily covered her, and leaned back against the window.

The words sent a fiery pang to her heart. How she had planned to live a thoroughly religious life, when she was Robert Biddle's wife! How she had meant to teach Ally's child, as Ally would have taught her, to love her God! Now-

She turned hastily, and threw her arm about the man, who sat stiff and sulky beside her

"If you knew what I have given up for you. Robert!" she gasped, with a sob, her head resting weakly on his shoulder.

Biddle looked down, puzzled. It had seemed to him that the sacrifice, if any, were on his side. "Indeed! You were so abstracted that I thought you had forgotten me."

"I was only thinking," lifting her head hastily, with a quick glance at the sullen droop of his mouth. "I was only thinking what is best for us to do. In regard to the future, you remember the plan you mentioned to me some time ago?-the offer made you in Illinois?"

"Yes, to be sure," on the instant alive and eager. "I had a letter from Hernshaw yesterday. I tell you there's a fortune there for the picking up. But I thought you opposed it, Sarah-thought it dishonorable, or dishonest, eh?" watching her anxiously.

She was silent a moment. "I was mistaken, probably, or over-punctilious. The matter was not clear to me."

"I'll explain it to you," hurriedly. "I am left it," she said, with the vague thought that if under no written contract with these men at Ally had her child, she would, perhaps, not fol- home, you understand-tacit altogether. Still, low them, nor claim her husband. She had a strict rendering of honorable rules-custom,

and all that might hold me bound to them. I know certain secrets of the business, command a large amount of patronage, and it hardly seems the fair thing to take these to a rival manufacturer, and one who has injured our establishment as Hernshaw has done. Besides, the fact that I had done this would injure Hernshaw, if it were known, materially with the trade. If I go, it must be secretly. If I could manage to give the men at home the slip, and establish myself in Illinois, for a year or two, all would be safe."

"Yes. In a year or two, all would be safe," she repeated, mechanically.

"Hernshaw's terms are such that I feel I ought not to refuse them. That is, if it is right to go," emphatically, and still watching her closely.

"I advise you to accept it," she said, decisively. "We cannot afford now to let trivial scruples stand in the way of real benefits. The way seems easy enough. Blind the people in the village at once as to your whereabouts. Let us alter our course, go on immediately to New York. Write to the owners of the mill that you have received advantageous offers from Russia; direct the house to be let, and order whatever letters are intended for you to be forwarded to Moscow, to the care of the consul, from whom you can get them, you know, with a little delay. Then, under another name, you can quietly go on to Illinois.".

"I don't like an assumed name," said Biddle, discontentedly.

"Well, that is not material," breathlessly. Her eyes were glittering, her cheeks hot. "The essential point is that we should escape now. You will not stop at Carlisle, as you purposed. See, there are the lights of the town yonder. You will take the northern train to-night, and go on direct to New York. Once in New York, and every clue to us is lost."

"I do not see the necessity of such haste. You take my breath, Sarah, with your plots and plans. This matter can be decided in a week, or two weeks."

"When an important change is to be made, the sooner you begin the better. Once in New York, you can communicate with Hernshaw."

"That's true! That's true! You really think it essential that we should not stop in Carlisle!"

"I certainly do." She drew out a railroad guide from her pocket, trying in vain to conceal her nervous haste; but her very lips were dry and parched. If Ally had followed the letter, she was somewhere on the direct line to New York; she might be in Carlisle. Once let them diverge from the straight route, and they were and the deadly pallor of her face seemed to bear

The danger of meeting Ally would be over, and no messenger would know how to follow them. But a secret instinct told her that a moment's delay in Carlisle would be fatal. "You see the guide," holding it before him. "The train for the north leaves in ten minutes. We have just time to pass from one depot to the other."

"It seems unnecessary haste," he grumbled, drawing her shawl up on her shoulders, as, with a loud rumble, the train rushed through the brilliantly-lighted streets and into the depot. The car-doors were flung open, and a crowd of men poured out on the platform.

Mr. Biddle began leisurely to gather up Jenny, the wrappings and satchels.

"Make haste slowly; that is always my motto when traveling. I have known more trains missed from over-haste--- But you are not attending to me, Sarah. What do you see out of that window?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" turning with a nervous shiver. She really did see nothing but the usual wooden platform, with its half-dozen clamorous hack-drivers, chasing the train, and cracking their whips up at the windows. There was the inevitable door, with its gilt-lettered sign, "Ladies' Waiting-Room," and narrow window, through which she caught a glimpse of the redhot stove, the counter piled with stale cakes and mouldy oranges, and the young lady in French jewelry and frizzed chignon behind it. Two or three cloaked figures were scattered here and there through the dimly-lighted room.

Why should she be sure that one of them was Ally? There was no reason for such a mad fancy, yet she knew it. There are imminent straits in life, when keener senses are given to us than sight or hearing.

"I am quite ready," rising, as the car, with a slow, scrunching sound, jarred finally, and stopped. : "We will call one of these hacks and drive straight to the other depot. Robert? Just give your checks to the hackman."

"I never trust my checks out of my own hand," dictatorially, for she was gathering up the reins of authority a little too promptly, and he felt them, and balked. "You will understand my way of traveling presently. I will leave you and Jenny in the waiting-room, while I look after the baggage."

"No; let me stay here, on the platform. Not there, Robert! Not there!"

"It looks very comfortable, and there are several ladies inside," with his hand on the door-knob

"I must stay in the fresh air. I am faint,"

witness to her truth. "Do not open the door, Robert."

Biddle hesitated, still holding the knob in his hand.

"Well," after a moment's indecision, "just as you please, Sarah. I will not be long in finding the baggage."

"We have but ten minutes, remember."

He hurried away. That danger was past. But she could not leave the door, though a horrible fear seized her of the woman whom she believed to be inside—an actual, shuddering fear of poor, silly Ally. The very glance of her eye would wither her, she felt. The next moment she wondered at herself, a cool, strong woman, to allow nervous depression to so enfeeble her. But the fear was real. She could not put it away. She clung to the child, as if it were something tangible to save her.

If this new life of guilt was to keep her fenced in continually by terrors such as these; if her whole nature were so changed, and fouled, and degraded in one short half-day, what was her life to be?

But she had no time for thought. There was a movement inside. A lady, small and slight, Sarah saw through the half-open door, had risen, and was examining the red-lettered time-table over the cake-stand. She spoke to the woman in waiting.

"The southern train leaves this depot, they told me? I am in urgent haste to go on to-night. I hope I have made no mistake?"

"It starts in twenty-five minutes. You have bought your ticket?"

Sarah caught the child by the arm and dragged it hastily across the platform.

"Do you know who that is in there?" she whispered, fiercely. "It is your mother—your mother—your mother!"

She did not know what she said; her heart beat hard and loud, and drowned all other sounds. She began to laugh, and then checked the discordant sound, suddenly, upon her lips. At the other end of the now deserted platform, she saw Robert Biddle's big, lumbering figure slowly ascending the steps. The lady had come out, and stood in the door. They were all, in the dim night, so many shadows together.

If she went to him now and said, "Robert Biddle, there is your wife!"

She waited one moment. There is always a moment given when the choice of heaven or hell is set before us, in which to ask God's help. Sarah did not ask it. She had nothing to guide her but her own passionate heart.

She went across the platform and met him. }

"I love you! I love you!" catching his arm with her hand. It was the cry of a soul who had chosen him and death; but it died on her parched lips. They moved, but uttered no sound. The touch of her hand carried its meaning, however, to Biddle. It was his wedding-day.

"My darling," he whispered, softly, patting it with his own. "Come; the carriage waits," he said, aloud.

They went down into the lighted office. A gentleman, lighting his segar at the gas, turned, standing very erect, as is the habit with lame people, and touched his hat to them.

"Hillo, Simms! Sorry not to have seen you on the train," cried Biddle, cheerfully. "We are just off. Good-by!"

"Good-by! You go on to-morrow?"

Biddle caught a warning glance. "Yes, we go on to-morrow. Good-night!"

"Was that man on the train with us?"

"Yes. He stops at Carlisle. Kept out of the way, I suppose. He felt he would be de trop, eh, Sarah? Here is the carriage."

She stepped in, and placed the child on the seat opposite. Biddle fussed outside about the trunks. Meanwhile, Simms had left the office, and strolled across the platform. The woman in the cloak still stood at the door of the waiting-room, irresolute.

"Well, that is all right. Now seven minutes to catch the New York train, driver," said Biddle, and sprang in and shut the door. The hackman mounted and cracked his whip, and the carriage rolled smoothly over the muddy streets. Sarah, straining her eyes through the dingy window, saw the two dark figures meet on the platform. There was a shrill cry.

But the carriage rumbled on, and the darkness closed behind them. Biddle had heard and seen nothing.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIMMS, crossing the platform, met the lady, who was nervously pacing up and down, watching for the lights of the approaching train. Something in her gait caused him to stop, then to follow her breathlessly.

He touched his cap.

"Can I help you in any way, madam?" he said.

She turned and threw back her veil.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Ally!"

This was the shrill cry which Sarah had heard. Ally did not cry nor scream. Her poor, little

body and soul was so full, brimming over with happiness, that no joyous surprise seemed strange to her. She caught his arm, and held it tight, laughing and sobbing softly to herself.

"It is you, Joe! It is you!" she said. "I did not know who I would see first. I thought, maybe, Robert or Jenny. And it is you, after all. Why, what is the matter?" as he staggered and sat down on the bench. "Your hands are like ice."

"I am glad to see you again, Mrs. Biddle," said Simms, controlling himself. "That's all. We thought you were dead, you know."

"Yes, yes! Oh! I have such dangers, such adventures to tell Robert!" she clasped her hands with the old, childish laugh, which Joe remembered, as, alas! nobody else did. "Only think how long it is since I heard from my husband. Have you seen him? And my baby?"

The tears rushed to her eyes at the word, and choked her. She turned her head away. She could not look at him while he answered her.

Joe did not answer at once. How, in God's name, was he to break this news to her? Or need he break it? Was there any chance of keeping it from her for the time, of following Biddle, and bringing him and the child to her, and so letting the fatal tidings come to her by degrees? Thoughts came like a flash to him. But as he sat silent, he forgot that she was waiting for his answer; forgot how she had carried that question—"my husband, my baby?"—unanswered out of the very borders of the grave, through all her long, weary journey, the sharpest pang of all she had to bear.

He was wakened by her catching him by the shoulder, and turning a white face up to him. "Is he dead? Is that what you mean?"

"Your husband is alive and well, Mrs. Biddle, and your child."

"Then why did you frighten me, you foolish boy?" putting both hands up to her forehead, in an old way she had when she was perplexed or terrified. "Is—is it time for the train? I declare I am so bewildered I hardly know what I am saying," with a pitiful, little laugh.

"It is not due yet," gravely looking at his watch. Now, if ever, she must be told—the minutes were going. But, in all his trouble, there was a curious joy, at the bottem of the poor, little man's heart, at finding her unaltered, the same old Ally; at recognizing the familiar little tricks of gesture, the odd whims of voice and accent, which other people called affectation, but which were so exquisite and dear to him. He even noticed how plump and rosy she had grown, how the blue eyes sparkled as they did years ago.

"You wish to go on this train?" he said.

"Why, of course. You never were shipwrecked, and wandering back home, to people who thought you dead, or you would not be so leisurely in your movements and your talk. How long must I wait?"

"The train is due in five minutes."

She sat down on the bench beside him, with a weary little sigh. "Tell me something about them, then—anything you have heard Robert say. Or Jenny? She can talk a little, Robert told me."

"A little."

"Have they taught her to name me? Can she say mamma?"

"I have heard her say it."

His tone was so dry and cold, that Ally was silent. She folded her hands over her breast, to keep down the throbbing at her child's name. To think that she could speak for strangers, and she, her mother, had never heard her. How could Joe know all that these two years had been to her? How she had been dragged out of the very jaws of death; how big and wide the world was, where she had gone wandering about alone from her husband and her child. But Robert would know! She was going back to him—back! In a few hours she would be there.

"It will be just daybreak when I reach the village," she said, turning breathlessly, and with glistening eyes to Joe. "And I will go out by the back way through the lane, home, and steal up to Robert's room. I would not write; I wished to surprise him. He will waken to find his wife beside him that he thinks is dead. Only think of it!"

"Mrs. Biddle," said Joe, rising, desperately.
"You must not go back. To tell you the truth, your husband is not at home! Be calm, I beg of you. He is—— He is here."

"Here! In Carlisle! Why have you kept me here? Come, let us go! Is Jenny—is the child with him?" She was trembling, and pale.

Joe was standing now. Something must be done, and at once. Biddle was of course at the only hotel in the place; but he could not take her there to confront him and his new wife. "I do not know where to find him, precisely. Stay here, Alison, and I will bring him to you. That is the quickest way, believe me."

"But it is not the quickest," pulling at her cloak, and gathering up her satchel, nervously. "Oh, let me go with you! I will not be in your way; I'm a good traveler. But I must see him! A minute counts for so much now, Joe." The tears were on her cheeks.

"Come with me then," desperately. And, hurrying down the steps, Joe led the way to the

hotel, through the still busy streets. One effort he made to break the news to her.

"Miss Webb is with your husband, Mrs. Biddle."

"Oh, of course," calmly. "If Jenny is there. Let us haste!"

CHAPTER XIV.

SIMMS left Alison in the parlor of the hotel, while he went to the office to look for her husband. Alison paced up and down, watching the door. In a moment Robert would come through it! And her baby! her baby!

Her brain was so heated and strained, that every feature of the room stamped itself indelibly on her memory. Through her whole life, the remembrance of mortal pain, brought back the gay, dirty walls, the smoky light, the heavy smell of a thousand dinners that stifled the air.

The door opened at last. Joe Simms stood in it alone. He limped in. "They are not here. They have not been here. There is no other hotel in the town," he said.

The blank dismay and alarm in his countenance made her hide her own disappointment. "No matter," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a few hours longer delay. I have waited two years already, you know."

"Stay here," said Joe. "I will find him if he is in the town."

Joe left her hastily, and, calling a cab, drove direct to the northern depot. A sudden suspicion seized him. He remembered the foreign letter, and Biddle's hesitation at answering him about his stay over-night. Could the man have known of his wife's safety? Was this marriage a guilty flight? Impossible!

Yet he drove to the depot. The last train had been gone ten minutes. Lounging on the stand, he met and recognized the hack-driver, who had taken Biddle to meet it.

In half an hour Joe was back at the hotel. He stopped with his hand on the knob of the parlordoor. His own troubles he could whistle, or fiddle, or, perhaps, pray aside; but this must be met face to face. "I'd rather put a knife to her throat than tell her," he said, with an oath, the first on Joe's lips since he was a boy.

He went in. "We were too late, Ally. They have taken a train for the north."

Ally did not speak for a minute. "Oh, well," with a broken, little laugh, "I can follow. How far are they before me?"

"I cannot tell. The hack-man was not sure whether they took passage for New York or Buffaloe. The trains start within a few minutes of each other."

"It would be easy to settle that, if we only knew what Robert's business was, that wook him from home. I know the names of his correspondents in the trade in New York."

"I do not think," said Joe, with a gulp, "that Biddle had business in view in this journey——"

"What then?" She looked up at his silence with quick alarm. "Why do you look in that way at me? You are concealing something! Robert has been ill? or the baby?"

Joe answered, but in tones which he himself hardly heard.

But she heard them.

"What do you say?" she cried, thrusting back the poor cripple with both hands, her face ghastly. "A wife? Married! It is false! false!"

The silence of death followed! She stood with both hands over her eyes. Simms dared not speak.

"Oh! you thought I would believe you!" she said, in the same low, expressive tone. "You slander skillfully when you try. You hated Robert Biddle always, because—"

"Because I loved you," said Joe, gravely. "Go on, Alison! There is neither sin nor shame in my love. That matters nothing now. I am telling you the truth. I saw your husband married this day to Sarah Webb."

She turned from him, groping to find her way. Suddenly she began to speak very fast, in a childish, dazed way. "Did you—did you see them, Joe? Well, I was dead, you know—he had a right. I thought of it in the shipwreck. I wondered if he would marry again. But I thought he would wait until poor little Ally was cold in her grave. I——'' And then she turned on him, full comprehension in her face. "Oh, my God! Married? Robert?"

Joe caught her as she fell, a heavy, senseless weight on the floor. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LINES.

BY HARRY J. VERNON.

PITILESS, pitiless falls the rain,
Cold is the cruel blast;
Shud'ring I think of the graves again
Where I buried my happy Past.

Once I had treasures in wife and child, Now—oh! merciless pain— My heart cries out to the tempest wild, And bleeds at the pitiless rain.

OF AN EVENING. STORY THE

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

I HAD recklessly committed myself to attend a literary entertainment-a thing quite out of "my line," in spite of a few modest ventures in print, that had rather astonished me with the result of being published and paid for; and now I sat trembling at the prospect before me.

Mrs. Rychurst, my prospective hostess, had always appeared to me as one of the most enviable beings on the face of the earth. She had family, money, health, and an only son. She was past being young, but not old. She was elegant-looking, dressed beautifully, and all her belongings and appointments were of the very best order. She was one of those people who know everything, and can detect a false pretension, or a wrong quotation, in a moment. Her library was the very gem of collections; and people felt that they must have their wits about them when they came in contact with Mrs. Rychurst.

This lady had been graciously pleased to approve of a dreamy sort of article of mine, that I did not quite understand myself; and I heard that she had pronounced it "quite a remarkable production for a tyro." I looked in the Dictionary afterward, to see what this meant.

I had always looked upon the literary reunions held at Mrs. Ryehurst's with a sort of awe-rather in the light of Masonic mysteries, or Druidical rites; but I had no literary friends, and I had not so much as lifted my eyes to an entrance into the temple. Indeed, I was not at all sure that I desired it.

But, one afternoon, while gazing distractedly at various coveted volumes in Messrs. Bind & Co.'s emporium-a chronic amusement of mine, that did no one any harm-I encountered Mrs. Rychurst.

She spoke flatteringly of "My Cloud-Chariot." I was a young author, and this was pleasant to

"I would like to have you come to me tomorrow evening," continued the lady. you do so? Just a few cultivated friends, who meet for private reading of our favorite authors. No dressing or dancing, Miss Darleigh; but I can promise you, at least, an instructive evening."

I was rather bewildered. With one comprehensive glance I had grasped a handful of obstacles-nothing to wear, no one to go with, and { that Meta will be favored with even a glimpe

a cat-in-a-strange-garret feeling when I got there, besides a general disinclination to go at all.

I began to say something which I meant to be to the purpose; but Mrs. Rychurst's calm eyes were looking me through, and penetrating, as it seemed to me, my shallow depths, and I only floundered hopelessly. "If there is one thing that I cannot get along with," I had heard the lady say, "it is an illogical woman;" and this recollection made me feel more silly than

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Rychurst, kindly, "as you are alone, you will allow me to send the carriage for you. Shall I expect you at eight o'clock?"

I managed to express my thanks in some sort of fashion; and it was only after I got home that I realized the situation. I stood fully committed to meet several formidable people whom I had never seen, and of whose habits and ways I knew considerably less than if they had been South Sea Islanders.

At the boarding-house, which had been my abode for the last three years, there were two old ladies of fabulous age, three old maids, deaf old bachelor, and the proprietress, who wa a connexion of mine. Under these circumstancei my movements were, of course, frankly discussed and commented upon; and the conclave very generally assured me that this invitation to Mrs. Rychurst's was quite a feather in my cap.

"Any family?" asked Mr. Null, the deaf old bachelor, who always expected to have this to explained to him.

"Plenty of it!" snapped Miss Barleygrov who represented "family," in our circle, t virtue of her descent from a colonial governo "Her mother was a Mason."

The old gentleman looked a little wild at this it sounded like woman's rights; and as t would be a trumpet-call to action on his pa his landlady hastened to shout in his ear, "C son."

"One ewe-lamb," said Mr. Null, solemnly, he looked at me, and shook his head.

"A great goat, more likely!" exclaimed M Barleygrove, contemptuously. "Darwin Ry hurst is one of the most conceited, disagreeal fellows I ever saw-and it is not at all likhim. He does not usually adorn his mother's rties."

"I have not been promised anything of the nd," said I, demurely. "Mrs. Rychurst menned particularly that it was to be an *instruce* evening."

"What shall you wear?" asked cousin Rebecca. "Well," I replied, thoughtfully, "I have not t decided whether it is to be my blue poplin d coral pin, or my coral pin and blue poplin." "You might wear white," suggested Miss rleygrove, "and your hair in curls—that all d be very appropriate, I think."

"I am afraid," said I, "that I would look e a young lady who had written 'A Sonnet to lose'—and I'd rather not."

"'Rose' who?" asked Mr. Null, in an injured te. No one had shouted at him for the last e minutes.

'No Rose at all,'' shouted cousin Rebecca, stily.

But Mr. Null felt suspicious that he was not ting all that was going, and he peered over me quite belligerently.

As soon as I could I retired to my room, to da council of one, on the subject of my dress. Lat cultivated people (and I was afraid, dreadly, literary and learned people, too,) wore en they assembled for mutual edification, as a problem I could not solve; but my company wardrobe was embodied in the blue poplin. Was a lovely color, and nicely made by a good sess-maker. I had the comfort of knowing that itted me to perfection. Fortunately, I had the hair, (of my own, I mean,) and said hair cled. Curls might be frivolous under the circustances, but as they were natural, I conded to let them fall, as usual, from the back my comb.

In taking an inventory of my charms and beings, it did not seem to me that I had much des the hair; but when I turned my thoughts rd, in view of the company I was to meet, a dful blank greeted me. I could only hope sten to the wisdom that fell from the lips he others; and, perhaps, if I maintained a reet silence, they would not find me out. I would be a difficult thing for me to do, if beeived any encouragement to talk—but it unot at all likely that I would.

arious funny articles for the evening's adornat were offered me in the family, even to a non-wreath, and a necklace of gold beads; for deemed impressed with the idea, that going Irs. Ryehurst's was a very awful undertake and it behooved them to see, for the honor of chouse, that I was properly equipped.

My only care was to look as though I were not dressing for my photograph; and I think I succeeded.

II.

THE carriage came very punctually, and I rolled away, with a delightful sort of feeling of having always been used to it. I think I had been, in imagination. Cousin Rebecca sometimes accused me of conducting myself like a reduced princess. All the family saw me off; and I felt quite elated, until I approached the house.

There was no display of light. It evidently was not to be a very festal occasion; but my heart sank within me, as my foot sank into the soft carpet, when I found myself on the dreaded threshold.

Subdued gaslight, and a student-lamp on a table, in the middle of the room, threw a softened brightness over the apartment, where I found only my hostess, and one quiet-looking lady. This was a relief; and when Mrs. Ryehurst had welcomed me, and established me in a seat, I began to breathe more freely.

But I soon became sensible of a frigid atmosphere. The painfully-light orbs of the lady near me were performing a slow march of investigation over my five-feet-one of humanity, giving me the unpleasant feeling of being crawled over by a frog.

I tried to survey her, in return, and discovered, by degrees, that she was a particularly wiry-looking female, shaped very much like two boards put together. There was an utter destitution of anything like fullness about her; any curves of outline—any drapery, or superfluous trimming. Her black-silk dress was black silk, "and it was nothing more," being guiltless of frills, puffs, or flounces. Her hair, of some undistinguishable color, was very scant, and tightly screwed at the back of her head. She gave one the impression that the tenth of solid in the human composition had been left out in her case, she had such a generally washed-out appearance.

My neighbor eyed me disapprovingly; and then, as though utterly hopeless of finding anything in me worth cultivating, she took up a pamphlet that lay beside her, and, apparently, forgot my existence.

Mrs. Rychurst glanced rather uneasily at her absorbed guest, and made a few pleasant remarks to me.

"I did not catch that lady's name," said I, in a low voice.

My hostess replied, in the same tone, "Mrs.

Shaker, wife of Professor Shaker—a very remarkable woman. She assists her husband in classifying his specimens, and often writes parts of his lectures."

I did not think this style of employment calculated to produce a very lively effect on the mind—and Mrs. Shaker seemed absolutely stony.

Presently, there was another arrival, a rather stout, dark-looking lady, very much gone to red ribbons. She had a long streamer of scarlet ribbon dangling from the side of her head, a huge bow of the same color at her throat, and lavender gloves. Her dress, of dark-colored silk, rustled and trailed; and she entered the room with a magnificent, sweeping courtesy, and an air of knowing generally what was due to society.

A pleasing smile diffused itself over her face, and she immediately fell into conversation with everybody at once. She was introduced as Miss Labberton, a lady of whom I had heard occasionally as a professional reader, and I surveyed her with some curiosity.

Those lavender kids gave me a dreadful consciousness of paws; though this very question had been discussed in the family council, and it was decided that, under the circumstances, gloves would be inadmissible. It was almost the first time that I knew I had hands, and I tried in vain to dispose of the inconvenient appendages. I attempted to draw them under my cuffs, but they would not go there. covered them with my upper-skirt, but found it preposterous to sit in this fashion; I folded them a la Napoleon, but felt as if I had no arms. Finally, I glanced cautiously around, and, finding that Miss Labberton was the only one of the party who represented "style," in the way of gloves, I ventured to produce my troublesome members, and regarded them with a feeling of thankfulness that they were not large and red.

While occupied in this manner, I heard something that sounded like, "My son Darwin, Miss Darleigh."

Looking up, in dire confusion, I encountered a pair of very laughing eyes, but an otherwise demure face, as the gentleman, whom Miss Barleygrove had pronounced "a great goat," made his introductory bow. This, then, was the "conceited, disagreeable" youth, who had apparently caught me in the act of admiring my own hands!

My face burned and tingled, and my ideas were wandering in space. I could not have spoken had it been to save my life. I think the gentleman was preparing to say something, when the arrival of the evening took place, and everything else was forgotten.

A tall, gaunt-looking lady entered the room, attired in a costume of black and white, and sporting a formidable eye-glass, that was attached to a yard or two of black ribbon.

At the mention of her name, I sank into utter insignificance. It was Miss Star, the celebrated astronomer; a lady who laid claim to the discovery of a planet on her own account, although savans declared that it had been discovered long ago by some one else; but it was a great deal even to dare such a pretension, and, on the strength of it, Miss Star became a planet, herself, of the first magnitude.

While studying this learned lady's physique, I observed that she, too, had very little hair; and that what there was had been treated as though it were of no consequence whatever—worn off, probably, with intense study; and I began to feel that it was highly unscientific to have abundant locks—to say nothing of curls. I fell to reflecting on the fact, that all the lower animals are abundantly furnished with hair, while the supply decreases in the upward scale of being; and I feared that I was not intellectual at all.

"Mrs. Shaker will read," announced Mrs. Ryehurst, impressively.

And, very much to my surprise, the lady in question began in a weak, nervous voice, that suited her name better than her appearance, to murder Shakspeare, rolling her eyes, during the performance, like nothing I had ever seen before, except negro minstrels. Very little sound was produced, although she evidently made painful efforts; and she whispered,

"Cry, Havoe! and let slip the dogs of war!" in a tone that would not have frightened a mouse.

When Mrs. Shaker had subsided, somebody, who seemed to feel it necessary to say something, observed that "it was very pleasant," though what there was pleasant about it, I could not imagine. "My son, Darwin," had drawn down his visor, and I could make nothing of his face; it seemed to me that his position was rather awkward, to be the only gentleman among so many ladies.

Miss Labberton was then called upon; but, before complying, she thought it proper to conduct herself as though she never had read in public, and was quite surprised to find that she was expected to read. I heard the exclamation "Oh, Mr. Rychurst!" in a deprecatory tone, and concluded that the gentleman was adding his entreaties.

Finally, Miss Labberton rose, with a grydeal of preparation, and, striking an attity she began, in a sentimental style, "The Lamb."

been selected, when there were so many beauti- { ful things to read; and I ventured to hint to Miss Star, who happened to be seated next to me, that I did not particularly admire the egotist of Rydal Mount.

I was thoroughly quenched by the remark, addressed to no one in particular, but delivered in a loud voice, as though the speaker had been lecturing, that "there is no stronger evidence of intellectual maturity than an appreciation of Wordsworth."

A few more scientific tests, and I should not be many removes from an idiot.

The professor's lady expressed particular admiration for the line,

"The plot of grass is soft and green as grass can be;" dwelling upon the fact, that "she could really see the greenness of that grass," until I wondered whether she had not come from the bluegrass region of Kentucky, where green grass must be a decided novelty.

Miss Labberton finished "The Pet Lamb," with a series of little coughs, as though the effort had been too much for her; but as soon as she was invited, she began "My Kate," by Mrs. Browning. I was very sorry that she read it. I never could enjoy it so much again, after all that mouthing; and she actually concluded with the remark that, "some people didn't like the ending of it!" In this case, the ending was certainly the best part.

The astronomical lady, who appeared to be a patron of Miss Labberton, informed the company that Miss L. also read funny things. No one seemed to have thought of being funny. We had evidently prepared ourselves to be as solemn as possible, and this announcement gave quite an unexpected turn to affairs.

Miss Labberton admitted the charge of reading funny things; didn't presume to say that she did it well; but, etc., etc. With an engaging smile, she asked Mrs. Rychurst for the "Widow Bedott Papers."

Mrs. R.'s fine face expressed unqualified scorn, as she shook off the imputation of having such a volume in her carefully selected library.

"Artemus Ward has written some very good things," cheerfully suggested Miss Labberton.

Mrs. Rychurst was freezing; and we all turned over the books on the table, as though seized, individually and collectively, with a frantic desire to read. I felt within me the power, but would have been most unwilling to display it for the public benefit.

Some one asked, quite in the tone of broach-

Now I could not see why this should have (Papers ?" We thought we did, and the suggestion was laid on the table.

> "Pickwick" was conventional, and Sam Weller's Valentine was finally selected. The indefatigable Miss Labberton took it in hand; but she seemed to have very little appreciation of the funniness of it. She made it a rather solemn affair than otherwise; and people looked inclined to ask where they were expected to laugh.

> When this performance was finished, Mrs. Rychurst announced that the professor's lady also condescended to comedy, Mrs. Shaker obligingly took the field again, and, having studied "Little Dorrit" for a while, she prepared to do the amusing scene between Flora and Arthur Clenham. beginning with the extraordinary preface that "she had brought a pocket-handkerchief and a fan."

> Most of us were supplied with the first article, and the latter seemed quite out of place. wondered what it meant; but Mrs. S. went on to say that "some people thought it required a smelling-bottle." I think we all felt like guessing a conundrum, as we pondered on these words; but the solution appeared with the read-

> Mrs. Shaker performed her task in character. She began by fanning herself in a flustered way, and, consequently, lost her place in the book; so that Flora's amusingly-incoherent appeal, uttered all in a breath, was given in jerks and snatches, that quite spoiled the effect. Mrs. S. then applied her pocket-handkerchief, rather ostentatiously to the corner of her eye; and her feet being disposed as those of proper people in society usually are, she had, of course, no lap, and her fan began to take alarming slides down her slippery dress.

> I found myself watching it, and would think, "there, now; it is gone," when Mr. Ryehurst, who had taken upon himself the part of attendant knight, would cautiously replace it, moving it very tenderly, it seemed, for fear of disturbing the lady's performance. Once I caught his eve, and I believe I looked wicked. He appeared rather at a loss how to manage his charge; and when Mrs. Shaker wanted fan, pocket-handkerchief, and book, all at once, I thought he was quite to be pitied.

I believe the company felt relieved when Mrs. S. had finally concluded her efforts for their entertainment. I know they told her that she had really done too much, and I quite agreed with them. Every one had attempted to smile, at what seemed to be smiling periods, and I was conscious of grinning several times, in a very ing a new idea, did we know the "Sparrowgrass amiable manner; but the lady herself, looked as stony as ever, and her mind seemed to be wandering again among dried specimens, and scientific lectures. Her reading was an unaccountable freak, to be ranked among the eccentricities of genius.

I think Mr. Ryehurst intended to punish me for the look I had given him; for, quite to my horror, he made a speedy descent upon me, and requested that I would read.

I fairly gasped for breath, and, while endeavoring to recover myself, Miss Star seconded the request, and my hostess and all the other guests took up the strain.

I tried to get off with a joke, and assured the company that I had never learned to read. They laughed so heartily at this, that it seemed as though they had been watching for a chance to exercise their risible muscles.

"The best way to become a good reader," said Miss Labberton, patronizingly, "is to practice before a glass."

She had evidently done this, and appeared quite satisfied with the result.

Mr. Rychurst ventured to ask if such a practice was not calculated to make a person feel rather self-conscious? And the astronomical lady replied, severely, that "Self-consciousness should always be swallowed up in art." Here she glanced at me so ferociously that I began to fear she had some thoughts of swallowing me up.

Science and I did not get on well together. Mrs. Shaker had penetrated my deficiencies early in the evening, and Miss Star had evidently felt it to be her especial mission to worry me, at intervals, with questions that left me in a hopeless fog.

Such as, "What did I think of the present position of the heavenly bodies?" When on the point of asking if they were different from usual, I was restrained by the fear of hopelessly losing cast in those speculating eyes, and replied with brilliant strategy that "I was not prepared to say." I did not think it necessary to add that I never expected to be.

I had just congratulated myself on being well out of this, when I was quite stunned by the query as to whether I had noticed Saturn's rings lately?

"What sort of rings is the old gentleman sporting now?" inquired Mr. Ryehurst, who began hovering around Miss Star as though he were very much delighted with her. "He has rather a weakness for jewelry, hasn't he?"

I felt supremely grateful to him for coming to my rescue, while I quietly enjoyed the evident pleasure of Miss Star, despite her scientific honors, and professional-looking eye-glass, in

receiving the gentleman's respectful compliments and delicately-flattering allusions.

Meanwhile, Miss Labberton, who was not receiving respectful compliments, and delicatelyflattering allusions, was led by some malicious spirit to remark, "All this time Miss Darleigh has been waiting to read."

"Indeed, I have not!" I exclaimed, quite startled out of my composure. "It would be the wildest presumption in me to attempt it."

Mrs. Ryehurst glanced over the circle—they were not doing anything in particular, and evidently needed a little stirring up; my stirring-up was of no account in the matter, and, in very soft tones, she said,

"You will give me pleasure, Miss Darleigh, by reading; and I am sure that I utter the sentiments of the company."

Loud assent, of course; and I did not dare to refuse, for Mrs. Ryehurst was too important a person for me to offend. It was a dreadful ordeal for me, and I wondered if I were going to cry; but a book was quietly placed before me, and I looked up to see that Mr. Ryehurst had selected my favorite, Mrs. Browning, and opened at "The Mother and the Poet."

"You can read it," said he, gently; and I began to think that I could.

But, oh! that beginning! If I were only launched into the middle of it, I thought, I might possibly get through. My face was on fire, and my voice wouldn't come. Astronomy surveyed me critically through its eye-glass; the high-priestess of fossil remains and putrefactions regarded me with a calm indifference; Miss Labberton had assumed a benevolent expression of interest; Mrs. Rychurst's serence eyes seemed to say, "Of course, you will read—I expect it of you;" her son sat with slightly-bowed head, not looking at me; and taking this all in, and sure of at least one appreciative spirit, I rose equal to the occasion, and began the oftread words,

"Dead! Dead! Both dead! One, that by the sea in the East, And one in the West, by the sea—"

Soon the book slipped from my hand, for I knew it by heart; and, forgetting the wondering eyes that were fixed upon me, I was the Italian mother, patriot, and poet, who mingled with her triumph—wreath for Italy, cypress and yew for her dead.

I scarcely knew when I had finished; there was a buzzing of voices around me, and with the gracious permission of my hostess, I went out into the hall to cool my burning cheeks. It was a relief to look at the marble floor; and sitting down on the lowest step of the broad stair-case,

I stopped, striving against an inclination to cry, and was soon in the enjoyment of tears.

Mr. Null had told me that "I was very highly strung-up," which sounded as though I had been hung; and, perhaps, it was this characteristic, and my disappointment with people generally, that caused me to give way on Mrs. Rychurst's stair-case.

Some one was coming, and I started up; but not before "my son, Darwin," had approached me very kindly, and asked if there was anything he could do for me.

I replied, rather ungraciously, that I only wished to be let alone.

The hackneyed phrase, perhaps, called forth that smile; and I felt myself smiling, too, as I began to feel that I was in a somewhat ridiculous position.

"Suppose you let me take you into the library for a little while?" suggested the gentleman. "It is quiet there, and you need rest."

This was spoken with the air of a family physician, and I meekly followed his directions.

It was a charming room, with an open fire and a soft light, and such easy-chairs. I sank into one with a sigh of full content, while my companion disposed himself opposite me.

"I cannot imagine," said Mr. Ryehurst, after an interval of silence, "what induced my mother to bring you here this evening."

"Nor I," I rejoined. "I never felt so insignificant in my life."

Mr. Rychurst smiled.

"There are three classes of human beings," said he, "men, women, and—scientific females."

"There is Miss Labberton," I suggested, as I called to mind those gracious smiles.

"Yes," he replied, "there is Miss Labberton."
We both laughed; and then I began to feel
quite guilty, and called myself to order.

"It was very kind in Mrs. Ryehurst to ask me," I said, quite soberly. "She warned me that I need not expect gayety, but an instructive evening."

"But is it, though?" and those wicked eyes set me off again.

"I have certainly learned some things," I replied, "that I did not know before."

"Do not think me utterly depraved, Miss Darleigh," said my companion, as he still laughed, but I really cannot help it. My dear mother makes the mistake of supposing that every cultivated mind enjoys science, as represented by Mesdames Star and Shaker—and elocution, a la Miss Labberton. Will you allow me to tell you how much, how very much I enjoyed your rendering of that poem?"

"No," said I, rising hastily, "do not tell me anything. I am afraid that I made a perfect exhibition of myself, for I always get completely carried away with Mrs. Browning. They will now be wondering what has become of me."

"I looked for you in the hall, my dear," said Mrs. Ryehust's soft voice. "Will you come to supper?"

"I found Miss Darleigh trying to faint, or do something of the kind," observed her son, "and I brought her here as a restorative."

"You have a magnificent voice," said my hostess, rather irrelevantly. "It is really amazing that such a volume of sound can proceed from that fragile-looking body. But you must not use it too prodigally, it may be of great importance to you yet."

I wondered what she was thinking, but I could not at all make out.

We all proceeded to discuss oysters and chicken-salad, according to our several abilities; and I was quite astonished at the march of science in this direction; it evidently took a great deal of fuel to keep such fires going.

I was obliged to listen to various comments on my style of reading, and to answer Miss Star's question as to whether I was "professional," as amiably as I could. But the climax came at my departure, when Miss Labberton, drawing me slightly aside, was pleased to say that she really thought I would become a first-class reader, with suitable instruction, and actually put some of her cards into my hand.

III.

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, I was besieged on all sides. What sort of an evening did I have? What did Mrs. Ryehurst wear, and what did she say? Who was there? Did I see the son, and how did I like him? Were there any beaux, and who was the belle? And what did we do for amusement?

I answered circumspectly. In the first place, I had the Arab feeling that, having partaken of Mrs. Ryehurst's salt, (besides a few other trifles in the way of supper,) it did not become me to lay bare the peculiar facts of the case, for the amusement of strangers. Secondly, I considered, with an immense deal of wisdom, that to say one has had a dull time of it, when invited abroad, usually implies a lack of attraction on the part of the speaker.

So I made my replies as guarded as I could. I said that the entertainment could not be judged by comparison with others, because it was of an entirely different nature; there being some very distinguished people there, who kindly read for

the amusement of the company, (how well they succeeded in this I did not particularize,) and I had very little to do but to listen. Of my own exploit I said nothing. Mrs. Ryhurst was dressed in black satin, with point lace at the throat and wrists, and looked, as she always did, elegant. Did not remember that she said anything especially worthy of being recorded. Yes, she did remark that "women have higher duties than the manufacture of pies and cake."

This in a raised voice, for the benefit of Mr. Null.

- "A dangerous woman!" muttered the old gentleman; and he was about to discourse at length on the subject, but no one seemed inclined to listen to him.
- "Did 'my son, Darwin' condescend to be present?" asked Miss Barleygrove.
- "He was there," I replied, "but I saw very little of him—he was attending very politely to the older ladies."

Miss Barleygrove thought she would as soon have expected to hear that the leopard could change his spots, as to be told that Darwin Ryehurst attended to older ladies.

Having given a faithful description of the different toilets, and related whatever I thought they would care to hear, I was allowed to devote myself to my coffee and roll.

Cousin Rebecca observed that she thought it was an excellent thing for young people to have such an evening occasionally—it was so very improving. I thought that the fewer they had of them the better; while I seriously meditated the purchase of some work on astronomy, and a dose of several hours weekly at the Academy of Natural Sciences, that I might be prepared in case another instructive evening should befall me.

TV.

A YEAR later, I stood on the deek of an European steamer, with my husband, looking down into the bright waves, as the land receded farther and farther; while Mrs. Ryehurst's parting words rang in my ears,

"I give him up to you, Meta—be a true wife to my boy."

I did not think it was a gift at all, for she fought against it to the very last. But "my son, Darwin," had a will of his own, like his mamma; and I had my pride—and, between us both, the poor fellow had a rather hard time of it.

When all was, at length, amicably settled, it was considered sensible, under the circumstances, for us to go abroad. This had been one of my wild desires for the last half-century or

the amusement of the company, (how well they so; it seemed wonderful now how it had all come succeeded in this I did not particularize.) and I about.

"If you stare in that way much longer," said the voice at my ear, "I shall expect an Undinelike plunge into the briny waves, and the bringing up of a coral necklace, at least. Is there nothing worthy of your regards out of the water, Mrs. Ryehurst?"

"Mrs. Rychurst!" I had not heard it very many times yet, and it had such a strange ring to it. My thoughts went back to the evening when I first met Darwin, and I suddenly turned to him with the question.

"What did you think of me, when you first came into the room, and saw-"

"A very charming, young lady, admiring her own pretty hands."

"Indeed, I was not," I replied, laughing at the recollection. "If you had only known the perplexity those same hands had just caused me!"

"As how, Cara Mia?"

I drew a vivid picture of Miss Labberton's entrance with the lavender gloves, and the effect thereby produced on my weak mind.

My husband laughed heartily as he said, "Poor Labberton! She is known among some of my reprobate cronies by the soubriquet of Lavender kids." There is a tradition that she sleeps in them."

"I wonder," said I, after a pause, "that you had any patience with me that evening. I must have seemed like such a goose."

"You did," was the flattering reply. "A most refreshing little goose, after such a broadside of science. I was prepared, however, to find you mentally deficient. I had read "My Cloud Chariot," a most illogical production, and, besides, my mother warned me of your weakness."

"Did she?" I said, as I felt the color rising.

"Yes. She took me aside, and said to me. Darwin, I expect one of our literary circles here this evening: Mrs. Shaker, Miss Star,' and she mentioned some other high and mighty personages, whom you were fortunate enough to escape, as they disappointed her. 'Dear Mother,' I remarked, 'Sawdust is very dry.' 'There is also a young lady coming, Darwin,' continued my mother, 'Miss Darleigh, who wrote that clever paper in the Ingleside.' I brightened up a little. 'But, remember, you are not to fall in love with her.' My spirits fell to zero again. But I reflected that, being in the literary line, she probably wore spectacles; and I solemnly promised that, if there was one thing on this earth that I would not do, it was to fall in love with that young lady. Why are you looking so saucy, Miss Rychurst? Didn't I keep my promise? My mother then went on to tell me that the young lady in question was a charming little personage, very shy, and not at all 'up' in science; but she benevolently purposed completing her education, by throwing her in the way of the great lights above-mentioned. Do you really wish to know how you impressed me, Meta?"

I really did; but it seemed so silly to listen to my own praises.

"A shimmer of brown curls, in pleasing contrast to the hairless craniums of science, and brown eyes full of suppressed laughter, first attracted my notice; then the hands that Miss Darleigh was admiring so intensely——"

"I wonder," said I, in a pre-occupied way, "why Miss Barleygrove called you 'a goat,' and 'a conceited fellow?" I did not think you were."

It was my husband's turn to be embarrassed.

"Spiteful little thing!" he said, with a caress.

"Why do you bring up Miss Barleygrove? Her calling me 'a goat' must have been in the way of endearment. But I suppose that I am 'conceited,' because I always avoided her society as much as possible. I have no affinity for tabbies and toadies; but what did you think of me, little one?"

"I did not think anything of you."

"I know you didn't for sometime, and I began to be afraid that you never would. That reading of 'The Mother and the Poet' was quite a shock to my composure. I soon saw that the true poetic fire burned intensely behind those brown eyes; but when I found you crying on the stairs——"

"I had taken cold," said I, "and my eyes watered."

"They did, indeed, quite copiously. Well, when I found that your eyes were watering, I, like a recreant, as I was, to the best of mothers, 'my vows forgot, my faith forswore,' and behold the sad result. But what a deal of trouble you gave me, little one! Do you remember how badly you behaved in sending back my bouquet of tuberoses? How could you be so ungrateful?"

"Because," I replied, "I knew that your mother would not be pleased to have anything of the kind between us; and I was bound in honor to take no advantage of the kindness she had shown me. I really think that, at the last, she quite exonerated me from all blame."

"She did, indeed," said my husband, warmly; "and she told me, moreover, what I do not believe she ever told you—that you were very lovable."

My cheeks flushed with pleasure; praise from Mrs. Rychurst was worth having.

"You disappointed her dreadfully, though, birdie; she had other views for you."

"What were they?" I asked, in some surprise.

My husband seemed to enjoy my wrath, as he replied, "She meant to lay claim to you, by the law of nations, as first discoverer of your wonderful powers of elocution, and display you as the chief ornament of her literary circles, with the intention of improving you, at the same time."

"Did she really think I would consent to this?"
I asked, as my eyes felt like 'watering' again.

"I did not," was the reply; "and, moreover, I didn't intend that you should. Do you really think, mignonne, that, on the whole, you had a profitable evening at that literary seance?"

Viewing the matter in all its bearings, I thought that, "on the whole," I had.

A WITHERED ROSE.

BY H. A. BROWN.

LOVELY rose! when Summer's zephyrs Swept with magic o'er the plain, And in soft, alluring whispers Bade the blossoms wake again, Thou, by Summer's smiles enchanted, Bursted forth to early bloom, On the bush this hand has planted, O'er my father's lowly tomb.

There, in beauty glowing brightly,
Thou hast all thy petals spread,
And diffused thy fragrance lightly
O'er the ashes of the dead.

Now thy hues have all departed, And thy breath's distilled no more O'er the pure and faithful hearted, Whose long day of life is o'er.

But thou'rt dearer now than ever,
Since thy glories all are fled,
For thy leaves in blossom, never
Spoke so plainly of the dead.
Then thou'lt be to me a token,
Cherished while life's scenes are given,
Which shall help to keep unbroken,
Memories of one in Heaven.

OUR DAY WITH HELEN FITZMAURICE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I TELL this story as a bit of autobiography, though the events did not really happen to me; but I was so much amused by my friend Tom Davenant's narrative, that it seemed easier to copy it, word for word, than to put in all the tiresome explanations I must have done had I written the sketch in the third person. It is only a little episode which occurred during the French and Prussian war. If possessing no other merit, it has at least that of being literally true.

Our day with Helen Fitzmaurice began in the night, and in this manner. We had left Cologne, my wife and I, by an afternoon five o'clock train, assured that an early hour on the following morning would find us safe and comfortable in Munich. But, if ever there was on the face of the earth a snare and a delusion, it was that so-called express! Even when it went at the top of its speed, a donkey, dwarfed, and half-starved at that, would have beaten it without quickening his breath. But it seldom did put forth its full pewers; or, if this happened for ten minutes, we were sure to stop half an hour immediately after—I suppose to give the engine a little rest.

Inquiries were useless; expostulations met with contemptuous silence and clouds of tobacco smoke. All I could do was to assume the prophetic, and be certain we should not reach Mayence in season for the Bavarian train. Cassandra herself never came out more truthfully in the Lybilline line, though I decided that I should not choose the role for a permanency. It was like having two disappointments, to be sure of a misfortune in advance! It was past twelve o'clock when we stopped at Mayence. The Munich express had been gone just two hours and a half. We were pleasantly informed that we could either go on to Frankford (where we did not wish to go) or wait in this city of the Rhine until such hour in the day as German dilatoriness, and the movements of military convoys, might permit a train to set out for the Bavarian capital.

I beg you to believe that, within the next five minutes, there was nothing in the shape of objurgatory remarks which I had not lavished on the head of every unfortunate official I could find, in every language with which I chanced to possess the slightest acquaintance. I am bound

to confess that my eloquence had no more effect on Teuton impassibility than a May breeze would have on a forest of oaks!

Finally, I discovered that my wife must either descend, or be carried on to Frankfort. The whistle was shricking, the guards waiting mildly indifferent. Out madam got in a pouring rain, such as I suppose never fell till then since the flood, on an uncurved platform, with no light visible, except a lantern, which a big Dutchman at a little distance was waving in the faces of two females who had taken him captive. I wrapped my wife in railway rugs, till she looked like a small Polar bear just escaped from a menagerie, and hurried her on to the place where the feminines were struggling with the Teuton, in time to hear him say, "Es geht kein ug bis morgen ein Uhr!"

"Was!" exclaimed the taller woman, in accents of horror.

"Il n'z a bas de gonvoi jus q'ua une heure abies midi," answered the German, bursting into the most appalling French, where he made each c a g, and transformed every unlucky p into b without scruple. He probably supposed that the lady's exclamation had arisen from inability to understand the announcement when uttered in his native language.

" Comment donc!" cried I, in wrath.

He waved me off with his lantern, shook himself, and shouted in what he apparently believed to be English,

- "No drain dill hour one after noon!"
- "What!" exclaimed my wife, in her turn.
- "Mein Gott, hear dis beobles!" groaned the Teuton. "He doesn't speak no language any more!"

We four sufferers turned to look at each other. The light from the lantern fell over the face of the lady who had spoken, and I saw one of the prettiest creatures I ever set eyes upon. As I am not an ill-regulated bachelor, of course that circumstance made no difference to me; still, if one must be east away in a Rhenish city with strange women, I suppose the most saintly man may be glad of something pretty to gaze at!

The other woman was a German, evidently a maid servant, and ugly, as all German women are, always were, and always will be, in spite of the volumes of stuff about Marguerite, Mignonne,

and the rest. But I need not leave these three wretched females out in that pouring rain, while I give utterance to my private theories. Of course, my wife turned shivering to me to know what was to be done; the soft-voiced stranger did the same, and I was conscious of looking an utter idiot, by the light of the Dutchman's lantern. There was not an idea left in my head, any more than if I had just been knocked on the back of it with a huge club! My wife said something between her chattering teeth about the advisability of finding an hotel or other place of Immediately the beautiful unknown flew at the Dutchman, and I flew at him, and we belabored the unfortunate in his native language and in French, while the maid shook him violently, as if she believed that he had an inn concealed somewhere about him, and meant to shake

When he could speak, he told us what our books would have done, that the Hotel du Rhin was the best. My memory came back, and I recollected that the said hotel was at least a mile and a quarter away, no carriage to be had, and the streets as slippery as glass. I made the latter discovery by falling on my nose the first time I stepped off the platform.

Finally, we got out of him with great difficulty (you need a corkscrew to extract the least particle of information from a German) that quite near the station was a small inn that rejoiced in the name of the Hotel de Cologne. We decided to go there, and did unearth a man to carry down the two huge arks which these daughters of Eve declared to be indispensable for their comfort that night.

By this time we began to enjoy our own extreme misery, and laughed and talked until the Dutchman must have taken us for three intimate friends. Off we set in the wake of the chap with the luggage, my wife hanging to one arm, and the maid assisting the strange lady. The way we slid, swam, and drifted down the icy street, with that wretched luggage-bearer going faster each moment, was a sight to make even our guardian angels laugh, only, luckily for their credit, it was too dark for them to see us.

Lights shone from an apartment on the ground floor, as we approached the inn; the tame swells that met us in the entrance-hall were not more than ten years old, and we began to congratulate each other on our good fortune. The doors of the dining-room opened, and out came the landlord and a fat landlady to give us welcome, in the horrible polyglot of languages in which all Continental hotel-keepers of late days indulge at sight of foreigners.

As we entered the salle, I observed a darkbearded man seated at the long table eating supper; at the same instant I heard the strange lady whisper in English to herself,

"Oh, my heavens! there he is!"

Straightway I thought myself on the threshold of a romance and a mystery, and was consoled for all our mishaps.

We ordered rooms, and whatever in the matter of edibles could be furnished without delay; and my wife and the other lady went up stairs to change such of their toggery as was wet through. Presently, the dark-bearded gentleman addressed me in such correct German, that I supposed him "to the manner born." I answered him, then made some remarks in French; he replied, speaking the language without accent. After a little, he broke into English, where he was equally at home; so then I knew at once what his nationality really was.

"You are Russian," I said.

"Why do you think so?" he asked.

"Because nobody else could speak so many languages in such perfection," I replied.

He admitted his country, laughed and talked, and was altogether so pleasant, that I forgot to make myself as disagreeable to him as one usually does to strangers of one's own sex.

After awhile the two ladies and the catty-faced maid came back, and, though of course I was looking at my own wife all the time, I am sure any less devoted husband would have been utterly overwhelmed by the beauty of the unknown female. It came, perhaps, more from expression than regularity of features; but she had wonderful dark eyes, and the greatest profusion of red, gold hair, the tint I had read of in novels and never seen, which ever grew on one woman's head.

She chatted to my wife and myself with an easy familiarity which amused me, utterly ignoring the Russian, though I felt somehow that she was talking for his benefit. I may as well declare, at once, what I thought-that she was a dashing, handsome adventuress. I concluded neither my other half or I should be contaminated by an hour's conversation now, and a pleasant breakfast in the morning; for it is a pitiful fact, that Virtue, out on her travels, is not half so agreeable to meet as her opposite. This is particularly true if Virtue be an Englishwoman! The stranger was English, evidently well bred, too, however she might have been born. Her intonation was irreproachable-that slight drawl which is not to be mistaken, and which, in a voice like hers, is sufficiently endurable.

So we made merry, and as I thought the Rus-

sian agreeable, I gradually included him in the conversation, so of course my wife did the same, and the strange lady imitated her. But all the while the gold-haired woman was making herself so charming, and talking a happy cross between Guy Livingstone and Miss Braddon's romances, I was wondering what caused the dark eyes to look so anxious under her smiles and animation.

Presently she took out of her satchel a book of which she had been speaking, and, after turning over the leaves for a few instants, handed the volume to my wife. She looked at it, made some remark about her liking for the author, and passed the novel to me. On the blank page next the cover was written, Helen Fitzmaurice!

I thought I must explode into a fit of laughter, but managed, with a good deal of difficulty, to retain a decent appearance of composure.

Whether madam or miss we were to "guess" for ourselves. Assuredly she was not over twenty-five, and as for the name, it certainly, like its owner, had the merit of being pretty; and I said to myself, when one adopts a cognomen, why not a well-sounding one, though the Helen and Fitz-maurice together were a little difficult to swallow as decorously as was desirable in the presence of their owner.

Just then I saw my wife look at me. I knew by her face that I had missed something I was meant to see. I glanced at the page once more; sure enough, there was written,

"Act as if you knew me; it can't do you any harm, and will be a great kindness to me. As you are Americans instead of English, I can trust to your good-nature."

This was not bad for a beginning. It did not take me many seconds to decide that the Fitzmaurice and the Russian hoped to play for our benefit a little game out of one of Lever's books. But while I was inwardly chuckling over my perspicacity, the Muscovite said, politely,

"Is that the new romance which has been making such a sensation in England? May I just glance at it?" and stretched out his particularly handsome hand.

"Here is the first volume," spoke up the Fitzmaurice, quick as a flash, and gave it to him.

I dropped my volume on the floor, and while stooping to pick it up, tore the written page out of Lever's novels. As I regained my equilibrium, I caught the stolid German maid watching me, and saw her make a rapid little sign to the Russian.

My ideas were all upset again. Now, the conspiracy seemed between those two, and I began to be disgusted with my efforts at composing a sen-

sation romance, and announced my intention of going to bed. No: let me do justice to my politeness—I told my wife she looked tired, and ought to go Straightway up rose the Fitzmaurice, and said she should follow my wife's example; so we all said good-night to the Russian, and toiled up the steep stairs, followed by the German cat.

Our rooms were next each other, and the fair Helen peered into the one assigned to my wife and myself, saying rather familiarly, that she wanted to see if it was comfortable.

"You look so delicate," she added, turning to my better half with the inevitable remark from an Englishwoman to an American of her own sex.

There was a roaring fire in the square, monster of a stove, and both ladies exclaimed in delight at the warmth.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," my wife declared.

At this I waxed bold, and said I should go down stairs and smoke a little before bed.

"I'm not sleepy either," quoth Madam Helen.
"Mayn't I stay with you until your lord and
master comes back?"

I thought that tolerably impudent, but my legal owner received the proposal with sufficient cordiality—so I took myself off. When I got back to the dining-room, my Muscovite had disappeared. I smoked a tranquil pipe, while the landlord snored uneasily in a chair opposite, till watching him made me drowsy, and I betook myself again to the upper regions.

Somehow, after mounting the first flight of stairs, I turned down a wrong passage, and a gust of wind from a casement carelessly left open, blew my candle out. While I stood still, anathamatizing my luck, and hunting for matches, (of course, in a wrong pocket,) I heard voices close by. I discovered gleams of light coming through a half-open door further on, but did not move toward it, for the tones were those of the Russian and the German maid; and the first words I caught were these, from the woman,

"If she has the papers, they must be hidden somewhere about her. I've hunted everywhere among her luggage."

"Curse her!" muttered the man. "If you could only be tolerably certain, I'd arrest her at once! Does she know these people?"

"She says yes; Americans she met in London. I can't understand their English jargon. But I don't believe it—she wants to fool us."

I had found my match-box by this time, but I crept back toward the opposite corridor in the dark, for it became apparent to me that I had got my romance all awry. Somehow, the golden-haired woman was near trouble, but whether she had stolen jewels, or the papers of

Vol. LXII .- 9

which they spoke, or what the danger might be that menaced her, it was impossible to say, but naturally all my sympathies went with her. When I got into the bed-room, I found my wife and her guest still together, and the latter talking eagerly. As I entered, she broke off to say, with a laugh,

"My maid will think I am lost."

I was determined, whatever she had done, to put her on her guard without loss of time, and answered,

"I doubt her having missed you. The young woman is at present holding a confidential conversation with the Russian, and——"

"Did you hear them talk?" she interrupted, springing to her feet, and turning pale. "Tell me, word for word, what they said."

I repeated the little I had overheard. She sat quietly down in her chair again, and looked at my wife with an odd smile.

"Your intuitions were truer than mine," said she. "I could not have believed that woman would play me false! Luckily, she is sure of nothing, the wretch!"

"If you have any secret to keep," returned I, bluntly, "I'd advise you to get rid of her without loss of time."

"But how? It would only cause more suspicion."

"You are going on to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes—to Vienna! Oh, dear! I ought to be there this minute!"

"And you have come straight from Brussels?"

"Yes—that is, I stopped a few hours in Cologne, waiting for this train."

"Then discover you left something at Cologne," said I; "money—jewels——"

She motioned me to stop.

"A photograph-case, with letters hidden in the back!" cried she, clapping her hands. "That's splendid! I'll outwit them yet! Will you help me? Your wife said you would."

"Then, of course I shall," was my reply.

"Always remember what a good reason that is," laughed my wife.

Helen Fitzmaurice rose from her chair, walked up and down a few times, twisting and untwisting her fingers like a person in deep thought; then the beautiful face lighted into a triumphant smile—she had found a loop-hole out of the snare. She came back, sat down opposite me, looked full in my face, and said, abruptly,

"What did you take me for, down stairs?"

I felt a good deal confused, as was natural, considering what my thoughts had really been, but managed to utter some verbiage about a de-

layed Una, or a drenched goddess. She cut me short in my effort.

"Tell the truth, sir!" cried she, sternly. "Make him!" to my wife; and my wife held up two fingers—one more than was enough, any married man could tell you.

I stammered so pitifully that Helen Fitz-maurice took compassion on me, and added,

"You thought me an adventuress—a specimen of the demi-monde—a creature out of the Ouida novels?"

"I believe I did," I answered, fairly driven to bay.

To my astonishment she clapped her hands anew in delight.

"Then I did it well," cried she. "And now? Do you think I have stolen diamonds, or forged a will, or——"

"Please, don't take me for an utter idiot," I interrupted in my turn.

"I don't," said she. "Now listen! I can get out of this serape if you'll help me—your wife has promised."

"That is for the two of us," I averred; and both women uttered expressions of incredulity so little real faith has the sex in the humility of husbands, even after the long ages that marriage has been an "institution."

"Wait a minute!" quoth Fitzmaurice.

She ran to the door, listened a second, as they do on the stage, darted back, and sat down between us.

"There's nobody there. That man understands English as well as we do," she whispered. "I know you both—recognized your name the instant I saw it on that bag. Your Dr. Harrison is an old friend of mine, and told me about you."

"How very odd," said I.

"Oh! good gracious! I've ceased within the last three months to think anything odd!" cried she, impatiently. "Now I'm going to tell you everything. You hate Germany?"

"As I do the world, the flesh, and the devil," said I—just because she expected me to say that. To be honest, I half believed her even yet a humbug, or swindler of some sort. "But what has my hating Germany to do with the matter?"

"I see," cried my wife, then remembered to whisper. "She is doing something for the French—isn't that it? You're going to Vienna for them!"

"I've some papers in my chignon," replied Helen Fitzmaurice, quietly, "that would hang me higher than Hamen if they were found. But that isn't it! The wretches will delay me they tried to at Cologne. Ever since I reached Brussels that Russian has dogged me. Now I see how he has got on my track. Oh! that wretched woman!"

"I suppose you've been good to her," said I, with the misanthropy my wife declares one of my chief failings.

"Yes; she came to me in London, as I was starting, with a long story about having lived in Paris. She had got away penniless, and wanted to reach Vienna. I took her out of sheer pity, and an awful bother she is, as, of course, I have to invent all sorts of fibs for not letting her touch my hair, and doing it when I'm alone. But, never mind."

"No; the thing is, what can I do for you?" I asked.

"They daren't arrest me, but they'll try to make me lose more time; and every hour is so precious," she sighed.

She ran up and down the chamber again, like a frightened animal, though I could see it was not fear made her do it, but because she could think more easily while in motion.

"You may depend upon it, if there is anything we can do, we will," said my wife.

"Yes, I am sure of it. I would thank you if I knew how. Let me think. The first thing is to send that creature back to Cologne. I'll make her believe there are papers of vast importance in the photograph-case. I'll say I hid it under the sofa-cover when I lay down for a nap."

"Exactly!" said I. "Pretend you are driven by fright into confiding in her; only don't say anything really, else they'll arrest you on her evidence early to-morrow."

"Hark! There she is at the door, Goodnight! I'll tell you everything in the morning."

Away she went, leaving me still half-confident that, in the valuable slang-language of the day, she was trying to "do" us in some fashion.

I never awoke until nine o'clock the next morning, and should not have wakened then, if somebody had not roused me by repeated knocks at the door.

"It is Helen Fitzmaurice," said my wife, sitting up among her pillows; and the name sent me into fits of laughter at once.

I had been dreaming of all sorts of conspiracies, and nonsence generally. Sometimes I was at Wilhelmshoe, consulting with the fallen emperor, while Bismarck, wearing the Russian's face, listened at the door, which I never could shut. Sometimes I was helping the Fitzmaurice escape, and she would unexpectedly turn into Eugenie, then into Gen. Washington, wearing a hoopskirt, in the most perplexing manner; while the

catty-faced maid was everybody in succession, from Queen Augusta to Pocahontas, and whoever sine was, never lost the chronic snuffle which drove me wild. I was really glad to be awakened, sprang out of bed, dressed myself as rapidly as I could, and admitted the lady with tresses of red gold.

She was handsomer than ever in the light of day—but I suppose that is of no consequence; my wife often says my eyes are always doing everything except attending to my own affairs. She waited for no salutation, pushed past me into the room, saying abruptly,

"I've got her off! She ean't come back till cleven o'clock to-night! I told her I should go on to Asschaffenberg and wait. The Russian has gone too. He thinks if there's anything in the papers they can catch me by telegraph there."

"And now what is to be done?" demanded my wife.

"The first thing is to change my big, black box for your russet-colored one. He's left some-body to watch, and my initials are on my trunk. I'll change the things from one to the other—we've oceans of time. How lucky we had the boxes brought in spite of your husband! The Russian thinks he has me at every turn."

It may not be modest to say it, but my wife and I are rather sensible people; having promised to help the young woman, we were ready to do it first, and ask questions after. The Fitzmaurice and I, between us, managed to pull my wife's belongings out of her trunk, opened the doors that connected the two chambers, and soon made a neat transfer of the goods and chattels. The creature was as composed as a human being could be, and treated the whole business as an excellent joke.

"Now, please go down stairs and order breakfast," she said, when we had finished. "Have ours sent up to us, and don't come back for three-quarters of an hour."

I obeyed to the letter, and having drank my coffee, strolled cautiously up the slippery street, smoking a segar. It was not long before I discovered that I was watched by a man whom I felt confident was a military bird, in spite of his citizen's clothes. But, secure in conscious integrity, and supported by an American passport, I smoked under his nose, and was perfectly tranquil. At last I went back to my hotel, after bothering him for a time, and hurried up to my room.

The two ladies were there. They had their traveling-cloaks on; even their faces covered with heavy, blue veils, as if expecting to go at once. My wife sat by the window; Helen Fitz-

maurice standing before the mirror, arranging one of her long, golden curls.

"In the name of wonder," I cried, "why are you wrapped up a good hour and a half before the time to start?"

Neither of them answered. I went up to my wife, the two threw back their veils, and I stood stupid. The lady by the mirror had a great quantity of red, gold hair, and wore the loose, black silk wrap lined with fur, which the night before had appertained to Helen Fitzmaurice. The lady by the window had wavy, chesnut tresses, a close-fitting traveling-dress of almost the same tint, and on the previous evening that hair and attire belonged to my wife. Nevertheless, the face which looked at me from among the yellow locks was a face I had kissed too often to mistake, and the features that smiled mischievously under my wife's brown hat and curls, were the features of the mysterious Helen.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Who is who, and how did you do it?"

"You wouldn't have suspected?" they asked.
"Not in the least. Even with your veils up,
I can't believe my eyes! Do explain, else I shall
be too dazed to be of any use."

So the hand that was my wife's lifted the rakish velvet turban, which was Helen Fitzmaurice's, and the gold, red hair likewise, and at last I understood and faltered,

"Why, it is a wig!"

They nearly laughed themselves into fits over my imbecile looks and manner; but at last we grew serious, and had a thorough understand-Helen Fitzmaurice had been among the very latest of the foreigners who succeeded in getting out of Paris. The government there intrusted her with communications to the party at Bordeaux, and, once arrived, it was proposed to her to try to get to Austria, as bearer of dispatches, which there was reason to hope would change the minds of Joseph II., and his ministers, in regard to their conduct during the war, provided always the papers could reach them. Helen Fitzmaurice went to England, crossed over to Ostend, and was at Brussels, as I said, before she had any idea that she was even suspected; indeed, she probaby never would have been but for the treachery of her maid, who discovered enough to fancy that her mistress was trying in some way to serve the French.

It was arranged that we were all to keep in the chill gray of the same carriage to Asschaffenberg; when we reached there, I was to go boldly and order the box of my wife's, in which were Helen Fitzbaurice's clothes, marked for Vienna, as I had changed my mind, and intended to go on instead turbid waters.

of branching off for Munich. At the same time, the black trunk, which the fair Helen now claimed, was to be checked for the latter capital.

Now it looks a very clumsy scheme put on paper; but that was just what made it an excellent one. It seemed as if we knew that Helen Fitzmaurice was watched, so my wife and I were going to Vienna to make it appear that we had the papers in our possession, and so give the princess of Troy an opportunity to escape by Munich, catch a train there for Vienna, before news of the photograph-case could give a reason for her arrest. We were certain the spies would keep faithfully on to Bavaria, in the wake of the golden-haired woman.

They fell beautifully into the trap. At Asscheffenberg I put Helen Fitzmaurice, turned apparently into the brown-haired lady, who had accompanied me from Cologne, into a through carriage for Vienna; established the goldentressed female in a coach that, when we reached Wurtzberg, would be shifted off on to the Munich track. For my own part, I announced my determination of taking refuge in a smoking compartment. I bade the dark-haired lady au revoir, and made hearty adieus to the other, who had altered her mind, and was bound for Munichall this for the benefit of the gentleman who had watched me so attentively during my morning stroll, and who left Mayence by the same train we took.

It was evening when we reached Wurtzberg. We made only a brief stop, but I saw my man run into the telegraph office, and come out reading a dispatch, the contents of which I knew as well as if I had seen them. He was warned that no papers had been found at Cologne; he was to follow the Fitzmaurice religiously wherever she went. He satisfied himself that she was in one of the Munich carriages, fur-lined wrap, gold-red hair, and then got back into his own compartment.

The two trains were starting; a white hand from a Vienna carriage waved good-by to me, as I slipped into a coach for Munich, too far down the line for the spy to see me. We were off, and I staid in my compartment until long after midnight; then at some place where we stopped for a moment, got into the carriage with my wife. We had no companions, so we soon effected a change in her appearance, dropping the gold-red wig as we crossed a bridge over the Danube, in the chill gray of the morning. The bundle was made heavy with a quantity of luncheon, ten thousand hair-pins, and my favorite pocket-knife, to insure its sinking; and, leaning out of the window, I saw it disappear among the swollen and turbid waters.

We reached Munich at nine o'clock. If ever you saw a dazed animal, it was that Gcrman, when I stepped out of the carriage, followed by my brown-haired companion.

He came straight to me, and gasped, "I thought you were gone to Vienna!"

"I? Oh, no! The lady we met at Mayence has gone there," said I, calmly. "But when we got to Asscheffenberg, she had her luggage changed for Munich. I saw her in the train; she was here till near day-light. Perhaps she stopped somewhere," I suggested.

"But you-you were for Vienna-"

"Sir!" I interrupted, apparently rushing into a great rage. "What the deuce do you mean by questioning me? Who are you? If you are a government officer or a spy, here's my passport. If you have no credentials to exhibit as a right of bothering me in this fashion, I'd advise you to get out of the way."

"You-you're English," he stammered.

"I'm nothing of the sort," I answered. "I'm an American," and pulled out my passport.

He looked utterly bewildered, and I ruthlessly pursued my advantage.

"If you are satisfied, sir, I'll bid you goodmorning! If you follow me a step further, I'll apply to my consul. In case you want the lady who changed her mind so often, you must go on to Vienna. She will be there" (I drew out my watch and consulted it) "in exactly half an hour."

He knew he had been outwitted, but what could be done?

The next morning my wife and I were at Innsbruck; ten hours later at Verona, and there we found, as had been agreed upon, a telegram from Helen Fitzmaurice—she was safe in the Austrian capital.

All this happened in January, 1871. Whatever the lady's mission from Bordeaux to Vienna may have been, events soon showed that it was a failure. But, among us, we did outwit the victors, and that was a satisfaction, even if it did not bring any good to the anxious souls waiting with such heroic patience inside the besieged city.

WE SHALL MEET.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

WE shall meet in the Summer, the bright, blushing Summer,
When garlands of roses the hill-sides have crowned;
When the earth lies asleep in the low, drowsy murmur
Of bees in the blossoming thickets around.

We shall meet when the long, dreary Winter is over, And Summer with blossom and fragrance is rife; When the meadows are sweet with the scent of the clover, And streams are unfettered and wakened to life.

We shall meet, and with gladness our hearts shall run over, The music of heaven shall ring in our ears; No more shall this heart from its haven be rover,

The promise of rest in the future appears.

We shall meet, and shall walk in the radiant brightness That gleams on the pathway which lies just before; The days shall fiit by with such marvelous lightness, As never attended their footsteps of yore.

Oh! to meet, and to look all the heartfelt emotion The tongue cannot utter, the lips dare not speak! To read in thy eyes all the life-long devotion, The heart of a lover dare offer or seek!

Oh! to feel thou art near will be joy beyond measure; To clasp thy dear hand will be piercingly sweet! The sound of thy coming alone can bring pleasure; Oh! hasten the season in which we shall meet!

GOD'S SUMMER.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It is not the lark's clear tone, Cleaving the morning air with a soaring cry, Nor the nightingale's sweet melody, all the balmy night; Not these alone

Make the sweet sounds of Summer;
But the drone of beetle and bee, the murmurous hum of the fly,
And the chirp of the cricket, hidden out of sight—
These help to make the Summer.

Not roses redly blown,
Nor golden lilies lighting the dusky meads,
Nor proud, imperial pansies, nor queencups, quaintand rare;
Not these alone

Make the sweet sights of Summer;
But the countless forest-leaves, the myrind wayside weeds,
And slender grasses, springing up everywhere—
These help to make the Summer.

One Heaven bends above;
The lowiest head offimes hath sweetest rest;
O'er song-bird in the pine, and bee in the ivy low,
Is the same love;
It is all God's Summer;
Well pleased is He if we patiently do our best;
So hum, little bee, and low green grasses grow—

You help to make the Summer.

THE STORY OF A DOLLY VARDEN.

BY MARIE L. BURTON.

"Now, ain't they nice and pretty?"

Nellie Marshall, as she spoke, surveyed herself complaisantly in the mirror. "Look, papa, I have a Dolly Varden dress, Polonaise, hat, and shoes—don't you admire them?"

"Yes, yes, very pretty," said her father; but I could not tell a Dolly Varden from a Dolly anything else. However, I guess they are all right; and if Mr. Smith should come to-day——"

"Now, papa," cried Miss Nellie, "do stop talking about that hideous Mr. Smith. To be sure, I have never seen him, and do not know whether he is old or young; but I am sure he is perfectly awful, he has such a horrid name."

"Why, my dear," interposed her father, "Mr. Smith is quite good-looking, and a very fine man, I assure you."

"Now, papa, who ever heard of a Smith who was good-looking? They are, as a matter of course, all homely, commonplace persons,"

"How about that picnic?" inquired Mr. Marshall. "Am I to escort you, or not?"

"No, papa, don't you remember? I told you Mr. Vandyke was going to take me."

"It seems to me, Nellie, this Morton Vandyke is very partial to you, and you to him, eh! How's that, little one?" and Mr. Marshall indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do with you? You are the greatest tense," and Miss Nellie pretended to be busy arranging a stray curl.

"But, Nellie," began her father, after a moment's silence, "I do hope you will be very polite to Mr. Smith. He is going to bring a friend with him, a Mr.——"

But here he was interrupted. "Oh, please do not talk any more about that horrid man. To be sure I will be polite; but, if I must play the agreeable for the next six weeks, let him rest for the present. Why, I believe you would like me to marry the man;" and she gave him a hug and a kiss. "Good-by, dear!" She danced out of the room, as she spoke, leaving her father convulsed with laughter.

An hour later found Nellie rapidly nearing the picnic grounds, whirled along in Morton Vandyke's handsome phæton, with Morton Vandyke by her side.

"Come, Nellie," said that gentleman. "

want my answer to-morrow, at the farthest. But why not give it now?"

"Mr. Vandyke, I have told you once; please say no more about it;" and Nellie, with a pretty, vexed air, leaned out of the carriage, to avoid further conversation. The gentleman smiled at her manner, and exclaimed, sotto voce, "I have not much fear but that answer will be favorable."

In a few moments, Nellie found herself the center of a happy group, the gayest of the gay. But she was tired of it all; tired of Morton Vandyke's ceaseless attention, and tired of herself; and late in the afternoon she stole away, down to a little, shady dell, where the birds sang sweetly, and the incense of many flowers filled the air with a delicious fragrance.

Throwing herself upon a moss-covered log, she watched the little brook, as it leaped and played down in its rocky bed, puzzling herself the while to know whether she loved Morton Vandyke. Presently, a little flower, peeping from its mossy nest, attracted her attention; a flower, which was very difficult to reach, and, therefore, the more desirable; so she rose quickly, bent eagerly forward, striving to reach it. But the treacherous earth gave way, and precipitated Nellie to the ground. Picking herself up, she glanced ruefully at her hat, which lay in a very crumpled state beside her. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I have ruined my Dolly Varden," and she almost sobbed outright.

"Excuse me." said a voice, so near that Nellie fairly screamed with surprise, "but the hat is hardly past redemption."

A hand grasped the hat, and Nellie beheld, with astonishment, a tall, handsome gentleman standing beside her, busily engaged with her Dolly Varden.

"I think," he said, "if you smooth the ribbon, and put a few finishing touches, it will look none the worse. Your dress is somewhat soiled; the sleeves have a few spots on them; but I think that can be easily remedied." As he spoke he dipped his handkerchief into the brook, and carefully erased them. "Now, I think it is all right," he continued, and he laughed merrily.

"With the exception of my hands," she answered. "I see they have suffered as well as my Dolly Varden," and, kneeling beside the "I brook, she bathed them in the clear, cool water.

Taking his handkerchief from him she rinsed }

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "What a pity to have spoiled it; but I can hang it on a bush, and it will dry in a few moments."

Suiting the action to the words, the initials A. L. S. riveted her attention. Instantly she thought, "Oh, I wonder if his name is Smith?" But she banished it instantly. He was too handsome and agreeable to be named Smith. As she came to this conclusion, she raised her eyes, unconscious that she had been looking intently at the letters. He was regarding her with a curious look and amused smile. She colored vividly, and talked at random, to hide her embarrassment; but at length they glided into conversation naturally, and, becoming interested, talked long-how long she could not tell; it was certainly longer than it out to have been, thought Nellie, for she was not generally free with strangers.

"I thank you very much," she said, "for your kindness. Had it not been for you, I might have been sitting there yet, mourning over my Dolly Varden."

"Oh, I think not," he answered, gayly. "But if I have been of any assistance, I am very glad. It was just by chance I came this way. I started to walk to the village, and choose the pleasant by-path in preference to the dusty highway. I cannot regret my choice. It has proved pleasant, in more ways than one," and his eloquent eyes sought her face in a way that she could not misunderstand.

Their paths now diverged, and they parted, he to continue his way to the village, she to retrace her steps to the picnic grounds. When she rejoined her friends, she found them very anxious about her. They had been looking and calling for her in every place, and now plied her with questions. She gave them little satisfaction, however, merely saying she had been takeing a walk, and had staid longer than she had intended.

"How could you do so, when you know how troubled I would feel?" asked Morton Vandyke, as they rode home. But she gave him no answer. Nor did she speak until they reached the house. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Vandyke," she said, coldly, and hurried into the house, in a very disturbed state of mind.

Half an hour afterward, Nellie entered the sitting-room, and found her father talking, in a very animated manner, to a gentleman, who, to her horror and dismay, she discovered to be her acquaintance of the afternoon. Her father held an open letter in his hand, which he hurriedly

thrust out of sight, and introduced the gentleman as Mr. Smith. His eyes twinkled merrily as he did so, and Mr. Smith seemed also much amused. But Nellie was desperate. She noticed nothing, took no part in the conversation, and, early in the evening, she and the Dolly Varden disappeared.

The next day Nellie was afflicted with a severe headache, and not until evening did she make her appearance. Her father seemed to enjoy her discomfiture very much; but Nellie paid no heed to his frequent sallies. She was freezingly polite to Mr. Smith, nothing more. She did. indeed, condescend to ask her father, as he lingered in the dining-room a few moments after tea; why Mr. Smith's friend did not come with him. Her father answered that he was detained by business, and could not come. Later, Morton Vandyke called, and received his final answer. It could not have been as satisfactory as he hoped, for he soon took his departure, looking anything but elated. As for Nellie, she seemed in very good spirits, and even sang for Mr. Smith, at her father's urgent request.

Rising early the next morning, Nellie went to the garden to gather flowers. Taking the little basket on her arm, and her hat in her hand, she sauntered along the paths, culling here and there a flower, and humming softly to herself. Suddenly she heard a quick step behind her; a wreath of fragrant blossoms fell upon her head, and a voice, that caused her to start and blush, "We crown the queen of morn."

Angry at herself for her agitation, Nellie strove to receive Mr. Smith with a great deal of dignity and coldness; but I do not think she succeeded very well, as Mr. Smith did not seem in the least troubled; on the contrary, he asked her if he might assist her in gathering flowers; and, of course, she could not refuse.

After that she seemed to get along much better with Mr. Smith. They walked, and rode, and sang, and read together; and Nellie informed her father, that if it were not for his horrid name, Mr. Smith would be a very nice man.

One evening as they returned from a walk, Mr. Smith said to her, suddenly, "You do not like my name, Miss Marshall?"

"I think it a very homely one," she said, faintly.

He left the window in a quick, excited way, came to her side, and asked, in a passionate tone, "Is it so homely that you would object to taking it?"

her horror and dismay, she discovered to be her acquaintance of the afternoon. Her father held eyes, saw that he was in earnest, and answered, an open letter in his hand, which he hurriedly hastily, "Yes, yes, I could not."

At this juncture the entrance of Mr. Marshall put a stop to all further conversation.

That evening Mr. Smith had a long interview with her father, and, as Nellie entered the hall at one end, they went out at the other. She heard her father say,

"Well, I think it's all her nonsense. Depend upon it she likes you pretty well. But I think—" And Nellie could hear no more.

The next morning Mr. Smith took leave of Mr. Marshall's family. He looked rather pale and dejected; but Nellie was all smiles and sunshine. She gave him her hand gavly at parting, and if it did tremble a little, the towas nothing.

Several months passed away, and nothing was heard of Mr. Smith. Nellie's father watched her narrowly. She was, perhaps, a little more pale than was her wont, and inclined to be alone.

One evening, Mr. Marshall entered the sittingroom with a newspaper in his hand.

"Nellie," said he, "here is a little news for you;" and he read, in a loud tone, the marriage of Mr. Smith, with a lady of the same town.

Nellie gave a little start, and bent closer over her sewing at the beginning; but when he had finished, she said, quietly, "Ah, indeed! I wish him much happiness."

Taking a spray of flowers from a vase beside her, she arose and fastened them in her hair; then gathering up her work, left the room.

Her father smiled, and said,

"Nell feels that; but she has got the Marshall pride, and glories in it."

He laughed, and, leaving the room also, entered the library. After writing and sealing a letter, he delivered it to a servant, to be mailed as soon as possible, and then went cheerily to the dining-room, where he found his daughter awaiting him with a pale, sad face.

A few weeks later, Nellie was seated in the library, alone. Frequently, the hearty laugh of her father, who was seated on the piazza with a friend, sounded loud and clear into the room, and only served to make her more miserable. Sitting there, her thoughts wandered far away from the present, into the past. Sad and dejected, she looked and felt very unlike the bright, laughing girl of a few months ago.

Suddenly, she heard a light step, and, looking up, Mr. Smith stood beside her. She was too agitated to speak; but he bid her "Good-evening," and seated himself opposite, entering into conversation as easily as though he had left her but an hour ago. She soon recovered sufficiently to answer his questions, and, presently, said,

"Excuse me. I had forgotten to congratulate you," and she attempted a little laugh.

But he answered, gravely, "I am not married. It is a mistake. On the contrary, I came to ask if you will now consent to take my name."

She raised her eyes to his face, with a look that answered him better than words.

"Nellie," he said, after a long silence, "can you forgive me, when I tell you that my name is not Smith, but Shirly;" and, in answer to her look of surprise, he narrated briefly what perhaps the reader has already suspected.

Mr. Smith was an old frieffd, and about the same age of her father, a widower with four children, but soon to be married. Being invited by Mr. Marshall to make him a visit, he decided to accept the invitation, and persuaded Shirly to come with him. At the appointed time, Mr. Smith found he could not go, but urged Shirly to, and gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Marshall, who thought it would be a good joke to call Mr. Shirly, Smith, knowing Nellie's decided aversion to that name. Mr. Shirly consented. Her refusing him, merely because his name was Smith, was communicated to Mr. Marshall, who decided to keep up the ruse until the marriage of his friend Smith, which marriage he read in the paper for Nellie's benefit, and seeing her disposed to relent, wrote to Shirly, who came post-haste to answer the letter in person.

As Shirly concluded, Mr. Marshall, accompanied by his friend, entered the room. Nellie hurried out to hide her flushed and happy face, and Shirly whispered,

"Nellie, if you forgive me that wicked ruse, wear your Dolly Varden."

Not long afterward there was a grand wedding at Mr. Marshall's, at which the groom confidentially informed the bride that "he thought the Dolly Varden the prettiest thing in the world, and hoped it would never go out of fashion."

"I'LL ALWAYS THINK OF THEE."

BY CARL ROSSITER.

The blossom fades, the flowers blow,
The stream runs to the sea,
But time may come and time may go,
I'll always think of thee.

Inconstant is the word for all
Change is and is to be;
But thrones may rise and thrones may fall,
I'll always think of thee,

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.

CHAPTER XIV.

- "AUNT EUNICE!"
- "Well, Patty-what is it?"
- "Our horseradish is all dug up, and the tops planted down agin. So mar wants to know if you'd just as lief as not, let me dig some out of your garden? 'Cause we've got roasted beef for dinner, and nothing to smart it up."
- "Just as much as you like," answered aunt Eunice. "Ask Betsey Taft to give you the little garden-hoe."
- "I know where it is myself," answered Patty. "I stood it up agin the well-crotch last time we used it."

Out flew the child and found the hoe, with which she marched into the garden, and finding a patch of horseradish-leaves growing rank and green along the wall, dashed into them with vigor. Directly she returned with a couple of straggling roots dangling from the long leaves grasped in her hand.

"There," she said, sitting down on the back door-step, with her feet buried in the thick plantain-leaves. "I'll just cut off the tops here, if Betsey'll give me a case-knife, and set 'em back. Curious, isn't it, how the pieces 'll take to growing agin."

"Never mind about setting them out; there's plenty of it by the old wall," said aunt Eunice. "And I shan't want so much of anything

Aunt Eunice faltered here, and drew a long breath.

Patty nodded her head, and took up the broken speech.

"Yes, I know; since she's gone. Lonesomeisn't it? But then you know just where she is, and I don't-so that makes it dreadful. Seems as if she was gone forever."

"Well, New York is a good way off."

"New York," muttered Patty, registering the name in her memory. Then she said aloud,

"Isn't that a place cut up, like gingerbread, into long streets, that have names to 'em?"

"Yes," answered aunt Eunice, who was busy cutting up curd for a cheese on the back stoop, and rather enjoyed a little chat with the child. I name on the cover?"

- "All cities have streets with names. You couldn't tell how to find the houses without them, they are built so close together."
- "You don't say so! But how can folks tell so many houses by one street?"
- "How, Patty? Why they all have numbers on the doors."
- "How funny! Has our Gertie's aunt got a number all to herself?"
 - "Of course she has."
 - "And the street?"
 - "Her aunt Foster lives in an Avenue."
 - "An Avenue! What's that, aunt Eunice?"
- "A long, long street, wider than the rest, and more genteel."
- "More genteel! That's good for Gertie. But about the number?"

Patty got an answer she did not expect.

"Patty Vane, what on earth are you about all this time?"

Patty gave a jump, dropped her horseradish. and saw her mother standing in the back-door. just beyond aunt Eunice.

- "I-I was cutting off the tops, mar," answered the little girl, crestfallen at this termination of her diplomacy.
- "Cutting off the tops, and daudling about, just as if dinner wasn't on the table, and your par
- "Oh, my! is he? Then I'll cut home at once. Poor par! I didn't mean to keep him waiting, and he so kind about my new red marener frock."
- "Just wait a minute, Patty," said aunt Eunice. "I've got an errand for you for me, if your mar is willing."
- "Of course I'm willing. The child has got nothing else to do," said Mrs. Vane. "It was the horseradish I wanted. There's no hurry about her."

Aunt Eunice went into the sitting-room, from which she came forth with a letter in her hand.

"If Patty will just run up street, after dinner. and put this in the post-office, it will save me the trouble. It is for Gertrude.'

Patty sprang forward with a leap.

"For Gertrude! Of course I will. But is her

131

- "Of course it is," said aunt Eunice; "plain as print."
 - " And that Avenue?"
 - "Why, yes."
 - "And the number on the door?"
- "There, now, just hush up your questions, and come along," interposed Mrs. Vane. "She shall take the letter right away, aunt Eunice I'll see to that."
- "It don't want no seeing to; I'll 'tend to it my own self," cried Patty, holding the letter against her bosom with both hands, and darting off like a lapwing.
- "Did you ever?" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, gathering up the horseradish.
- "Spry as a squirrel," answered aunt Eunice, smiling grimly.
- "Spry! Just watch her bounding over the bridge!"

Sure enough, Patty was flying across the bridge with the letter in her hand, and never once checked her speed till she reached the post-office, which was located in a variety-store in the center of the village. She found the postmaster lying at half-length over the counter. From this comfortable position he rolled lazily off and reached out his hand for the letter. But little Patty held on to it.

"Just you see that it's all right, Mr. Snow, before we put it in. Read it over careful, for aunt Eunice is awful particular. Out loud, please."

The postmaster took hold of a corner of the letter and read aloud, "Miss Gertrude Harrington. Care of Mrs. Foster, 980 Madison Avenue, New York."

While the man was reading, Patty repeated over his words, nodding her head vigorously at the end.

"That's all correct," she said, giving up the letter. "Now, Mr. Snow, if you'll just give me a couple of sugar-kisses for these streaked ones, red and white, I'll cut for home."

Snow dropped the letter into a box on his desk, took a glass-jar down from the shelves and gave the little girl two lumps of candy, for which she laid a couple of pennies on the counter, and darted out of the store.

Mrs. Vane had hardly time to grate her horseradish for the table when Patty came in with her mouth full of candy, and flushed with running. She had been crushing the sweets between her teeth, and repeating over the address of that letter all the way from the post-office, and had them both by heart.

After dinner the child followed her sister Clara into the little parlor, and sat down at her feet. "Clara, if you'd just cut out my new frock now, I could sew up the over-and-over seams my own self, and that would help along."

"Why, you are in a great hurry about that dress, Patty," answered the girl, who was very busy over some of the pretty garments necessary to her wedding outfit.

"Yes," answered Patty, with unusual meekness. "I'd like to have it before Monday, sister Clara, if you've no objections."

"Well, dear, I will go right to work on it"

Patty sprang up from her stool, threw both arms about Clara's neck, and smothered her sister with kisses.

"Oh! but I've got something better than that," she cried, diving one little hand down into her pocket, and bringing out the last lump of candy. "Just open you mouth and shut up your eyes, and take a big bite. Isn't it luscious?"

"Very nice," said Clara, nilling at the candy.
"Oh, that's no way!" oried Patty, crushing
one side of the kiss between her own little
teeth. "Take another, you don't bite worth a
cent!"

Here the child gave another generous bite for herself, and crushed the rest between the smiling lips of her sister.

"Now you'll hurry up," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Yes, darling."

Patty forgot all about her over-and-over seams after this promise, and stole upon her mother unawares, as she was washing the noon-dishes in the back porch.

"Mar," she said, meekly, "shall I wipe the plates for you?"

- "Yes, if you won't break them."
- "Oh, mar! did I ever, now?"
- "Well, well, here's the towel."

Patty went to work vigorously, resting the plates on her bent knee, as she rubbed the moisture from them. When she had piled half a dozen together, the child took breath, and began to talk.

- "Mar, is my white apron, with the ruffles, done up?"
 - "Of course it is, goosey."
 - "And, mar."
 - "Well, what do you want now?"
- "I wish you'd just crimple up the ruffles along the edges, with a little knife; you know that makes me look scrumptious."

Mrs. Vane rested one moist hand on the kitchen table, and looked down upon the little diplomat in comical astonishment.

- "Why, what has come over you, Patty?"
- "Nothing, mar; only---- Have you got any

more plates to wipe? I want to be good, and help you."

"That I may let you wear the white apron when you take a notion to. Is that it?"

"If you please, mar; or mebby I should outgrow them; and you haven't any other little girl to wear things out."

"There is some sense in that," answered Mrs. Vane, laughing to herself. "They are getting small. Well, be a good girl, Patty, and we'll see."

A few minutes after this Patty was in the mill, diligently picking up corn from the floor, which she piled in a little heap, ready for the chickens. The miller took time to smile upon her and put her head affectionately with his hand.

Patty lifted her bright face to his, and put out her foot. The little morocco boot that covered it was worn out at the toes.

"Look there, par; isn't it too bad?"

"Are those your best, Patty?"

"Yes, they are. All the other little girls have got nice new ones."

"Well, well, little girl, don't speak as if you were going to cry, and we'll see if they have got any up at the store that 'ill fit you."

Patty had her lap full of corn, but she sprang up, scattering it over the floor.

"Oh, par! I do think you're just the primest old darling that ever a little girl had. What should I do without you?"

The little miller was tender-hearted as a woman, and this heedless speech struck a cord that had vibrated painfully, many times in his life, when he thought of his children. All at once tears came into his eyes, and his voice faltered,

"Ah, my baby! God would take care of you," he said.

The child looked at him wonderingly, then her own eyes began to fill, and putting her hand in his, she faltered,

"Oh, par! but I'd rather have you."

The next instant the miller had the little creature in his arms, and was kissing her with desperate fondness.

CHAPTER XV.

For a time Gertrude Harrington stood in that pretty dressing-room dismayed by the first glauce she had attained of the young lady it was so important that she should please. She had nothing of that artistic experience which might have taught her that no perfection of toilet would have rendered her so beautiful as she appeared in the simple grace of her own loveliness; and a keen sense of mortification seized upon her.

Mrs. Foster, too, was annoyed, not from the same reason, but the rude entrance and retreat of her step-daughter seemed almost like a premeditated insult. She said nothing, however; but Gertrude saw that her face was grave, and that increased her own troubles. After awhile, she was prepared to go down, and tock a nervous survey of herself in the glass.

If Mrs. Foster had endured any misgivings about her visitor's presentability, it vanished as as she, too, glanced at the superb image reflected in the glass. There was no real want of grace in that simple dress, little as it was prepared to meet the requirements of fashion; of a deep, rich color, and exquisitely soft material, it fell in folds, that were absolutely classic, around her subtle and perfect figure. To this Mrs. Foster had added the delicate richness of some fine lace for the neck and sleeves. Gertrude's own taste had arranged the splendid masses of her hair with more effect than adhesion to any prevailing style could have produced. Still there was wanting that all-pervading stamp of fashion which persons like Miss Foster deem all important; and both Gertrude and her aunt felt this with unpleasant misgivings.

Thus Mrs. Foster was unusually anxious, and Gertrude lost much of her color as they entered the small sitting-room in which the family assembled before dinner.

A gentleman was sitting there with his back to the door, holding a book, which he was not reading. He arose languidly when the ladies came in, and laying down the book, asked if the dinner would ever be served.

"It is a little late to-day; the train comes in at an inconvenient hour," said Mrs. Foster, faltering a little in her explanation.

"The train! Ah, I remember! You expected some one—from the country, was it not? Disappointed, of course?"

"No," said Mrs. Foster; "my niece is here. Allow me to present her."

The man turned almost abruptly. For a moment he lost his sublime self-possession, and a faint flush stole over his face.

"I beg pardon-"

He stopped, and absolutely stood for a moment staring at this girl from the country, who blushed crimson, and began to tremble from head to foot, partly from self-distrust, partly with natural resentment.

"I beg pardon," he repeated, recovering himself, "but I had no idea that the train came in so early."

A servant opened the door and announced dinner. Mrs. Foster moved forward, and Foster,

with that quiet, suave grace, which could only forsake him for a moment at any time, offered his arm to Gertrude.

The country girl took his arm, and he could feel hers tremble. The whole scene was so new to her that a shrinking dread of criticism deprived her of all self-possession. She longed to drop his arm, and run away where no one could see her.

Mr. Foster had at least the habits of a gentleman. This emotion pleased him; there was something fresh and real in it that aroused his curiosity, and flattered his self-love. Simulated feeling he was accustomed to, and he understood its hollowness-no man better; but a frank, truthful nature impressed him with a feeling of boyhood; and this had become a novel sensation.

This little attention, volunteered by her stepson, was a pleasant surprise to Mrs. Foster; the cheerful look came back to her face, and she thanked him graciously with her eyes. It was not often that this spoiled man of the world cared to disturb himself with anything going on in his own home; certainly he was not inclined to do its honors to any guest that his step-mother or sister might introduce there.

While the soup was on the table, there arose a little commotion in the next room, where Miss Foster was questioning the servants, evidently regarding their new guest, for Gertrude heard her say, very distinctly,

"Well, what kind of a person is she, Thomas? One that you can condescend to wait upon?"

Gertrude lost the answer, for the servant, better bred than his mistress, spoke in a low voice; but the next sentence reached her broadly

" Now, understand this, Thomas. You are not to be judge. I allow no one in this house to put on airs but myself."

Gertrude grew crimson, as she heard this, and her quick, native spirit rose almost fiercely, as she turned her flashing eyes upon the door. Her shy timidity was all gone now; unconsciously she erected her superb figure, and sat proudly upright in the chair she had taken with so much hesitation.

The door opened, and Miss Foster swept through it, in full toilet, as if she had been invited to dine with royalty; her dress of blue silk swept and rustled half across the floor; rich lace. fastened with clustering pearls, floated over her bosom, and softly shaded her arms. She even had roses in her hair, and carried a superb fan in her gloved-hands, though the autumn was advanced and chilly.

the presence of a stranger at the table took her by surprise.

Mrs. Foster, who had been turning red and white by turns, spake in a voice that indignation made firmer than usual.

"My niece, Miss Harrington, Jane."

Miss Foster took a back step, and recovered herself with a magnificent lift of the head. Then she swept round to her seat, complained that the soup was cold, and sent it away, observing that everything in the house seemed to be deranged that day for Mrs. Foster's accommoda-

Gertrude Harrington half arose from her chair; but her aunt cast a piteous look across the table, and she sat down pale to the lips. Mr. Foster looked at his sister with a contemptuous halfsmile, then turning to Mrs. Foster, observed, with provoking quietness,

"Our young lady is in high feather to-day. We must not let her disturb us too much."

"Your niece has just come in from the country, I suppose," said Miss Foster, addressing the old lady, but surveying Gertrude with provoking scrutiny.

"And you seem to have prepared for the opera, only there does not happen to be one to-night," said Foster. "Will you take wine, Miss Harrington?"

Gertrude allowed her glass to be filled, but she did not taste it. The dialogue, in which some covert insult to herself was evidently lurking, deprived her of all appetite. She sat trembling in her chair. The novelty of her position was enough to distress any girl; but to this was added the sudden attack of an enemy, who seemed determined to drive her from the house. had she done to this haughty person, that the first hour of her stay should be embittered with insult? True, Foster seemed as if he wished both to welcome and protect her; but even inexperienced Gertrude could see that this sprang as much from a desire to torment his sister as from any wish to please her.

Mrs. Foster, who was almost as much disturbed as her niece, attempted to draw the conversation into more peaceful channels; but Jane Foster had taken her stand. From the moment Gertrude's beauty had struck her dumb, on the threshold of that little dressing-room, a spirit of bitter antagonism seized upon her; and, when she saw the impression it had made on her brother, this feeling took a double zest.

The same feeling, in a less degree, influenced the brother, whose most vivid amusement lay in a sort of indolent antagonism to all his sister's The young lady made an abrupt pause, as if foibles and desires. That which one approved the other was sure to hate. The evident admiration which Gertrude had aroused in this man, was an inspiration of malice to the woman.

Half the weary meal was over, and Gertrude had hardly joined in the conversation. Once or twice she had answered a question, addressed by her aunt; but it was in a voice that shook with a passionate desire to burst into tears and go away forever.

At last her aunt arose. The dinner had dragged through its dreary courses, and ended in strong, black coffee, which was bitter as that haughty girl's insults. In fact, everything was bitter to the poor girl then The thought of home, of all its freedom and honest hospitality, came upon her in overpowering contrast with the splendid meanness with which her coming had been greeted.

Her aunt went with her up stairs. There all was elegant quiet. There she was certain of sweet, welcoming love; but her heart was full. To the very soul she was homesick.

"Here, Gertrude, is your home, in which no one shall intrude," she said, opening a door, which led from the dressing-room into a pretty parlor, the most beautiful room she had ever seen in her life.

"Oh, aunt! is it because others are so cruel that you do all this for me?"

"It is because you are my niece, and I want you to love me!"

"I do—I do love you dearly already, aunt," said Gertrude. "Only—only—"

"Only you are homesick. No wonder!"

"Just—just a little, aunt; but not when we are alone—not when you are with me."

"I shall be with you a great deal of the time. The house is large enough, and we can live almost by ourselves. The rest you will love for my sake."

"I will bear anything to please you; but, aunt, let me say it once, I hate that insolent girl!"

A faint smile came over Mrs. Foster's face; but she answered with habitual gentleness.

"She was my husband's child, and he was very good to me. So good that I will not permit myself to see faults in the beings he loved so dearly. Jane was left to my care long after any influence I possessed could effect her character. Indeed, the position I held in her father's house, before our marriage, was a perpetual bar to that."

"What position do you speak of, aunt," said Gertrude.

"Eunice has never told you then that I was Mr. Foster's housekeeper before I became his wife." "No, aunt, she never did; but that's no reason----

"Why a woman he chose to honor should not be honored by his children, you were going to say. Perhaps not. But other things caused them some dissatisfaction. When my husband died, he left Jane under my guardianship. I had not been long his wife, you know; and to them this authority seemed like an usurpation."

"But you seem---- You are so kind, so for-bearing."

"That may be; but we will not talk about it now. You and I must be a great deal to each other, and, for my sake, you will bear with her. She is not always so—so——"

"Insolent!" said Gertrude, recklessly. "Oh, aunt! you do not know how I longed to snatch up that glass of wine, and dash it into her face!"

Mrs. Foster looked horrified for a moment, then broke into a quiet smile.

"I suppose you would have turned me out of doors, if I had," continued Gertrude, dropping into the arms of a convenient, easy-chair, while a dash of mischievous glee broke up through the bitterness of her laughter.

"I think not. Only we must have come to open warfare then; and that I would rather avoid, for many reasons."

"One of which is, you are too good, while I am just the other thing," said Gertrude. "You don't know, aunt, how much genuine fight there is in me, when it once gets uppermost. I am almost angry with myself, because all this overpowered me."

Here Gertrude glanced around the room that was to be hers. The thick carpet; the couch, cushioned with some rich crimson material, cushioned easy-chairs and curtains, through which the sunshine poured like a rain of red wine. All commonplace enough to her aunt, but gorgeous to her, and did, indeed, half-scorn herself. It was a truth, all these appliances of wealth had helped to subdue her in the presence of those two strangers; and she could not bring herself yet to despise anything so beautiful. "I am more angry with myself than any one else," she added; "because I was ashamed of my dress and of everything that I had thought much of at home."

"That is natural, and easily remedied," said her aunt. "But you must not let our experience of to-day make a false impression. My stepdaughter's dress, like her manners, were put on for the occasion. We do not, as a general thing, dine in opera costume."

"Then it was put on to crush the poor country relation," said Gertrude, laughing now with

genuine scorn! "Well, she succeeded. My poor merino did look poverty-stricken by the side of her magnificence. I really think aunt Eunice would have sold her best cow, rather than have had me so put down."

"Your aunt Eunice would have felt, as I did, that there was no need of dress to make her proud of you. There, now; lie down on the couch, and rest awhile. By-and-by the servant shall bring you up some tea. A good night's sleep will cure you of homesickness. That door leads to your bed-room; and, remember, this is your own little kingdom."

Mrs. Foster kissed the girl tenderly, as she said this, and left the room.

Gertrude, when once left alone, had no idea of resting. The excitement of her new position was too intense for that. She moved about the room, restlessly, like a bird in its gilded cage, touched the pretty upright piano, took the inlaid guitar from its corner, and started, like a guilty thing, when its strings vibrated loudly under her fingers. Then she went to the bookcase, and poured over the titles of volumes that she had heard of, but never read All these things were for her. How happy she could be, if it were not for the people below stairs. What a change Webster Hart would find in her way of life! Would that girl dare to insult him?

CHAPTER XVI.

Monday came, the day which little Patty had been longing for with more impatience than she had ever wished for a doll, when coming out of her first babyhood. Her sister Clara was at school—a most attentive scholar Clara was in those days. Mrs. Vane had put on her very best cap, with the pink ribbons, and was on her way up the valley to a church sewing-circle. Thus Patty was left alone, mistress of the little, brown house, and all it contained.

For at least half an hour she had been sitting on a footstool in the kitchen, with both hands in her lap, watching the old cherry-wood clock as it growled out the hour, and ticked hoarsley on its way toward a new departure. When the clock made a sharp stop, gave a whirr, as if a nest of partridges were taking flight from the old case, and boomed out twelve rusty hour guns, the little girl sprang up, clapped her hands, and disappeared in the narrow stair-way that led to the loft, in which all her worldly goods were hestowed. On the little bed, covered with a homemade counterpane of blue and white yarn, woven in orange quarters, lay a tiny, red dress, and down upon the rag-carpet beneath sat a pair of new, morocco boots.

Before you could have taken all these object in, Patty had loosened her faded calico dress, which dropped away from her dimpled shoulders, and fell in rifts about her feet; while her head was buried for a moment in the red merino, and came out glowing with smiles, and radiant with reflected color. Then the little arms were thrown backward, and she began tugging at a hook and eye on the belt, with her teeth set, and her face turning red as the merino, for the hook would go astray, and the eye was hard to hold in place. So, at last, she broke down, dropped her hands, and began to cry a little, then shook away her tears, and commenced again.

It was of no use, though. Her poor, little arms were too short, and that hook the most obstinate bit of twisted wire that ever tormented a little girl. So she took breath again, sat down flat on the carpet, and put on the new boots, hurring her fingers awfully with the buttons. Then she made another attempt at the dress, and dropped her hands in despair, exclaiming,

"What shall I do? Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

Now, another child might have given up: but our little lady was seldom without resources. She had courage, too, or the resolve that came into her head that moment would never have been carried out.

"Yes, I'll do it," she said. "Par ain't handy; but then he ain't cross neither. I wonder where Clara's littlest shawl is?"

The child acted while she talked. Clara's shawl was found in the next room, and, with its gray folds thrown over her head, Patty ran to the mill, and flew across it like a cardinal bird lost in the dusk.

"Par! oh, par! Just set down that bag of corn, and hook me up just this once. Mar and Clara have left me all alone, and I can't make it meet, all I can do."

Here Patty threw off her shawl, and exhibited a little, white rift, running down her back, which the miller understood at once, and, setting down the bag, began to dust the flour from his hands.

"Do be in a hurry, par; please do!"

The miller made short work of the refractory hook and eye; besides jerking the buttons into place. True, he got the wrong button-hole every time, and never did understand why there was an odd corner to be tucked away at the neck. At any rate, his task was done, very much to his own satisfaction; and when it occurred to him to wonder what occasion the child was putting on her new frock for, the little creature was gone.

Gone! You would have thought so, had you seen Patty cutting across the bridge, with the ends of the gray shawl trailing after her, now and then a flash of red breaking through its folds, and her new boots glistening in the sunshine.

The old chestnut was heavy with burs now, and its long, slender leaves shook in the wind with a pleasant rustle, as the child darted under it. No one was there! Noon is an indefinite term; still she was a little disappointed. Sister Clara never waited for her beau, and Hart Webster always got to the larch trees first. What had become of that boy? Had the colt thrown him?

The little girl sat down on the shelving bank, with her feet in the grass, and began to feel like crying.

"Mebby he's tried to cross some big river, and got drownded," she said, looking at the water that crept along its course below her. "No, he hasn't. He's coming! I hear that colt!"

Up the child jumped, flung down the shawl, and the next minute was on the brink of the river, looking at herself in the water, smoothing down the ruffles of her white apron, and almost dancing as she saw the color of her red dress broken up in the ripples of the waves, and the shadow of her long curls playing duskily among them.

Patty heard the hoofs of the colt coming nearer and nearer. She looked up into the great boughs of the chestnut, with a longing desire to climb them, hide away in the leaves, and see how that handsome boy would look, when he came up and did not find her. But the new dress, the ruffles and glossy boots, were in the way of this coquettish proceeding; so she hid herself behind a great black alder bush, and waited,

The colt evidently slackened his pace, as he drew near the village, and came under the tree at a walk. Patty jumped out from her covert, and saw the boy look anxiously up the road, then ride forward a pace or two, and turn back, looking disconsolate.

"That's him. He thinks I ain't a coming," she whispered, giggling. "I'll stir the bush, just as if it was a red-bird. He'll hear it shake, and try to find out."

Here she gave the alders a fierce shake; but the lad was too far away, and did not regard the noise it made.

"He don't take notice worth a cent," she said, creeping out of her shelter, and allowing the sunshine to fall upon her.

The boy saw her moving, like a flame through the deep green of the foliage, and sprang to the

ground. Tying his colt to a drooping branch of the chestnut, he darted down the bank, flung his arms around the child, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh, you little darling! You are here, after all!"

Patty's experience or observation had never reached this degree of impetuosity, so she struggled to get free, and, failing in that, boxed the boy's ears with one hand, and pulled his hair with the other.

- "Just you set me down, now."
- "Well, I will; but what's the matter?"
- "Nothing. Only I—I won't bear it. Sister Clara wouldn't, and I won't."
- "Oh!" said the boy, laughing, till the tears flashed into his eyes. "That's right, little lady; but, goodness gracious, how fine we are!"
- "No more fine than ever," answered the little coquette, seating herself upon the bank, and glancing from her boots to the boy's face.
- "Still you are looking like a little duck, and that's just what you are!" said the boy.

Patty smoothed her dress, and plumed herself as if she thought so, and were making herself ready for the water.

"And I don't doubt that you mean to be real good, and tell me a lot of news."

Patty brightened up at once, and nodded her head.

"Has she gone, Patty?"

The boy's voice faltered, as he asked the question, and this made the child quite serious in her answer.

- "Yes, boy. She's gone, sure enough."
- "Do you know where, Patty?"
- "Yes, I know. Miss Gertrude, care of Mrs. Foster, 930, Madison Avenue, New York."
 - "Is that where she has gone, Patty."

Patty pursed up her lips, and nodded her head.

- "How did you find out? Tell me all about it."
- "Aunt Eunice sent a letter, and I got the postmaster to read what was on it, you see."
 - "You precious, little darling."
- "Then, again, I know something else. Cousin Webster is a going down to York to live."
 - " He is?"

Patty started. The passionate anxiety in the lad's voice frightened her.

- "What is the matter?" she said.
- "Nothing! nothing! But are you sure?"
- "Yes, I am, for he wrote that to sister Clara, his own self, and I heard her read it out loud."

The lad did not speak for a long time; but sat motionless, with his wild eyes gathering fire every instant. Patty, astonished by his silence, began to get restless.

"I suppose you thought I wasn't here," she said, demurely, "and I shan't be long, if you don't talk more."

The boy did not reply, but Patty saw that the fire in his eyes was smothered with tears.

- "What are you a crying for?" she said, creeping toward him. "I didn't mean to say nothing wrong."
- "I know you didn't. There never was a kinder little girl," said the lad, absolutely sobbing.
 - "Then, you shouldn't feel so bad."
 - "Oh, Patty! little Patty! I can't help it!"
- "But you'll make me cry too," sobbed Patty, wiping her eyes with the white apron.
- "I don't want to do that. Kiss me, Patty. I do so want some one to be sorry for me—just a little."

Patty threw her arms around the boy's neck, and kissed him.

- "There, now. Don't feel bad any more. I never will box your ears again, so long as I live."
 - "I don't mind that, little girl."
 - "Then what are you crying about?"
- "I'm very, very miserable, Patty. There never was a poor creature so unhappy as I am."

A look of abject misery came over the child's face.

- "But I can't help it."
- "No one loves me but one or two in the wide, wide world," sobbed the boy."
- "Oh, that's an awful fib! I love you ever so much, I do."

The boy got up from the grass and looked despairingly around, as if his very soul were weary, and had no resting place.

- "I will go now," he said, with an impatient jesture.
- "Go, now!" faltered poor little Patty, grievously disappointed in the interview that had cost her so much trouble.
 - "Yes, I must."
- "And I shall never see you again," sobbed the child.
- "Yes, we are both young, and life is so dreary long, besides. I think you and I love each other a little."
- "Yes, a good deal," faltered Patty. "And now you are going away, and then I shall have nobody but par—not a soul."

The boy did not seem to hear her; but moved slowly up the bank. Patty watched him with wide open eyes. "Boy! Boy!"

There was real grief in the child's voice. The lad turned and came back.

- "I forgot something. See what I brought for you."
- "Oh, my! Isn't it scrumptious!" cried Patty, reaching out her hands and seizing on the broad, pink ribbon that the boy took from his pocket and held toward her, fluttering in the wind."
 - "Is it mine-all for my own self?"
- "All for your own self; and I never shall forget how nice and good you have been to me. Some of these days I mean to pay you back."
 - "But I don't want any pay; I won't take it."

Patty gave the ribbon a toss, and it went floating off toward the river, where it would certainly have been lost, but for a drooping bough of the chestnut, that caught it on a clump of burs, and held it there like a pennant.

- "But it isn't pay. I brought it because I love you dearly."
 - "Oh, then-"
 - "And I mean to love you always!"
- "Dear me! I wish I hadn't done it!" cried Patty, looking wrathfully at the fluttering ribbon.
- "And you'll always love me a little?" said the boy, in a broken voice. "You would, if you only knew how much I want somebody to love me."
 - "I'll just do it always! But I say, boy."
 - "Well, Patty?"
 - "Couldn't you just get it down for me?"

The boy made a vigorous leap upward, seized an end of the ribbon, and brought it to the child.

- "Now good-by, Patty !"
- "Good-by! But you'll be sure to come back again?"
 - "Some day."
- "And I'll wear this right round my waist, with a big bow behind," said Patty, so absorbed by her ribbon that she almost forgot that the lad was making ready to mount his colt.
 - "Now it is good-by in earnest," he said.
- "Good-by!" answered the child, still delightfully preoccupied. But the clatter of hoofs aroused her. She sprang up just in time to see the colt dart out from beneath the chestnut boughs, and shoot like an arrow down the road.
- "He's gone, sure enough!" she said. "But who cares, he's sure to come back again—they all do. Now I'll go right home, with this ribbon flying, and they'll think I've catched a rainbow."

While the little girl was running one way, with her prize, the seeming boy rode homeward,

sometimes urging his colt into break-neck speed, again curbing him into a restless walk, as despondency, or sharp flashes of angry pain seized upon him. The afternoon shadows were lengthening along the road when he rode into that solitary farm-yard, and after remaining a few moments in the old building, came out a very miserable and weary-looking girl, with a bundle on her arm, whose scarlet jacket seemed far too splendid for her downcast countenance.

Poor Sarah Ann! all her dashing animation was gone! she even climbed the fence in order to mount her colt, and rode up to the farm-house like a culprit returning home from prison.

There was a great deal of generous womanhood in the widow Ward, plain and commonplace as she seemed. When Sarah Ann came in with heavy eyes and weary footsteps, that no fatigue alone could have produced, the good woman asked no questions, but went to the kitchen and made a strong cup of tea, which she placed before the girl, with a plate of nicely browned toast, and some preserves, usually kept for company.

When the girl saw these things, and felt her mother's hand softly smoothing her dusty hair, she threw her arms upon the table, dropped her face upon them, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Just then Tim came in, and stood a moment in the door, catching the scene.

"Hello! What's the row?" he said. "Anybody been a hurting your feelings, Sara Ann? If there has, just pint 'em out, that's all."

Mrs. Ward shook her head, and made a signal for her belligerant son to retreat. He would not understand it, but came close up to his sister.

"Look a here, Sara Ann—what's the matter? Have you and Hart Webster been fighting? Or what on arth are you so down in the mouth about? I want to know, and I mean to."

When Hart Webster's name was mentioned, Sarah Ann lifted her head, and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"I wish you'd just let Hart Webster alone.

What has he got to do with my crying, I should like to know? Can't a girl be tired out without having other people dragged in? Oh, Tim! Tim! don't you begin to torment me! I can't stand it! I won't stand it!"

Here the girl flung her arms around Tim's neck, and burst into another paroxysm of sobs.

Tim kissed her awkwardly on her cheek and neck, while he patted her head and shoulders with a kindly but rough hand.

"There, there! I din't mean to hurt yer feelings, Sara Ann. Hope I may be shot if I did. Only I can't bear to see you a growing so peaked and good-for-nothing. The fact is, visiting about don't seem to agree with your constitution, gal; so I think we'd better turn the colt out to grass, and go a fishing agin, as we used to."

"No, no! I shall never go a fishing any more, Tim! Never!" cried the poor girl, lifting her tear-stained face. "All that is over with."

"Why, what's come over you, Sara Ann? Not go a fishing?"

"I couldn't do it, Tim. It would break my heart."

Tim looked down into the piteous expression of that dark face, and was woefully puzzled.

"Now what is all this about?" he said, turning to his mother.

"She's nigh about tired to death," answered the kind woman. "Just give her a chance to drink her tea, and take a bite of toast, and she'll be all right in no time. The best thing you can do, Tim, is to go out and feed the colt."

"Well, I reckon you're about right there. I heard it a whumering as I came in. Now, Sara Ann, cheer up, and eat your supper; and if anybody has made you mad, or hurt your feelings, I'm on hand. Nobody shall impose on you, if I know it."

Tim put his cloth cap on one side of his head, knocked it flat, and left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

Thy life hath been well imaged by the bark Which, sailing early on the muttering seas, Scudded beneath bluff buffets of the breeze With but a shivering compass-point to mark Her courses through the thick, mysterious dark; When—not a-sudden, but by slow degrees—Heaven wrestled with the ocean. Ill at ease Vol. LXII.—10

The vessel plunged, all straining and astark, Close grappled in the arms of mighty gales; White lightning lit-up billows hear aghast

The thunder's dread crescendos rolling near—
And, lo! a hush: and see the moon appear.
All nature smiles and sleeps, and on the mast
Hang, silver-rimmed of Heaven, the waiting salls,

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This costume is composed of two shades of Vic- { the style would be very suitable for an English toria lawn: a light shade of brown and a lighter (barege in two shades of brown; or for a black one of buff. The main part of the under-skirt ! Hernani. One skirt, very much trimmed, is is made of the brown, and it is trimmed with two the latest style, and will, no doubt, supersede flounces of the buff, pointed, top and bottom, and the over-skirt, which has been so long fashionbound with brown. These are slightly full, and able. All skirts continue unaccountably long



put on with a bias band of the brown to form a heading. The lower flounce measures nine inches, including the heading, and the upper one seven inches. The Polonaise has a vest front of the brown, buttoned all the way down. The back is of the buff, and is cut close to the figure, and is looped up to form the puff at the back, where it is ornamented with buttons of brown. This is pointed all round, and bound with brown to match the bottom of the skirt. Coat-sleeves, with a turned-back cuff of brown, also pointed, complete this costume. Six and a half yards of brown, and seven yards of buff lawn, will be required. These plain-colored lawns or linens can be bought from thirty-five to forty cents per yard

The next is a walking-suit of two shades of gray and black summer poplin, serge, batiste,

We give, first, a walking-suit for a young lady, or any of the light texture summer fabrics; or for walking. This one is ornamented by attenuated flounces of the two shades, first the darker, then a light; then dark, again a light one. These flounces are cut on the bias, if the material is of poplin, but if barege, or any thin texture, of course, they are to be on the straight. All are scalloped with deep scallops, and bound, the dark ones with the light, and the light ones with the dark material. There is a bias band of the dark shade, separating the flounces from the quillings, which form the heading: of which there are two, a light and a dark one, corresponding with the flounces. A plain waist, with a short-pointed basque, close coat-sleeves, over which (for the street) is worn the outside jacket, which is fitted loosely to the figure, slashed up at the back, and trimmed to simulate the same at the sides. This jacket is of the same shade



as the skirt of the dress, which is the lighter one, } Here is another outside wrap for a little one. and is trimmed with a band of the darker, and { It is of merino, braided, the edge done in butthe same width as that upon the skirt. A mixed bullion, or sewing silk fringe; buttons also mixed. A turned-down, rolling collar, open in front; open sleeves, with turned-back cuff. The cord and buttons, coming from the neck, and passing under the arms, are fastened in front. These are optional, and easily dispensed with, without injuring the style of the costume. Six yards of dark, and twelve yards of the lighter shade, will be required for this dress. Sixteen buttons. Five and a half yards of fringe. Bullion fringe, two inches deep, cost fifty cents per yard; sewing silk seventy-five cents. Any of these summer fabrics can be bought from fifty cents to one dollar per yard, according to the quality, at almost any good store.

We give, next, a waterproof cloak for a child.



This may be made either of the mixed tweed waverproof cloth, or of solid navy-blue. Select one light in texture. Those all wool are the best. The English ones are far preferable to the American cloths, but more expensive. This cloak is the ordinary loose sack, with sleeves cut long enough to cover the dress. It has, as will be seen, a pointed hood, lined with black silk. Across the back, a short strap of about nine inches, bound all round with the braid, is placed, and is fastened by two buttons. The edges of the cloak, sleeves, hood, and collar, are all bound with black alpaca braid. Gutta-percha buttons: one on each sleeve, two on the back strap, and fourteen down the front. The quantity of cloth depends upon the age and size of the child. For ten years, one and five-eighths of a yard will be sufficient.



ton-hole stitch. This is cut with a yoke, the skirt box-plaited into it, and confined at the waist with a belt A small, circular cape, coming only just below the waist, is added. A simple, braiding pattern, done in star-braid of white silk, is the only ornamentation. The garment should be lined throughout with white silk, slightly wadded and quilted. Two and a half yards of merino will make one for a child from one to two years.

Next is one of printed flannel or cloth, cut in the same way as the preceding. This gives the



front view. Trim with one row of velvet ribbon. to correspond with the flannel. A very pretty, useful, and economical cloak.

We give, next, a suit for a boy of six to eight years. This suit may be made either of light cassimer, flannel, or white pique. The pants are



Knickerbocker, with a strap down the outside on flat above. White cotton, or linen fringe seam, bound with black braid. These are fastened to an under-waist of twilled muslin. The outside sacque is cut loose, and confined at the suitable for children from one to six years old.

waist with a belt, either of the same material or else a broad, leathern belt, which is more stylish and serviceable. The whole is trimmed with one row of braid, sewed on flat above the binding. Coat-sleeve, with a strap like those on the pants, turned up the back seam. Large, pearl or bone buttons are used.

We close with some outside garments for children of any age, say from one to fourteen years. These garments may be either made of plaid flannel, merino, cashmere, or pique, for summer. The first is of plaid flannel. The under part is a loose sack, with or without sleeves. Over this is a large, circular cape, slashed up the back within four inches of the neck. It is trimmed with two rows of velvet ribbon and bullion fringe, mixed to match the plaid. A small rosette of the velvet is placed at the back, where the trimming terminates. A rolling collar finishes it at the neck. The other is of white pique. The edge of the sacque and the cape has two rows of scallops, either bound in the pique braid, or done in button-hole stitch, with one row of braid sewed on flat above. White cotton, or linen fringe is used on pique, or a flounce may be substituted for the fringes. These pique cloaks are only



EDGING.



IN LOOP-KNITTING SOFA-BOLSTER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Loop-knitting is worked as follows :- Put the, needle in the first stitch, and wind the wool round the two fingers of the left hand three times, always bringing it round the needle, and draw the four loops through every stitch. Six stripes are to be worked of six squares following each other with wool taken three times double. On our pattern the stripes are of plain, light, and dark squares arranged sloping, half being \ white row.

white and half of threads mixed in black and two maize shades (wool and floss silk;) but any combination of color can be taken. The bolster before us has dark-brown squares; each nine loops wide and nine deep. The squares divided in color require, however, ten loops in depth, in order that they may be begun with a complete three-colored row, and end with a complete

KNITTED CORD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Evans' Boar's-Head cotton, No. 4, four steel needles, No. 16.



Cast eighteen stitches on three needles, and knit two plain rows round, then thread forward: knit two together, knit one, and repeat until sufficiently long.

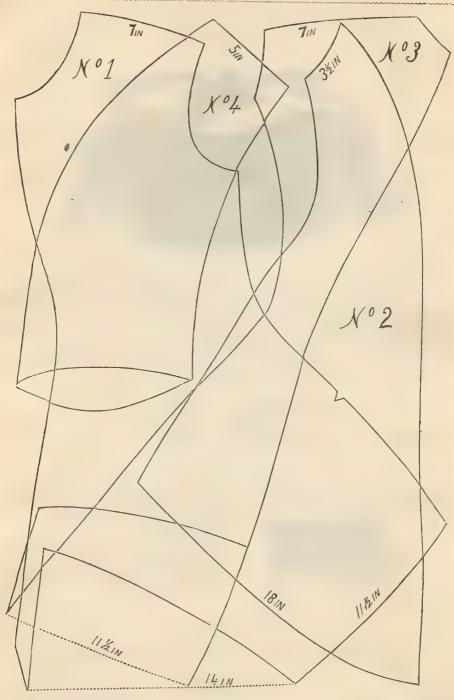
This, worked in wool, makes very pretty cuffs for gentlemen; fifty stitches would be required for the width of them. Or they may be applied to various other purposes.

DIAGRAM FOR A BRIDAL DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a new and very beautiful Bridal-Dress, and found in its proper place, at the end of the add here a diagram by which to cut it out.

A detailed description of the dress will be number, in the article "Fashions for August."



The dress consists four pieces, as will be a seen from the diagram.

No. 1. FRONT OF TUNIC.

No. 2. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 3. BACK OF TUNIC.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

MACHINE NEEDLE-BOOK.

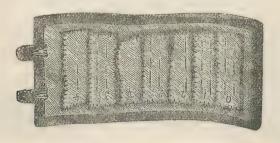
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



black and straw-colored purse silk, steel beads, { the design for which is given above. two steel buckles, each half an inch long,

Materials: Red cloth, white flannel, black rib- (red cloth, eight and a half inches long and four bon velvet, half inch broad, red sewing-silk, inches wide, is required, edged with a border,

The inner arrangement of this needle-book is To make this needle-book, a straight piece of shown in the engraving given below.



BED-QUILT IN CROCHET OR DARNED NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed ; requires no description, as the engraving is a in colors, a pattern for a bed-quilt, in crochet or sufficient guide. We give this in answer to the darned netting, an exceedingly pretty affair. It { request of a subscriber.

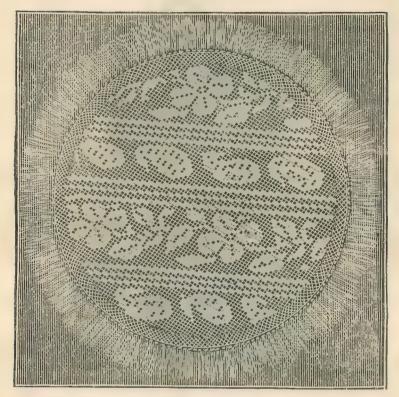
EDGING.



145

ROUND NETTED TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s knot a heavy fringe, four inches deep, in every Boar's-Head crochet cotton, No. 4, for the netting, and their knitting cotton, of the same size, for darning. A round, wooden mesh, No. 6.

To produce a piece of round netting, begin with twenty-five stitches, and increase by doing two in one at the end of every row for fifty rows. Do the same number of rows without either increasing or diminishing, and then the like number decreasing, by netting two together at the termination of every row. You will finish with the same number that you commenced with. This makes the nearest approach to a round that can be obtained in netting. To complete it do four or five rounds of netting, and rich effect, with very little trouble.

stitch of the last round.

Nothing can be easier than the fringe-knotting. Take a card of the width the fringe is required, and wind the cotton round it any given number of times, (twelve will make a thick fringe.) Slip it off the card, and with a coarse crochet-hook draw the mass sufficiently far through a stitch to allow the other end to pass through it. Draw this tightly, and when all are done, cut the strands of cotton.

Wash, slightly stiffen, and dry the antimacassar, before darning it. This must be done from the engraving. The thick cotton gives it a

INSERTION.

KNITTING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



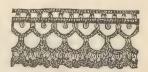
This neat knitting-case is made of ribbon and reeds. To make it, take a strip of stiff muslin 67 inches long and 7 inches wide, and roll it up into a tube 113 inches in circumference and 7 inches long. Cover this tube with brown cashmere outside and inside, and to each end sew a silk bag with a hem and runner. Then cover the tube with a plait of ribbon and reeds in the following manner: - Fasten to the left end of the tube 16 brown satin ribbons, quarter-inch wide and 8 inches long, leaving equal spaces between them, in which fix light-colored reeds 73 inches the left side of the case, and taking a ball of brown wool, wind it ten times round the tube \ tassels to the bags at each side

and the reeds; then untack the reeds, push them to the left, bring the ribbons forward, and wind ten times round the tube and the ribbons. Push the reeds about an inch forward to the right, and wind again ten times round the tube, taking in the reeds, and then ten times round the tube, taking in the ribbons. Repeat this till the tube is covered, observing to let the reeds lie with their ends perfeetly even on both sides. For the handle take two thick worsted cords 7 inches long, wind satin ribbon over them, and introduce a four-inchlong reed, with rows of brown wool wound over long. Turn the ribbons back over the bag on it, in the center. Fasten the handle to the case with bows of satin ribbon, and put runners with

INSERTIONS AND EDGINGS.







We give, here, two designs for edgings, and to be done in mignardise, tatting, and crochet. one for insertion. The two outside patterns are } The middle one in mignardise and crochet.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

COATS OF ARMS IN AMERICA.-The practice of painting coats of arms on carriages, and having them printed on notepaper, has increased greatly, especially in our Atlantic cities, within a few years. It seems to us that the practice is in the very worst taste. Coats of arms are a remnant of the feudal times, are essentially aristocratic, and are therefore wholly out of place in a republic. Nor are those who use them in the United States entitled, as a rule, to display them. In nine cases out of ten, it is a rich snob, wishing to be thought far-descended, who sports a coat of arms. His name is, let us say, Smith. He goes to a so-called Office of Heraldry, in New York, Boston, or elsewhere, and asks the engraver to furnish him a coat of arms. The engraver takes down Burke's Landed Gentry of Great Britain, shows him the various coats of arms that the Smiths are entitled to, and asks him to make a selection. Smith picks out the one that has the most red and gold in it, and forthwith has it blazoned on his carriage-panels. Or, perhaps, he writes to London, and gets a coat of arms in the same way, without, in either case being entitled to it.

For no person has a right to claim a coat of arms, unless he can prove that he is descended from the individual, to whom the coat of arms was originally granted. His having the same name is no proof of this. There are some families, in America, who are thus descended, and who have a right to coat-armor, but generally they have the good taste not to display their coats of arms. Very many, however, who have used coats of arms for three or four generations, have no right to them, the original assumption having been made by some snob of the last century in the same unauthorized way that Smith does now. Another absurdity, seen in our great cities, is a cockade on a coachman's hat. In England, where there is a rule for all things, nobody is considered entitled to put a cockade on his coachman's hat, unless he is a military or naval officer, a deputy lieutenant of a county, a member of the government, or a baronet. If the practice is to be imitated at all, it should be followed correctly, though we are of those who think it quite unsuited for a republic. It would be just as proper for the owner of a carriage to wear a crown, when he drove out, as for him to put a cockade in the hat of his coachman. If the snobs of our great cities will be silly, let them at least be silly according to rule.

GOOD MANNERS, as has been pithily said, are only the absence of selfishness. They are the doing to others as we would wish to be done unto. A thoughtfulness for the comfort of those about us, a pleasant smile, a kind word, these are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly composed. When people at a railroad depot push and hustle each other in order to secure the best seats, they violate the first principles of good manners. We were present, in New York, the last night the Parepa-Rosa troupe sang. The crowd was so great that the passage-ways were blocked up long before the hour for beginning. Persons wishing to get to their seats, were kept back by a well-dressed mob, which laughed at its own rudeness as if it was a good joke. Those who composed this rabble called themselves gentlemen. But were they gentlemen? The poorest man, who gives up his seat, in a crowded steamboat, to a woman with a child, is infinitely more of a gentleman. A husband, father, or brother, who is well-bred abroad, is often the very reverse at home. There he gives way to his selfishness, which he has to restrain in society, and the wife, or daughter, or sister suffers in consequence. You may make an awkward bow, or an un-

graceful curtsy, and stammer shyly in your address, but yet have the substance of good manners, for if you try to treat others as you would wish to be treated yourself, you will be well-bred, and in the highest sense. Rich clothes are but an outside varnish. You may stain common pine, but you cannot make it real mahogany.

DINNERS AND DINNER-PARTIES,-If you give a dinnerparty, do not have too much light. Nothing is so vulgar as a glare. Avoid too many dishes. Have flowers, in the center of the table, but arrange them in a large plate, or plateau, so that every guest can see across to his, or her, opposite. Many ladies, when they give a dinner-party, have the guest's name written on one side of a plain or embossed card, while on the other side of the card is the bill of fare of the dinner. Printed cards are very generally used for invitations; they should be about twice the size of a lady's ordinary visiting card. For a dinner-party the name of the host and hostess is given; for an evening-party, generally speaking, the name of the hostess only. But there are exceptions. Everything is printed on the dinner invitationcard except the names of the intended guests and the date for which they are invited.

A GERMAN CHRISTENING .- Many of the customs of Germany, especially those connected with betrothal, marriage and baptism, are exceedingly poetical. The country itself, at least a large portion of it, is exceptionally picturesque. From Bonn, all the way up the Rhine, hills and mountains rise on either side, the former clothed with vineyards, the latter grim with ruined castles. The valley of the Neckar, and more particularly that portion around Heidelburg, is one of the most beautiful in the world. Scenery, as Taine and other critics have pointed out, exercises great influence on national character, mind and customs, for customs grow out of character and mind. One of our engravings, this month, represents a German christening, or rather the procession which is so prominent a part of it. The picturesque dresses of the women add considerably to the effect of the processions

THE DOLLY VARDENS.—It is not at all necessary to spend large sums of money to wear those graceful Louis XV. costumes, generally called Dolly Vardens, which are as convenient as elegant. Chalis, alpacas, mousseline de laine, give us good and cheap imitations of foulard, the expensive material of this summer's costumes. For very warm weather, we have muslins, cambric, organdi. Trimmed all over with lace, ruches, delicately-tinted ribbon bows, and chiefly with black velvet ribbon "de Saint Etieme," what delightful toilets have been produced, this season!

NEVER WAS FASHION SO FANCIFUL as it is now. Every lady can modify it, according to the exigencies of her purse and figure, without being obliged, for that, to renounce being fashionable. We are no longer, as we used to be once, subjected to one fashion for each season, and whether fat or thin. tall or short, obliged to wear dresses all of the same shape, without daring to after it. In short, we are making great advances in the civilization of dress.

What Comes of Comparing.—A lady, writing from Winthrop, Iowa, says:—"I was determined to have a magazine this year. Accordingly, I bought specimens of all the leading monthlies now extant, and of all I like yours the best."

A New Volume began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Subscriptions will be taken for either six months or a year. No other two-dollar magazine in the country, we claim, can be compared with this one. "Peterson" gives, in every number, not less than eight pages more of reading matter than other magazines at the same price; gives also a colored pattern, which no other magazine gives; and gives a double-sized colored fashion, printed from a steel plate, while others give only lithographs, or plates of only half the size. Many magazines, that charge three or four dollars, are not so good as "Peterson," The Portland (Me.) Monitor says:-" Only two dollars a year, and equal to the best three-dollar magazine. Everybody ought to have a copy of it." If persons wish back numbers from January, they can be supplied. Additions may be made to clubs, at the price paid by the rest of the club.

THE RUBENS HAT, which made its first appearance two years ago, is gradually growing into favor. The brim is turned up at one side with a large bow, and the feather or agrette is fasteued above the bow. If the strings are tied under the chin, it is a bonnet; if at the back of the chignon, it is a hat. It gets its name from being copied from a picture by Rubens.

THE SQUARE SCARF of olden times is reappearing. We do not advise our readers generally to adopt it, for there is no garment more difficult to wear in a graceful and elegant manner. The art of wearing shawls and scarts cannot be acquired. No short person can ever wear a scarf gracefully, and few tall ones.

Too Much Politics.—"I am more glad than ever, this year, to see your magazine," writes a lady. "Everything else is full of politics, and the talk is of politics all the time. It is a real blessing to have something to read that is free from politics."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life That Now Is: Sermons by Robert Collyer, 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard .-- It is impossible to read these sermons, without realizing that the Rev. Mr. Collyer is an earnest, sincere, and reverential man, a born orator, and fearless in proclaiming whatever he believes to be true. We have never heard him speak, but we now understand the hold he has on the public. His style is quite different from ordinary pulpit orators; it is, in great part, original, or, at least, individual; we should think that it has been formed, unconsciously, on the authorized translation of the Bible and the elder divines; and it has, here and there, a grand rythm, like that of King Edward's translation of the Psalms, or of Jeremy Taylor himself. But there is more than style in these sermons. They are full of thought, and are practical without being sensational. In every way they are excellent.

Philadelphia and its Environs. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. E. Lippincott & Co.—A neat volume of seventy pages, full of illustrations of the public edifices, parks, and suburban scenery of Philadelphia. Jefferson, after seeing Paris, said that Philadelphia, on the whole, was the most beautiful city. This superiority over other cities is still maintained in many respects. The suburbs of Philadelphia are especially picturesque. The Fairmount Park is not only the largest in the world, but the most diversified in scenery, and the most beautiful. A map of Philadelphia accompanies the volume.

The Chateau Morville; or, Life in Touraine. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Claxton, Remsen & Co.—A translation from the French. The story is lively and fresh, full of excellent lessons to parents, and healthy in every respect.

Venetian Life, By W. D. Howells, 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.-This is the initial volume of a new edition of the works of one of the most delightful writers America has yet produced. Mr. Howells was consul at Venice for some time, and has described that wonderful city. in the book before us, with a graphic power and a poetic feeling, that has never before been rivaled. The present edition contains a new chapter, "Our Last Year In Venice," which is even better than those which preceded it. Another book, "Italian Journeys," will soon follow. Very few of the hard-working, practical race to which we Americans belong, are able to appreciate, or even understand the Italians; but Mr. Howells is one of that limited number; he is, as they themselves would say, sympatica with them; and his works on Italy, in corsequence, are treasures of truth and instruction, as well as charming bits of description.

The Desert of the Exodus. By E. H. Palmer, M. A. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work was an agent of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and visited Sinai, in connection with the Ordnance Survey Expedition. He journeyed principally on foot, taking photographs and making drawings, and his familiarity with Arabic made him at home everywhere with the natives. Nearly two years were occupied in his explorations and travels. The result is altogether the best work we have on the Desert of the Exodus. The volume is full of maps and illustrations, which add greatly to the value of the text. An excellent index accompanies the book.

Albert Lunel. By the late Lord Brougham. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel by the late Lord Brougham is the last thing that would have been expected from his pen. Yet here it is! An advertisement, prefixed to the book, says that the story was written nearly thirty years ago, but for private reasons not published. There is very little merit in it as a fiction; but it is curious; it exhibits his lordship's opinions on various subjects; and it will, we suppose, have a large sale.

Window Gardening. Edited by Henry T. Williams. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Henry T. Williams.—A very excellent treatise on the culture of flowers and ornamental plants, especially for in-door use and parlor decoration. The work is profusely ornamented with engravings, which greatly assist the reader to understand the text. We can recommend the book to ladies fond of window-gardening.

Every Woman Her Own Flower-Gardener. By Mrs. S. O. Johnson. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Henry T. Williams.—This is a concise and handy manual for the flower-garden, and has been prepared for the especial use of ladies fond of gardening. It is a reliable work, and will be of great service.

A Smaller Ancient History of the East. By Philip Smith, B. A., 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A book for the young, whether in schools or families; not exactly an abridgment of the "Student's Ancient History;" but a new work, though compiled from the same authorities.

Edua Browning. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—A new novel by the author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," "Milbank," etc., etc., stories that have long been established in popular favor.

The Way of the World. By William T. Adams. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—We are glad to see that popular and entertaining author, "Oliver Optic," writing, at last, under his own name. This new novel, from his pen, is one to be recommended in every way.

The Fatal Marriages. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition, octavo, of one of the popular novels of that humorous writer, the author of "Valentine Vox."

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A CHOICE OF SEVEN ENGRAVINGS, all large-sized for framing, is given to any person getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine." The engravings are, "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," and "Five Times One To-Day." When no choice is made, this last is sent, as being the newest. For large clubs an extra copy of the Magazine is sent in addition.

INCHAM UNIVERSITY, LE ROY, N. Y.—We would call the attention of our readers to this Institute, situate in the most delightful and picturesque part of the State; is second to none, and now entering upon its thirty-eighth year. It offers greater facilities than ever before to parents and guardians who desire a Christian home and an excellent school for their daughters at moderate cost. Their new Catalogue, now before us, presents advantages which compare favorably with that of any Institute of the kind in the country.

Example for the Ladies.—Mrs. E. J. Stout, Elkader, Iowa, besides doing all the housework for a family of four persons, made last year, with a Wheeler & Wilson Muchine, one hundred and fifty fashionable dresses, hemmed over 2000 yards of biased rufiling, and made quite a number of under garments. This is about her average work a year, in all kinds of general sewing for seven years, with no repairs to her machine.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, vilage, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestiuit street, Philadelphia, Pa., or W. J. Carlton, Advertising Agent, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

A Lady Writes:—"Your fashions are selected with so much taste, that 'Peterson' has become the standard in this vicinity. Whatever you put forth we know to be, not only new, but stylish. In other periodicals, we turn over page after page, and examine costume after costume, in the hopeless effort to find something fresh and pretty."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

To Restore Drowned Persons.—We give, here, directions for restoring to life persons who have been drowned.

Treat the patient instantly on the spot. Free all constriction. The first thing wanted is breathing, and the second circulation and warmth.

- To restore respiration—(Breathing.)—Clean the throat by placing the patient gently on the face, with one arm under the forchead; the tongue and all fluids then fall forward, and give free entrance to the windpipe. Wipe and cleanse the mouth. If there be slight or no respiration, or it commence and then fail,
- 2. To excite respiration.—Turn the patient slightly on his side, and apply some irritating or stimulating agent, as camphor or ammonia, near, not to, the nostrils, and dush cold, or alternately hot and cold water in the fuce and the chest, previously rubbed briskly until warm. If this does not excite breathing proceed, immediately
- 3. To imitate respiration.—(Marshall Hall's method.)—Replace the patient on his face, well raising and supporting the chest on a folded coat or something similar, and then turn the body gently, but completely, on the side and a little beyond; then again on the face, and so on alternately, occasionally varying the side. Repeat this movement, perseveringly and deliberately, fifteen times only in a minute. On each occasion

that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform and efficient pressure with brisk movement along the spine, between and below the shoulder-blades, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side. During the whole operation, let one person attend solely to the movements of the head and the arm placed under it. While the above is being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet, and, as soon as dry clothing and blankets can be procured, strip the body and cover, and gradually reclothe it, taking care meanwhile not to interfere with the efforts to imitate respiration. Should these efforts not prove successful in five minutes, try to

- 4. Imitate respiration-(Silvester's method.)-By placing the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upward from the feet. Raise and support the head and shoulders on a small, firm cushion, or folded article of dress, placed between the shoulder-blades. Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied around them, or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Take your place at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw them gently and steadily upward above the head, and keep them stretched upward for two seconds. By this mea is inspiration is effected. Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the side of the chest. By this means expiration is effected. Repeat the movements alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to breathe is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movement of respiration and proceed
- 5. To induce circulation and warmth.—Rub the limbs upward with firm, grasping pressure and energy under the blankets. Apply hot flannels, bottles of water, heated bricks, etc., to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, the inner sides of the thighs, and the soles of the feet. Slap the surface of the body briskly with the hand, and dash cold water on the warm-rubbed portions. After the patient breathes, carry him gently to the nearest house, keep the room cool, and keep out the crowd. On his restoration, a teaspoonful of warm water should be given, and then small quantities of wine, warm brandy, and coffee Keep the patient in bed, and encourage a disposition to sleep.

CAUTIONS.—1. Avoid the immediate removal of the patient, as it involves a dangerous loss of time; also the use of the bellows, or any forcing instrument; also, of the warm bath, except as a momentary excitant.

- 2. Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back until the tongue is secured.
- 3. Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet, NOR ROLL IT UPON A BARREL.
- 4. Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons around the body, especially if in an apartment, or in a confined space.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VIII .- THE INFANT'S FOOD.

Quality.—The path pointed out by nature should be closely followed in preparing food for the new-born babe; and closely studied should be those instinctive signs, by which the help-less being calls our attention, until it acquires age and knowless exflicient to make known its desires through the medium of speech.

Connected with the management of early infancy, there is no one particular productive of more injury than an ignorance of these signs, or inattention to them, in administering food suitable to its wants. Almost the first cries of the infant are too apt to be regarded by the kind-hearted and

officious attendants upon the occasion, and by the mother, perhaps, subsequently, as an indication of hunger or want of food. Consequently, the washing and dressing are scarcely completed before the nurse, if present, or some newly-made "auntie," surcharged with benevolent solicitude, bustles about to prepare the repast. And this generally consists of molasses and water-that mixture of abominations, as the late Dr. Meigs called it-so intimately associated with flatulent colic, or a griping, and necessarily a cross baby at once! Here the impulses of nature should be obeyed, and her pointings and promptings should be followed, by placing the infant to its maternal bosom only, and as soon as she is able to receive it. Instead of so doing, the nurse, not unfrequently, in addition to molasses and water, resorts to pap, or to a portion of that which has been prepared for the mother, which usually contains some one of the spices, and sometimes wine or spirits. By forcing upon the infant thus early such articles, and continuing their use during infancy, we deprave the appetite, and injure its tender organization at the same time, and incorporate with its very existence a desire for these unnatural agents, which desire is apt to strengthen as age advances, until the baby-boy, thus trained, if he live to manhood, is swallowed up in the vortex of intemperance or dissipation.

The substances of which this food is generally composed are crackers, rusk or flour in some form, made into a pap, and sugared, and no sooner is it received into the stomach than commences the process of fermentation. The gas which is evolved during this process, being confined within the stomach and bowels, produces flatulent or wind colic, acid eructations, swelling of the abdomen, and sometimes "inward fits," or open convulsions.

Infants fed upon these unnatural and improper articles, are affected, more or less, with green, watery stools, griping pains, and vomiting, their milk strongly curdled, etc., to correct which a little lime-water, with spiced syrup of rhubarb, and compound tincture of cardamons, or even gingertea, with a little supercarbonate of soda, will answer a better purpose than stronger preparations.

But if, from exhaustion or other cause, the mother is not able to nurse her infant at once, it is much better to suffer it to rest quietly for six or twelve hours than to feed it with such indigestible articles as above-mentioned. The mother, however, can generally be prevented from falling into this state of exhaustion, if properly sustained by some nicely-prepared cream-toast, toasted bread and crackers, steeped in light wine, etc., etc.

If not, or from any other cause, the infant cannot receive suitable nourishment from its mother, we should use fresh milk from a healthy young cow, and water equal parts, or one part of thin cream and two parts of water, sugared, and but a few teaspoonfuls given at a time, and at intervals of at least two hours. Then, if for the want of the reception of certain saline matters contained in the first milk of the mother, the meconium should not pass from its bowels, it may become pardonable to give ten drops (not a teaspoonful) of castor oil, and repeated, if necessary; but a small enema of warm water or molasses and water, will answer the purpose much better than if put into its stomach.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

In the Middle States, the work of this month does no vary materially from the month just closed. Cabbage, for winter use, may head if planted at once. Celery, earth up; plant for later use. Endive, plant. Beans, Bush and Snap, plant; tender "snaps" gathered late in autumn, may be preserved in strong brine (salt and water) for winter use, and vary but little from those freshly gathered. Lettuce, sow in drills to head. Peas, sow; this vegetable is a delicacy in autumn, and should more frequently appear at table. Landreth's Extra

Early, sown latter end of the month and beginning of next, perfect before frost. Spinach, sow for autumn use; for winter use, sow next month. Radish, sow the Spanish for winter; Golden Globe and Red Turnip-rooted for autumn use. Ruta Baga, sow without delay, if not already done. Should the ground be dry, work throughly, and sow in the dust; the seed may vegetate with the first shower; a roller to compress the soil sometimes promotes vegetation; but there is this disadvantage-if heavy, dashing rain immediately ensues, the ground packs and the seed is lost. Pomeranean Globe and Amber Globe Turnips, sow early in the month; the Early Dutch and Red-topped, both strap-leaved varieties, may be sown until the first of September, though it may be well to sow at least a portion earlier, as at a late day it is difficult to remedy a failure. Read remarks under head of July.

In the South.—Cabbage, seed sow, to head in November; Landreth's Large York is proper; the Early Dwarf Flat Dutch is also an excellent variety to sow at this season Broccoli and Cauliflower, sow, and transplant from an earlier sowing. Onions, plant sets for autumn. Carrots, sow. Squash, sow. Ruta Baga, sow, to make up deficiencies in July sowing. Turnips, for table use, sow at short intervals. Potatoes, plant for winter use. Lettuce, drill for heading. Radishes, sow from time to time. Beets, may be sown for the winter supply. Seeds directed to be sown this month it may be necessary to defer until the next, by reason of heat and drought. Let the young gardener be not disheartened—ultimate success will attend persevering efforts. His first care is to provide reliable seeds, then onword should be his motto.

HORTICULTURAL.

REMOVING TREES.—A correspondent, who lives in a suburban village, asks us as to the best time of the year for removing trees. Almost any time will do, we answer, except in summer, Even large trees, whether evergreens or deciduous, can be safely removed, and the most of the roots preserved, if a moist day be selected. In desperate need try a moonlight night. It is the sun that does the mischief. Tree roots stand currents of hot air about as well as fish do. Small trees are better every way-if one can wait. The man who has not yet learned the pleasure of watching growth has one pleasure yet in store for him, if he will but put himself in the way of it. A love of planting comes with the practice of it-like any other virtue. Give the roots plenty of room, and observe the precautions we have mentioned, and your trees will live, while other trees, without these precautions, even if planted in late fall, or early spring,

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Beef Pia.—Take cold roast beef or steak, cut it into thin slices, and put a layer into a pie-dish; shake in a little flour, pepper, and salt; cut up a tomato or onion, chopped very fine, then another layer of beef and seasoning, and so on until the dish is filled. If you have any beef gravy put it in; if not, a little beef dripping, and water enough to make sufficient gravy. Have ready one dozen potatoes, well boiled and mashed, half a cup of milk or cream, and a little butter and salt; spread it over the pie as a crust, an inch thick; brush it over with egg, and bake it about twenty-five min-

Making Hash .- Put a teacupful and a half of boiling water into a sauce-pan, and make a thin paste with a teaspoonful of flour, and a tablespoonful of water. Stir it, and boil it three minutes. Add half a teaspoonful of black pepper, rather more salt, and one tablespoonful of butter. chop the cold beef into a fine hash, removing all tough, gristly pieces; put the meat in a tin-pan, pour over it the gravy above mentioned, and let it heat ten minutes or so, but not cook. The reason so many people have poor hash is that they cook it too much, making it hard and unpalatable, or they use tough pieces of cold meat, or they put in too much water, and make it vapid. If preferred, add equal quantities of chopped boiled potatoes; and if you have the gravy of the meat of yesterday's dinner, you may use that instead of the made gravy, and you will need less salt, and pepper, and butter.

To Use Cold Chicken .- Two receipts, one is called "fried chicken," and the other "chicken fritters." For "fried chicken," cut the chickens into quarters, and rub each quarter with yolk of egg. Mix some bread-crumbs with pepper, salt, nutmeg, grated lemon-peel, and shred parsley; cover the chickens with this, and fry them. Thicken some gravy with flour, and add Cayenne pepper, mushroom catchup, and a little lemon-juice. Serve the chicken with this sauce. Chicken Fritters.-Make a batter with four eggs, some new milk, and rice flour; to this add a pint of cream, some powdered sugar, candied lemon-peel, cut small, fresh lemonpeel, grated, and the white parts of a roasted chicken, shred small; set these altogether on a stove, and stir well for some time. When done, take it off, roll out the mixture, cut it into fritters, and fry them. Put sugar on a dish, lay the fritters on it, strew sugar over, and serve them hot.

VEGETABLES.

Cooking New Potatoes,-New potatoes, when they first appear, are considered a delicacy, though not so wholesome as the old, unless they are perfectly ripe, and can be cooked without being made waxy. If they are plainly boiled, a sprig of mint will be found a most pleasant addition. The following is an excellent though more elaborate way of dressing them :- Choose the potatoes as nearly of a size as possible; wash them, and rub off the outer rind; then wipe them dry with a clean napkin. Put one quarter of a pound of fresh butter into a stew-pan; set it on the fire, and, when it boils, throw in the potatoes. Let them boil in the butter till they are done, taking care to toss them every now and then, so that they may all go successively into the boiling butter. They must be carefully watched, because if done too much they shrivel up and become waxy. When the fork indicates that they are done, they must be taken out before they lose their crispness, put into a dish, and some salt sprinkled over them. As soon as they are taken from the boiling butter, a handful of parsley may be thrown in, and, after it has had a boil or two, laid upon the potatoes as a garnish. They must be eaten immediately. This is a beautiful dish to serve up with fish, or it may be eaten alone. The butter in which the potatoes were dressed may be poured into a jar, and serve again for the same purpose. Old potatoes may be cut into round pieces, about the size of a large walnut, and dressed in the same way.

Tomato Stew.—Take eight pounds of the plate of beef, put it on to boil in a gallon of water, with a dozen of tomatoes, the same of okras, six potatoes, cut small, two carrots, cut lengthwise, two onions; season it to your taste with pepper and salt; let its tew slowly four honrs; skim all the fat off the gravy, and garnish the meat with the potatoes and carrots.

Tomatoes an Gratin.—This simple and delicious dish is made by cutting some ripe tomatoes in half, putting them in a buttered dish with some bread-crumbs, butter, pepper, and salt, and baking till slightly browned on the top. Tomito Sauce.—Take any quantity of ripe tomatoes, put them into an eathen jar, and place them, covered over, in a hot oven till perfectly soft; then rub them through a fine sieve, to keep out the seeds and skin. To every quart of juice add a clove of garlie, or, if the flavor is preferred, two shallots, bruised, a quarter of an ounce of ginger, and the same quantity of black pepper, and a tablespoonful of salt; boil for about twenty minutes, and bottle, cork down, and wax it at once. Some like the addition of vinegar or lemonjuice to the same; others prefer it without. If liked, the juice of two lemons may be added to the above, before boiling.

Baked Corn.—Take six ears of field-corn, or twelve ears of sugar-corn. Cut the grain partly off, and scrape the rest; add one tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. Rub these well together, and add a pint of new milk. Bake in a dish that you can set on the table without disturbing it.

Corn Fritters.—Grate six ears of corn; add one tablespoonful of flour, and two eggs; pepper and salt to your taste; to be fried like oysters.

DESSERTS.

An Excellent Cream Cheese .- One quart of good cream. Put a quart of good cream aside to become sour and very thick; then lay a piece of thin calico inside a small hair-sieve, taking care that the calico comes quite to the top, and rather above it, in order that you may be able to pull out the cheese without any difficulty. Let the sieve stand upon a dish; pour the cream into the sieve, and leave it to drain. Pour away the whey from the dish every morning. In about three days the cheese will be a proper consistency, and fit to eatas thick as butter, and very delicious. If the cream will not go into the sieve at once, pour it in during the day, as the rest sinks from the whey leaving it. At Dieppe, little baskets are sold, heart-shape, for making cream cheeses, and answer the purpose exceedingly well, being very open, so that the whey drains quickly through the calico into the dish.

Another.—Take three gills of thick cream, stir into it a tablespoonful of salt. Tie up the cream in a cloth, and let it drop for three or four days, changing the cloth every day. It must be hung upon a nail to drip, and when ready, on the third or fourth day, put it into a wooden mould, and press for one hour. It will then be ready for eating.

Fruit Jelly.—Take two quarts of red currants, two quarts of raspberries, pick and bruise them, and put them into a flannel bag to drain, which should be done the night before they are wanted. The fruit should be quite ripe. Then clarify some isinglass, according to the size of the mould (which must be of earthenware,) have some clarified sugar to make it rich, and put it in ice to cool.

Gateau de Ponnies.—Boil a pound and a half of lump-sugar in a pint of water till it becomes sugar again; then add two pounds of apples, pared and cored, the peel and a little of the juice of two small lemons; boil it until quite stiff, and put it into a mould. When cold, it should be turned out, and, before being sent to table should have a thick custard poured round it. The cake will keep several months.

Apple Cream.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel, and press the pulp through a hair-sieve, upon half a pound of pounded sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff, and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

Orange Pudding.—Grate the peel of three oranges into a plut of good milk, with three ounces of sugar, and the crumb of a twopenny loaf, and the yolks of four eggs; let it just boil, steam it through a cloth, add the juice of four oranges, and bake it half an hour.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Fig. 1.—Evening-Dress of Gray Gauze over a Lawn Under-Dress of the Same Colon.—It has one deep ruffle headed by three bias rolls of rose-colored satin. The upperskirt is cut out in turrets and bound with rose-colored satin. A trimming, composed of a series of points, is put down the front of the upper-skirt. The low basque waist is square, and trimmed with gray and pink fringe. Pink roses in the hadr.

Fig. 11.—Carriage and Visiting Costume of White Mohair.—The short under-skirt is trimmed with three bias rows of canary-colored silk. The double upper-skirt, square, coat basque, and half-long loose sleeves, are also trimmed with canary-colored silk and duchess lace. White chip bonnet, trimmed with plum-colored and blue ribbon, and a long black plume.

Fig. III.—MORNING AND VISITING-DRESS OF WHITE MUS-LIN.—The skirt has two deep, plain flounces, the upper one headed by a quilling of green silk; over this skirt is worn a deep, pearl-colored silk basque, made open in front, over a fine, white muslin body, and with a rather long skirt at the back, where it is looped up. It is faced and trimmed with green silk. Flat straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and roses.

Fig. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE GRENADINE.—The skirt has one deep flounce, put on in festooned hollow plaits, the alternate plaits ornamented with a large pink rose, and bows of blue ribbon; the flounce is headed and edged with a quiling of grenadine. The skirt at the back is gathered up to form a puff, and is seemingly hold up by a blue ribbon, which passes up to the left side, where it forms two loops, and is caught together by two large roses; one long, fringed end falls as low as the top of the flounce; a blue ribbon passes over the breast and right shoulder to the left side under the arm.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress, the Under-Skirt of Blue Silk.
—This skirt is trimmed with seven rows of quilling, standing upright, and having two rows of black velvet beneath them. The tunic, which is epen in front, is trimmed with two clusters or rows of dark velvet, and above the top cluster is a row of black embroidery. The basque waist is trimmed with black velvet and fringe. The wide sleeves, collar, and front of the skirt, are faced with quilted satin, and turned back and fistened with tassels. Bonnet of blue silk, trimmed with a black feather.

Fig. VI.—Wedding-Dress of White Poult de Soie—Prain-shaped skirt, trimmed behind with vandyked bias and satin puffs. Tight-fitting tunic, buttoned in front, and forming points. This tunic is gathered up at the side, rounded, and draped behind. It is trimmed with satin bias and puffs, and a flounce of Honiton lace, eight inches deep. Curved sleeves open to the elbow, trimmed with bias of satin and Honiton lace five inches deep. Puffed tulic collarativ, tulic vell, and orange-flower wreath; small bouquet on the bodice. White satin shoes, with Louis XV, heels and satin bows. A diagram, from which to cut out this dress, is given on a preceding page.

Fig. vII.—House-Dress of White foulard.—The skirt has one deep founce, made of white and blue striped foulard sitk. This flounce is cut in sharp points, and falls over a platted white muslin ruffle. The upper-skirt and wide cuffs of the sleeves, are faced with silk, like that of the flounce; and the back of the upper-skirt is also composed of the blue and white striped silk. Above the half-high waist a white muslin heading, edged with lace and blue ribbon, is carelessly tied. A white guipure lace edges the upper skirt.

Fig. vin.—House Dress of Black Silk.—The underskirt quite plain; the upper-skirt round in front, looped up at the back, and draped in deep points at the sides, and frimmed with rich, black fringe. Fig. ix.—Riding-Habit of Fine Black Cloth.—The basque quite close-fitting. High beaver hat and gray veil.

GENERAL REMARES.—We give this month our usual variety of hats, bonnets, sleeves, etc. Our bonnets are unusually pretty, but they are only a few of the many styles that are worn, though we have only selected those that will probably prove the most becoming.

THE DRAPED TUNIC at the back, graceful though it is, is giving way to a number of flounces, placed at the back of the skirt; in some cases there are three deep flounces, in others from five to seven narrow ones, reaching to the short basque of the waist. Sometimes these flounces are trimmed with narrow ruffles of the same, sometimes with fringe. The front of the skirt has usually one or two moderately deep flounces, and an apron, or piece of silk gathered, and drawn in the back, just like the front of the polonaise, covers the plain space.

THE NEW COLORS OF THE PALEST TINTS-pale-pink, lilac, blue, and gray-are all the rage. The hues of the new silks are of the strangest description, and the greens defy description, so vague and complicated are the shades; there are bronze greens in all hues, lizard green, Celadon green, serpent green, and Nile green-which, although called green, bears to the eye no family relation whatever. It requires all a Parisian dress-maker's art to harmonize these colors to advantage; and yet somehow it is managed, and toilets are turned out producing the most original and unexpected results. They are, in fact, the old colors popular in Louis XVI. reign, before recent chemical discoveries had given us the rich blues and violets which were the fashion three years ago. There is one advantage about the soft, sickly hues: they mix harmoniously with contrasting colors. Pink and black, chestnut-brown and blue, always look well; still slate-gray, colored and trimmed with caroubier ribbons, is likewise in excellent taste. Shoes now match one of the colors in a toilet, and the silk stockings the other color. Faille shoes are fashionable, and the bows on them are considerably smaller than those worn last year. Ladies who do not wish a pair of shoes for each toilet, adopt, with dark dresses, black satin shoes with black silk stockings, and with light ones bronze shoes with pearl-gray stockings. Silk boots to match the dress are very little worn, but dull, kid boots are considered lady-like. The open boot, with bars across the front of the foot, and showing the silk stocking beneath, has a certain success in Paris, but cannot be reported as very popular. Buckles are once again appearing in fashion, not so much the regular buckle, but rather a fanciful agrafe. The prettiest are in the form of a lozenge, and are ingeniously composed of the letters in the Christian name of the wearer, or of the initials of both names interlaced. These letters are ingeniously wrought, and, of course, are in open work, not solid.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Striped Mohair of Two Shades of Gray, for a Little Girl.—The lower-skirt, the tunic, basque and sleeves, are all trimmed with a quilling of blue ribbon.

Fig. 11,—Boy's Suit of Plum-Colored Kerseymer.—The trousers are of the Knickerbocker style, and the blouse is belted in at the waist.

Fig. 111.—Dress of Violet-Colored Alpaca, for a Little Girl.—There is no tunic or upper-skirt, but the lower skirt is trimmed with a flounce of the same material as the dress; and the waist, which is rather loose, is belted in, and has a ruffle, like that on the skirt, to finish it. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

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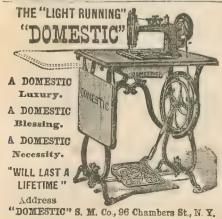
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THE POLICE AND

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—September, 1872.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR HOUSE JACKET.



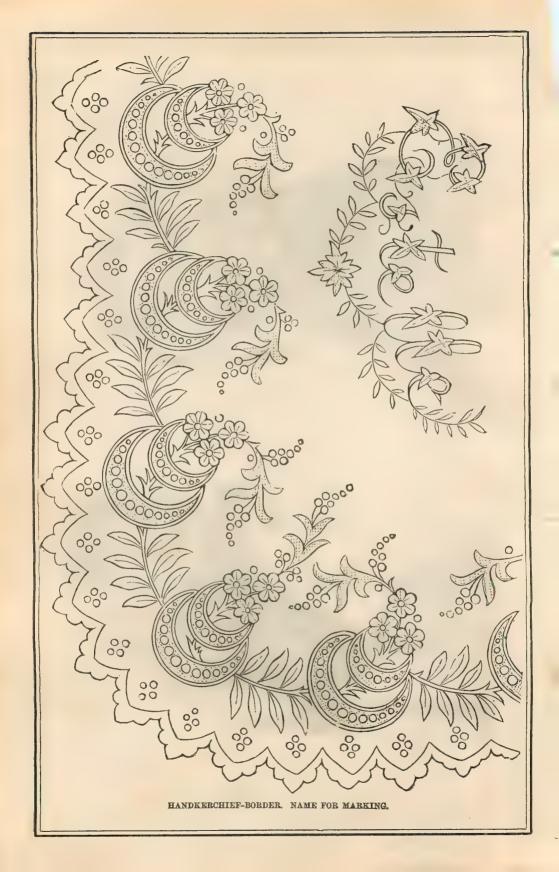
IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

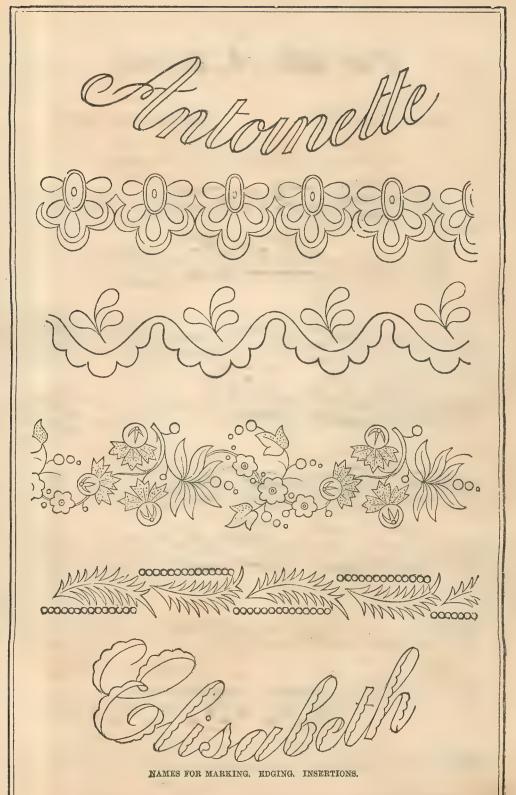












I'D BE A STAR.

Words by R. J. N. KEELING.

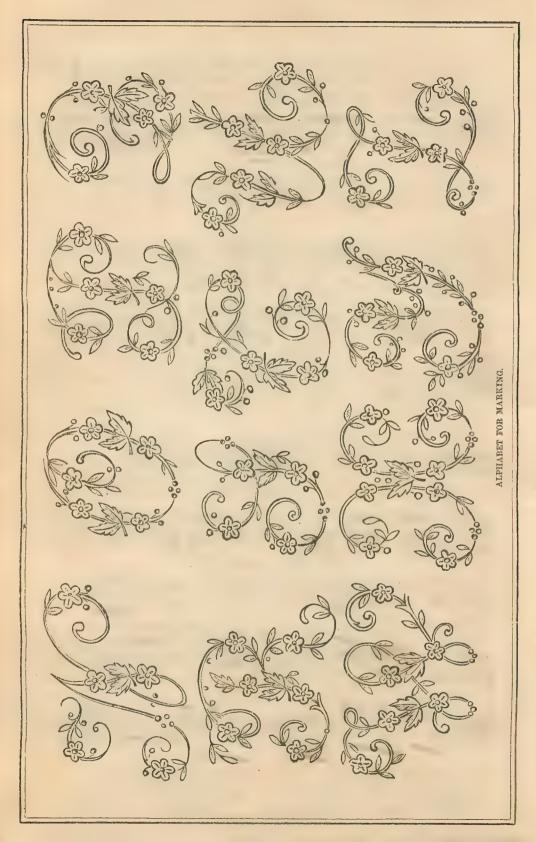
Music by CHARLES H. GERKEN.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia. dolce. 1. I'd be star, star, To wind,



3 I'd be a flow'r, a little flow'r,
And only bloom to worship thee;
Content if thou for one short hour,
Would'st deign to look and smile on me.

I would be thine, I worship thee,
By all that is earthly, divine;
My ev'ry pulse beats but for thee,
I would be thine, I would be thine



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1872,

No. 3.

OUR LODGER.

BY BEATRICE VALE.

WE were poor. None of your respectable poverty, that keeps two girls, lives neither too far east or west, goes to the Catskills instead of Newport, and wears black silk because it is economical. Ours was the grinding poverty, that turns black silk till it becomes ashamed, and grows rusty-brown; lives in the quiet, rather "genteel" streets, on the west side, and hears birds and smells clover in summer, at farmhouses far removed from fashion's haunts.

Of course, we owned the house we lived in—who ever knew a widow and two daughters that didn't?—and we determined, after much deliberation, to let part of the second floor.

Mother and Jessie are timorous mortals, who would stand forever trembling on the brink, but I am ready to plunge into anything new or venturesome; so I wrote the advertisement, stating that one or two quiet people would find rooms in West Thirty Anything street, and then tormented my two relatives by drawing vivid pictures of all the woes that might happen; take in, perhaps, a receiver of stolen goods, a scamp who would gain my affections and break our hearts; a maiden lady who would waken in the middle of the night with the alarm of fire; and at last I shocked them by hoping that a very nice man would want three rooms, and the "advantage of a Christian household."

It was in the spring that we intended to take in any wanderer seeking rest, and mother announced her intentions of having a grand cleaning, so that all might be in order. Mrs. Mulligan, who was our assistant on such occasions, put in an appearance early in the morning. We had a most uncomfortable breakfast, mixed with the odors of lime and soap; and soon after Jessie started for her school, and I declared myself ready for anything, from tearing up carpets to blacking stoves. My dear mamma had a delusion about my delicacy, and implored me not to risk my health in her service. I wasted no

words, but stated that my one ambition was to clean windows with lots of water and a long brush. Hands were raised in horror, but I filled a pail, gathered together my implements, and started for a front room.

I never believe in sacrificing my looks to my occupation; so my hair was curled, as usual, only twisted in a knot behind, and tied with blue ribbon; and I wore the prettiest morning-gown that was ever used in scrubbing—little forget-menots on a white ground; it had seen nearly all its best days, and the sleeves were only shadows of that tender flower, but, if glanced at casually, it could be still called "sweet."

I was throwing water on lavishly, with the blinds a little drawn, when I felt that some one was looking at me.

It was just my luck to have a man walk up the street, notice the splash of drops, and try to see who was throwing them. I didn't know him, so I didn't care very much, only I blushed as I saw him coming through the gate, smiling. I knew I would have to answer the bell, everybody else being busy, and not remarkably neat; so I gave a despairing pull to my hair, rolled down my sleeves, took a farewell glance in the mirror, and opened the door.

What a handsome man he was; tall, so tall that I had to raise my eyes a long way to see his beautiful face. He was smiling yet, and as he took off his hat, his grand head, with the golden hair, his eyes a deeper blue than ever my faded flowers were; and his voice made me wonder if this was a scamp who had stolen my heart the first time I saw him.

"Will mademoiselle show me the rooms, or tell me about them?" he said, courteously.

I did not intend to do the talking, so I only bowed him in. I saw that he locked pleased as he entered our parlor, for, although it was small, it was lovely; because we were willing to have pretty things around us, even if they were cheap.

Vol. LXII.—12

I left him gazing upon Clytie, and rushing for mother, told her how handsome he was, that she must put another cap on, and act in her sweetest manner.

The interview ended satisfactorily; he appeared delighted with the rooms, said that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and hoped he might come immediately.

That was on Thursday, and on Saturday his traps were taken carefully up stairs. I was certain he was poor, because everybody nice is; and yet I pondered over the beautiful things placed in his rooms, and at last put it all down to his having been rich, and saved these out of the wreck of his fortune. There were exquisite bronzes, rare carvings, paintings on copper, and pictures I had read about, but never hoped to see.

On Saturday evening, as he passed the parlor, mamma spoke to him, and introduced her daughters, one of whom looked very foolish, and grew red as a rose, and the other received him in her stately way, that makes one think of a duchess at least. He was very charming. We talked about many people and many lands. He was a doctor, but very busy at present upon a book, so that the house would see more of him than his patients.

The halcyon days flew away with down upon their heels. The doctor found that all work and no play made Jack a dull boy, so we had delicious mornings on the Harlem, we knew the Park perfectly, where I made pretences of sketching. We took a sailboat, went out to sea, and there watched the white-winged vessels passing, fortunes for other fools amassing.

Effice Fay went with us. She was a heartless little creature, who vowed she was immensely in love with *le medecin*, but she intended to marry a man, "not rich, dear, but made of gold;" so she resigned all claim on him in my favor, as she saw that I had the innings.

I had many lectures given me upon my behavior. Effic thought I needn't throw myself at his head, but still my actions were too cruel and flirtatious. Jessie was sure it was wrong, not to say horribly wicked, to take attentions from a man, and then look shocked if love was spoken of. They said Arnold Jackson was afraid of me, that he had said once he thought I hated him. At this I laughed and commenced to sing,

"He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small."

As that line rang out, I wondered at the silence, and turning, saw Arnold in the door-way, glancing down upon me. That was the maddest, merriest evening that we spent for a long time. Some people had come in, and as they took leave,

complimented me upon my brilliancy. In our small circle I had the reputation of being very clever; and this time I had astonished even those who knew me best. My mother, indeed, looked worried as I kissed her "good-night," and asked me if I was not too excited. I told her I had never felt better, and agreed with Arnold that the next morning we would take a long walk, to prove to her how strong I was.

The next morning, however, I was a well-developed case of typhoid fever. For many days my life hung by the merest thread. It was "touch-and-go;" but a strong determination to be old enough to wear black velvet and diamonds, made me laugh at the doctor's grave face, and only rave about a Will Britton—a boy I had known in my school days, and whom I never expected to see. Arnold once asked, "Was he a lover? And had that anything to do with my sickness?"

Loving and tender hands were about me, and looking back, I think I enjoyed all my helplessness and the care I received. Beautiful flowers were sent to me daily; all the sweet love-songs were read to me in a deep, manly voice; and one afternoon, when I was able to sit in the great crimson chair, the doctor came in and read Maud to me.

We were alone, and as we neared the end, I looked across at the trees, with the sparrows twittering in their branches. The sun was sinking, and long shadows were in the street, and as he finished,

"My heart would hear her and beat, Had it lain for a century dead; Would start and tremble under her feet And blossom in purple and red."

There was silence for a second, and then his arms were about me, and he murmured, "My darling! My darling! Will you never love me! My life is yours! Surely you will take pity on me, and let me hold you forever!"

I could say nothing—it was exciting; and just then mother came in, and he turned, saying,

"You may prepare the wedding-cake, mamma, when your little woman is able to walk."

When the news was told to Effie, she declared I ought to have more spirit than to give in at last. I spoke pathetically of my weakness, and told her I would never do so again.

I grew stronger rapidly; and one glorious October morning, Arnold told us to get ready, as he wanted us to spend the day out of town. I was dressed first, and standing at the window, I saw an open carriage drive up. It looked like a private establishment, as the man wore livery, and the horses showed care. I was delighted, for I think, with the Cardinal, "all is vanity,

except a carriage," I spoke to the doctor of the appearance of the turn-out, but he said, carelessly, "All livery-stables keep one or two such affairs for state occasions."

We rolled along through the Park, out on the grand drive, and at last entered beautiful grounds. Old trees formed a stately avenue; out on the grass stood lovely statues; fountains scattered their pearly drops high in air; rustic tables and seats were placed in cool, shady retreats; large beds of flowers, all the same color, lay glittering with dew; everything gave one the impression of perfect taste, accompanied with much money.

Many were the exclamations upon the beauty of the place; but Arnold only smiled, jumped down, handed me out, and made a very low bow, saying,

"Welcome, my lady, to your house, to Stockfield's Home."

I could only stammer, "I thought you were poor."

"You see now," he replied, smiling, "that even your penetration is at fault."

He said no more, but led us through a hall, where portraits of pretty women and stately men glanced down upon us from the walls. We walked through such beautiful rooms that I pinched myself to make sure I was awake.

The dinner-table was so bewildering with its luxury, the sparkle of silver and glass, the gleam of damask, that I nearly forgot the appetite I had gained in my morning's ride.

While we lingered over our walnuts and wine, I asked for the reasons of our being so imposed upon. Arnold then told us, that, taking up the study of medicine for love, he had become interested in one particular branch, and wanted to write upon it. He knew he could not do that without libraries at his hand, and facilities for meeting scientific men, if he wanted their advice. In his own house he would have to see visitors, and too much time would have been spent in running to and from the city; so he had intended to seek a quiet place, but not until the winter. Passing through our street, however, and seeing me at the window, had made him think of our advertisement, and as he had fallen into captivity, he resolved to stay there. He had thought two or three times of telling us about his home, but, turning to me,

"You said once," he added, "that men with money imagined every girl was in love with them, and that, for your part, you detested rich people. Can you forgive me for my treachery? I am willing to sign over my property to any charitable institution, or endow any number of worthy people you mention, although you will find this a very comportable place to reign over."

I told him I was willing to stand the incumbrances, for the sake of the owner. He came round the table and kissed me. We sat in the fading, golden light, talking of the happy future, and drove home by starlight, to the quiet little house that would soon take in new lodgers

BLINDNESS. SIGHT.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

FIRST SONG.

Weary, foot-sore with stumbling on the mountain,
The mountain dark, the bleak and barren waste,
With burning lips that seek full many a fountain,
To find the waters bitter to the taste;
With bleeding, thorn-torn hands, that strive in vain
The beautiful, the far-off prize to gain.

Ah, me! to supplicate with earnest crying,
And tearful, upturned gaze, so long for bread;
And then, oh! bitterest of all denying!
Most pitiless, receive a stone instead!
Ah, me! to see the lovely, far oasis,
And seek it all the day, to find at last
"Twas but a mirage of life's weary desert,
And night has come, and joy and hope are past!

SECOND SONG.

Oh, blessed, blessed blindness!
Oh, blessed, blessed sight!
Whose stay is ever at its noon,
And nover knows the night;

Whose footsteps fall with gentle tread, Yet firmly, far or near; Whose hands reach out with fearless clasp, For love can know no fear.

Oh, blessed confidence! that leans Upon the Father's breast! Or walks where'er His hand directs, Till He shall call to rest. Oh, blessed peace! that broods for aye, White-winged above the soul; And bids the music angels know, Across its chords to roll.

Oh, blessed sight! that sees beyond,
And smiles, and/waits to-day
The great to-morrow, that shall come,
And pass no more away;
That sees not with our mortal eyes,
And darkness never knows,
Still drinking beams that pass afar,
Through gates that never close,

HOLLOW OAK. THE

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The afternoon dragged on. Of all inflictions [lar circumstances; but Miriam had no mind to that had ever befallen her, Miriam Lang thought this pienic the most unendurable. She was disgusted with everything and everybody; but more disgusted with herself than the others. it was such a golden summer day that there seemed a horrible incongruity between the dreary thoughts in her mind and the scene about her. The summer day was so golden and bright, the wood so beautiful, with its leng, arched aisles of stately trees, its green, mossy dells, whence the hymn of unseen waterfalls rose like the notes of an organ above the pleasant din of youthful voices, that it appeared an absolute sin to desecrate so lovely a spot by morbid fancies and bitter reflections.

The large party was all gayety and enjoyment; the stiffest of chaperones, and most unbending of mammas, so subdued, either by the influence of the surroundings, or a slight tendency to drowsiness, they allowed their charges unlimited liberty, which was taken such advantage of, that probably numberless lectures would be delivered upon that text, when the sober next morning should restore the elderly ladies to their accustomed rigid sense of propriety.

Here was a group trying their voices to a venomous guitar, and, beyond, mothers and aunts pretending to talk wisely among themselves, and looking as sleepy as owls. But whether she sat still, or moved about; talked, or was silent, Miriam Lang could not keep her eyes from the one group, of which her pretty half-sister made the brilliant center, with much more than her lawful share of men about, and among them grave Walton Dane, acting as if he were trying to outdo the whole knot of Lina's adorers.

By-and-by Dane did remember to look for Miriam, and, perceiving that she was left to the tender mercies and long histories of old Judge Haverstraw, he tore himself away from Lina's satellites, and sauntered forward to perform what was a very obvious duty-that of making some inquiries in regard to the comfort of his betrothed.

"You look a little pale and a little tired," he said, kindly enough. "I am afraid this stupid expedition has been too much for you."

One woman might have snapped, another pouted, another turned lachrymose, under simimake a fool of herself, or give the least sign of the weakness of which she was so heartily ashamed.

"I am tired," she answered, and absolutely managed a smile that was quite indifferent and placid. "A long horseback ride yesterday, followed by the picnic, has been rather too much-1"

She meant to end the sentence with the word "pleasure;" but having a somewhat antiquated regard for truth, could not bring her tongue to utter so tremendous a fib.

"Picnics are always horrible bores," said Walton: but, as he spoke, Miriam saw him glance toward the spot where Lina had been sitting. She had risen, taken the arm of a gentleman, and began to walk up and down, gradually extending the limit of the promenade, so that it bid fair presently to take them out of sight of the people.

"Shall we join your sister?" Walton asked; and Miriam fancied that it was an effort for him to speak carelessly. Indeed, she was certain that his first impulse had been to rush away, and interrupt the interview, which had every appearance of an earnest flirtation.

"Oh, no! Lina seems very well amused. She would, probably, not be pleased at our bothering her," said Miss Lang, amiably.

"Do you know that man?" he asked, abruptly.

"You know all that I do about him. He is Mr. Edgar More, and a cousin of Mrs. Vrooman's," replied Miriam, doing a little pretence at a yawn, to hide the difficulty she had not to speak sharply.

"You don't even know Mrs. Vrooman," said he, rather petulantly.

"I never professed to," she answered. "She belongs in Washington, and is rather pretty and very amusing, and her husband is very handsome and amusing too, and Edgar More the same."

"The neighborhood seems to have gone crazy," pursued Dane, crossly.

"Generally, it is celebrated for not being over fond of strangers; but here are these people whom no one knows, and, in less than three weeks, they appear to have made a conquest of everybody, from stately Mrs. Haverstraw to your mamma and yourself."

"They are certainly very agreeable," said Miriam, with provoking good-nature, which she was far from feeling.

"I was utterly astonished, when I came back from town, to find you all on such terms with them," grumbled Walton.

"Really! I didn't introduce them to public favor. I can't see how I am to blame," retorted Miriam.

"I am not blaming you. I only wish-"

But there was no time to tell what he wished; and, perhaps, it was better so, for they had gone dangerously near the style of conversation which, between engaged people, is apt to end in a quarrel.

Lina came flying up to her sister, as pretty, and mischievous, and willful, as a fairy, barely eighteen, could.

"How glum you look, Walton Dane!" cried she. "I do believe you are cross, and Miriam looks as dismal as if you had been scolding her, only I think you would not dare."

With the fatal facility of her age and kind for saying just the most aggravating thing with beautiful unconsciousness, she hit upon this speech, which annoyed both, and seeing it, laughed like the lawless, spoiled child she was.

"Mrs, Vrooman wants us all to go down to the hotel and have tea, and a dance after," she went on; "and I mean to—so you needn't purse up your mouth, Miriam! I know if mamma were home she would not have the least objection, and I shall go."

Miriam saw Dane look a decided negative; and partly that, partly the fact that it was always useless waste of time to oppose Lina, made her answer

"I don't think I pursed up my mouth, and I see no reason for refusing Mrs. Vrooman's invitation."

"Why, you're a duck!" cried Lina. "Then it's only old Walton Dane, who is cross and disagreeable, and we don't mind him-do we, Miriam?"

"You ought both to go home," observed Dane.
"Miriam is tired, and, as for you, if you dance after to-day's fatigue, your mamma will find you ill when she gets back."

"Then she can have the pleasure of nursing me," retorted Lina. "Now, don't lecture, I will go; and, what is more, you shall too, and be agreeable into the bargain."

She had the dangerous faculty of appearing charming, no matter how saucily or recklessly she talked; and she did not desist until she had made Dane smile, if not approval, at least complaisance.

It was sunset now; preparations were making for departure. The dinner baskets were packed, people flitting hither and thither, and up Mrs. Vrooman came to Miriam, and poured out a flood of small talk and droll stories. When Miriam could look about again, her sister and Dane were standing at a distance, quite alone. They were talking eagerly, and there was a repressed excitement in Walton's manner, so unlike his usual self, that Miriam's head whirled with a rush of dark thoughts, to which as yet she gave no name.

An hour after, they were engaged with the impromptu tea in Mrs. Vrooman's pleasant rooms; then the ball-room of the old inn was announced to be in readiness. A couple of fiddlers had been hunted up, who could do quadrilles and galops in a very respectable fashion; and the young people danced till a preposterous hour; and the elders fulfilled their obvious mission, that of attending on the caprices of their flocks, with such patience as they could find.

Miriam Lang laughed, and talked, and danced, and seemed almost to have taken a leaf out of her young and brilliant sister's book. Indeed, it was a little as if the two had changed characters for the time, because Lina's usually exuberant spirits were to-night uncertain and unequal. But if ever a woman had a sore heart to hide, it was Miriam this pleasant evening—this evening, in which the vague, jealous thoughts, which had at intervals for weeks past tormented her, took a tangible shape, and horrified her by their blackness.

She could see that Walton Dane was so tormented by Lina's flirtation with Edgar More, that, whatever he was about, he could not keep from watching them; and Lina, or it seemed so to Miriam, was reckless and excited, just for the pleasure of witnessing his aunoyance.

Dane forgot once to claim Miriam's hand for a dance she had promised him; and, when he did approach her, it was not to make any excuse, but to say.

"Miriam, you are wrong to let your sister rush into this intimacy with these people. I must say so much."

"You must say more to have any effect," she answered. "If you know anything against them, tell me, or tell my step-mother, when she returns. You are perfectly aware that I have no influence over Lina. We are good friends, as long as I yield to all her whims; when I don't, she reminds me that I have no possible right to interfere."

It was the first little speech she had ever made Walton; somebody came and asked her to dance, before she could notice what its effect was upon him. For the rest of the evening she kept too busy for more confidences to be possible; she a delightful monomania that she wanted to poifelt that her patience would bear no more on this
son him. There was nothing, the doctors said,
occasion.

It was past midnight before Lina could be induced to go home. Dane saw her and Miriam down to the carriage, and, as old Mrs. Marston was with them, there could be no possible excuse for his accompanying them. So the good-nights were very brief, because Lina said,

"Now, don't potter, Miriam! I'm dead beat, and want to get home. You can talk to Walton Dane to-morrow; as for me, I hate all mankind!"

"My dear!" Mrs. Marston ventured to sigh, which was about as far as anybody often ventured, in the way of expostulation, with the spoiled little beauty.

"I'm nobody's dear!" retorted Lina. "There! there! Enough time over good-by! Mr. Dane, tell Pompey to drive on, and to drive fast."

As she had given the betrothed pair no opportunity to exchange a word of adieu, it was somewhat unreasonable to reproach them; but Lina prided herself on being unreasonable, and Miriam was too completely subdued to attempt any sort of struggle.

Alone in her room that night, Miriam Lang took more hours than was wise out of the time meant for sleep, to look her position full in the face, and contemplate the possibilities of ruin and disaster which surrounded her.

She was twenty-seven years old, and had got into a way of considering herself ancient: not that it would ever have occurred to anybody else to think it, unless it might be Lina, in one of her fits of ill-humor. For seven long years she had been engaged to Walton Dane; but there had been many causes to prevent their union, though both always held fast to their pledge. Dane had been obliged to go to South America, in search of fortune. Miriam could not marry him there, for her father was ailing, and needed her care, nor would he consent to the marriage, until Dane had at least accumulated a competency. So Walton set off, and Miriam wore out almost the whole of the seven years as best she might. Two or three times he came back for brief visits; but Mr. Lang was then such a confirmed invalid, so near a lunatic from brain troubles, that Miriam could not leave him to claim her happiness. During the whole of that long season, Miriam's step-mother had resided South among her relatives. She was a good enough woman, ready enough to take her part in nursing her husband; but the pair had never agreed in their most friendly days. The most troublesome feature in Mr. Lang's malady was an absolute loathing and dread of his wife, and a delightful monomania that she wanted to poison him. There was nothing, the doctors said, but for her to keep out of his sight; so she took her one child, and went away to Virginia, coming back at intervals to see Miriam, and try if there were any hope that her husband's disease had changed in its nature.

Mr. Lang had now been dead eighteen months; the widow had returned with Lina, and they all lived in the old house. Dane had been so immersed in business that he could not wind up his affairs and come north until the spring, before the pleasant August of which I am writing. Miriam and her step-mother get on more than nicely; they were genuinely attached to one another, and Mrs. Lang was growing sufficiently elderly to prize tenderness-a weakness the beautiful Lina did not often exhibit, in spite of her powers of fascination. Miriam and her mother were only moderately well off; but Lina was a great heiress. Some old relative of Mrs. Lang's had willed a vast fortune to the girl, and left her so completely mistress of it, that both parent and sister were made still more uneasy than her caprices would have rendered them under other circumstances.

Walton Dane reached home; but the wedding was not to take place until autumn. It had been Miriam's resolve, before he returned, though what feeling animated her she could not well have told, and she insisted on it with a persistence unlike her usual mildness. Finding neither entreaty or expostulation of any avail, Dane yielded to the inevitable; and, though she did not acknowledge it to herself, from the first, Miriam was annoyed by the composure with which he submitted to her decree.

Lina came back from a visit to a friend, soon after Dane's arrival—he had established himself for the summer at the village hotel, in order to be within reach of his betrothed—and, at first, she had manifested symptoms of one of her unreasoning dislikes to Walton. Miriam had really to beg him to try and overcome it. She was fond of the creature, and could not bear to think that her own marriage might separate them, for she knew Lina well enough to be aware that she was quite capable of inspiring Mrs. Lang with a similar dislike, if it was not checked before it grew to dangerous proportions.

Miriam succeeded. Two months had gone by, and to-night she sat in her room, and told herself plain truths, and tried to be firm and decided upon her future course.

Dane had found her so unlike the girl he had wooed—so old, and worn, and changed; so saddened in thought and manner, from those long

terrible years of constant watchfulness over her invalid father, that, in spite of himself, his high principles, his rigid sense of honor, to which she still did full justice, his heart strayed away toward the beautiful will-o'-the-wisp, who had done nothing since she entered her teens but spread havoc and desolation among such unfortunate masculines as fell in her way.

It was Dane's annoyance, worse than annoyance, on finding her acquainted with Edgar More, after one of his brief absences, which opened Miriam's eyes to what had been going on. She was convinced now that Walton had. at last, discovered the secret of his own heart, and, in the midst of her pain and trouble, she pitied him profoundly, out of the inmost deptns of her generous, loving nature.

And Lina? Oh, who could answer for that inexplicable child; even decide if she were capable of any real feeling! During the long vigil she kept this night, Miriam thought that, if she could only be certain Lina cared, she should have strength to leave Walton free-she could die easier than make his unhappiness! Then she remembered that it would not answer to do that; it would leave a reproach hanging about him. He must be set free in such a way that his honor could not be attacked; nor, wretched as she was, could she bear the thought of pity for herself.

It was all a horrible confusion. She could only wait, and it was so hard to wait! A great crisis, the necessity for immediate and stern action, would have brought its own strength; but to sit still, and let suspicion and doubt eat her heart out, was a sort of Tantalus torture, which seemed more than she could endure.

But the night came to an end; the new day and its round of duties began. She had to go down stairs, and act her part; be smiling and courteous, for her step-mother had come back with a flock of guests, and all the real work of entertaining them devolved upon Miriam.

Two days went by; two such horrible days that Miriam, dizzy and faint, always with a dull beat in her temples, and a slow, sluggish pain at the back of her head, began to think of the malady which killed her father; to recall the first symptoms of his suffering, and to shudder and grow blind with dread, lest the same fate was to be her terrible inheritance.

All sorts of gayeties were going on, and Lina was the life of everything; but there was a change in her-a recklessness Miriam had never seen, an open courting of Dane's attentions, which would certainly have been remarked by others than Miriam, only that she was so deep ! little, and think what it was her duty to do.

also in a flirtation with Edgar More, that the gossips were puzzled. Nobody said anything to Mrs. Lang; everybody recognized the uselessness of paining her about what she could not help, or else was deterred by the fact that she was by no means the sort of woman to whom one could offer sympathy or advice in regard to her daughter's follies.

It was toward the close of the second day: dinner was not until eight o'clock, as a large party had been invited, and Miriam got away, and strolled down into the depths of the beautiful grove, which spread for acres below the house.

There was one spot in the wood she had loved so well-a favorite nook, where the smaller trees retreated a little, as if reverently to give space to a stately oak, about which clung legends of the old Colonial days, when the Red Man was master of the lands, from where even his memory is so rapidly dying out. It was under this tree that Walton Dane had first told her of his love; it was there she had promised that neither time or eternity should ever make the least change in the vows she plighted to him-those vows which she felt to-day were a drag and weight that condemned him to misery.

She had no intention of seeking that haunt when she set out. She walked on, so deeply immersed in thought, that, before she knew, she came in sight of the trysting-tree. It was as if something struck a great blow at her heart! Up rushed all the memories of that beautiful hour, so vivid and powerful, that the dull pain curled like a fiery snake about her brain, and she cried aloud in terror, believing almost that the fatal moment had arrived-that she was, indeed, mad,

She was so weak and faint that she could not easily walk. There was a stone bench and balustrade near the oak, but she did not go there. She gathered up all her strength, and ran toward a deep thicket, gloomy and dark enough, to rest a little her weary eyes and head.

To the frantic rush of pain, succeeded a burst of tears; after that, she felt more quiet, and was able to recollect that she must get back to composure before returning to the house. She heard steps on the falling leaves and twigs; glanced out from her covert, and saw Lina flying along the green sward. She looked quickly on either side to make sure there was no one in sight, then approached the oak, and leaned over a great hollow in it. Miriam saw a letter in her hand, saw her slip it into the cavity, and then speed away as quickly as she had come.

She had to put by her personal miseries for a

Lina was evidently carrying on a clandestine correspondence with some man, and her mother ought to be informed of it; but the effect of taking any step might be to render the headstrong girl utterly unmanageable. Then another thought, which turned her blood to ice! She must keep the secret; something told her to whom that letter was written, as plainly as if she had read every line! There was no mean thought in her mind: not the slightest temptation, as there would have been with most persons suffering from jealousy, to steal the note, and convince herself of the truth of her anguish. But she knew; an angel from heaven could not have changed her belief! She sat still, and waited; what for, she could not tell; was conscious, in } the dull apathy of her half delirium, of asking herself the question, but got no answer. She must wait; something was tugging at her heart, } like an invisible hand, and would not let her go, though she longed to get up-to rush away before a worse misery came-and it would come; the voice told her that it would come!

The sound of steps again; a tread she would have recognized if she had been dead and cold: that would have roused her from the last sleep of all, if it had struck upon her grave! She never stirred; the whole world seemed reeling off into infinite and chaotic space. She could see nothing but the oak and the new comer, who approached it as stealthily as Lina had done.

Walton Dane stooped, thrust his hand into the hollow of the tree, took out the letter, gave one glance, and put it in his pocket, then hurried away, as if it were too precious to be read at first; happiness enough to carry it for a little next his heart, and so taste a double costasy by imagining what its sweet pages held!

Miriam let him go. She had no mind to rush out and confront him; she would not, for the universe, have made a dramatic scene.! She felt paralyzed and icy; if she could only have crouched there, and grown colder and more stony, till the last little consciousness of vitality was lost; undiscovered until too late to call her back to suffering; nothing left but to bury her, get her out of sight quickly, and leave Walton and his girlish love to their bliss!

Life is full of anti-climaxes, and there is seldom a tragedy so doleful that some element of the commonplace or absurd does not mingle with it. Miriam recollected that she could not sit there and wait for death, even if death would come. It was time to go home and dress. Neither had she leisure to go mad at present, because her step-mother would be reduced to a state of stupefaction and coma, if obliged to manage the

reception of the dinner guests without her stepdaughter's presence and aid.

Miriam went away, meeting nobody but old Pompey, the coachman, who avoided her as quickly as possible, because he had a basket on his arm, in which were hidden a dozen fresh eggs, and a chicken, that he had purloined, to carry to his wife and small brood.

She dressed as rapidly as her trembling fingers would permit; but, before she had finished, her step-mother rapped frantically on the door, to tell her that it was dreadfully late, and cook had sent to say the iced-pudding was a failure, because some myrmidon, entrusted with its freezing, had dropped salt into the compound; and what was to be done, and would Miriam go down stairs and decide?

Miriam went; soothed the infuriated sable cock, who was letting the rest of the dinner go to destruction, while she belabored the imp that had ruined the pudding; set matters straight generally, and reached the library in time to help her mother say proper things to the first arrivals,

Miriam looked a little worn after her sleepless night, and her tempestuous last hours; but she had a very becoming dress on, and whatever she might think, was not thrown too much into the shade by Lina's brilliant loveliness.

Edgar More and his cousins were not at the dinner; whether Mrs. Lang had received some hint, even Lina did not venture to ask; but they had not been invited.

"I don't know them well enough," was all Mrs. Lang said. "As many evening parties as you please, kitten—that is your province; but the dinners are mine, and I don't like strangers at table;" and Lina said nothing more; did not so much as pout, to Miriam's surprise.

Walton Dane was, of course, among the guests; he looked pale, troubled, and sad; coming in so late, there was no chance for him to talk to anybody before dinner was announced. Mrs. Lang, with whom he was an immense favorite, had bidden him take the place of master of the house, and lead out the principal lady guest, saying, gayly,

"It is only anticipating your bounden duties a little."

Of course the speech was not made for the general benefit; she had too much good taste for that; but Miriam heard it, so did a couple of old friends. Miriam cast one quick glance at the man whom she had loved so long, then averted her eyes, afraid to see some sign of pain on confusion in his face.

It was odd, but, though she knew he was false,

she neither hated or despised him. She felt that \ he had been drawn on unconsciously into a mad dream; that he had only of late learned his own heart's secret-half his suffering now was from a dread of telling her the truth. She must help him; she must take the matter in her hands, and set him free. She was conscious of thinking that, while the dinner went on, and the buzz of conversation deafened her tired ears; and people talked to her, and she answered; and everything was as decorous and horrible as might be, and she wondering what would be done with her if she went crazy! Only she must not yet. Walton might lose his chance of happiness, and the last proof she could give of her love was to make it possible; that accomplished, she could go mad or die, or arrange her future in any way that came easiest-nothing would matter then.

The next morning Dane did not make his usual visit; but, as the people were going into luncheon, a note from him was handed Miriam. She had no leisure to read it until the meal was over; then she got away to her own room, though it was sometime before she could tear open the envelope, such a nervous chill came over her. It might be a full confession he had written her. She went through any amount of agony, shivering and gasping for breath—suffering more from anticipation than she could have done from the harshest reality. And it was all wasted. It was only a hurried note, pleasantly enough written. He had been called suddenly to town, but would be back in the evening.

She had borne all she could, and was so worn out by sleepless nights, and mental pain, that she was obliged to go to bed, and let her nervous headache have full force. In a couple of hours her step-mother roused her from a brief doze. Mrs. Lang was going with the two guests, who had not left that noon, to spend a couple of days with a mutual friend near Newburgh; had just received a letter, begging them to come at once, to meet sundry old acquaintances who had not been gathered together for years:

"But if you are ill, how can I?" suggested Mrs. Lang.

There was nothing the matter, Miriam averred; she would get up at once. But this her stepmother would not permit; Miriam was to lie still and rest; and Mrs. Lang kissed her good-by.

"Take care of Lina," were her last words.
"She is so flighty and imprudent, I never should dare leave her if you were not the wisest and dearest of girls." The state of the s

It was a little comfort to feel that she was prized by anybody; but she could not trust herself to talk. Until dusk she was left to herself;

then Lina came creeping in with a quietude she did not often display.

"I wouldn't disturb you before," she said. "Is your head better? I've told Jones to let us have dinner in your drassing-room. You'd better not go down stairs."

Such attention was unheard of; and, indeed, Lina's conduct during the whole evening was strangely different from her usual flighty manner. Nobody interrupted their tete-a-tete; Wal-y ton Dane did not call; but Lina expressed no surprise thereat; indeed, never mentioned his name; and Miriam, noticing her reticence, was not slow to assign a reason for it.

"It was still early, when Lina said,

"I'm tired to death, and there's no good of sitting up. I mean to tell Jones to put out the lights down stairs, and send the servants off to bed. Everybody has been so busy these last few days."

It was very kind and thoughtful, and Miriam was glad to see the change in her. She felt strangely tender of the spoiled, beautiful child, in spite of the reckless manner in which she had sought happiness at her sister's expense. She came up to Miriam to say good-night, and, of her own accord, stooped down and kissed her. Miriam drew the pretty creature closer, and looked wistfully into the girlish face, that had wrought such havoc to her peace. Some impulse she could not resist made her lay her hand on the golden-tressed forehead, and say,

"Good-night. God bless and keep my own dear sister."

Ordinarily, Lina would have received the benediction with a burst of laughter, irritating jests, or a show of impatience, according to her mood; but to-night, she was so altered from her ordinary self, that she astonished Miriam by a sudden burst of tears, clinging to her, and sobbing,

"I do love you, Miriam! I do love you! I'm sorry now 1 have tormented you so often; but you don't bear malice?"

"There is not a thought in my mind for you but tenderness," Miriam answered.

we" And you'll always say it—always feel it?" pursued Lina.

"Always. I promise; and you know I never break my word!"

In Miriam's strained, exalted mood, Lina's unusual demonstrativeness did not seem singular. She was only afraid that the girl would go on, and make full confession of the prize she had stolen, and Miriam could not listen yet.

"" You must go to bed now," she said. "Kiss me once more, and good-night, little sister."

Lina sobbed again for a few seconds, then

started to her feet, and ran abruptly out of the } room. Miriam undressed, and said her sorrowful prayers, which she tried in vain to make earnest and resigned. She had crept into bed, and was about extinguishing the lamp, when she was startled by seeing Lina stand by her side.

"Is there anything the matter?" she asked. Lina began to laugh almost hysterically.

"I'm an idiot!" cried she. "I don't know what ails me to-night, but I couldn't go-I mean, I couldn't sleep till I heard you say over that you loved me."

"I'll say that as many times as you like," Miriam answered, gently.

Lina laughed again, and turned to depart, came back and leaned over the pillow.

"I've been as bad as possible," she said, rapidly. "Because you have scolded me lately, and-and, as I fancied, you were trying to keep guard over me, I wanted to teaze you. I even tried to flirt with dear old Walton; but you don't mind? There, now I'll go, and let you alone. Good-night!"

She was gone, and left Miriam to remember that Walton had flung away honor, affection, all for nothing! As she had feared from the first, the butterfly had only been amusing herself. And now, in addition to her own pain, she must know that Walton suffered.

It was long before she slept; but at last she fell into a troubled slumber, from which she was wakened by a sudden noise. The clock on the mantle was striking twelve. She tried to think it was that sound which had roused her, but in an instant the noise disturbed her anew; it was like the stealthy opening and shutting of a door, then a step-she knew she heard a step.

Only Jones, perhaps. There might be a score of good reasons; but she must discover what it was. She was out of bed in a flash—the lamp lighted-portions of her dress put hurriedly on. Then a noise from without, steps and voices on the gravel.

Miriam ran to the window, cautiously parted the curtains, and peered out. The moon was shining brightly; it showed her a carriage drawing up near the entrance to the house-road. She bent further over, so as to command a view of the lawn. The rays fell upon a woman's form standing muffled in a cloak, and beside her a man-that man was Walton Dane.

In one instant she understood the whole-he and Lina were going to elope! His absence; Lina's strange conduct of the evening, were all accounted for. They had not courage to face the consequences of their duplicity. They

when they were too far away to hear either reproach or be witness of the trouble they had occasioned.

Her first thought was to let them go. Then she remembered how sorry a picture it would make for them both—the disgrace of a runaway-match -her step-mother's trouble-the world of worry and mortification to all concerned. She must confront them; tell them quietly there was no necessity for proceeding to each extremities. They were welcome to their happiness, only let them be willing to accept it with such show of decorum as they could muster, instead of stealing away like thieves, who had just robbed the plate-chest!

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, caught up the lamp, and ran down stairs. The front door was locked, the door into the breakfastroom open; a-rush of air told her that the window which gave on the lawn was ajar. She set the light down, and hurried on. Another instant and she stood so close to the pair that she could have touched them, at the same instant a prolonged whistle cut shrill and sharp through the air.

"Let me alone! Let me go! How dare you stop me!" Lina was crying in an insane fury. "Oh, if I had a knife in my hand, I'd kill you, Walton Dane!"

"You shall not go! My poor girl! you shall be saved in spite of yourself!" he answered. "Come back! or I will pull the bell, and bring the whole house upon us!"

"Walton! Lina!" exclaimed Miriam.

They both turned. Lina fairly shrieked with rage, and Walton cried out,

"Thank God! Take care of this crazy creature. I'll be back in a moment."

Miriam saw another man appear near the gate -saw Walton rush frantically toward him-was instinctively holding fast to Lina, who struggled and moaned, pleading and upbraiding all in a breath. But Miriam held her fast. The two men disappeared. There was a sound of several quick, heavy blows-the snap of a strong stickbroken murmurs of men's voices; then the echo of carriage-wheels rolling rapidly away; another moment and Walton was back.

He picked Lina up as if she had been a baby, and carried her into the house, utterly regardless of her struggles, though in her fury she spared neither tooth or nail.

Once in the breakfast-room, he set her down. and brought the lamp Miriam had left in the passage. It showed the elder sister standing, white and still in the center of the room, and meant to fly and let the truth be discovered Lina huddled in a miserable heap on the sofa.

- "Help her to bed, Miriam," he said, calmly. "Don't dare to touch me!" cried Lina, start-
- "If your make a noise and rouse the servants, you will be sorry," returned Walton: "If you had only kept your promise to me, you might have been spaced this mortification. I brought back from town the proofs of that man's utter worthlessness and infamy."

"I don't believe a word of it," retorted she, defiantly. "I'll marry Edgar More, in spite of you both-a pair of-" Her voice died in a passion of angry sobs.

"Then you will marry a professional gambler; a man who has been three months in prison in San Francisco as a common thie, and swindler," pursued Walton.

"I don't believe it-I won't!"

"Miriam, read those," said Walton, and he placed in her hands two papers, which she mechanically read aloud-the deposition of a wellknown California judge.

There was a moment's silence, broken by Lina's running out of the room. They heard her ascend the stairs, and lock herself into her chamber. Then Walton turned to his betrothed, and briefly told the story of the past fortnight. He had been moving heaven and earth to break off the entanglement between Lina and that man, without letting either Miriam or her mother know of it.

"I even took the letters she wrote him and hid in the oak tree," he said. "She had promised me not to see him again until I at least gave her my proofs of his ill conduct. I knew the letters reached New York by the steamer. I was detained so that I could not get back till give it utterance, and sue for pardon.

late. By a happy accident I met More, saw the carriage, and understood that the crazy girl meant to run away with him. I got here first, caught her as she came out of the house. Well, I think, after his little punishment, he'll not trouble us further."

Another moment, and Miriam was sobbing on his breast. She could not rest till she had told the whole story of her unworthy doubts-bared her heart before him, and received full pardon for the wrong she had done his truth.

The only penance Walton exacted was that their marriage should take place at once. He would not trust her alone for another fortnight even; and Miriam had no arguments left wherewith to combat his determination.

In the hurry and confusion of the next two weeks, Lina recovered her audacious spirits, and literally forgot her disappointment and mortification. She was to go with her mother to Europe, as soon as the wedding was over, and, in the brilliant dreams the prospect called up, quite put that summer love affair out of her mind, with the facility common to her sort.

But when the new-made husband and wife were going away, she did have the grace to show a little feeling, and whispered through her

"I'm sorry, and I'll never be foolish againonly do love me !"

They could easily promise. Life had bloomed into such beauty, it was easy to forgive and cherish her as she desired! But Miriam never forget that the greatest sin we can commit toward one who loves us, is to keep a doubt hidden, even for an instant, in our hearts, however hard to

STANZAS.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

THAT youthful face, that brow so fair, Crowned with its clustering, sunny hair; That graceful, stately head; They tell me-but it cannot be-That thou, in death's dread mystery Art wrapped—art dead!

That from those lips no fond caress, Though steeped in deepest tenderness, Can now an answer wake. The most impassioned prayer of love, That loyal heart can no more move, Nor its deep slumber break !

Close folded down the fringed lid Ves, Over the dark and tender eyes; Vanished the light they wore:

But, surely, o'er the silent stream, Our beacon bright, those eyes will beam From off the "other shoro."

Thou dead? No! no! for even yet Thy voice to boyish laughter set, Seems filling all the air; And echoing through the wide, old hall, Comes mingling with the bounding fall Of light feet on the stair.

Undimmed the glory of thy face! Yet in its beauty lay a trace Of warning given. The fairest are too frail to stray Long o'er this dreary, earthly way, Long out of Heaven.

A WIFE, YET NOT A WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 112.

CHAPTER XV.

Joe was a coward. He had no help to give, and some secret reason made him avoid her in her pain. He called the landlady, a quiet, old, country-bred woman.

"She has heard some ill news. Be kind to her, and let nobody ask her questions," he said.

"I have no gossips about me," she answered, curtly. But, when she looked at Mrs. Biddle, she lifted the poor little woman up as tenderly as she would a baby. Ally had one of those weak, appealing faces, that perpetually ask for care and petting, and never fail to receive it.

Then Simms, after waiting to hear that she had revived, went out to find a certain old friend of his, and bring him to her. Joe had not imbibed the modern popular contempt for the clergy. In his eyes they were all men of God, better fitted than ordinary mortals to deal with any human pain. And this old man had held Joe in his arms when he was a baby—catechised, christened him; lectured him with stinging satire, all through his idle, gawking boyhood, as he eyed, as boys do, men's vices. Some of his stern, sharp sayings burned in Joe's memory yet like coals of fire. The old man was rough with men.

"But with her, he'll be tender as his Master," thought Simms, as he limped up to the parsonage gate.

Mr. Benner came to the door himself to open it. He was a tall, shabbily-dressed man, with bent shoulders, and a large-featured, dark, anxious face. It lighted up with a smile, not like a woman's, for it owned a strong tenderness such as a woman's face never shows.

"Why, my boy! Come in, come in! How goes it, Joe? I received your letter. I looked for you all day," and hurried him in.

Joe told his story in a few moments—told the whole of it. If there were any cure or help in this desperate strait, he was sure to find it here. "I want you to help her, sir," he said, standing straight on his one foot, and pressing his hands together. "There's nobody on this earth that seems to me to come so close to God as you. You have known all the troubles of my life, and helped me with them. I want you to help her."

The old man looked up suddenly. "This lady

was Alison Ferrars?" with a significant comprehension in his face.

14 Yes." Joe's face grew scarlet.

"So, so! I'm sorry for you, Joe. But it is the other woman whose lot is the hardest." He was drawing on his overcoat as he spoke.

"Sarah Webb! She has lost nothing! She has triumphed. It is Alison who is left deserted and childless to-night. You forget, sir."

" "No. But I know this Biddle. He will come back to his wife. He is a mere rag of a man, in spite of his big body and resolute talk."

"You do not think he knew of her safety, then?"

"Assuredly not. He has not the face to commit a great crime. Come; I am ready. We will do the best we can. That is little enough. No trains will go out until morning. You shall go on to Buffalo then, and I will take Mrs. Biddle to New York. On one track or the other we will find them, and trust to God for the rest."

It was a matter, Joe thought, with which God as yet had had but little to do. The devil had been the only power at work so far. How could Joe know that Satan himself came and went now, as in the days of Job, commissioned to test and try the sons of men; that no temptation had been set in the way of the guilty woman, without power being given to her to resist it, if she had so willed.

When they reached the hotel, they found the old landlady standing at a window in the hall, close to Ally's room. Her eyes were reddened with crying.

"She will not see any one, not even you, friend Benner," holding out her hand respectfully, as she recognized him. "Her pain is very great, poor child, whatever is the cause."

"But you must go in, sir. She must have advice and comfort," urged Joe, impatient as a boy.

"She lies in a stupor, and motions me away, when I come near her."

"Advice and comfort would weigh for very little with her to-night, Joe. Every heart must taste its own bitterness alone. Sympathy is a poor matter after all. In the morning I may perhaps act for her."

It was unnatural for Alison to refuse sym-

pathy, as Joe well knew. There was not one whit of heroic stoicism about her. When her finger ached at home, the whole household were summoned to help her to bear it. She had never had a tooth pulled, that it was not held as a catastrophe by all of her acquaintance, and a subject for unlimited talk, and fussing, and petting. The picture of her lying white and still, alone with this mortal grief upon her, appalled him. He told Mr. Benner what he feared; but the old man did not move.

"I will not force myself upon her, if she does not wish it. A great pain is like a disease that touches the vitals; it often seems to change the very nature of the patient. Let her be alone until morning."

When morning came, it seemed as though the old man had been correct in his judgment. He was with Joe in a waiting-room, when the door opened, and Alison came in. The color had all gone from her face; but she was composed and grave; a different woman, Joe felt, from the old Ally he had known.

She went straight up to the old man, looked at him keenly a moment, and then held out her hand.

"I heard you were here, and wished to help me. I am glad you came; I need help," she said, apparently without any emotion.

Mr. Benner caught her mood at once. He expressed no sympathy. "This is what I proposed, Mrs. Biddle, that Mr. Simms should take the next train to Buffalo, and I, if you would allow me, would accompany you to New York. In either case, we will overtake your husband."

"Overtake my husband? You do not understand. He is married. He has another wife."
"I know it, madam."

"Then you must know that I can have no wish to overtake them."

"You do not mean to give him up!"cried Joe.
"He has given me up," still keeping her eye
fixed on Mr. Benner. "Robert Biddle shall
never look upon my face again,"

"He thought you were dead, Alison," faltered Joe.

"Whether dead or living, he gave me up. He has another woman's kisses on his lips. Do you think he can come back to me?"

"My dear young lady," said the old man, gently, laying his hand on her head.

But she stopped him.

"Do not talk to me of my husband further. I know what is right to do." Her eyes wandered about the room, and there was a vagueness in them that kept Mr. Benner wisely silent. He noted, too, as Joe did not, under her apparent

stolidity, the dull, discolored marking of her face, and a tremor of the muscles, that boded no good. She stood closer, asking him, in a shrill, fierce whisper,

"Did you know they had Jenny? I must have Jenny!"

"You must have the child, certainly, in any case," he said, soothingly. "But to get her you must follow them."

She stood silent for a while, the shadows of terrible emotions falling on her face; but only the shadows. Ally was too weak a woman to suffer as her rival would have done in her place.

"It would kill me to see them together," she said. "But I must have Jenny!"

Mr. Benner drew Joe aside. "Inquire how soon the train starts. I will see that she is ready. Only constant action can keep her safe, and the thought of the child. It is the brain that is threatened. It is unnatural for any woman to give up her husband in this way."

But Ally's brain was as clear as his own. Even Joe did not comprehend that she had actually given up Robert Biddle forever. A woman of more intellect and strength of love would have resented her wrong more passionately, and afterward have pardoned the offender. Ally, like all gentle, sweet-tempered women, was obstinate and implacable. She would never take her husband into his old place in her heart; but she could not leave it empty. She tried to fill it with Jenny.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THERE is no better place to lose oneself than in a great city," Sarah had rung into Biddle's ears, from the time of their leaving Carlisle. "We will never be safe until we reach New York." But Biddle doubted, and queried, and changed his mind half-a-dozen times. Was it, after all, best to accept the place in Illinois? He had not decided; he must have time for deliberation. She was rushing him headlong into the matter-very likely into destruction. How could he tell? Women were always impetuous; lacked judgment utterly, so far as business was concerned. Besides, this skulking about; going into what ought to be his legitimate work like a thief in the dark, was not altogether to his taste. He had hoped, with every year, to lead a higher, more honorable life, instead of- "And I should have expected, Sarah," fixing his eyes steadily on her, "that you would have aided me in that endeavor."

She winced under this visibly. They were sitting opposite to each other in a railroad car, when he said it, and for all the said it, and for all the said it, and for all the said it.

Vol. LXII.-13

When he had dropped off into a doze, she sat looking steadfastly at his broad, heavy face.

She had meant to be his good angel, and she was leading him down the road both to dishonor and to crime.

"But I love you so. I love you!" she said, inaudibly, touching his hand timidly, as it lay on her knee.

She had no other excuse to offer her own soul than that; and the more savage its upbraidings were the more steadily she closed her thin lips, and went on her way, inexorable.

Twice Biddle had stopped over night at waystations for the purpose of writing back to his employers a full statement of the offer made him. and his determination to decline it. The truth was, that, for the sake of profit, in his secret soul, he wanted to accept it; but the incessant urging of his new wife was intolerable to him She did not know her place; he was no child to be dictated to by a woman. Poor, dear Ally had always had the sense to see that. So he reasoned Sarah, on her part, had ceased to reason. If one of these threatened letters disclosed their whereabouts at home, the next mail would bring the tidings of Ally's return to life. That was the sole fact that stared her blankly in the face. In the constant terror of it she lost all tact and discretion. At times she was tempted to throw herself before him, and confess the truth, and urge him to be true to her. But would he be true? That was a question which she could not answer. This man of gigantic intellect, out of whom she had manufactured for herself a god, was, she dully felt now, when she was brought near to him, drawn here and there by the most trivial threads was at once whimsical and obstinate. Such a journey as Sarah's, with an avenging Nemesis behind her, is enough for most women, without dragging a male out of peril also.

She grew wearied at last, and, in desperation, resolved to remain passive, and let Providence, or the devil, do with them what they would They were in a hotel then at a way-station Jenny climbed into her father's arms.

"Where are we going, papa?"

"Ask your mother, child," with an irritable laugh. "She is the pioneer of this party."

"No, Robert," gently, taking his hand. "I have perhaps advised you too much. If you think best forgus to return, I am willing."

Biddle's countenance suddenly cleared. "Go back! Nothing of the kind! I've been deliberating about it, silently, and have determined, once for all, to leave the village. We'll lose ourselves in Illinois, for the particle is always luck will do for us there.

welcome, dear; but a man must decide for himself, you know," with a fond, patronizing caress.

Sarah leaned her head against his shoulder, with a murmur of content. Fate had decided for her. Fate! She gave it no other name.

The next day they went direct to New York. Biddle, no longer feeling his wife's direction, followed it implicitly. Owing to their several delays, they reached the city three days after Mr. Benner with Alison, who, after searching in the hotel registrars for them, had gone to Philadelphia

As they drove up from the ferry, Sarah said, timidly, "You are going to an hotel? There will be no danger of detection there."

Robert had intended to do so, but now he answered, promptly, "Why, the arrivals are published every morning, child! In an hour I would have my old correspondents in the trade all about me, or run against somebody from the village. No. I know of a quiet boarding-house, where we are going. By-the-way, I forgot to give the address to the driver."

She smiled bitterly as he pulled the checkstring. She had found the way to govern him, through his perverseness; but the way was distasteful to her.

It was a quiet and small house to which he took her, kept by a Quaker lady; the only inmates two or three men of business, who attended to their own affairs; no prying, sympathizing female eyes to take an interest in "the bride," and peer too curiously into her history.

Her parlor was large and sunny; the backwindows opened on the bay. For the first two days Biddle remained closely at home, sending a messenger for the letters, which were in the office for him. Among these was one from Hernshaw, forwarded from the village, urging him to come on without delay.

"My mind's made up," he said, for the twentieth time. "I'll go, Sarah." Now, however, he really seemed to mean what he said. He replied to Hernshaw, accepting his offer, and then set himself to the composition of a letter to his employers at home, stating that he had received an offer from Russia, so tempting that he could not refuse it, and would sail in the steamer leaving that week for Calais. In spite of her agony of suspense, Sarah could not but be amused at the high pressure of excitement under which this missive was composed. One minute his conscience asserting itself, in groans and muttered oaths, over the "damnable lie;" the next, breaking out into a chuckle of satisfaction of having outwitted the men at home. The latter feeling advice is always | happened to be uppermost as it was finished.

"Messrs. Warrendon & Co.," directing the envelope in his careful, square chirography, and looking at it, his head on one side. "There! The whole plan is very neatly conceived and carried out, Sarah, I flatter myself," wafering the envelope with a nod of triumph. "So! that matter is disposed of."

"I will give it to the servant, to have it posted," rising and taking up the letter with trembling fingers.

"There is no haste. Well, as you please, my dear." But, unknown to him, she went out hersell with the letter. The nearest station was but a few doors away. She dropped it in; and then came home. He was still sitting on the chintz sofa, facing the clear, glowing fire. The late sunset glittered over the broad bay, and lighted the western windows with a flame. Jenny lay half asleep on the rug. 'Sarah Webb sat down close beside her husband. He was her husband. She was almost secure of him. In the morning they would leave New Nork, and then all danger was over forever.

That hour, curiously enough, was full of quiet, deep tenderness and happiness to the woman. Love, after all, was stronger with her than her rigid, inexorable conscience, or fear of detection. This man, who was so dear to her every sense and thought, was nearer and more real than the far-off heaven and God, or the dread of halfcredited, eternal punishments hereafter.

The fire burned softly. The red glow of the sun shone more and more dimly on the wide sheet of water without, as they sat quietly together in the twilight. Meanwhile, they did not hear the footsteps, that far-off through the hurrying crowd, came closer and closer to them, with the certainty of fate.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE red light had faded out into a melancholy gray. The fire threw a less cheerful glow about the room. A servant tapped at the door, presently, and, coming in, spread the tea-table, and lighted the gas. She was a Frenchwoman, and. just before she went out, with a pleasant smile, she placed a vase of violets beside Sarah.

"Flowers for madame, and the evening paper monsieur."

Sarah caught at the still damp sheet, and turned to the hotel-lists on the inner page, while Robert took up the tiny vase.

"How delicious this perfume is! You forgot to thank the woman, my dear. A very clever, obliging girl, I notice."

as it looked, then stopped. " C. Benner, Car-Mrs. Robert Biddle."

Now that the danger was upon her, she was cool and tranquil, just as a soldier feels his nerves tighten and brace as he grapples with the foe. She comprehended the situation in all its bearings. Simms had encountered Ally on the platform, that she had herself seen; but, instead of taking her back to the village, had sent her on with this man, Benner, to overtake them.

"But it is useless!" her eye dilating with triumph. "She has no clue to us, and, by to-morrow morning, we will be on our way to Illinois!" She tore the paper carelessly, throwing it, bit by bit, into the fire. "We will take an early train, Robert ?"

"Yes. I suppose so. Though I heard to-day there was a man in the city, whom I would very much like to see. A clergyman; Benner, from Carlisle. Why, you are burning the evening paper, Sarah!"

"Oh, I am sorry! I am horribly careless! But the first page is uninjured. This man, Benner, you said ?"

"I always like to read the whole of a paper," testily. "Yes, he came last night, and is stopping at a house down town. I met Scott, an old acquaintance, on the street to-day, and he spoke of it as an odd coincidence, that Benner should have called on him this morning to find out my whereabouts, if possible. He had business of importance with me, which he did not tell to Scott."

"You gave your address to Scott for him?" quietly.

"Yes, I did," anxiously. "I did not think that was violating our intention of secrecy. Benner is from Carlisle, you know, and I'll tell him the same story about Russia. Besides, there are several little matters at home, which I forgot to settle in my letter, and I can mention them to Benner-make him a sort of agent, in fact. He is a most reliable, conscientious man. Shall we have our tea now?"

"A reliable man," she repeated, mechanically. "Will he be here to-night?"

"How on earth can I tell? That depends altogether on what his business is with me, or his opinion of its importance. If he does not come to-night, we will see him, no doubt, in the morning. Come, Jenny, mother will give you some bread and butter."

Jenny got up fretting, and sat down by the table. The meals were always long. Biddle ate leisurely, as he did everything, and was fond of talking over the events of the day at supper. Down the long list her eye ran, half-blinded He poured out his own tea, this evening, as usual,

sweetening it himself. It was a little thing; but it had stung Sarah to the quick, when they were first married, to find that he had remembered Ally's childish entreaty, that no one should ever do this after she was gone—and that he meant still to regard it. To-night it had a fresh and bitter significance.

"He keeps her place open for her, though he thinks her dead. She is alive; she is coming to claim it. She may be at the door even now."

Sitting at the cheerful table, smiling as Biddle talked, bending over Jenny to satisfy her incessant wants, it seemed to her that hours had passed. She felt, perhaps, the desperate "pluck" which mans the murderer, waiting for the summons to death. The door-bell rang again and again. Her unnaturally-quickened hearing detected every word spoken, even the far-off foot-falls on the pavement.

Biddle sipped, and sipped at his tea. "This tea has a most delicate flavor. Sarah, I will buy some of it in the morning to take with us."

"You will wait to see Benner, then?"

"I think so. Unless he calls to-night. You are eating nothing, my dear. Try these croquettes; they are delicious."

While she waited, listening with the same set smile immovable on her face, he began to discuss some book he had been reading. Mulish, and dull, and slow, as Biddle was, in his personal relations, he had a keen, delicate taste, in matters of books and art. He had strong ideas, and piquant words to express them.

She was conscious of this, even at that imminent moment. Her brain never had been so keen in its instincts. She noted every fine point of thought, every delicacy of expression. He was hers. Every intellectual talent, every passion and sympathy, linked them together—one flesh and one blood.

With that puny, silly woman, who was coming to claim him, he had not one feeling in common.

He hesitated, once or twice, glanced at her uneasily, and stopped at last. "Why do you look at me with such woeful, passionate eyes?" rising and going toward her.

"If I should lose you, Robert?"

"Tut, tut! How foolish and morbid you women grow!" kissing her carelessly. But the kiss was like fire to her chilled blood. It nerved her. She stood up, and smiled back at him, with brilliant, defiant eyes. There should not be defeat now. She had given her soul to win him. There was nothing she would not do rather than let him go—nothing.

Biddle was still sulking. "It is the confinement here that makes you gloomy and morbid.

I feel the effects of it myself. We will go out, to-night; we'll risk meeting people who know us. What do you say to it?" uncertainly, as usual. "The opera, or one of the theatres? It is so long since I have been to any place of amusement."

Here was a chance of salvation! If he were out of the way, and she could meet Ally, and this champion of hers alone, she could outwit them. So long as Biddle was ignorant that his wife lived, she felt that her strength and cunning was a match for all the world beside.

She answered eagerly. "You are quite right, Robert. Go, by all means. I cannot leave Jenny; but you need fresh air and relaxation. Go to the opera. It is so long since you have heard music that deserves the name."

"That is true. I do feel completely run down. Men need winding-up just as clocks do. What time is it? Past seven, eh? I believe I will go, Sarah; but," recollecting himself, "it was you who needed the change. You must stay to mope with Jenny. And then, if Benner comes? I forgot Benner."

"I will see him. I can postpone your business with him until morning. I cannot go. But there is no reason we both should be prisoners with Jenny."

"I wish we had left her at home. Well, if you insist on it; it seems horribly selfish in me. But you are always sacrificing yourself. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

He was pleased as a boy promised a holiday. Sarah could hear him in the adjoining chamber, while he dressed, tramping about, whistling and singing.

If he were but gone! Then she could find room to breathe. With him on one side, and Alison coming on the other, she felt the air stifled and choked.

He entered presently in evening dress. There was a certain heavy dignity, an air of authority in Robert Biddle, that made him, even to strangers, a noticeable man. But, in the eyes of this poor, purblind woman, he was like unto a God. He went over to Jenny, who was curled as usual on the sofa, and kissed her lightly, and then came up to Sarah, laughing, as he caught her look, fixed on him.

"You silly child! Confess now you think there is no man who looks the hero as does your husband." He stroked her soft, brown hair, adding, with a half sigh, "Nobody ever loved me as you have done, I think, Sarah."

"No, no one," passionately. "If you would but believe that, Robert, whatever comes."

"I do believe it. Well, good-night. It is too

bad to leave you here, as I said before. Make an appointment with Benner, if he calls, for to-morrow morning. I have made up my mind to take the early train. If he don't come before that time his business can go. I don't suppose it is of any moment after all. These clergymen make an affair of life and death out of every penny church-tax. Yes; I'm determined to take the early train, Benner or no Benner.

Sarah did not reply.

"Good-night, my love." He turned back to give her another kiss, more tenderly than was his wont. "You don't think me more selfish than other men, eh?" nodding and laughing back at the door, on the woman whose face he was never to see again.

She pressed her hands over her eyes, listening. The heavy steps sounded in the hall, on the steps, on the stone-pavement outside, and reached the intersecting street, and were lost. Then she looked up, the blood going from her heart with one paralyzing throb.

He was gone, and she was safe. A thousand plans came swarming in her brain to baffle Benner, if he came; and, in the morning, they would be gone.

The French maid came to remove the teathings, glanced, with quick eyes, at the child and at Sarah, seated before the fire. "Madame was triste—a little homesick, bride as she was," she thought; and said aloud, "shall I remove mademoiselle? It is time for her to sleep, madame?"

"No," she said, brusquely.

"I shall close the window, perhaps? The night air is damp from the water."

Sarah shook her head. The girl lowered the light, fancying the lady was inclined to sleep, or at least to meditate. As she was closing the door, Sarah stopped her.

"There have been no inquiries for Mr. Biddle this evening?"

"No, madame."

"If any gentleman comes alone, we are not at home. But if a lady is with him, admit her. You comprehend?"

"Perfectly, madame."

"Are there many persons in the house? I mean at this present moment?

The girl could not hide a surprised glance. "No, madame. Messieurs, the gentlemen boarders, do not return till late, and there are none of the servants but myself in the house, and Mrs. Halsted herself walks to the church. Unfortunately, madame desires assistance in some way, perhaps?"

"No. You can go."

The house was but two rooms deep at this side. The parlor in which Sarah sat was a back-room, with a low, French window opening directly over the waters of the bay; the chamber adjoining opened on the street, on the left side of the hall. She rose presently, and went into this room, which was in total darkness, but for the glimmer of the street-lamps outside. Stationing herself by the window, she could, unseen, watch the approach of any one from the street. The French maid, monarch of all she surveyed in the empty house, went up-stairs and down, singing to herself, and finally took up her position at the area-door, in the jauntiest of hats and cherry-colored ribbons, telegraphing and nodding to some of her companions at a door down the street. There were few passers-by; the street being a quiet one, occupied by dwellinghouses. A few lights twinkled in windows, here and there; but, as the evening darkened, even they went out; and it grew lonelier and drearier; a chilly wind whistled through the leafless maple-trees that lined the pavement, with a forboding sigh. Sarah shivered, and was drawing back, when she caught sight of a woman on the other side of the street, walking slowly up and down, and watching the house. A small woman, wrapped in a waterproof cloak.

Sarah drew a long breath, and set her teeth hard.

It had come then.

But the woman was in no haste to enter. She was watching the maid-servant, who ventured now and then a few steps down the street to gossip, and then as hurriedly returned. Sarah's instincts were keen.

"It is her child she has come for! She is trying to steal a look at it! Poor wretch!" For the moment she pitied Ally sincerely. She was a woman, after all.

The maid, grown bolder, at last wrapped a shawl about her, and going down to her friends, disappeared in the baker's shop. As soon as she was out of sight, the woman darted across the street, and entered the hall-door, which had been left ajar. Sarah let the window-curtain fall, and hid herself in the darkest corner of the chamber, from which she could look into the room where Jenny lay asleep. The gas was low and dimly lighted, the child on the couch. A chilly night wind blew in the open window from the bay; outside, the deep water plashed sullenly; far across its dark surface, a few lights glimmered from distant ships. The door into the hall opened softly; in a moment Alison Biddle, with stealthy steps, stood in the room. She did not see the child at first; peered about, breathing hard and quick. In that brief space Sarah had time to recognize the old face. There it was, with all the plump, pink and white, the saucy mouth, bright, shallow, blue eyes "that won my husband from me," she gritted fiercely between her teeth. "She went away to die, and she has come back strong and hearty. She will live for years—if nothing happens."

Were those last words her own thought, or did some one whisper them in her ear? They struck through her like a cold dart. With an impatient gesture, half shudder, half shrug, she crept closer to the open door.

At that instant Ally first saw her child.

Her action was so strange and unexpected that it startled the woman, who was watching her. She stood quite still, a tremor seeming to pass over her whole body; and then she began to approach it with a slow, noiseless movement, like an animal or bird magnetized and drawn half against its will.

Sarah Webb smiled contemptuously; yet the tears were in her eyes.

"How she loves that miserable little mite!" she muttered.

But when Ally touched her baby, she was her old self again. She caught it to her breast and cried, sobbed, laughed aloud, and then was suddenly silent, kissing its face, its dress, its feet; turning up the sleeves to look at the chubby little arms, curling the dark hair on her finger. She had evidently forgotten her husband, his wife—everything but the child.

After awhile she knelt, quite motionless, beside it, leaning her head on her hands. Sarah glanced at the clock. In an hour Robert Biddle would be at home,

"She will take my place, and I will be cast out. No woman on the street yonder will have a fouler state or name than mine. Unless.——."

What poisonous thoughts had entered her soul as she stood watching Robert Biddle's wife and child, no one can know, nor by what means they prevailed with her. But they had done their work. In her hand she held an air-pistol, which Biddle had bought that day; a mere toy, yet whose deadly work was noiseless and sure.

The task before her was easy and certain. They were alone in the house. No one had seen Alison enter; she had, in all probability, come without Mr. Benner's knowledge. They were alone in the house together.

She held the tiny instrument in her hand. A touch on the trigger would be enough, Without, the deep, silent water, that had concealed so many crimes, waited to hide hers.

She stood motionless a moment, then raised

her arm slowly. The long temptation; the battle between the right and passion had reached its close. It needed but a bend of her finger and Robert Biddle was hers for life. This puny woman had cheated and robbed her at every turn; it was justice to put her out of the way.

Yet there was a moment's pause. There was God above. Her finger bent on the trigger, and then——

With a sudden, passionate cry, she dashed it down, and, turning to the wall, covered her head with her arms.

A blank horror opened before her. It was not the loss of the man she loved; it was not the ruined life waiting for her after this night. She saw herself. She was an adulteress—in another moment a murderess. That Spirit, which no man can name, wrestled for her soul with the vice which had claimed it so long—wrestled and prevailed.

As Ally, startled by the cry, waited, holding her child to her breast, terrified and trembling, the chamber-door was opened, and Sarah Webb stood before her. She had fancied how, if they met, the guilty woman would cower and shrink out of her sight. But it was the innocent wife who quailed. Some dominant feeling upheld Sarah at the moment, and made her scarcely conscious of the evil she had wrought to her victim. Her own debased, degraded self, thrust out all other objects.

"You came for your child?" she said, with an unnatural calmness. "Take her, and go. Your husband will come to you."

"I-I," hesitated Ally.

"Go, at once! He will come to you. But I must send him. Can you not trust me to tell him? Don't you see that I must account to him for the child's absence?"

"You always thought me silly, but---"

A bitter smile came to Sarah's face, and then it blanched with an unnatural pallor. A moment before she had pitied the mother, crying over her child, but now utter loathing overcame her, of the paltry, pretty creature, who robbed her of happiness and love.

She turned from her. "My God, woman! won't you go?" fiercely wringing her hands. She could not trust herself. "Take her away! Take her away!" she prayed, under her breath, as she stood by the window, looking out into the night.

The damp winds blew into her face. The water swelled into angry waves.

When she turned, the room was vacant. Then she sat down, and waited for Robert Biddle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BIDDLE, on his way to the opera, encountered Mr. Benner. The clergyman had a sincere pity for the man. "He has sinned unknowingly," he said. "So has his wife. They are good, Christian people, led, through circumstances, into this terrible error. What is the best and clearest way out of it?"

Such were the questions perplexing the good man's mind, as he came down the city toward Biddle's boarding-house, after leaving Ally, as he thought, at home. When he met the man of whom he was in search on the street, he took him to a private room of a hotel they were passing, and then, with infinite tenderness and caution, broke the news to him. He was beyond measure astonished by the manner in which it was received. He had made no allowance for Biddle's ox-like slowness, and some other qualities of which he was ignorant.

"Ally alive! It can't be! It's impossible! Why my advices were minute and certain. Certain, sir. No doubt of them. You've been hoaxed, undoubtedly. People like to play such tricks on clergymen. They are always credulous. Why, do you suppose," breaking out with fresh energy, "that, if I'd thought it possible she could be living, I'd have married again?"

"No! No!" earnestly. "Be assured, Mr. Biddle, no one will censure you on that score. And yet I cannot hide the fact. Your wife is alive. She is with me in this city."

"Ally! In this city!" He was silent for a moment, all his old love rushing back and making him blind to everything else. "You're not mistaken?" putting his hand on Mr Benner's shoulder, and looking into his face with kindling eyes. "Ally alive! God help the child! She wasn't drowned, then? How is she? Is she strong again? Why she hasn't seen Jenny for two years. Where is she? Come! Come! Make haste, for God's sake!" starting up. But as he was rushing to the door, he stopped short, his lower jaw falling. "In Heaven's name! what's to be done with Sarah?"

Mr. Benner made no reply. Biddle turned his back on him, and stood by the fire. His case, the good old man thought, was the most pitiable he had ever known, with the blighted lives of two innocent and loving women to answer for.

"Why, I'm a ruined man, sir?" turning at

The last a countenance, yellow and haggard, on him.

"It's bigamy, Mr. Benner—bigamy! There's no other name for it. I'm liable to arrest this minute—imprisonment in the Penitentiary. My business is ruined forever by it. I would not dare to show my face in the village. I can't go to Hernshaw. Good God! what am I to do?"

"Your business does not appear to me to be the most important matter just now, Mr. Biddle; nor are you in danger of imprisonmet. Your wife——"

"Which of them?" with a savage laugh. "Of course, as a clergyman, you are not expected to understand business, or the law; but I tell you it's a state's-prison offence; and as for the business relations of a man liable to a criminal court, they're not worth that," snapping his fingers. "What took me to the cursed village, or made me mix myself up with a parcel of women? I made a vow against them when I was a boy, but—
I beg your pardon," suddenly pausing. "I was very fond of Ally, and of my wife—I mean—
Well, either of them were good, lovely women. But you must confess, I'm in a miserable strait."

"From which I hope your energy may deliver you, Mr. Biddle;" and with a formal bow, Benner walked coolly out of the room.

Biddle, for some time did not notice his absence. He sat with his legs stretched out, staring gloomily into the fire. It would be unjust to the man not to say that affection or pity for either of the women, whom he had unwittingly wronged, did not tug at his heart. But pain was intelerable to him. The complication was one that his slow wit could not unravel; disgrace, and worse than disgrace, ridicule, was impending. He started at last to his feet excitedly.

"I have it. Russia!" ringing at the bell frantically. "When does the steamer sail?" he asked, when a servant appeared.

"To-night, sir. Parties who were going on her left the house at seven o'clock."

Biddle broke into an oath. "Too late," he muttered. But he ran hastily down to the street, and, jumping into a cab, ordered it to the wharf. As it rattled over the streets, he counted over the chances. His money, thanks to his usual caution, was strapped around his person. The offer in Russia was still open for him. There he would be safe. His going would tally with the story he had already sent back to the village. When he was established there, he could send for—

"Ally. Yes, of course, it must be Ally. And the child. Poor Sarah! God help her! I wish I'd said a kinder good-by to her, to-night."

He reached the wharf. It was still crowded,

and lighted from the warehouses that lined the

"Where is La Periere?" he inquired of a boat-

"Yonder she lies; but in the offing. Out of reach, too."

Biddle measured the distance, and felt it almost impracticable

"Have you a stanch boat?"

The man nodded

"A hundred dollars if you take me to her."

The fellow scanned him quickly, from head to foot. The evening-dress, the sunken eyes, the nervous gnawing of the mustache. "One of the high-flyers that the police are after." he said.

"It's at the risk of yer life, Mr .--- The bay's mighty rough to-night."

"No matter. Where's the boat?"

The man followed him slowly. There was not much real danger. A hundred dollars was more than he could make in a month. Something might be made to-morrow, by putting the police on his track; and, in odd opposition to this last motive, was a lurking pity for the poor wretch, flying from some pursuing misery.

"I'll take ye. Here's the boat. Step in."

A few strokes of the oars sent her swaying out on the rough swell beyond the twinkling of the lights.

"The water is heavier than I thought," said Biddle, after they had pulled some way.

The boatman nodded gravely. "Yes, its risin, and the cussed steamer's movin' off. However, we'll do what we can."

In a moment the boat was lost in the thick darkness, and a glimmer here and there of a red light was all that remained to Biddle of his native land.

would be but an hour-a moment, in which she could yet look at him, or hear his voice. Yet that moment seemed to her all that was left of life.

Morning dawned. The fire had gone out. Gray and cold, the sickly light struck in the still open window. The house was astir. The French maid came in presently, swept up the hearth, and re-lighted the fire, all in perfect silence, but with curious, stealthy glances at the wan, waiting figure in the great easy-chair. Presently she laid a morning paper on the table. For the first time Sarah stirred. Some strange instinct. made her take it up, and run her eye through the local columns, till it rested on the following paragraph,

"A man, name unknown, was drowned last night, in attempting to reach the out-going steamer La Periere, as she lay in the offing. The boat was upset, and the boatman, with difficulty, saved his own life. He states that his passenger had the dress and demeanor of a gentleman, and appeared to be laboring under some strong excitement.

Sarah stood up, folding the paper into the old creases. "That is the end," she said, looking out at the sheet of cold, glittering water, under which he lay. "That is the end!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE old Ferrer house, now that years have passed away, is one of the cheerfullest in the village. The old, sad story has almost died out of remembrance. Ally is a middle-aged woman, as fair, and plump, and easy-going as in her youth. There is no kinder neighbor, or more indulgent mother, or tenderer wife in the county For she is a wife Her eyes were opened at last, and loyal, long-suffering Joe had his reward. The drug-shop is as glittering and many-colored as ever. There the gossips congregate; there everybody brings their jokes to be laughed at, and their sorrows to be cured, and Joe, a little portlier, as to build, a little grayer in the hair and whiskers, is still the clear-sighted, genial helper, the friend and center of the village. When he limps home in the evenings, some nods a cheerful good-night to him from every door; and Ally, in her soft, dainty dress, her half-adozen boys and girls about her, is waiting at the end of the sane to walk up the hill with him. So, leaning on each other, they disappear together into the bright, warm home, and the door closes on them.

There is a woman, whose name is never men-All night Sarah sat and waited for him. It tioned in the village, even by the all-forgiving, kind-hearted Joe. She is one who, they think, committed a great crime, and is better forgotten.

Far out, in a Western village, she lies asleep now, among the few who rest in the new, shady little church-yard. The people there keep her name continually in remembrance; and, for the sake of the dear soul her poor body held, even the overworked farmer's wives spare time to pull the weeds away, and plant flowers on the spot where it lies. A sad, solitary woman, they tell you, but the kindest, helpfullest friend they ever knew.

And He, who knew her best, judged her as .. neither this saint, nor this sinner, but a poor woman, who was sorely tried, and, by His help, conquered at the last.

In His keeping let us leave her.

IN A LINEN-CLOSET.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"The light is not worth the candle," said Heyward Somers, to himself, giving his segar an impatient puff, and glancing with an air of would-be indifference toward a slight, girlish figure knocking the croquet-balls at the other side of the lawn; a glance which, to a keen observer, betokened anything but the calm stoicism which he persuaded himself he had attained.

But, alas! for poor human nature! No sooner had he determined that Kathleen Clare was the most fickle and capricious of her sex, and settled the question that a girl who had quarreled with him four times in a week, was hardly calculated to make an obedient Mrs. Somers, in futuro, than he reversed his decision as rapidly as he had made it, upon seeing Tom Archer go down the steps and join that perverse young woman.

Kathleen's fresh, young face was as changeful as her temper; and, perhaps, a little of the pain and anger which her encounter with Heyward Somers' prejudices had caused her, looked out of her great, soft eyes, as she tossed down her mallet, and said,

"Going for a walk, Mr. Archer? Don't you want to ask me to go with you?" Her clear voice reached the ears of the party sitting on the piazza, and, after the manner of their sex, the women exchanged charitable glances, which said, "Did you ever hear anything like that, my dear?" as Tom offered his arm to the girl, and they disappeared down the path.

The party were some fashionable folk, staying at one of the lovely towns which line the shore of the Sound; and they carried their airs and elegancies with them, pretty generally, and their plots and machinations as well.

Kathleen was there with her sister, a beautiful, heartless dame, whose principal object was to marry the girl off as speedily as possible—she being one of those married belles who could brook no rival near her throne. They were orphans, and Mrs. Wellford had left Kathleen at a school in Geneva, (while she enjoyed life in Paris,) as long as it was possible to keep the girl in short dresses, and was by no means as much gratified as she should have been at the furore which her sister created last winter, when she had brought her out first in Paris, and then in New York.

Tom Archer deserves a paragraph to himself,

and as he happens to be a favorite of mine, he shall have it. He was one of Fortune's favorites as well, for two maiden aunts had obligingly departed this life just as Tom attained his majority, and with equal complaisance, (having quarreled with all their relatives, and finally with each other,) bequeathed their hoards to their well-beloved nephew. As for personal advantages, Tom had none; with the exception of a fine, muscular figure, and a certain easy dignity of carriage, he was positively ugly. But he was a gentlemen, every inch of him, and possessed an honest, warm heart, which other men loved and respected; a heart which, if Heyward Somers could have purchased, to add to his splendid physique, would have made him in reality the piece of perfection that most women fondly persisted in imagining him to be.

Of course, with his fortune and assured position in society, Tom was courted; he was sure to be sought for his gilded value, had he possessed the snaky locks of Medusa, instead of his very ordinary reddish-brown hair. And he was shrewd enough to appreciate this. He had a loyal reverence for women hidden away in his soul: and that very fact made him distrustful of himself, and skeptical as to his chances of winning affection. Of late, Tom's distrustfulness had grown into a sort of hopeless despair, for, without any preparation or warning, treacherous Dame Fortune had thrown him into close acquaintance with Kathleen, and the result was that he had fallen as desperately in love as it was possible for a man to be.

Between Kathleen and Heyward Somers there had been for two months a sort of tacit, unacknowledged engagement. Somers piqued himself upon never having proposed to a woman; and this very boast had roused Kathleen's dangerous familiar, and made her vow that he should go further than mere flirting with her. She liked him dearly, this girl with the impulsive, undisciplined nature; almost loved him-but not quite. She persuaded herself that she did, and this very afternoon her heart was penitent within her, and she said over to herself the winning, half-saucy speech with which she would soothe Heyward to-morrow. Said it with some secret amusement, too, for-Ah, well! perhaps she was half afraid to use plummit and line in the shallow water of Heyward Somers' soul; she tried to convince herself that he was all she imagined, and generously laid his short-comings at the door of her own faulty, capricious temper.

"Well," said Tom, breaking silence abruptly, and looking keenly at the downcast face at his side, "What is your conclusion about the matter?"

"That I'm the worst-tempered woman in the world," said she, divided between jest and earnest.

"One of the worst, you mean," corrected he, gravely.

"I suppose I should thank you for the amendment," she said, doubtfully. He laughed, outright.

"Then you don't think so illy of yourself after all? Miss Kathleen, what a child you are. Petulant, capricious, and—dear me! I do believe I was on the point of reading you a lecture."

"It sounds like it," said she, turning such a pair of soft eyes upon him that the man was disarmed at once.

"You're quite right; but nobody thinks me such a contradiction as I do myself. I'm a horrid little wretch—but I'm only nineteen, and I've no mother."

What ailed Kathleen that day! Such a flood of pity for the beautiful, lonely girl rushed over Tom Archer that he was tempted to make a fool of himself on the spot.

"Don't, Kathleen," he said, wincing as if under a blow. "I want to help you-may I, darling?"

The last word tumbled out almost unawares, and the instant Kathleen heard it she knew Tom's secret. But whatever she meant to answer him was never uttered, for a step sounded on the path, and a voice behind them said, with a strong, foreign accent,

"Pardon, monsieur; is the residence of M. Paul Macdonald near at hand?"

Tom turned about, looked at the questioner, stared, and was so struck with the stranger's appearance that he stood dumb for half a minute. He was a Frenchman or an Italian, it was difficult to determine which, of slight but elegant figure, and a face of absolute and perfect beauty. The eyes that glanced so carelessly at Tom were the long, lovely almond eyes of the Southern races, liquid and expressive; certainly, there seemed no reason for the sudden distrust that came over Tom, or the half-defined idea that he had seen the face before, with different surroundings.

"The Macdonalds," said Tom, but he was interrupted by Kathleen's low exclamation, "Victor!"

The stranger made a step toward her, then drew back, bowing courteously, but coldly.

"Mademoiselle mistakes," he said, gently fixing his dark eyes on the girl's white face, with a meaning look. The blood rushed into Kathleen's cheeks as swiftly as it had left them.

"I certainly have no reason to desire renewing my acquaintance with M. le Comte de Valdor," she said rapidly, in French.

"What folly!" said the stranger, in Italian, with a barely perceptible glance in the direction of Tom Archer.

"Have you learned no discretion, cara? Present me to thy friend, amazed."

There was a shade of command in the voice, which made Tom long to knock the speaker down; he noticed that Kathleen's hand trembled as she raised her handkerchief to her lips.

"I beg Mr. Archer's pardon," she said, with a bitter smile; "let me present the Comte de Valdor, an acquaintance of mine at Geneva. I have altered so much as to be beyond his recognition."

"Mademoiselle must be more generous to my stupidity," said the Frenchman, bowing in response to Tom's rather stiff salutation. "I am of men the most miserable at my gaucherie. Monsieur, intercede pardon for me."

"Are you going to visit the Macdonalds, Comte?" said Kathleen, brusquely.

"I have that honor," returned the imperturbable stranger.

"Then may I beg you to excuse Mr. Archer and me? The house is just before you; we will resume our walk."

Nothing could exceed the haughty insolence of her tone. Tom glanced at the girl in perfect amazement. But there was no resentment in Valdor's polite acceptance of his dismissal; indeed, Tom could have sworn he saw lurking amusement in his smile, as he left them.

"I don't know what to say to you, Mr. Archer," began Kathleen, hurriedly. "You are thinking all sorts of dreadful things of me, no doubt."

"No," said Tom, quietly. "But I am sorry that you did not know that I speak Italian almost as well as I do French." Kathleen's color changed.

"I hate that man!" she cried, passionately. For a moment she half-resolved to tell Tom the whole story of her acquaintance with Valdor; then she remembered Heyward Somers, and felt, instinctively, that she had no right to make a confidant of any man but him, so she drew a long breath, and began again.

"I knew him at Geneva, when I was at

school," she said. "Mr. Archer, please don't look so pained. I'm in a dreadfully false position. I can't explain it. Do have a little faith in me." Her voice trembled; she looked so child-like in her distress that Tom fell more desperately in love than ever.

"I won't ask you a question," said he. "But that fellow looks troublesome. Promise me, if there is anything which I can do to help you, you will let me know?" And Kathleen promised, and then they went back to the house, and found Valdor installed comfortably on the piazza, devoting himself to Mrs. Macdonald.

Victor, seventh Comte de Valdor, was a thoroughly bad, unprincipled man. His ancient name gave him the entree into the first circles in Paris, and there honest Paul Macdonald had met him, and been so charmed with his fascinating manners and handsome face, that he had given Valdor a bluff, hearty invitation to visit him in America. And the time had come now when Valdor could only retrieve his ruined fortunes by a grand coup, so he bethought himself of the beautiful young girl whom fate had been cruel enough to throw in his way one summer at Geneva, and about whose charms hung a rumor of heiress-ship. Kathleen would have opened her innocent brown eyes in wonderment could she have seen the triumphant smile with which Valdor placed in his trunk a little packet of six letters, written in her pretty, school-girl hand, and tied with a bit of rose-colored ribbon.

But before three days had passed, Kathleen began to feel as if a net was closing around her. Somers had thought better of quarreling with her, and was only too eager to be reconciled when he saw Valdor's devotion, who, with the prestige of his Parisian success, and the aroma of a title to drive the women crazy with, bid fair to cast the all-conquering Somers into the background. Valdor admitted that he had met Kathleen abroad, and looked such unutterable mysteries when he said it, that Somers was seized with a frantic fit of jealousy. What business had the Frenchman to be hanging over her chair, and usurping his place? Try, as Kathleen did, to avert the storm, it came at last; and it was a far worse affair than even she anticipated.

The Van Deusens were to have a fete, and, as the Van Deusens were very grand people, their fete was to be totally unlike any other fete which the human mind had ever conceived. It was an afternoon affair, with a ball in the evening, and, as the places were fifteen miles apart, the entire party of the Macdonalds were asked to stay all night in the Van Deusen mansion. Kathleen was not as much impressed with the honor as

she should have been; indeed, her remembrance of that ponderous family in Washington, last winter, was not calculated to raise her spirits to any undue height; but she owed it to herself to appear at her best; and she did so, blooming out into surpassing beauty at the ball.

There were three scions of the house of Van Deusen, each more lank, ponderous, and ungainly than any other variety of the human species, and Wilhelm, the superlative degree of the trio, elected to open the dancing with Miss Clare; a proceeding which struck horror to the soul of mamma Van Deusen, who hated Mrs. Wellford cordially, and included Kathleen in that charming sentiment, to a less degree. And Wilhelm was so ponderous that the girl actually gave Valdor a gracious smile, when he came toward her at the end of the dance—a smile which Valdor chose to interpret in a totally wrong sense.

She realized how imprudent she had been, when she found herself waltzing with him—a proceeding which she had carefully declined hitherto. His triumph shone in his eyes, and terrified her; she stopped abruptly, and pleaded fatigue.

"There are lights in the conservatory," Valdor said, softly, leading her in that direction; and before she hardly realized his purpose, he was pouring an impassioned avowal of love in her ear.

"Comte Valdor," she said, haughtily, "This is very unnecessary, and very ridiculous as well. You are nothing, less than nothing to me. I don't see how you dare to presume on the schoolgirl days at Geneva. I believed in you, then. I was even fond of you, in a dreamy way." A scarlet blush lit her face. She hesitated. "Pray do not distress me in this way any more. You have some letters of mine—"

"Well?" Valdor's sneer was cruelly significant. "Go on, Cara."

"I wish you would give them to me."

"And you really expect me to grant that modest request," he said, with a gentle peal of laughter. "I do not part with those, m'amie, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless to Monsieur Somers. You can best judge how the perusal would please him. Also, a little story of the evening on the lake; quite a romanza; is it not, cara?"

The whole diabolical scheme burst on Kathleen with lightning clearness, as she realized how completely she was in this man's power. She fell blindly into a chair.

"What the devil are you saying to this lady, sir?" demanded a furious voice, and, opening

her eyes, Kathleen saw Somers in front of her.

"Mademoiselle's secrets are sacred," said Valdor, sardonically.

"Heyward, don't listen to him. Indeed, he has none," cried Kathleen, almost beside herself. "Comte Valdor, how dare you insinuate—"

"You will explain this to me," Somers said, choking with rage, and raising his glove to strike Valdor in the face. But the blow never descended, for, with a frightened cry, Kathleen strove to stagger to her feet, caught at Somer's arm to save herself from falling, and fainted.

After that, a period of confusion. Mrs. Wellford rushed frantically to her sister, and Madam Van Deusen sailed majestically after her, pursing up her unbelieving nose, and deciding that Kathleen was only getting up a sensation. She felt a little more charitable, however, when she saw the girl's white face, and gave orders to have her guest attended by her own maid, opined that Miss Clare was more delicate than she looked, and recommended bed and entire rest. So, when Kathleen came to her senses, she found herself on a genuine old-fashioned four-posted bed, quite Van Deusenish in appearance, and, for a moment, could hardly recollect where she was.

"I don't know what business you had to give me such a fright," said Mrs. Wellford, resentfully, quite regardless of the vicinity of the severe-looking maid. "You had better not get up."

"Ella! oh, Ella! don't go," said the girl, struggling to breath, as memory returned to her. To whom could she appeal? Not to Mrs. Wellford. Like an inspiration, she remembered Tom.

"I want to see Mr. Archer," said she, at last.
Mrs. Wellford regarded her with wondering
eyes.

"Tom Archer! And pray, for what?"

"No matter," said she, wringing her hands in distress. "Won't you take a message to him?"

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mrs. Wellford, who was longing to get away. "Hurry, Kathleen."

"Ask him--"

"What?" angrily impatient.

"If he will see me, about something of great importance, in the conservatory, at seven o'clock to-morrow." She lowered her voice, so that the maid could not hear.

Mrs. Wellford stared. At first she was startled out of all her propriety, and fairly glared at the shrinking girl; then she suddenly remembered that Tom Archer—was Tom Archer, and, perhaps——

"Most extraordinary," said she, sarcastically.

"But you are old enough to know your own business. Yes, I'll tell him."

Kathleen thanked her, faintly, and only begged that she would come back, and give her Tom's answer before retiring. Mrs. Wellford promised, and floated airily off, forgetting the promise almost as soon as she had given Tom the message.

The dance-music swelled on, on, until Kathleen felt almost mad. After awhile, lying still became intolerable. She persuaded the maid to give her a wrapper, and got into a chair by the window, letting the night-air blow on her hot face. Twelve, one, two, the hours sounded out in succession from the clock on the mantel, and still Kathleen kept her watch. The starchedlooking maid had fallen asleep on the sofa; Kathleen, strung up to the utmost pitch of nervous agony, waited for her sister, and waited in vain.

Every sound seemed to have died out in the house; even the lights seemed to be all out. What could she do? Ella must have forgotten; and, so thinking, Kathleen rose from her seat, took a candle in her hand, and stepped into the hall. The Van Deusen mansion was a very large house, and two wings spread themselves at either side of the house proper; one was a recent addition, and two steps higher than the hall where Kathleen stood; the other wing, at the left, was two steps lower. In her bewilderment, Kathleen did not remember this peculiarity. knew that Ella's room was an end one, on the balcony, and she walked softly down the lefthand wing. Suddenly, to her horror, she heard sounds of laughter, and approaching footsteps from the other end of the passage. Heavens! It must be some of the gentlemen coming up stairs. She stood irresolute, then a green-baize door at her right caught her eye, and, without stopping to think of anything but the necessity of an immediate hiding-place, she blew out the candle, turned the knob, and darted noiselessly in, the door shutting with a spring behind her.

"Good-night," she heard Wilhelm Van Densen say, outside, and then Somers' voice, close to the door,

"I say, Tom, let me come in your room, for half-an-hour?"

"And welcome," said Tom, heartily. And then the next room-door shut, softly, and Kathleen bethought herself that she must creep out of her place of refuge.

Easier said than done, however, for, in her fright, she had gone into the center of the room, and, for her life, she could not tell where the door was. The dreadful, helpless feeling which groping in the dark always brings on, came over her. She stretched her hands before her, and,

after taking several steps, ran plump against what she thought was a bureau. She had presence of mind enough to be silent, although she shuddered from head to foot, as her hand encountered a cold pile of something. Why, what a goose she was! It felt like linen—piles on piles of sheeting and table-cloths. She had certainly invaded the secret precincts of Madam Van Deusen's linen-closet. But where was that door?

"So you see, Tom, I'm in a deuce of a fix," said Heyward Somers' voice, so near her that Kathleen trembled violently.

Now, the fact was, that Madam Van Deusen, being like Mrs. Gilpin, of frugal mind, and wishing to have a linen-closet large enough to hold her grandmother's, mother's, and her own supply of linen and damask, had refrained from asking Papa Van Deusen to build a closet for that express purpose; but had, instead, conceived the brilliant idea of turning the dressing-room of one of her guest-chambers into an abode for the linen aforesaid. So the door of communication was carefully papered over (on Tom's side of it) and the shelves ran across it upon this side; but neither of these clever expedients were sufficient to shut out sound; and the entire conversation which followed was perfectly audible to the unwilling listener.

"I'll horsewhip the life out of that fellow," Heyward was saying, when her senses cleared enough to understand the speaker. "But it's a narrow escape for me. Cæsar's wife should be above reproach, you know."

"I'd like to know what you mean," thundered Tom, in Stentorian tones.

"Mean?" said Heyward, coolly. "Why, I came so deuced near it—marrying the girl, you know."

"If you are talking of Miss Clare," said Tom, in a voice that thrilled Kathleen, "I'll thank you to speak respectfully. How do you dare! Look here, Somers, we may as well understand each other. Are you engaged to her?"

"No," said Somers, in a tone which made Kathleen clutch her hands, and long to knock him down. "We—aw—had—a—kind of love-affair, you know. Hope she won't take it to heart."

Judging by the sounds, Kathleen thought there was a scuffle. What Tom did was to fly up and shake Somers by the collar, violently.

"You pitiful hound!" cried Tom. "You'll answer to me for every word of that kind, d'ye hear!"

"Take your hands off me, sir," said Somers, haughtily. "What right have you to interfere in the matter?"

"Right?" echoed Tom, quite beside himself. "Because I love her with all my heart. I didn't speak, because I fancied you were beforehand with me; but I'm hanged if I'll stand aside now. She needs a strong arm, and she shall have it—God bless her!"

"Tom Archer!" said Somers, so stunned by this revelation that he forgot the shaking, "you don't mean to propose to her without knowing whether Valdor had——"

Tom swore—he couldn't help it. "It's a lie," cried he. "I don't believe it, neither do you. Look at her face, and dare tell me that you place any dependence on that villainous Frenchman's sneers."

There was a pause. If Tom could have seen the soft, tearful eyes at the other side of the door!

"Well," said Somers, at last, "if you can overlook it, I suppose I can. Tom," rather pleadingly, "give me a chance to ask her a few questions before you speak."

"I won't," said Tom, flatly, regardless of good-breeding. "You don't deserve it. I shan't succeed (put my ugly phiz beside your confoundedly handsome one and you'll see why,) but I'll lay all I have at her dear little feet—see if I won't!"

The door of Tom's room banged violently; apparently Somers did not care to continue the subject; and sitting down on the floor of Madam Van Deusen's dark linen-closet, Kathleen wept the bitterest and the happiest tears she had ever shed.

But Kathleen was compelled to wait for dawn before she could open that refractory door; and I don't think Tom went to bed at all, for at five o'clock he concluded to go and take a walk, and just as he stepped into the hall, Kathleen discovered the provoking 'extra knob which had kept her "in durance vile" so long. What Tom saw was a white-robed figure issuing from the baize-door.

"Tom!" said Kathleen, and then burst into tears.

"My dearest, what is it?" demanded Tom, catching hold of her; for something in her face set him wild with joy.

"I was shut up in the linen-closet," sobbed she, "and I couldn't help hearing every word you said—of me——

"Linen-closet?" gasped Tom."

"There," said Kathleen, succinctly, pointing to the open door.

"Thank heaven!" said Tom, suddenly comprehending her meaning. "Kathleen, if you would—could you care for a plain, awkward fellow like me? Is it yes, darling?" It certainly looked as if it was, for she threw both arms around his neck and sobbed there in such a tempestuous fashion that Tom was frightened, and picking her up bodily, carried her to a sofa in the other hall. And they sat there, talking eagerly, until a stir below warned them that the servants were up, and that, unless they meant to afford foundation for a lively gossip, it behoved them to depart to their respective rooms.

Comte Valdor and Somers were exchanging a ceremonious salute as they chanced to meet on the lawn, after breakfast, when Kathleen came up on Tom's arm.

"Gentlemen," she said, in a quiet, cool voice, "I am told that a misunderstanding has arisen between you on my account, which a few words can explain. Comte Valdor, you have six little notes of mine, written when at school in Geneva; will you oblige me by giving them to Mr. Archer, and also relate in my presence the story of an evening's boat-row, which you referred to last night."

Valdor caught Tom's menacing eye and read its meaning; in a rapid second he balanced the game and selected his role.

"Certainly, mademoiselle," he said, bowing profoundly. "You have misunderstood me strangely. The notes shall be at M. Archer's disposition. Is it to be wondered that I have cherished them as mementoes of a kindly friendship. The evening on the lake—helas! the

moonlight was spoiled by the presence of Susanne, the maid, who accompanied mademoiselle on her escapade. I must express my profound sorrow at the contretemps of last night; may I also present my felicitations to M. Archer?"

With the least bit of a smile, Kathleen swept a curtsy to the baffled Frenchman; then turned away.

"The Hercules has now mon ami," said Valdor, glancing at Somers' disturbed face. "We have no more quarrel? Accept the assurance of my sentiments the most distinguished," and he walked away with unruffled composure.

"Upon my word," said Madam Van Deusen, standing on the piazza, as the carriages rolled away with her guests. "I am glad those fast people have left. Miss Clare has made a great catch. Did you know she was engaged to Tom Archer, Wilhelm? Mrs. Wellford told me. Dear me, how that fete has upset the house; every nook and cranny wants cleaning—even my linencloset." Will you believe it, I actually found the door standing wide open, and some withered roses on your grandmother's best damask tablecloths; roses tied with blue ribbon. How they got there is more than I can tell. I should like to know if any ot those fine ladies went prying into my linen-closet!"

But Madam Van Deusen remains mystified to this day, for Tom and his wife know how to keep a secret

LOVE'S QUESTIONING.

BY HELEN BREWSTER RANDOLPH.

They tell me that love is an idle word, The dream of an hour, the trill of a bird; As flow'rs that bloom fairest, are first to decay, So the gold of heart-idols turns soonest to clay.

They tell me that vows are but breathings of sin,
That torture and madden the hearts they would win.
And as pale the bright stars at the coming of day,
They fade in their sweetness and vanish away.

I have felt thy dark eyes gazing fondly in mine, Till my soul in its dreaming was lost, love, in thine: I have felt thy warm breath gently sweeping my cheek, While the throbbing of hearts told what lips could not speak.

Can it be, can it be that thy lips will grow cold, That thy love will not always my being enfold, And when hushed is the music of love's tender tone, Thy heart will forget it must love me alone?

I love thee, I trust thee, I will not believe; Thy soul hath no error, no thought to deceive; Like a bird to its nest, its sad wandering done, Loving and trusting thee, darling, I come.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY R. W. CRISWELL.

The red sun burns the golden grain, Till the ripening fields are all aflame, And the breezes rock them like the main.

The bearded heads nod to and fro, As back and forth the soft winds blow, In whispered accents sweet and low. Gold and gray is the summer sky, And the shade is lengthening where I lie, While the mated thrush pipes merrily.

Over the fields comes a fragrance sweet, And the joy of summer would be complete, Could I catch the sound of her coming feet.

SCARBROUGH MARRIED FOR MONEY. WOH

BY FANNY HODGSON.

"So you see, Leith, a man must have money, { and, if he has not the good luck to be born to it, society must furnish him with it, in one way or another. I am not particular about the way, but I am particular about the money."

"So it seems," I said, concisely.

My friend Scarbrough laughed shortly, settling himself afresh on his sofa-cushions, and favoring me with a side-long glance, from under the long, black lashes the young women admired so devoutly.

"Yes," he said. "And, accordingly, you will observe, Leith, that I deem it expedient to marry money, when I marry-if I marry."

" Well ?"

"Oh, by no means!" he returned, lightly. "Not well. Quite the reverse. It is not moral, you know; but it is unavoidable. Such resolutions remind one of those entertaining villians in novels who are always so completely floored. They always are floored in the end; and they are always the most contemptible of clumsily diplomatic rascals; but I am invariably conscious of sympathizing with them. It must be so unpleasant to be floored."

"You are not far wrong in either comparison or conclusion," I said. "But suppose you loved a woman ?"

"I ask pardon," he interrupted, as lightly as ever; "but I don't suppose any such thing, Leith. I don't love a woman-I cannot afford to."

Now as I am going to tell the story of my friend, Scarbrough, I wish to tell it correctly, and so shall take the liberty of telling it just as it occurred-just as I afterward learned that it occurred; not as it appeared to me at the time that certain events connected with it came under my immediate observation.

My friend Scarbrough was, as you may imagine, by no means a rich man. The fact was, that Scarbrough, the elder, had been an aristocratic, talented scapegrace, and Scarbrough, the younger, suffered for it morally and otherwise. Scarbrough, the elder, had brought up his only son as such men always do bring up their sons. He had trained him to extravagance and highhandedness, inculcated in his mind all that was lavish and generous, and then had been guilty of the trifling inconsistency of dying, and leaving him without a penny. Consequently, Scarbrough { as this; and, besides, Miss Stomecrunch did not

was at a loss. The incidental expenses of the most popular man in a crack regiment were precisely six times the amount of said individual's receipts. Here was a problem to be solved, and, accordingly, a month or so after his father's death, Col. Eric Scarbrough made his appearance at my country-house in Yorkshire to ask for advice. And here was the rub. I thought I, his oldest friend, was both able and willing to assist him, but he would have none of me.

Humanity is unavoidably human in its inconsistencies; and here was a man who could talk half seriously of marrying for money, who yet would not accept a penny from the hands of an old friend, who had loved him from his very childhood.

"My old fellow," he said, seriously, "I cannot do that, you know-I really can't. Let us wait awhile, and see what turns up. Something may turn up. Things do sometimes. If I cannot do better, I can at least emigrate, and keep sheep, and end life as governor of a penal colony, where the society is good. Let us wait awhile, Leith."

So we waited awhile, a few weeks, in which Scarbrough's dark, romantic-looking face grew something more grave and thoughtful, and during which also we had our little discussions, always careless and half-jesting on Scarbrough's part, but never so on mine, about this matter of marrying money. Perhaps in my crusty, old bachelor way, I made too much of the vein of seriousness which I fancied ran through his satirical speeches; at any rate, they troubled me. I could not bear the thought that the world could have so changed the bright, fearless, high-spirited boy I had known twenty years ago. And so matters stood when my young friend Scarbrough's romance opened its first chapter.

He had been out shooting all day, and, returning in the evening, was going up the old-fashioned, stone stair-case, when he heard, on the flight above him, a curious, light-tapping sound, and the rustle of a dress. It was none of the under-servants, he knew, for he had passed the open-door of the servants' hall, and seen them there assembled; and it could not be the housekeeper, for the rustle of the estimable Miss Stomecrunch's garments had not so soft a sweep

come down with that queer, ghostly little swing and tap. A few long strides took him to the bend of the stairs, and he looked up. He saw what it was then. On the landing above was a huge Gothic window, of painted glass, and, in the rich glow cast by its warmth of color, stood a girl, looking down at him, just as he was looking up at her-a girl dressed in black, and swinging upon a pair of slender ebony crutches; a girl so slender in form, so dark and bitter of face, that, for all her youth and beauty, she looked almost uncanny. Her long, black eyes were as scornful as might be; her black hair was rolled back from her brow like a tragedy-queen's in a play, and one slippered-foot hung loose and helpless, not touching the carpet at all.

For an instant the two regarded each other in silence, and then the girl put out her crutches again, and began to descend. She looked as if his sudden appearance irritated her, or as if she was angry with herself for pausing, for, as she came downward, swinging rapidly and lightly from step to step, with the queer, little ghostly tap he had heard, she kept her eyes dropped persistently upon the ground. But my friend Scarbrough had a passion for novel faces, and the novelty of this one interested him, so, as she passed, he stepped aside, raising his hat.

"Excuse me," he said, apologetically, glancing at his gun. "I did not know any one was coming."

She lifted her eyes, giving him an indifferent sidelong glance.

"There is room enough for both of us," she said, coldle; "and I am not afraid of the gun."

She was such a very extraordinary girl, with her bitter, dark young face, and her scornful eyes, that, taking her sudden appearance into consideration, Scarbrough was half inclined to think she might be the unquiet spirit of some of the long dead dames in the rooms below; but, when she reached the bottom of the stair-case, he say there was no fear of that at least. She turned into the housekeeper's room.

When, as he was dressing, a servant came up to bring him hot water, his curiosity got the better of his discretion, and he put a question to him as carelessly as possible.

"I met a young lady on the stair-case, when I came in," he said. "A young lady dressed in black, and using crutches. Who is she?"

"Dressed in black, and using a crutch, sir; yes, sir," said the man. "Miss Gervase Howth, sir, Miss Stomecrunch's niece. She came here for her 'elth, and don't often leave her room. Very pleasant young person, sir."

My friend Scarbrough stopped abruptly in his no means the last of it.

dexterous manipulations of his two hair brushes, and turned upon the fellow with a very effective stare, which at length faded into a sort of gradual recognition.

"Eh?" he said. "Oh, yes, to be sure. But look here, my good fellow, perhaps, on the whole, you had better confine your eulogies of pleasant young persons to the pleasant young persons in the kitchen. They might not be appreciated by Miss Howth, who appears to me to be a young lady rather out of the ordinary run of young ladies. Thank you for the hot-water, my good fellow. You can go down stairs now. I shall not need your assistance. The housekeeper's niece, eh."

I was waiting for him in the dining-room, when he came in, whistling softly, as he had a habit of doing, when he was in a reflective mood.

During dinner he was rather silent; but, as we never interfered with each other's moods or whimsicalities, I left him to himself, until, as we sat over our walnuts and wine, the spell of his reticence was suddenly broken.

"Miss Gervase Howth," he began, reflectively, helping himself to a fine cluster of hot-house grapes.

"What?" I interrupted. "You have seen Miss Gervase Howth, have you?"

"Yes," he replied, composedly. "And, bythe-by, what a very remarkable young lady, Miss Gervase Howth is."

"Very," I replied, drily. "Though wherein remarkable I can scarcely see."

"She has a remarkable face," he said. "She has a remarkable pair of eyes. She looks like a Mexican or an Egyptian, or a—Banshee. Ilike remarkable girls."

He looked remarkable enough himself, as he said it—remarkably prepossessing. That reflective look was always becoming to him, and just at that moment, his almond-shaped, dark eyes were full of it. He was a handsome fellow, my friend Scarbrough.

"You mean you like Gervase Howth?" I asked, dubiously.

"Considering the length of our acquaintance, yes. I really should say yes, Leith." And then, all at once, he seemed to awake, as it were, and the reflective quiet left his face in a second.

It seemed an odd thing enough this conversation of ours, brief as it was; and it was especially odd that Scarbrough, of all men in the world, should have frankly announced a whimsical fancy for a whimsical, abrupt girl, whom he had chanced to meet upon the stair-case; but the oddest part of the business was, that this was by no means the last of it. In that nonchalant style, which was all his own, he took to promenading with his segar in the interminable old corridors, which were necessarily most frequented; he sauntered up and down the terraces, fronting the housekeeper's room, and mounted the stair-case, occasionally, with as collected an ease of manner as if he had held in view any other object in the world but what I knew to be his sole one, namely, the meeting of Gervase Howth. But for two weeks he saw nothing of her; and at the end of the second it was she who stumbled upon him, and not he upon her.

He had been sitting alone for some time in my library, and it so chanced was musing in the fitful glow of the fire, watching the embers dropping from the grate, when he heard, at the end of the corridor, the distant echo of the queer, ghostly little tap, and, in a very few moments more, the heavy door creaked on its hinges, as it swung backward to admit the slight, blackrobed figure swaying lightly upon the ebony crutches.

The girl came forward to the hearth. That she did not know the room had an occupant, her first words proved to him.

"It's empty at last, I see," she said. "I thought they would never go."

Then my friend Scarbrough rose and confronted her.

"Excuse me, Miss Howth," he said. "I regret extremely to be compelled to announce that I have been so unfortunate as to remain behind."

She started slightly, as might be expected, but she did not look at all confused, though it was evident that his presence annoyed her.

"Oh," she said, coolly, "there is some one here then. I thought every one had gone to bed. Not that it matters. I don't suppose I shall disturb you. I am only going to read. I often come here when I cannot sleep. I have Mr. Leith's permission."

Scarbrough met her indifferent glance with as little amazement as it was possible to exhibit under the circumstances. There was something mysterious about the girl. Her appearance itself had been a puzzle to him, and here she was again, after a two week's absence, looking as unaccountable as ever.

"But the question is," he said aloud, "whether I shall disturb you or not?"

She had just turned away to light a lamp, and was resting upon one crutch, and holding the taper to the wick, as she answered him, scarcely glancing over her shoulder.

. . " Why should you?" she said.

Vol. LXII.-14

Not being able to explain exactly why he should, or even why he should not, Scarbrough remained silent and watched her. She moved about the room as if she was well accustomed to it, and as if she was by no means accustomed to having any restraint placed upon her. The lamp lighted, she replenished the fire, and then took up a volume and seated herself at the table to read. She was so decidedly indifferent to any other presence than her own, that a man of less composed temperament would have found her almost trying. My friend Scarbrough did not. He took up a book also, and settled himself down to enjoy it, with intervals of quiet examination of her intent face.

"It is a very pretty face," was his inward comment. "It is more—it is a striking face, with delicately decisive lines. Those two straight little marks between her eyebrows are pretty, but painful—they mean something. Yes, to be sure. I see; they mean those little ebony crutches. Poor little girl! Poor little girl!"

On his way to bed he came in to see me for a few minutes, and the reflective look was in his eyes again, and I may add was as becoming as ever. I was always a fool about my friend Scarbrough's beauty, even when he was only my pet Scarbrough at eight years old.

"I only came in to mention to you that I have seen Miss Howth again," he said; "and though I have not made much progress as yet, I do not despair of improving the acquaintance. Among other things, I have observed a pin in her hair which I should very much like to take out. I want to see her with her hair down over her shoulders. I like to see girls with their hair over their shoulders; Gervase Howth's would make a mantle that would fall to her knee if she would dispense with that pin."

"Eric!" I said, a trifle sternly, "I must say you are a rather unaccountable fellow. What do you mean by talking such arrant nonsense about a modest girl, in whom you can have no possible interest."

He was looking down at the fire with that very becoming air of quiet reflection, and he still looked down at it as he replied,

"Miss Gervase Howth understood?" he queried.

"Yes," I growled, "of course."

"Well, then," slowly, "I will admit that I have an interest in her. Good-night, my dear fellow," and he wheeled round and strode out of the room.

Just a week and a half from that date, I looked out of my window accidentally, and having looked once, looked again with some secret

excitement. My friend Scarbrough was walking slowly along one of the terraces with a companion, and that companion was no other than Gervase Howth. The girl was swinging along in her bird-like fashion, as usual, but instead of having her black hair rolled away from her face and knotted, as she had been in the habit of wearing it, I saw that it hung loose over her shoulders, below her waist, as he had said it would, and in oft crumpled waves. She was laughing, too, as I had never heard her laugh before, and there was a clear, dark-red on her delicate, dusky skin.

It occurred to my mind at that instant, that my friend Scarbrough must have made, during that week and a half, a most unaccountably rapid headway, indeed.

The friendship, or whatever it was, progressed with remarkable smoothness after this. I found myself to some extent deserted, and the acquaintance of the estimable Miss Stomecrunch was cultivated to my neglect. It was cultivated in a delicate and apparently accidental way, of course; but it was still cultivated. No one of the household had ever heard Gervase Howth's voice or laugh before; but we began to hear it now, and in my lonely room, I must confess, that its sound warmed my old heart not a little. Perhaps the blight on her young life might pass away after all. You see, even elderly bachelor as I was, I had found sometime before that the slender little ebony crutches had been a bitter, bitter burden for Gervase Howth to bear.

"When I first saw them," she said to Eric Scarbrough once, "I prayed that I might drop dead. It was wicked, wasn't it—but it is true. I could not bear to touch them; it was weeks before I ever did touch them, I hated them so—I was so afraid them. It seemed like giving up all my hope. And then, from hating the crutches and myself, I began to hate other people—people who were strong and straight. I have not quite overcome that yet, though it isn't quite hate now, it is something else deeper, something that hurts me here;" and she pressed her thin, little nervous, clenched hand against her side as she looked up at him.

The accident which had occasioned her lameness had happened a year before. She had met with a terrible fall, which had brought on inflammation of a joint. She had now almost entirely given up all hope of ever being able to throw aside her crutches, though her physician did not despair of making some improvement upon her condition.

It was singular, Scarbrough thought, that while : she was so frank upon this subject, she was so

reticent upon others. She never told him anything of her past life, indeed rarely referred to it, except in the most distant manner. She seemed averse to mentioning it, consequently he decided that it must have been an unpleasant one, and was as cautious of recurring to the subject as she herself was.

It was about three months after he had first heard the ghostly, little tapping upon the staircase, that my friend Scarbrough suddenly arrived at a very remarkable conclusion, and, after two or three days pondering over it, with the becoming reflectiveness, broached the subject to me, his oldest friend—a friend old enough to be his grandfather almost, and, consequently, the best person he could have broached it to.

I had been watching him, admiring him, in fact; admiring his graceful length and strength of limb, and indolent grace of position, as he lounged in an easy-chair opposite to mine upon the hearth, when, all at once, he got up and stood before me, reflective no longer, indolent no longer; on the contrary, erect, purposeful, and determined.

"Leith," he said, with startling abruptness, "will you be so obliging as to look at me, as I am physically?"

I looked at him. What a weak old fellow I am, admiring him still more. As I have said before, my friend Scarbrough's physical beauty was always too much for me.

"Well," I said.

"I thank you," he returned. "Thank you for 'well,' if it is well. What I wished to find out was whether it is as well as I should wish it to be. Physically, I am a strong sort of fellow. What should you say about mentally, my dear Leith?"

I looked at him again.

"Mentally," I commented. "Perhaps I should say 'well," as before."

"Thank you a second time," he answered.
"Now as to morally, my dear Leith?"

Our eyes met, as if by mutual consent, and he

"Is it 'well' as to morally?" he said. "Am I to be depended upon; am I worthy to be depended upon as women depend upon a man sometimes. Am I worthy of a woman's love at all—the love, if I could gain it, of such a woman as Gervase Howth?"

I must confess that my heart leaped; yes, positively leaped for sheer exultation. He was going to come out right, despite my fears. The world had not spoiled him after all.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Eric. my boy, Eric!"
He colored, as if he had been a boy indeed—

this great, tall, handsome fellow, who was almost thirty years old.

"I have been thinking of this for some time, my dear Leith," he said, with some hesitation.

I interrupted him.

"You have known her just three months; and, besides, I thought you were going to marry monev."

"So did I," was his brief rejoinder.

Then he made a clean breast of it. Despite his old, cynical resolutions, despite his poverty, despite the thousand and one things that were against him, he had fallen in love; yes, unfeignedly fallen in love, in the good old fashion, with a little girl, who had nothing in the world to bring him but a beautiful, uncanny young face, and a pair of ebony crutches. It was inconsistent, of course. Common-sense people might call it absurd; but it was the unavoidable result of his past life and early training. He had been accustomed to pleasing himself, and following his impulses so long, that he had forgotten selfinterest and worldliness, in his whimsical fancy for Gervase Howth, until it was too late, and he had awakened to find himself entangled in a very curious fashion; and here he was, at the eleventh hour, coming to me for advice.

"I have not spoken openly to her yet," he explained. "I wanted to know your opinion, first, as to whether it would be best—for her. I have nothing to offer her, and, consequently, I feel some slight delicacy in offering it," in his old light way. "But then, as you kindly observed, physically and mentally, I am in good order; and it has really occurred to me of late that I might work, keep books, for instance, or drive an omnibus, or emigrate to New South Wales—anywhere where there might be 'an opening,' as our mutual friend Micawber has it."

So, in the end, it was agreed upon that he should speak to Gervase Howth the next day, and hear what she had to say upon the subject, and his plans were to depend upon her answer.

But, strange to say, the next day he could find no opportunity of speaking to her. He did not see her at all, and the next day he was as unsuccessful; whereupon he waited upon the estimable Miss Stomecrunch, and with great tranquillity inquired for her young relative.

Miss Stomecrunch coughed disapprovingly. He had never been able to win upon her much, with all his thoroughbred ease of manner.

"Gervase is not here, Col. Scarborough," she said. "I thought you knew that. She went away two days ago. I think she got tired of staying."

Col. Eric Scarbrough was confounded. But it was not Gervase he blamed when he came to tell me about it.

"It is the Stomecrunch who is to blame," he said. "She has sent her away herself, and professes not to remember where she has gone."

To which observation I made very little reply, for reasons of my own, which perhaps time will explain.

For a few days my friend Scarbrough was rather out of humor and spirits, though, of course, he did not quite despair of hearing something of Gervase at some not too far distant period; but at last he came to me once more with his usual abruptness.

"I want some letters of introduction, Leith," he said.

"Letters of introduction to whom, and what for," I asked.

"To men of business," he answered. "To bankers, or merchants, or shippers—to any in fact who might be likely to give me something to do. It is no use waiting for things to turn up any longer; the time has come to make an effort at turning them up myself."

I gave him what he asked for readily, though I must acknowledge to a weak-minded twinge of regret at seeing all my old air-castles tumble down into such complete chaos of ruin. I had cherished great dreams of my favorite's future, and there seemed something almost painfully incongruous in the idea of the handsomest and most popular man in the —— Grays descending to the prosaic drudgery and detail of a merchant's office.

The following laconic epistle reached me a week afterward.

"My Dear Lefth,—Your letter to Bath & Trent procured me a place in their house, at a reasonable remuneration. Met half a dozen of the —— Grays since I have been here—Gross among the lot. Explained the fact of my impecuniosity to them, and was sympathized with accordingly. Also received six invitations to dinner on the spot, which I refused, giving impecuniosity as a reason. Admit to some slight depression of spirits, but hope to be able to fight against it pretty well. If you had heard anything of Gervase Howth you would, of course, have notified me.

"Believe me, dear Leith, yours, gratefully, "Scarbrough."

Such letters as these came to me at intervals for several months, during which I remained quietly in the old house in Yorkshire, makin; little plans of my own, and attending to my own business generally. I had plenty of business to attend to, and two or three little plans to lay. The first piece of business was the making of my will, in which I bequeathed all my worldly goods and chattels, houses, bonds and nick-nacks, and personal property, to my young friend, Eric Scarbrough, late Colonel of —— Grays, in conjunction with another relative of mine, who was to share it with him under divers penalties and conditions. Old people have their fancies, and I had mine, and this was one of them.

The only thing that troubled me was that this handsome rascal of a favorite of mine would not let me endow him with his rights and privileges before my death.

But fortune was at work in another quarter for him it appeared. He held to his purpose for a full year, during which he saw nothing of Gervase Howth, even heard nothing of her, and yet was working for her sake, and never despairing of finding her some day. Of course he would find her; men of his style are not apt to lose a woman because they lose sight of her. I began to understand him after awhile. He wanted to try himself first, and then he would set himself to the task of looking for the woman he loved, and of whom he had proved himself worthy.

But at the end of the year, when the leaves were lying in brown heaps under the elms, a neat trap drew up to the house from the road leading to the railroad-station, and my friend Scarbrough suprised me somewhat by getting out. He looked as soldierly, as handsome, and as tranquilly unconcerned as ever.

"My dear Eric!" I exclaimed.

"My dear Leith!" he said; and I am sure that as we grasped hands, we were as heartily glad to see each other as if we had greeted one another in a far more demonstrative fashion.

We sat down together, and, gaining time to look at him again, I saw that he had something to tell me—some by no means unpleasant tidings, if I was a judge of expression—and so it proved.

"I have some news for you, Leith," he said.

"Good or bad?" queried I.

"I should call it good," he answered. "I find it so, in a superlative degree I am free again at last—free to follow my own inclinations, I I mean I am a reasonably rich man again."

"What!" I exclaimed. This at least was unexpected.

"If three thousand a year will make me so, I am a reasonably rich man," he repeated. "Do you remember hearing me speak of an elderly spinster sister of my father's, liv'ng in Cumber-

business generally. I had plenty of business to | land, and refusing to recognize the scapegrace attend to, and two or three little plans to lay. | branch of the family?"

I remembered it well.

"What! Miss Rachel Scarbrough?"

"Miss Rachel Scarbrough! And Miss Rachel Scarbrough died a month or so ago, leaving her possessions to me, for the somewhat eccentric reason, that I was not like 'my hair-brained and scoffing brother Francis, and had proved myself unlike him, by working for my living, instead of subsisting upon other people.' So said the will. How Miss Rachel Scarbrough found me out I cannot say. I am much obliged to her, however. And now, my dear Leith, about Gervase Howth."

But I had nothing to tell him about Gervase Howth just then. Since the day of her mysterious disappearance, Gervase Howth had certainly not returned to the house.

"Then," said my friend Scarbrough, "may I ask you to ring for Miss Stomecrunch, and assist me in making inquiries.

"Certainly," I replied, and rang the bell at once.

You see, it was as I knew it would be. My friend Scarbrough was not the man to be non-plused easily.

Miss Stomecrunch made her appearance on my message being carried to her—erect, disapproving, uncompromising, and rigid of form.

I preferred my friend Scarbrough's request to her in as few words as possible.

For a moment she looked at me, and then at Scarbrough; then she looked at me again (us Scarbrough told me afterward) questioningly, as if she wanted to make sure that I was in earnest about the matter.

"You will confer a great favor upon us both," I suggested, gently breaking the pause.

"She is at Breslau, Mr. Leith," she said, finally. "She went there when she left here. Her half-brother sent her to a medical establishment, where there is a celebrated physician, who makes a specialty of bone diseases."

"Thank you, Miss Stomecrunch," I said, and with a stately curtsy, the estimable Stomecrunch took her departure.

"My dear Leith," said Scarbrough, when she was gone, "I am going at once to Breslau."

"My dear Eric, I will go with you."

A few days more, and we were comfortably situated in a comfortable hotel in Breslau; and Eric having, through my intervention with Stomecranch, obtained the address of the celebrated personage who made a specialty of bone diseases, was, on the second morning after our arrival making preparations for paying his estab-

lishment a visit, when I came to his room on a little business of my own.

"I have just chanced upon a young relative of mine, Eric, I explained—a young person whom I should like to introduce you to. It appears she is staying in the hotel for a rest of a day or so on her way to England. She is rather a pretty girl, too, something of Gervase Howth style about her. I had no idea she was so pretty until I met her just now."

"What relation did you say?" asked Scarbrough, unlocking his valise. "I did not know you had any relation."

"I didn't say what relation, I believe," was my careless reply; "but the fact is, that her mother was my father's second wife."

"Half-sister, then," said Scarbrough, evidently not hearing half I was saying. "Where has she been all these years?"

"At school," I answered. "Come down stairs as soon as you are ready, Eric, my boy. We shall be in one of the parlors together."

"I will be there in fifteen minutes," he called after me, as I closed the door, and I went down to the parlor to await him accordingly.

He was punctual enough on this occasion, truly; perhaps because he was so anxious to pay his visit to the celebrated personage who made a specialty of bone disease. At any rate he entered the parlor before the specified fifteen minutes had elapsed, and I met him in the middle of the room, with my half-sister on my arm—a girl with soft, thick, black hair falling over her shoulder; a girl with a delicate, finely-lined dark face, with two straight little marks between the eyebrows; a girl with big, black eyes, and a straight, lithe little figure, well balanced upon two firm, pretty feet: my half-sister, as I have said, but no less a person than Gervase Howth herself.

"Leith!" he exclaimed, and then stood thunderstruck, looking from one to the other.

"Gervase," I said, patting her hand. "Tell him all about it."

Gervase looked up at him, straight into his eyes, yet coloring a little, in a very pretty way.

"I had been at school at Heidelberg ever since I was a child," she said; "but, after my fall, Herbert here took me away, and carried me to the sea-side, where I stayed until I was strong enough to use my crutches. Then I came to Yorkshire. just the day after you did, and was foolish enough to be angry with you for being there. I was cross and nervous, and so sensitive that I would not listen to anything Herbert said, but insisted on staying with Miss Stomecrunch, so that you would not even know I was in the house. I could not bear the thought of a stranger seeing me. The servants had never met me before, and none of them knew me; so some of them got the idea that I was the housekeeper's niece, and I let them think so. Then I met you by accident, and we grew to be good friends, and, as soon as that happened, Herbert took a fancy. He said, I must let you think I was Miss Stomecrunch's niece, just as the rest did. So I let you think so, until one day he whisked me off to Breslau, to Dr. Gettinger's, to be cured—and I was cured: and here I am, Col. Scarbrough. What Herbert meant Herbert himself must explain,"

"What Herbert meant needs no explanation," broke out Scarbrough. "My dear, old friend, God bless you!" And he grasped my free hand with the grip of a giant, his handsome eyes growing suspiciously moist.

"My dear, young fellow," I said, "God bless you!" and I delivered my pretty Gervase up to him, turned round, and walked out of the room.

And so it turned out, as such things invariably do turn out in books, and rarely elsewhere; because, in books, one must do one's hero justice, and dispose of his fortunes in a comfortable manner. So I say, it turned out that, in spite of his conversion and in spite of his disinterestedness, my friend Scarbrough married for money after all.

"SHE LOVED MUCH."

BY THE REV. E. G. CHARLESWORTH

For as when lightning flashes break
The weight long settled on the air,
Repentance lifted from her heart
The cloud and burden sin left there.

As lightning and its latter rain

Make sunshine sweeter than before,

Her tears that fell with conscience flame— Made love the sweeter and made more.

The storm was oe'r, that inward storm;
And she had heard His voice above
Her fears and tremblings where she fell;
He touched her shame and made it love.

AXIDENT.

BY JOSHUA ALLEN'S WIFE.

I have been real sick with a axident. I run out into the garden full sail after some chickens, and fell kerslap down over a rail that lay in the grass, and turned my ankel jint. Fever sot in, and I was laid up bed sick for 2 weeks. It makes me out of patience to think of it, for we might have a dog that is worth something if it wuzzn't for Josiah. But as it is, if he ain't to the house, I have to do all the doggin' there is done, for I might as well get the door-step started onto cattle, as to get that pup started off of it to go on to anything-and he is as big as a young elephant too-eats as much as a cow, and of all the lazy critters I ever see he is the upshot and cap sheaf.

Why when Josiah sets him on to the chickens, he has to take him by the collar and kinder draw him along all the way; I tell him he had better bark 'em out himself. And as for cows and calves, he seems to be afraid of 'em; something kinder constitutional, Josiah says. I have told Josiah Allen more than a hundred times, if I have once, that I should a great deal rather do my own doggin' than to keep that pup, especially as Josiah is a great case for barkin'. You can't tell him from a dog, when he really sets out. That very day of the axident, I says to him in the mornin', says I,

"Josiah Allen, what's the use of keepin' that pup?"

Says he, "Samanthe, he is a good feller only he wants encouragement."

"Encouragement!" says I, "I should think as much." I had jest seen him havin' a tussle with some cows.

Says he, "If I will kinder run ahead of him and keep between him and the cows, he will go on to 'em first rate. He seems to want encouragement all the time. If I will run a little ahead of him and encourage him, he will go on to things first rate."

I didn't say any more, but I didn't stop thinking, and that very day the axident happened. Josiah heard me holler, and he came runnin' from the barn, and a scairter man you never see, He took me right up and was carryin' of me in -I was in awful agony-and the first words I remember sayin' was these in a faint voice,

"I wonder if you will keep that pup now?"

anxious face, " Mebbe you didn't encourage him enough Samanthe."

Says I deleriously, "Did you expect I was going to carry him in my arms, and throw him at the hens? I tried every other way."

"Wall! wall!" says he kinder soothingly, "Do keep still, how do you expect I am goin' to carry you if you touse round so."

He laid me down on the lounge in the settin' room, and I never got off of it for 2 weeks. As I said, fever set in-I had been most sick for a good while but thought I wouldn't give up-but this axident seemed to be the last hump on the camel's back, and I had to give in.

When the news got out that I was sick, lots of folks come to see me. If I had been a clephant, layin' there on that air lounge there couldn't more have walked in and looked at me. And every one wanted me to try some particular kind of herb drink. Why my stomach would have been drounded out, a perfect wreck, if I had took half. One woman I respected. She would come in, in a calm, quiet way about 2 times a week, and say in a mild collected tone, "You have got the tizick."

Says I, "the desease is in my foot mostly."

"I can't help that," says she firmly and gently; "there is tizick with it, and I think that is what ailed Josiah when he was sick."

"Why," says I, "that was the neuraligy, the doctor said."

"Doctors are liable to mistakes," says she in the same firm and modest ackcents. "I have always thought it was the tizick. There are more folks that are tizicky than you think for in this cold and unfriendly world. I am a master hand for knowin' tizick when I see it." She would then in an affectionate manner advise me to doctor for the tizick, and then she would gently depart.

There are 2 kinds of folks that go to visit the sick. There are them low voiced still footed women that walks right in and lays their hands on your hot forehead so soothin' like that the pain gets ashamed of itself and sneaks off. I call 'em God's angels. Sposen they haint got wings? I don't care, I contend for it they are servin' the Lord jest as much as if they was standin' up in a row all feathered out, with a Says he firmly, yet with pity onto his pale and , palm tree in one hand, and a harp in the other. As I told a old deacon once—he is awful stingy—he has got, a big wood lot, and lots of poor families freezin' round him, and says he to me one cold winter's day, "Oh, if I was only a angel—if I only had hold of the palm tree that is waitin' for me."

Says I, "in my opinion it takes more than a palm tree to make a angel of anybody," and says I, "if it is handled right I think good body maple goes a good ways toward makin'a angel."

As I say, I have had these angels in my room, some kinder slimmish ones, some that would go nigh on to 2 hundred, I don't care if they went 3 hundred, I should call 'em angels jest the same.

Then there's them that go to have a good time of it. They get kinder sick of stayin' to home and nothin' happenin' and so they take their work and flock in to visit the afflicted, and stay to dinner and supper. I should think I had pretty near 25 a day of 'em, and each one started 25 different subjects. Wild, crazy subjects most of 'em, such as fires, runaway-matches, and whirlwinds; earthquakes, neighborhood fightin' and butter that wouldn't come; great tidalwaves, railroad accidents, balky horses and over-skirts; manslaughter, politix, schism and frizzled hair. I believe it would have drawed more sweat from a able-bodied man to have laid still and heard it than to mow a five-acre lot in dog-days. And then my head was taking on as if it would come off all the time.

If I could have had one thing at a time, I could have stood it better. I shouldn't have minded a earthquake so much, if I could have give my full attention to it, but I would have conflagrations at the same time on my mind, and drunken men and crazy women and jumpin' sheep, and female sufferagin, and calico cut biasin', and the Rushan war and politix. It did seem some of the time as if my head must split open; and I guess the doctor got scairt about me, for one mornin' after he went away, when Josiah came into the room, I see he looked awful sober and gloomy, but the minute he ketched my eye he begun to snicker and laugh. I didn't say nothin' at first, and shet my eyes, but when I opened 'em agin, there he was standin' lookin' down on me with the same mournful and agonized expression onto his features; not a a word did he speak, but when he see me lookin' at him, he bust out laughin' agin, and then says I,

"What is the matter, Josiah Allen?"

Says he, "I am a bein' cheerful, Samanthe."
Says I, "you are bein' a natural born idiot, and do you stop it."

Says he, "I won't stop it, Samanthe, I will be cheerful." and he giggled.

Says I, "Won't you go out and let me rest a little, Josiah Allen?"

"No," says he firmly, "I will stand by you, and I will be cheerful," and he snickered out the loudest he had yet, but at the same time his countenance was so awfully gloomy and anxious lookin'that it filled me with a strange awe, as he continued: "The doctor told me that you had got to have somethin' to divert your mind, and that we had got to be cheerful before you, and while I have the spirit of a man, I will be cheerful;" and with a despondin' countenance he giggled and snickered.

I knew what a case he was to do his duty, and I groaned out to myself, "there haint no use a tryin' to stop him."

"No," says he, "there haint no use a arguein' with me, I shall do my duty," and with a despairin' countenance he bust out into a awful laugh that almost choked him.

I knew there wouldn't be no rest for me while he stood there performin' like a circus, and so says I, in a stratygim way, as it were,

"It seems as if I could eat a few oysters, if I had 'em Josiah."

Says he, "I will harness up the old mare and start for Jonesville this minute, and try to get some," and he started, but after he got out into the kitchen, and put his hat on, he stuck his head into the door, and with a mournful countenance snickered.

After he fairly sot sail for Jonesville, now thinks I to myself, I will have a good nap while I am alone, and I got settled down, and was jest thinkin' sweetly how slow the old mare was, when I heard voices in the kitchen, and Tirza came in, and says she, "Betsey Babbet is come. I told her I guessed you was goin' to sleep, and she hadn't better come in, but she acted so mad about it that I don't know what to do." Before I could find time to tell her to lock the door, Betsey came in with a bag on her arm about the size of a flour sack, and says she, "Josiah Allen's wife, how do you feel?" and she added sweetly, "You see I have come."

"I feel dreadful bad and feverish this mornin," says I groanin' in spite of myself, for my head felt the worst it had, every thing looked big and sick to the stomach to me, kinder waveria' and floatin' round like.

"Yes I know jest how you feel," says she, "I have felt jest so, only a great deal worse. Why I have had such a fever, Josiah Allen's wife, that the sweat stood in drops all over me. But as I was sayin'," she continued sweetly, "I have come down to see you, I have come to spend the day with you: We heard you was sick, and

we thought we would all come and spend the day. We have got relations from a distance visitin' us, and they are all a comin'. Mother is comin' and aunt Nancy and her three children, and Betsey Jane and her baby. There is quite a lot of us, but we don't want you to put yourselves out a bit for us. Aunt Nancy is the greatest case for biled vittles you ever see, with a biled puddin', and I told her if you was well enough to oversee it, you was such a good hand at it that I shouldn't wonder a bit if you had one. We should have had one before now for her, only it scents the house up so we have been puttin' it off. I come a little ahead, for I wanted to get a pattern for a bedquilt, if you have got it. I am goin' to piece up a bedquilt out of little bits of calicoes I have been savin' for years. And I brought the whole bag of calicoes right along, for mother and Betsey Jane said they would help me piece up to day, after I got 'em cut out. You know I may want bedquilts on a sudden. there is no knowin' when I shall be snatched away. Aunt Nancy would help me, but she is in a dreadful hurry making a rag carpet. She is goin' to bring down a basket full of yellow and orange rags, to tear up to-day. It haint very good work to carry a visitin', but I told her you was sick and wouldn't mind it. I guess," she continued, ' I will pour these calicoes all right out on the table, and then I will look at your bedquilts and patterns," and she poured out about half a bushel of crazy lookin' pieces of calico on to the table, no two pieces of a size.

I ground out in spite of myself, and shet my eyes. She heard the groun, and see the agony on to my eyebrow, and says she,

"Mebby you need chirkin' up a little. I will read to you a little before we begin to look at your patterns. I calculated to if you was low spirited. I come prepared," and takin' a paper out of her pocket, she says, "I will read to you one of the longest and most noble and eloquent editorials that has ever come out in the pages of the Gimlet, written by its noble and eloquent editor, it is concernin' our relations with Spain."

It was 2 much, 2 much, and I sprung up on my couch and cried wildly, "Let the editor of the Gimlet and his relations go to Spain! And do you go to Spain with your relations!" says I, "do you start this minute!"

Betsey was appauled and turned to flee, and I cried out again,

"Do you take your bedquilt with you!"

She gathered up her calicoes, and fled, and I sunk back and shed one or 2 briny tears of relief, and then sunk into a sweet and refreshin' sleep, and from that hour I gained on it. But in the next week's Gimlet these verses came out.

BLASTED HOPES.

BY B. BARRET.

I do not mind my cold rebuffs To be turned out with bedquift stuffs; Filesify would ease my smart Would say. "Oh peace sad female heart," But oh! this is the woo to me She would not listen unto he.

Although no patterns could I get Methinks I might be happy yet; Calm reason could have held my head As on my homeward path I fled, Did not this thought gnaw into me, She would not listen unto he.

If it had been my scarin' muse
That she in wild scorn did refuse,
I could like marble statute rise
And face her wrath with tearless eyes,
'Twould not have been such a blow to me
As she would not listen unto he.

Was I cold females of strong mind, I might in time become resigned; In sufferin's nk every grown, Alas! I'm but a clingin'one, And still these words are hauntin' me, She would not listen unto he.

Had I on sinkin' wreck been strung, Or o'er a wild volcano hung, Could I but hear his words the while, I'd murmur with a blissful smile, Ah, fate I sweet fate, thou'rt kind to me, For I can listen unto he.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Emblem of honors departed forever,

Type of the glories that twine round their way,
Semblance of joys that will never, no, never,
Rise up to bless us when once they decay.

Leaves of the forest, though now ye have perished,
Volumes unfold as you come to my view;
Friends I have trusted, the hopes I have cherished,
Moulder in ashes as lowly as you!

Rising or falling, or drifting before me, View I each motion with tear-filling eye, Thinking of dreams that were late in their glory, Scuttered, like thee, in my pathway to lie. Sport for the wind in its various fancies,
Here for to-duy, by to-morrow are gone;
How like the charms of a scene that entrances,
Brilliant an hour, ere another are flown.

Thus with the treasures that life gathers round us, Seasons are changing and friendships decay; Hopes bud with promise, but ere they have crowned us Fade in their garry to vanish away.

Sleep, then, in ashes, no charm can restore thee One of the beauties 'twas thine to display; Leaves have been withered, and scattered before thee, Soon you'll be lying as lowly as they.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Jane Fosten felt that her attempt to put down "that girl from the country," as she called Gertrude Harrington, was worse than a failure. The grave quiet of her step-mother was more than an open rebuke, and a smile lurked on her brother's mouth, all that evening, which was a continued aggravation. Instead of overpowering their inexperienced guest with the magnificence of her airs, she had brought nothing but quiet reprobation and cynical sneers upon herself. She felt herself defeated, and had no one to sympathize in her defeat.

It seemed as if Rufus Foster stayed at home that evening to enjoy the humiliating figure she displayed, trailing that volume of silk up and down the drawing-room carpet, and multiplying her magnificence in the tall looking-glasses which reflected a sullen and baffled face, which seemed to taunt her like an enemy.

"What has happened at the club, that you honor us with your company now, of all nights in the year?" she said at last.

"Oh, nothing! I fancy things are going on as usual; but I always stay where I find the best promise of amusement," answered Foster, as he turned in his easy-chair, and regarded his sister from head to foot with a most provoking smile. "Besides, I had an idea that the very beautiful young person up stairs might need better protection than Mrs. Foster can give her."

"Indeed! It is an outburst of innocent rural taste that keeps you at home then. I congratulate 'the beautiful young person.' Her powers of reformation must be wonderful.'

"In that case you had better cultivate her, Jane, for, so far as I can see, her manners are unpretending, and perfectly modest."

Here Miss Foster gave up the battle, and, flying to the piano, spread a cataract of silk over the stool, while her hands thundered at the keys with a vigor that she knew would drive the fastidious man half distracted.

Foster bore this new infliction heroically for a time; but at last took his hat, and went forth to the neighboring club-house, rather disappointed

that his step-mother's guest had not appeared again.

The moment he was gone, Miss Foster gave both hands a final dash over the piano-keys, and marched up stairs, half-ashamed of herself, and half-triumphant that she had at least driven her exasperating brother from the house.

Meantime, Gertrude, weary with fatigue and excitement, was half-asleep upon the frilled pillows she was at first reluctant to rest her head against, but accepted at last with a ludicrous sense of comfort never dreamed of in her country home. The door was open into her pretty sitting room, and the ruddy light of burning coals came through the glitter of a low, steel grate, filling both rooms with a soft glimmer, delightfully úreamy and pleasant. All her resentment against the young lady, who had met her so rudely, was toned down by a feeling of exquisite sleepiness, which soon deepened into profound slumber.

In the morning, Miss Foster arose earlier than usual, and rang for her maid, a bright, little Irish girl, who paid liberally in flattery for all the cast-off clothing and uncertain privileges bestowed upon her from time to time, when spasmodic fits of generosity seized upon her mistress.

Lois knocked lightly at Miss Foster's dressing-room door, in answer to the bell, and found that lady sitting in a low, easy-chair, with her unclad feet buried in the white fur of the hearthrug, and her hair streaming loosely over her shoulders.

"Come and do my hair," said the young lady, folding her arms in the loose sleeves of her cashmere wrapper. "I have been obliged to ring twice."

"Didn't hear the bell. Come the very first minute I did," answered Lois, taking a large brush of carved ivory frem the bureau, and beginning to smoothe the not over abundant hair that Miss Foster submitted to her. "Everything topsy-turvy this morning. Mr. Foster ringing for his man an hour earlier than common. Mrs. Foster up and dressed, when her maid knocked, and the young lady——"

"Well, what of the young lady, Lois?"

- "Nothing. Only she hasn't rung or opened her door yet."
 - "Rung, indeed? Who is she to ring for?"
- "Don't know exactly. Only Susan, Mrs. Foster's own maid, was ordered to attend on the young lady."
- "And will she do it? Why, the girl never had any one to help dress her. Don't know what a lady's maid is."
- "That is just what Susan said to me, Miss," answered Lois, "and, says I, saving your presence, we were hired here to wait on our own ladies, not to take in extra."
- "Exactly, Lois. I hope Susan will understand her own interest, and refuse to wait on that person. If she asks you to help her in one single thing, remember, I forbid it. The idea of a girl like that not being able to wait on herself!"
- "Of course, Miss, I know what belongs to myself better than that."
- "And I hope Susan does too," answered the young lady.
- "Well, as to that, Miss, the old lady is generous beyond anything, and, as one may say, no trouble; and Susan has nothing but contentment and ease with her: so when she asks a thing, it's hard to refuse, you see, because she does it so polite like, as if she asked it as a favor."
 - "But this is putting double duty on Susan."
 - "But she thinks it won't be for long."
- "Does she? Well, you can inform her that Miss Harrington means to stay here during the next twelve months, at least."
- "What! Twelve months, Miss? Susan will never stand that."
- "I should think not, if you are her friend, Lois-
- "Which I am. Susan and I are from the same county, cousins some generations back, I dare say. So it isn't for me to sit easy while she is put upon to the extent of a whole year."
- "Or of a single day. If Susan takes her stand she must do it this very morning."
- "I will go speak to her," said Lois, laying down her brush, and kneeling on the rug, while she put on the young lady's slippers.
- "That will do, Lois; I can wait. You had better go at once."

Lois left the room, and, in the upper hall, met Susan Webb, a stiff, hard-faced maiden, of long experience, and staid, if not sullen temper. There was a cloud on the woman's face, as if she did not quite like the task so gently put upon her.

"Are ye going in yonder?" said Lois, nodding her head toward Gertrude's room.

- "Yes, just while the young lady is here, you know."
- "Just while she's here? Why, that'll be till the fall comes round again."
 - "What is it you say, Lois?"
- "Why, the creature has come for good and all. She's the mistress' own niece, don't you understand? What you do now just nails you down, Susan Webb. Begin, and there's no going back."

Susan Webb paused, and ruminated, with her eyes on the floor. She was a cautious individual, and her place was an easy one; but another mistress, and that a young girl, threatened to change the aspect of things so materially, that all the alacrity of purpose with which she had come up stairs was considerably disturbed.

- "Are you sure that she means to stay so long, Lois?"
- "Sure, the young mistress told me so, not ten minutes ago; and says she, 'Lois, don't have your friend put upon unknownst,' so I come out to give you a hint."
- "But after all, she looks a sweet young creature, and may make it worth my while."
- "Make it worth your while, Susan, why that is just where it is. She hasn't a haporth of her own, and you'll see that all the clothes and things that the mistress has to give will just pass you by after this, and go to her. The worst enemy we servants ever have is a poor relation."
- "That's the living truth," exclaimed Susan, with energy; "I shouldn't mind the work so much, but—"
- "Of course, you never could give up your rights to that extent," broke in Lois.
- "And I never will," answered Susan, with decision. "No country relation shall rob me."

With these words Susan Webb left Lois in the hall, and marched down stairs, resolved to fight this matter out with her kind and sweet-tempered mistress.

Mrs. Foster was in the breakfast-room, daintily re-arranging some of the silver and china which had been too carelessly put on the table. She looked up with some surprise when Susan came into the room.

- "Is anything the matter—is my niece ill?" she asked, anxiously.
- "Not having seen her, it is hard to tell," answered that respectable female, who had more rebellion in her heart than she found the spirit to express. "I have thought better of it, Mrs. Foster."
 - "Thought better of what, Susan?"
- "About waiting on the young lady. It wasn't in my bargain, at all."

- "If I remember, there was no especial bargain between us," said the lady, very quietly. "I hired your services for a certain sum of money, and desire that they shall be given to my niece."
- "Which I decline to do," answered Susan, looking up to the ceiling, as if conversing with some invisible person up there.
 - "Very well, Susan."
- "Being reasonable, I thought you would come down to the point of not asking me," answered Susan, preparing to depart with grave triumph in her heart.
- "You misunderstand, Susan. I accept your refusal to do what I desire, and that terminates our engagement."

Susan stared at her mistress in blank amazement.

- "You mean—that is. I—I am ready to do anything in reason."
- "I mean," said the lady, ignoring the repentant suggestion, "that your month's wages will be ready directly after breakfast."

Mrs. Foster did not raise her voice, or exhibit the least excitement, but a storm of words could not have been more decisive. Susan Webb left the room crestfallen and subdued. An hour or two after, she met Lois in the hall.

- "Well, Susan, I hope you haven't been afraid to speak your mind," she said, with an air of pert security.
- "Yes," answered the spinster bitterly, "I have spoken my mind."
 - "Well?"
 - "And have got my month's wages, that's all,"
- "A month's wages, and she so mild and sweet. I wouldn't have believed it of her. I've done as much by the young mistress a thousand times, and she always gave in after a sharp fight."
- "But Mrs. Foster don't fight, and she won't give in. There is the difference. I took your advice, Lois, and have lost the best place I ever had in my life."

Lois tossed her head like a haltered colt.

"As for that, there is as good fish in the sea as ever come out of it. She wanted to put on you, and that's all the trouble."

Susan did not take her fate with such genial philosophy. In fact, third parties usually do endure their friends' misfortunes with more equanimity than the direct sufferers know how to assume. There was bitterness and regret in her bosom all the time she was packing up; and when Lois would have shaken hands with her in parting, the crusty thing—as the girl called her—wrapped her arms defiantly in her shawl, and stalked out of the house, resolved in her inner-

most heart never to offer pitched battle to a gentle and dove-like woman again as long as she lived.

Lois watched her cousin, in the back generations, from the window with some natural compunction and no little bitterness against her young mistress, who had in fact suggested the advice she had given; and when she entered the dressing-room again, it was with a quivering lip and sullen brow.

- "Well, I suppose you'll be glad of it, Miss, but the mistress has just sent poor Susan packing," she said; "and I'm to blame for it, more shame to me."
- "Never mind, Lo, there is a blue silk you may have, if that will console you," said the young lady, tossing the half-worn garment toward her maid.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Music in the Park, for the last time this year."

Foster had found this announcement in the paper, and read it aloud at the breakfast-table, some ten days after Gertrude's arrival in New York. "Madam, what do you say to a drive? I do not think Miss Harrington has seen the Park in all its glory yet. There has been a touch of black frost, and the foliage is splendid."

Gertrude looked eagerly toward her aunt. She had seen nothing of New York yet but what presented itself in shopping excursions, and glimpses of a few public buildings, and the thirst of great curiosity was upon her.

- "I had proposed to go out with Mrs. Foster this afternoon," said Miss Foster, always on the alert.
- "Ah!" ejaculated the gentleman, as if that settled the question in his mind.
- "But there is room enough, if you will accept a seat," observed Mrs. Foster, addressing her step-son, who answered with indifference,
- "Thank you, I will go on horseback, if Jane chooses to honor you."
- "On horseback!" exclaimed Gertrude, kindling beautifully with the thought of a ride on that beautiful autumn day.
- "Do you ride, Miss Harrington?" inquired Foster, with sudden interest.
- "Do I ride? Of course I do. Only, perhaps, I might not understand all that is expected of one here."
- "If you would like it, I have a horse that will be proud to bear you."
- "If you mean Dusty-foot, she has gone lame," said Miss Foster, sharply.
- "Your herse was quite out of my mind, Jane. I had a fancy that Miss Harrington could manage

a better steed than that, and purchased a beautiful chestnut yesterday. Will you try it this afternoon?"

The bland smile with which this invitation was given was so winning, and her surprise so great, that Gertrude flushed scarlet. It was the first real attention that Foster had bestowed on her, except in rebuke and defiance of his sister. She cast a swift, anxious look on her aunt, who seemed just a little excited herself, but gave no sign of disapproval.

"I—I should be too happy, only I have no habit; nothing that would do," she said at last, almost with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, that must not cheat us of our ride. Of course, after the horse, one's next thought is about the habit. I have been intriguing with your dress-maker, and dare say the things have been sent home."

A bright flash broke through the mist in Gertrude's eyes, and, in spite of herself, she cast a glance of triumph on the sister, who turned white with suppressed rage.

"I suppose Miss Harrington will hardly care to go out with any gentleman alone, for the first time; so, as you seem to desire it, mamma, I will have Dusty-foot out, and go with them."

Before Mrs. Foster could speak, her step-son had an answer ready. "We should be delighted, Jane, but you have forgotten that poor Dustyfoot is disabled, poor thing."

A vivid and mischievous brightness flashed over Gertrude's face, and Mrs. Foster felt a smile trembling on her own serene lips; but a glance at Jane's baffled face, filled her with compunction, and she said, very kindly,

"You and I can go in the carriage, Jane; they will join us from time to time, and thus all the proprieties will be kept up."

Miss Foster, defeated and baffled by her own selfish passion, had nothing to say, but left the room pale with anger.

Gertrude also ran up stairs, wild with joyous anticipation. She met Jane in the hall, and being too happy for resentment, stopped suddenly, holding out her hand.

"Oh, Miss Foster, do be friends with me for once. If you knew how I pine for exercise, how dearly I love riding, you would be glad for me."

The suddenness and ardor of this girlish appeal had its effect for the moment at least. Before the angry girl knew it, that frankly-offered hand was clasped in hers.

"I only wish it were possible for me to feel such happiness, if it were only for a single minute," she said, honestly, "and all about a paltry horseback-ride. I cannot understand it."

"Oh, but you have had so much and I so little. It will take me years to look upon these pleasures as you do!" said Gertrude, who was in fact thrilled with happy expectations.

"If you were in love with Rufus, now, I could understand it; but just a ride—____'

In love with Rufus—the very thought flashed through Gertrude like a flame, leaving its crimson track over hands, neck, and face—then she broke into a laugh.

"Now I comprehend why you dislike me so. In love with your brother Rufus! Rest content; I never shall be that; never, never. The thing is simply impossible."

"Why so? You will not be the first by many a silly moth. Have you not learned by this time that Ruf is a great catch?"

"A great catch, is he? Well, pray, what is a great catch?"

"There, there, don't play the innocent with me; try it on him. These city girls do it bunglingly; but you bring fresh country air with you, and that is a novelty that will reach him, if anything can, which I doubt."

"Reach him! Who wants to reach him? Not I, truly. You would never think it possible, if you had the least idea of—of——"

Here Gertrude broke off, blushing violently; for she was thinking of Hart Webster, and was on the verge of betraying herself.

Miss Foster laughed as she answered,

"Dear me, what a spirit I have aroused! Just hinting at the possibility of another victim at the slow chariot-wheels of my brother. isn't a terrible crime, is it? Why, you will have whole crowds of company. Haven't I said he has been the great catch in society, ever so many years."

"But you have not told me what a great catch is," answered Gertrude, half provoked, half amused.

"Two or three millions, with any sort of a man at the back of it," answered Miss Foster, dryly.

"Then your brother is worth his millions, and, therefore, a great catch. I begin to understand."

"It will take a good while to understand him, I can tell you. One might as well attempt to read the Dead Sea."

Gertrude laughed.

"I can at any rate understand that you do not love each other to distraction!"

"Only to detraction, you would like to say," answered Miss Foster, laughing with genuine admiration of her own wit; for she was gradually drawing into a more sociable state of mind, hav-

ing found a single-handed fight harassing, and rather lonely work. "No, there is no intense affection between us. What is that, Lois?"

"Only a package which I was to carry to Miss Harrington's room," answered the girl, who was gliding cautiously by her mistress, with a large paper box in her arms.

Miss Foster frowned, and retreated into her own room.

Gertrude ran forward and entered her apartments, just in time to see a long skirt of the finest and deepest blue cloth thrown across the sofa, and a habit, brightened sumptuously with small buttons, held up for her inspection.

"For me, and so beautiful! How can I ever repay such kindness?" she exclaimed, radiant with satisfaction.

"Here is something else," said Lois, taking a dainty whip from the box, mounted with gold, and rounded at the handle with a purple amathyst.

"Oh, the beauty!" cried Gertrude, dropping the habit, and seizing upon the whip.

"And gauntlet-gloves, too," continued Lois. "Such a darling little pair; besides, there is something else."

Here the girl darted from the room, and left Gertrude to examine her new outfit with such satisfaction as only a young creature like her can feel, when she finds herself supplied with the elegancies of a grand toilet for the first time in her life.

"They look like gold; but I suppose that isn't possible," she thought, examining the buttons with interest. "But I never saw the pattern before."

Here Lois came in with a round-box in her arms. Opening the box, she held a pretty, low-crowned hat up for observation.

"Veil and all, Miss; boots, too, just the prettiest things you ever saw, with a spur on one heel."

"Why. Lois, do ladies wear such hats, boots, and things, in New York?" said Gertrude, a little terrified by the masculine features of her riding-dress.

"Wear them, Miss? Of course they do, only a little more so," answered Lois. "Here we will just leave the things out till they're wanted, then I'll be on hand, if she isn't on the watch; for its my delight to rig out young ladies for a horse-back ride—that is, young ladies as is ladies, spite of being bred up in the country, which I was myself. Now I suppose I may as well go in and take my scolding. I saw i was coming, safe enough, when she caught me at waiting on you; but, never mind, I'm used to it."

Though Lois proclaimed her readiness to take

a scolding, with something like defiance, she moved reluctantly toward the room of her young mistress, and was treacherously disposed to lay the blame of her disobedience on some one else, but Miss Foster nipped that idea in the bud at once.

"Lois, you have been taking money from my brother," she said, with sharp austerity. "Nothing but that would have given you the courage to disobey my orders."

"Oh, Miss, it was such a price he offered! Five dollars doesn't often come in the way of a poor girl; so you'll consider that as some excuse for carrying the things up, and—and—."

"Helping to put them on," I understand.

"Yes, Miss, if you'll excuse that much."

Miss Foster had exhausted a great deal of illhumor during the last few days, and really wanted to rest on her arms. An idea struck her, full of mischief, and promising her great amusement.

"Well, Lois, I will excuse it on one consideration."

"What is it, Miss?"

"When you fasten her braids, do them loosely. You understand?"

Lois nodded her head, and uttered a low laugh.

"I don't know of anything more disenchanting, than a thing of that sort," muttered the young lady; "and I really am doing this girl a service. She don't know that such attentions from Rufus mean just the amusement of a week. To cut them short is to save her little, country head from being turned completely. I should dearly like to see all that hair tumble down, and drop off in the Park, with some of Ruf's club fellows looking on. Lois will do it, for, next to money, the girl loves mischief."

A few hours after this delicate compact between the mistress and maid, Lois was busy as a bee about Gertrude's equestrian toilet. She smoothed the long skirt into soft, voluminous folds, buttoned the habit over that subtle and rounded form, and seemed proud of the girl's beauty, as if it were her own. All the time she kept up a lively stream of talk.

"Lovely buttons, aint they? Pure gold, I haven't the leastest doubt, for every one has a moneygram on it, G. H. twisted in lovingly, as snakes in a nest. Mr. Foster never would have put them on anything but the finest of gold, and so many of them too. Just look."

Gertrude examined the buttons a second time, and, after some trouble, disentangled her own initials out of the artistic complication which ornamented them.

"Why, this must have been done for me entirely for me!" she exclaimed, thrilled with astonishment and delight by the delicate compliment.

"Of course," answered Lois. "Moneygrams are always done on purpose; nothing but awful rich persons can afford them; that's what gives them their names, I suppose. There, Miss, the habit is buttoned, and sits like a glove. My! what a figure you have got! No wonder Mr. Foster wants to cover you all over with gold moneygrams. I would myself, if I was a gentleman and a millioner. Not being that, just let me do over your hair a little, before I put the hat on; horseback riding is shaky."

Gertrude sat down patiently, and allowed the maid to arrange her hair; for she was self-distrustful, and gratefully anxious to honor the toilet so generously bestowed upon her.

When Lois had done her task, and surmounted Gertrude's rich hair with the piquant little hat, the girl cast a shy glance at her figure in the glass, and blushed with pleasure as the graceful reflection smiled back upon her. The long, sweeping skirt gave a style and queenliness of person that she had never dreamed of possessing. She was almost ashamed of her own exultant vanity, when she saw how curiously the maid was regarding her.

Just then Mrs. Foster came into the room, and Gertrude turned to her.

- "Oh, aunt! isn't the whole dress perfect?" she exclaimed, sweeping across the room and kissing the good lady with enthusiasm. "Did you order it, or am I altogether indebted to Mr. Foster?"
- "I did not order it," said the lady, with gentle gravity; "but we must not permit Rufus to pay for it—that would hardly do. Still his taste gives us plenty of room for gratitude. It is a lovely dress."
- "Oh, how good you are!" cried the girl. "How shall I ever learn to live without you again?"

The lady made no answer in words, but a wish that had been lying deep in her heart from the time she first saw her niece, made itself visible in her eyes, and said more plainly than words could have done,

- "Oh, how I wish it were possible to keep you always with me!"
 - " Miss, the horses are at the door."

A footman said this, and vanished, while Gertrude was giving a farewell kiss to her aunt. Before he reached the bottom of the stairs, the joyous young creature was following him, and as she stood a moment on the head steps, more than

one person turned to gaze admiringly upon the bright picture she made.

With a slight bound, that scarcely needed the touch of Foster's hand, Gertrude sprung into the saddle, and was instantly mistress of the beautiful chestnut animal, whose coat shone like satin in the afternoon sunshine, and whose limbs possessed all the grace and spirit of a reindeer.

"Ah, the beautiful creature!" cried Gertrude, patting that silken neck with her hand. "It will seem like riding the wind."

Mrs. Foster stood by the window as the elegant gentleman and the spirited girl rode off, moving slowly, much against the will of their thoroughbred horses. As they passed out of sight, the lady heaved a deep sigh.

"If it could have been, my lonely life would have some brightness yet," she murmured. "But she has taken fate in her own hands, and in a short time will be called from me. I think he fancies her. I am sure of it. Never since I came into the family has he ever seemed to care so much for any one. But ought I to wish it for her? Then again, is she a creature to struggle against poverty?"

Here the good lady fell into a deeper fit of musing, and left the window.

CHAPTER XIX.

"A GENTLEMAN in the reception-room, Miss. He inquired for Miss Harrington, and was anxious to know where she was gone, and when she would be home again, so I asked him in."

"A gentleman for Miss Harrington," said Miss Foster, laying down her French novel with a yawn. "From the country, I suppose. Farmer-looking, Stephen?"

"No, Miss, quite the gentleman."

"Quite the gentleman, and inquiring for Miss Harrington. You must be mistaken, Stephen. Now, tell me what is your idea of a gentleman?"

"He is tall, Miss—very tall; has a great head, with plenty of bright hair on it, curling a trifle at the ends, with eyes that smile their way right through one. Then he moves like a war-horse, and speaks carclessly, like a king that knows he's got to be obeyed. That's my idea of this gentleman, anyway."

Miss Foster flung down her book, and went up to the broad mirror that reflected half the room she was in.

"What a description," she said, laughing, as she began to refresh her front hair with an extra puff. "You quite arouse my curiosity. Say that I will be down in a few minutes. Where is Mrs. Foster?" when I told him that Miss Harrington was not at home," answered Stephen.

"Very well, I will come in a moment."

When the door was closed, the young lady caressed the frizzed hair on each side of her forehead with both hands for a moment, then drew a mysterious little box from a drawer in her dressing-table, and seemed to be in closely confidential communication with the image that looked on her from the mirror, for both herself and the reflection grew rosier and rosier, and when the young lady turned away, there was a permanent flush over her cheeks.

After shaking out the folds of her train, and smoothing the lace on her over-dress, she went down stairs, curious to see the strange person of whom the footman had given this graphic description. She found Hart Webster waiting quietly in the reception-room. He arose to receive her with the ease and grace of a finished courtier.

"You desired to see Miss Harrington," said the young lady, motioning that he should take a seat on the sofa, which she at once more than half occupied with her draperies. "She has gone out with my brother. They have hardly reached the Park yet, I should fancy, from the slow pace at which they rode."

"Then Miss Harrington has gone out to ride?"

"Yes, in the Park. My brother has just purchased a horse, half Arabian, I believe, and they are trying it for the first time. It is a beautiful animal. Mine is nothing to it, though Dustyfoot was of his selection; but men are not so particular, you can imagine, when it is only a sister that is to be pleased."

"I was not aware that Mrs. Foster had a son."

"Oh, I am not speaking of Mrs. Foster. She is only our step-mother. But you cannot be a close friend of Miss Harrington's family if she has not informed you about Rufus. Young ladies are not apt to overlook him, I assure you. As my father's representative, he counts for something."

"I have never heard of him," said Hart Webster; and the bitterness of a swift pang of jealousy broke into his voice.

Miss Foster laughed gently.

"I wonder what Rufus would say to that. An intimate friend of Miss. Harrington and his existence unknown. I am tempted to tell him of it. Why, she must be a paragon of modesty and discretion. I thought all girls were proud of their conquests,"

A momentary pallor came to Webster's face. He arose and examined a picture closely without him broke forth in action. He strode up and

"Gone out. The gentleman inquired for her, | seeing it. Miss Foster went on, pleasant as a June morning.

> "You can imagine how popular Miss Harrington must be with us. Rufus is the head of the house, as I may say. Father gave him the lion's share of everything, and if he chooses to monopolize our young friend, no one can help it."

> Webster turned from his blind survey of the picture. His eyes were on fire, and the silken beard which shaded his mouth trembled.

> "The Park is not far from here, I should judge," he said. "I will walk that way."

> An idea flashed through the young lady's brain, and she too arose.

> "Let me suggest a better plan. You would never find our young couple alone, for the Park is large, and the paths intricate to a stranger. I will be your guide; of course you can manage a horse?"

> Webster smiled, but there was sarcasm rather than sweetness in the expression of his mouth.

> " Of course, we men from the country have a pretty fair knowledge of horses," he said.

> "I thought so," answered Miss Foster, ringing for a servant. " Now, as these selfish lov-I beg pardon-creatures, have left me to anguish at home, suppose we send for horses and follow them?"

> Before Webster could answer, a servant obeyed the bell.

> "Stephen," said the young lady, promptly, "have my brother's black saddle-horse and Dusty-foot brought out. Tell the men to be as quick as possible."

The man bowed and disappeared.

"We shall give them a surprise, I fancy," she said, rendered bright and almost handsome by the spirit of mischief within her. "They will not thank us, perhaps, for breaking up a well planned tete-a-tete; but you will see our friend in all her glory, with her beauty, and Rufus for a companion. She is sure to make a sensation in the Park. Her face is new, and that counts for everything."

Webster made some answer, but to his dying day he never knew what it was. It seemed to please his companion, however.

"Now, with your permission, I will run up and get ready," she said, airily. "They have cheated me out of my ride, and it is only returning good for evil when I take Gertrude's friends where she can be seen to the best advantage."

Webster saw the young lady depart, feeling as if some harassing dream held him enslaved, but the moment he was alone, the storm within down the room like a roused lion, his superbeyes were flooded with dusky light, his lips moved passionately, and he thrust one clenched hand into his bosom, as if to stay the throbbing of some wound.

While he was walking up and down in this passionate manner, two horses were brought to

the door, and Miss Foster came down stairs in her habit. He joined her in the hall, ran ahead of her down the steps, waited fiercely till she reached the pavement, then lifted her with startling violence to her saddle, sprang on to the black horse, and the two rode away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SYBIL AND OAK.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

A SYBIL set 'meath an oaken tree, That stood alone on a verdant lea, And carved on its trunk 'neath a quaint design, With a blade of steel that was keen and fine.

Pensez-a moi, old oaken tree, Pensez a moi, remember me.

The tree spread its boughs to the Summer breeze, Spread them far and wide, a prince of trees, And beneath its shade grown a goodly vine, That climbed the topmost boughs and did twine.

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree,

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree, Pensez a moi, remember me.

A stately dame in silken suit,
Stood by the vine, at the oak tree's foot,
And smiled on the clusters fair that hung
Where the vine to the oak's rough branches clung.

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree, Penzez a moi, remember me.

A zephyr's breath the vine-leaves stirred, In the boughs above caroled many a bird; And the dame thought how fine a thing 'twould be To fill her stores from that vine-clad tree.

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree, Pensez a moi, remember me.

But she saw not the form that sat so mute On the other side, with one sandaled foot, Peeping out from beneath a skirt as green As the oak's dark glimmering emerald sheen.

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree,

Pensez a moi, remember me.

The Autumn winds grew bleak and cold,
The vine-leaves, crimpled and shrunken, rolled
O'er the sere brown earth, and the oaks green crest,
In russot hues was gravely dressed.

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree, Pensez a moi, remember me.

And the oaken tree at length was shorn
Of the leafy honors it long had wo n,
And the vine all bare and fruitless hung
To the roughened bark where it long had clung,
Pensez a moi, old oaken tree,
Pensez a moi, remember me.

And years went by and Summers fied,
And the lightnings struck the oak tree dead,
And the vine was laid a broken thing,
Beside the trunk where it needs must cling.

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree,

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree, Pensez a moi, remember me.

And when only a blackened stump was left, Of grace, of beouty, of life bereft, Still might be read that graven line The sybil had traced with her weapon fine,

Pensez a moi, old oaken tree, Pensez a moi, remember me.

A MADRIGAL.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

THE patient-eyed cattle go slowly before her,
 A sweet milky odor impregnates the air,
 And softly the shadows fall round her and o'er her—
 The little milk maiden is wondrously fair.

"Come Crummie, come Brownie, the damp dew is fulling, Come hasten, oh hasten across the wide lea; Come Crummie, come Brownie," her young voice is calling, "A shelter is waiting for you and for me!"

Soft tinkle the cow-bells as now and then stopping
To crop the green grasses, slow stoop the red kine;
'Tween tinkle of cow-bells her low words are dropping

From lips oversweet, and as mad'ning as wine.

"Come Crummie, come Brownie, the dump dew is falling,
Come hasten, oh hasten, across the wide lea;

Come hasten, on hasten, across the wide lea;
Come Crummie, come Brownie," her young voice is calling.
"A shelter is waiting for you and for me!"

A shelter awaits thee, oh dear little maiden,
A home in my heart, and a place in my soul;
I've never a thought that with thee is not laden,
I've never a hope but that thou art its goal.

Come Crnmmie, come Brownie, the damp dew is falling, Come hasten, oh hasten, across the wide lea, Come Crummie, come Brownie," her young voice is calling,

"A shelter is waiting for you and for me."

The patient-eyed cattle go slowly before us,
The night dow is falling upon her brown hair,
The shadows are closing around us and o'er us,
But lo, in our bosoms, the sunshine is there.

"Come Crummie, come Brownie, the damp dew is falling
Come hasten, oh hasten across the wide lea,
Come Crummie, come Brownie," her young voice is calling,

"A shelter is waiting for you and for me !".

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a walking-costume. The material for this costume is plaid woolen serge, either,



solid blocks of black and white, or the mixed pfaids of blue and green. It is made with one skirt, just to touch, which is trimmed with two flounces, slightly full, cut on the bias, nine inches deep. These flounces are trimmed with worsted bullion fringe, two inches deep, mixed to match the material. There is a Polonaise waist, cut to fit the figure, buttoned from the throat all the way down the front. The edge of the Polonaise has a bias band of the material, two inches wide, and below that the fringe. As may be seen, this Polonaise is much shorter than those of last season. There is a box-plait, cut separate from the waist, and set on at the

neck at the back, coming down about nine inches below the waist, the end of which is trimmed to match the bottom of the Polonaise. This is belted in at the waist, and may be dispensed with if preferred. A tight coat-sleeve, with a wide frill at the wrist, cut on the bias, and also trimmed with the fringe. These surges cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar per yard. Fifteen to sixteen yards will be required, and seventeen yards of worsted bullion fringe, from forty to sixty cents per yard. A lighter and cheaper material than serge can be bought in plaids, from thirty-seven to fifty cents per yard.

We next give a walking-suit. This suit is made



Vol. LXII.-15

of two shades of brown Empress cloth or poplin. } The under-skirt is of the dark shade, and perfeetly plain. The Polonaise is of the light color, and cut long and straight at the bottom, and hangs plain, without being looped in any place. The bottom of it is trimmed with a bias band of the dark material, three inches deep; above that is a piping of the same material, put on to simulate scallops. Pockets, trimmed with the dark shade, and also the cuff of the coat-sleeve. A turn-down collar, and piping, like the bottom of the skirt, is continued around the arm. Eight yards of the dark color, and six of the light, will be required. There should be considerable contrast between the two shades, to make this costume effective. Poplin, at seventy-five cents per yard, is of very good quality. Of course, the more expensive ones are finer and better.

We also give a walking-suit for a little Miss of twelve to fourteen years of age. This is to be



made of any of the dark self-colored poplinsblue, maroon, or gray. The lower-skirt has a puff four inches deep, with two rows of narrow velvet ribbon top and bottom. A yoke waist, cut round, with a short over-skirt, cut out in Vandyke points, and bound with black velvet to match. There is a large fireman's cape, slashed little girl of six to eight years old. This is to

up the back, and trimmed to match, which is added for out-door costume. Sleeves are cut slightly open, or in the coat-shape, as may be preferred. A gray poplin, trimmed with darkblue velvet, or crimson, would be very pretty for a little girl. From ten to twelve yards of poplin, and two pieces of velvet ribbon will be required.

We next give the back and front of a black silk Polonaise for a young Miss. This garment is cut all in one, to fit the figure, and may either be made of black silk, cashmere, or of the same material as the dress. The trimming is very



simple, being merely cut out in points, and bound either with the same material or with black velvet. Two rows of piping, or two rows of narrow velvet ribbon above the points. Open sleeves, ornamented with a bow at the back of the arm. There is a belt for the waist, which is ornamented with a bow and pointed ends, to be worn over the Polonaise, forming a little basque at the back. Four to five yards of silk will cut this garment, according to the age of the child.



We give here a low-necked over-dress for a

be made of striped silk. The front is cut in the ; five yards of new material will cut this little Polonaise style, and the back to fit the figure to the waist, where the skirt is fulled in at the sideseams with plaits, and looped in the back. The whole is pointed at the bottom, and bound with plain silk of the same color, with two rows of piping above the point. This piping also trims the waist, as may be seen. Bows of the plain silk down the front. Small, puffed sleeve. This



same garment may be made high in the neck, and long sleeved, if preferred, and could readily be cut out of some half-worn dress of mamma's, } and worn over either a ruffled white skirt, or a black one; or let the skirt be of plain silk or delain the same color as the stripes. Four to ?

over-dress.

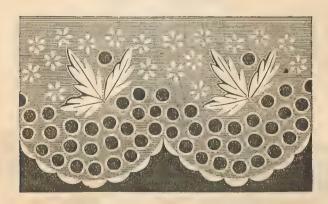
We conclude with a boy's suit from eight to ten years old. To be made of light cassimer or velveteen. The pants are gathered in with an elastic



at the knee, and put upon an under-waist. sack is double-breasted. Pockets, cuff, and collar, trimmed with a dozen rows of narrow braid, put on very close. Belted in at the waist.

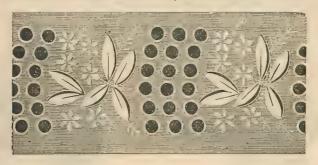
EMBROIDERY FOR UNDER-LINEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two new and very choice de-{ The one above is a trimming, or edging. The signs, in white embroidery, for under-linen. one on the following page is an insertion.

These are both simple and attractive, re-; need only to be worked to make them univerquiring but little application, and we are sure; sally acceptable to our numerous readers.



TUNIC FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This tunic is made of blue silk, or mohair, or cashmere, and is trimmed down the front with bias bands, which are fastened by buttons covered with the material. The front is slightly cut up at the side, giving the effect of an apron. Where the back and side-piece join, there is a hollow plait. The sleeve is trimmed with bias bands

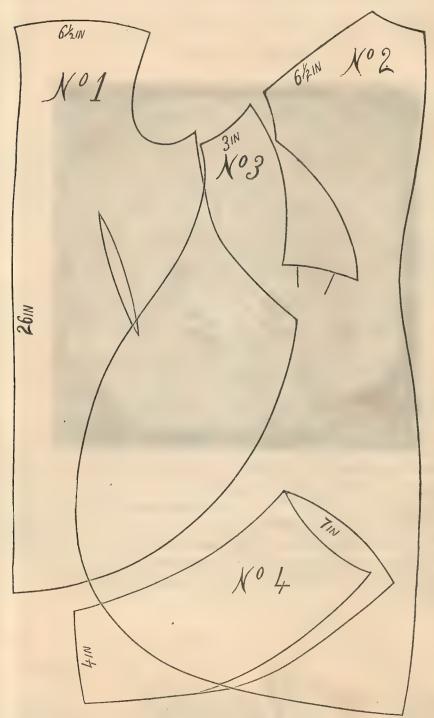
and buttons like the front. The sash is of blue ribbon. We give, on the next page, a diagram. by which to cut this tunic out, viz:

No. 1. FRONT OF TUNIC.

No. 2. BACK OF TUNIC.

No. 3: SIDE-PIECE.

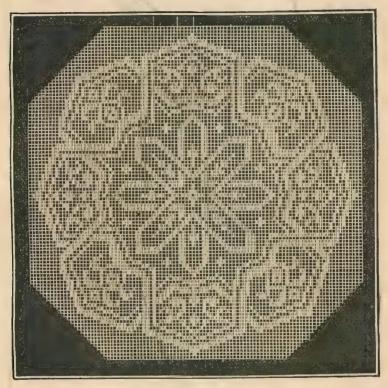
No. 4. SLEEVE.



The petticoat, which is laid in large plaits, and { engraving,) may be made of any material; but the skirt, which is cut in points, (as seen in the would be most elegant if made at the same material.

OCTAGON ANTIMACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Four reels of No. 10 Boar's-Head orochet cotton of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby, two ounces of knitting cotton, No. 8, and an ivory mesh, No. 9.

On a foundation begin with 25 stitches, and increase (by netting two in one at the end of every row) until there are 51 squares at each side. Continue without increasing for 48 rows, and then decrease by netting two together at the end of every row, until 25 loops only are left.

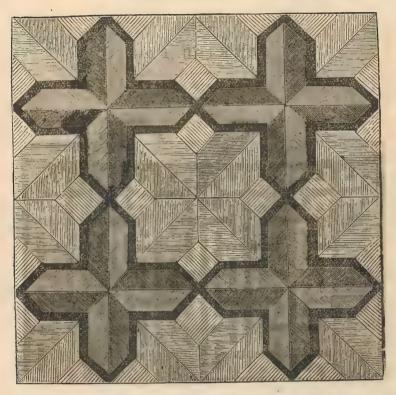
The antimacassar should then be washed, and pinned out, that it may form into shape. Place it in a frame to darn, and this may be done extremely well from the engraving; then add the corder and fringe. The former is plain netting, with a stitch in every one, except at the corners, when four must be worked in each. This is for the first round; in the succeeding ones, one stitch only is to be worked in each. Finish by knitting on a rich fringe, three inches deep.

NAME FOR MARKING.



PATCH-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials for this design may either be pieces of silk, or beads worked on canvas; but, in both cases, to give the proper effect, two shades of each of two colors, one other color and black will be required.

A reference to the engraving will show that in the stars one half of each section is lighter and the other darker. This part should be worked in two shades of some rich color. The black part may be done by laying black velvet or narrow satin ribbon on, after the work is otherwise completed; and in this case, as a matter of course, the pieces which they edge must be proportionally larger. Each quarter of the square is also done in two shades, those with the horizontal lines being the darkest. A third color is to be used for the small diamonds. As every shade of color can be obtained in silks, the following combinations will be found pretty: Two violets for the star, two ambers for the square,

and a rich emerald-green for the diamonds; or, these latter colors may be reversed. Rich blue and brown, or blue and cerise, with amber diamonds, would also look well. The various sections may be enlarged to any required dimensions, doubled, or even trebled; and the squares may be worked in different colors, if a very gay effect is desired.

If beads be employed, they must be worked by the thread, on canvas, which must be selected for the squareness of the meshes. Begin in the center of a square; put on eight stitches in a straight perpendicular line; let the left row have eight also, but begin a stitch higher, and therefore slanting a little at the top. Suppose five rows are done so; then make every row one shorter at the beginning, but even at the top, until one bead completes the point. This is one section of the square, and if all are worked like it, according to the figure, the space

217

for diamonds will be clearly seen. The black; must be taken that the canvas is of such a lines will occupy the depths of two beads. As size that the beads quite cover two threads bead-work is so fashionable, this design, suit- each way. If the colors are judiciously chosen, able for a mat, table-cover, or many other and arranged as directed, the effect will assuredly purposes, will be found very useful. Care prove attractive.

TURKISH BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Coarse Penelope canvas, and two ounces each of Turkey red, blue, and black eight-thread Berlin wool.

With the black wool work in ordinary crossstitch a stripe three stitches wide up the edge of the bag, and another fifteen stitches distant from it. Do as many of these black stripes as the width of the bag will allow, each one being fifteen stitches from the last, and three stitches wide. Now work the cross-bars on the second of these lines, by working 9 stitches in length on each side of the bar, parallel with the 9th, 10th, and 11th stitches from the bottom, and at the end of each add a piece which will give it the form of the letter T, carrying the 9 inches to 12 in length, and five more above and below it in height.

Thus each T comes within three stitches of the bar of black nearest to it. A similar one is placed above this, with 19 stitches missed between the two bars, and 9 stitches between the ends of the T's.

In the next line the cross-bar comes precisely between every two of the former, so that a space of three stitches is between the new bar and the part which appears to form the top of the T. Of course, at the edges, the bar can be carried on one side only.

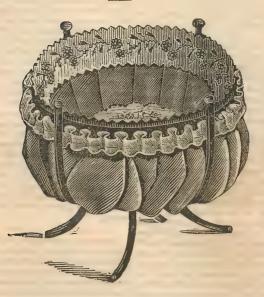
The stripes are then filled in alternately with red and blue, the entire design being worked in black.

When these bags are not very large, it is quite as well to make them up at home as to give them to a warehouse. They should be lined with tick, within which silk or sarsenet may be placed; but for a bag used in picnics, and such matters, nothing is nicer than green oil-cloth, merely tacked in so as to be readily removed and

The edges should be finished with a cord, to correspond with the bag, and the same will serve for handles. To make the top stiff, a whalebone may be run in each.

WORK TIDY.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER,



This little basket, which is represented of half its real size in the illustration above, is intended to be placed on the table, to hold the ball of cotton or wool when knitting, or to receive ends of thread The frame-work is made of cane, bent into suitable shapes, four pieces of which, confined by a small circle, and crossing each other, form the feet; and four wider pieces, with a larger circle of cane at the top, and the sides of the basket. A small, flat piece of cardboard is cut to fit the lower circle, and to it the violet silk or satin lining is fastened, the fullness of which comes out between the side canes round the basket, and this silk or satin must be cut double the length required to go round the upper circle of cane, and rather more than the depth between the two circles. After gathering the lining at both edges, the upper one is to be fixed to the

larger cane circle by passing the thread round it between every stitch, and these stitches are hidden on the outside by a ruche of satin ribbon to match, while the inside is trimmed with an embroidered strip of white cloth, cut in small Vandykes at the edges. The left-hand cut below gives the design for this embroidery, the flowers in which are worked with violet silk, in picot and feather stitch, with yellow, French knots in the center of each, and the tendrils and stalks with green and brown in fancy herring-bone. The cardboard circle, to which the lower edge of lining is tacked, is first covered with a quilted lining of silk or satin to match the rest, and then has a ring cut out of white cloth, pinked out at both edges, and embroidered to correspond with that described above, laid round it, the design for which is shown in the right-hand cut below.





EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OLD AND NEW COLORS.—The colors which are now called "old-fashioned," that is to say the colors in vogue before the last two generations, were almost invariably more beautiful and becoming than those so fashionable now.

The truth is that a color may be too pure. Modern dyers, stimulated by the vulgar taste for mere gaudy tints, have so much improved in color-distilling and dyeing, that our modern colors are hideous through their extreme purity. The old-fashioned blue, which had a dash of yellow in it, and which looks sadly faded against the fashionable staring blues, was one of the most exquisite hues ever worn; so was the warm dun yellow we see in old master's pictures; so was the soft brownish crimson. The same remark applies to Oriental colors. The old Indian and Persian manufacturers, which will never grow old, look for ever perfect and grand; and this is not only due to the wondrous Oriental feeling for combining colors-it is partly due to the imperfection of the colors they used. The reds are chiefly dull, the blues greenish, the white yellowish or gray, the black half-brown: this may be noticed in any old Indian carpet or shawl.

But, alas! the Orientals are being demoralized by the European mania for vulgar contrasts; and it is becoming more and more difficult to procure the old subdued mixtures. In the goods they fabricate for the French and English markets, they are beginning to use the cheap imported European dyes, although they still, through sheer ignorance, adhere to the old patterns. Soon they may give place to the modern bad ones, and we shall have nothing better from the East than we can make at home, as far as harmony of tints and poetry of design are concerned. In fact, it is almost impossible, now, to purchase an India shawl with the old beautiful colors. Not long age, we searched, all through the Paris shops, for such a one, and only succeeded, at last, by going over into the Rue de Bac, where we picked up one, that some impoverished grand dame of the Faubourg St. Germain was compelled to sell, and which had probably been imported from India in the reign of Josephine.

It would really seem as if a certain amount of what, at first thought, we might call imperfection, is necessary to beauty. The most permanently fascinating faces are not those with the most regular features. In an Oriental carpet, or a Cashmere shawl, the pattern is never carried out with mathematical precision, as in the fabrics from the looms of Europe. To this very peculiarity the Turkish rugs and Indian scarfs owe a good deal of their charm. They are full, so to speak, of delightful surprises. The same remark may be made of the use of color by the Asiatics. Our perfect machinery cannot make the curiously charming fabrics that these poor people weave with their obsolete looms. We have lost the strange charm of color which our ancestors in the Middle Ages, in common with the Orientals, once possessed to a great degree; and certainly we have not improved on the ancient patterns; we have to go back to them again and again for our lace, for our brocades, and for our carpets. We have perfected our method, and lost our picturesque effects; we have perfected our colors and lost our perceptions of, and feeling for, real beauty. Very few Americans, comparatively, have a good eye for color. But the English are even more deficient. The true cause of the supremacy of the French, in fashions, is that the Paris designers of costumes excel in color as well as in form.

To see the way in which some women dress, we might think that the old and true doctrine, that color in dress

must be subservient to complexion, had been altogether forgotten. For example, no blue eyes can bear the propinquity of the modern bright blues, without turning gray; indeed, even blue eyes do not look blue now; no cheek can outbloom the modern pinks and scarlets; it is because these colors have been brought to such a pitch of perfection that they dazzle, but enhance nothing, and they have the retributive effect of not lasting. The antique colors, like the Oriental ones, may have faded, and probably did so, but they never showed either the change of time nor the stains of wear to anything like the same extent, nor so early, as the modern colors; they were not so bright, though they were far more subtle. In those days one could put on a gown half-a-dozen times without looking slovenly: it would look beautiful and good to the last. Ruskin says truly, that "no color harmony is of high order unless involving indescribable tints;" and this is the secret of the antique colors-each partook of some other; the very imperfection made them the most perfect of all colors. We think we see, however, signs of a reform. Of late, dun colors have been coming into use, which help to soften down the glaring colors. The new shades of olive, salmon, citron, and green-blue, are also very

MOUNTING AUTUMN LEAVES .- As the time is now at hand for mounting autumn leaves, we give, at request, directions for that purpose. To begin with, the leaves must be carefully prepared before they are fit for mounting. They must be gathered quite dry, placed immediately between sheets of coarse blotting-paper, and subjected for two or three days to pressure; the blotting-paper, meantime, should be frequently changed. They must be ironed, still between the blottingpaper, with a warm iron, until they are quite dry and smooth, like paper. The ironing in most cases fixes the color, but it makes the leaves brittle; they should, therefore, be preserved until they are needed between the leaves of a book (old exercise or copy-books are the best for the purpose;) but care should be taken that these are quite dry, as the leaves are injured by damp. When thus prepared they may be arranged either in groups or scattered singly on a black or white surface, and fastened by means of isinglass dissolved in hot water, which is applied to the back of the leaf with a camel's hair brush. If mounted on Bristol board, they should be preserved, like a painting, with glass; if on a black surface or on wood, they may be varnished with any thin varnish, such as copal or the kind used by photographers, but they should first be washed over with a thin coat of isinglass-size. On a black ground all kinds of leaves look welk and if carefully managed, will retain their color for years; on a white ground only the deepest and most brilliant tints should be used; and these, if judiciously combined, produce very beautiful effects. We can recommend this as a charming kind of fancy work; it gives large scope for taste and ingenuity, and imparts a tenfold interest to the country rambles which it is necessary to take in quest of "materials" As many of the leaves most suitable for the work are very delicate in texture and easily injured, you should provide yourselves on such expeditions a book with leaves of blotting-paper, stiff covers, and an elastic band to keep all safe within, in which to deposit any treasure you meet with, and thus at once commence the process of pressing and drying. The above method we may add, of pressing and ironing is admirably adapted, for the preservation of flowers, ferns, and other botanical specimens.

A New Volume began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Subscriptions will be taken for either six months or a year. No other two-dollar magazine in the country, we claim, can be compared with this one. "Peterson" gives, in every number, not less than eight pages more of reading matter than other magazines at the same price; gives also a colored pattern, which no other magazine gives; and gives a double-sized colored fashion, printed from a steel plate, while others give only lithographs, or plates of only half the size. Many magazines, that charge three or four dollars, are not so good as " Peterson." The Portland (Me.) Monitor says :- "Only two dollars a year and equal to the best three-dollar magazine. Everybody ought to have a copy of it." If persons wish back numbers from January, they can be supplied. Additions may be made to clubs, at the price paid by the rest of the club.

To Dress Out of Fashion is to make one's self the subject of remark, a contingency which every woman ought to avoid. How would even a man like to go down street, in knee-breeches. and with powdered hair, as his great-grandfather did? For a woman to be behind the fashion is as absurd. To make one's self conspicuous, in any way, is a mistake.

Now is the Time to begin to talk to friends and neighbors about joining in a club for "Peterson" for 1873. Our arrangements for next year are such as will distance all competition, and render this magazine, more than ever, the favorite of the ladies. Our premiums, too, will be superb. In every way, the inducements to subscribe, and to get up clubs, will be unparalleled

To Live For Yourself only is the worst sort of selfishness. In the end it does not even bring happiness. The Great Father of All has wisely provided, that, just in proportion as we try to make others happy, are we happy ourselves.

INTELLECTUAL REGREATION is more useful than any other sort of relaxation. Better to read than to gossip. Better a novel, or book of any kind, than the club or tavern.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Gothe. His Life and Works. An Essay. By George H. Calvert, 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.-Mr. Calvert is a man of poetic insight and wide culture. He discusses Goethe in successive chapters, named "Weimar and Italy," "Poetry and Science," "Schiller," "Friendships," "Loves," "Faust," and "Conclusion." He views the great poet, as these titles testify, from many and various aspects, and always has something to say incisive, and that gives one fresh ideas of the author of "Faust." This, we know, is high praise. So much has been thought and written about Goethe, that it would seem impossible to write anything new. But Mr. Calvert, like Goethe himself, never "wrote a line for pelf or power." He has lived a quiet, studious, almost secluded life; the atmosphere of expediency has never reached him; truth, pure truth, is what he has always sought; he represents a class, rare everywhere, but, alas! rarest of all in America. Hence it is that he is a better judge of Gothe than most critics. In early life he know Goethe personally; he has studied Geethe for fifty years: and the result is this capital book.

Is It True? Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper and Brothers.—A series of tales, collected out of the folk-lore of various countries, and written, under the supervision of the editor, by various hands. They are intended for young girls. The work is one of the very best of its kind.

Aytoun. A Romance. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincett & Co.—A pleasantly told story, by an anonymous writer, and we think, a new one. Like all of the Lippincott publications, it is very neatly printed.

My Hero. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have read this new novel with more pleasure than any one of the same kind that has appeared for years. It is that rare thing, an old-fashioned love story, and say what you will, as love is the master-passion of man, so a really good love-story will always be fresh and always interesting. "My Hero" is told in the form of an autobiography. The incidents are well managed, the characters truly drawn, and the interest maintained from the first chapter to the last. The heroine herself is a very fine delineation: we do not wonder she was loved so enthusiastically: hers was just the nature to inspire, not only a romantic, but a permanent, affection. The author is an Englishwoman, and already favorably known as the writer of "Fair Women;" but this is much the better story of the two. The volume is handsomely printed.

By His Own Might. From the German of Wilhelmine Von Hillern. 1 vol., 12 mo, Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a new novel, by the author of "Only a Girl," a story that we took occasion to speak of when it first appeared, in the very highest terms. If anything, however, "By His Own Might," is better than its predecessor. The incidents are well-managed, the tone is pure, the characters natural. It has, indeed, that peculiarity, which distinguishes nearly every German fiction, and which robust minds call an excessive sentimentality; but there are plenty of readers who will like the novel all the better for this trait. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Six Of One By Half a Dozen of the Other. An Every Day Novel. 1 vol., 12 no. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is more than a mere novel, it is a literary curiosity, for it is the joint composition of six different authors. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Adeline D. T. Whitney, Lucretia P. Hale, Frederic W. Loring, Frederic B. Perkins, and Edward E. Hale, have each contributed a portion of the work. The Erkmann-Chatrain stories, which are the joint composition of two French novelists, are well known; but it is much more difficult for six persons to achieve a feat like this than for two. We compliment the double trio on success.

The Reigning Belle. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol. 12 mo, Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The old subscribers to this magazine are already familiar with this story, which appeared in our pages last year. It is a novel of fashionable life, the scene being laid in New York. Its popularity was so great that it has now been re-published in a handsome octave volume.

Get Thee Behind Me, Satan! By Olive Logan. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Adams, Victor & Co.—The subject of this book is the woman-question. Marriage, divorce, free-love, servant-girls, and employment, are discussed in all their bearings. The opinions of the author are expressed with spirit and force. The book, though aggressive, is also suggestive. It is dedicated, in a few, well-chosen words, to her husband.

A Good Investment. By William Flagg. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper and Brothers.—A very excellent novel of American life, the scenes being laid principally in Ohio, but partly also in South Carolina. The story is full of local color. This, and "Kate Beaumont," are the two recent additions to American fiction, which are most likely to live.

Three Generations. By Sarah A. Emery. 1 vol., 8 vo. Bostom: Lee and Shepard.—Fertile in incident, pure in tone, and full of pictures of past New England life. The illustrations, which are numerous, are by L. B. Humphrey.

Memoirs of a Physician. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of one of the most popular of the novels of Dumas. The time of this story is laid in the first French Revolution.

Little Grandmother. By Sophie May. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A charming story for children, one of the "Little Purdy's Series." It is illustrated.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS .- That our subscribers may know what is thought of "Peterson's Magazine," as compared with other periodicals, we copy a few notices from the newspaper press. Says the Paterson (N. J.) Guardian :- "In the matter of fiction, Peterson takes the lead among periodicals of its class." Says the Wooster (O.) Democrat:- "Its stories are always excellent beyond comparison." Says the Frankford (Pa.) Herald :- "Excels in its illustrations, in which it is regarded as far ahead of all competitors." The Mount Joy (Pa.) Herald says .-- 'Keeps up with the best in excellence, and surpasses them all in cheapness." The Fort Plain (N. Y.) Register says:-"It is impossible to conceive how a Ladies' Magazine could be more handsome or perfect. Peterson's is unquestionably the cheapest of the really good magazines." The Waterville (Me.) Mail says :- " An old favorite, whose popularity increases with every year." The Cowansville (Canada) Observer says :- "Far ahead of any other magazine of the same price published: in fact, equal to many of the higher-priced magazines." We have hundreds of similar notices.

THE LIST OF NOVELS published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is, on the whole, the best and most complete offered to the public. It comprises the works of Dickens, Scott, D'Israeli, Lever, Marryatt, Dumas, Cockton, etc., etc. Editions of all these favorite authors are furnished, in good, legible type, and printed on stout paper, at a price to place them within the means of every one. This enterprising firm is constantly adding new books to their list. Among the best of the recent additions is "My Hero," by Mrs. Forrester. But the old favorites, Dickens, Dumas, etc., still hold their own. The number of these fictions annually sold would seem incredible to a stranger: they are counted by tens of thousands every year.

THE OLD-ESTABLISHED MAGAZINES, like "Peterson," are always the safest for which to subscribe. There is no danger of their "collapsing" before the end of the year. They do not begin with colored fashions, steel engravings, and all sorts of high-flown promises, and then come down, in the summer months, to wood-cuts, and no fashions at all. Tens of thonsands of confiding subscribers have been "taken in" in 1872. For their own sakes, we hope they will be "too smart" to be taken in, in 1873. Subscribe for "Peterson," or some other well-established magazine.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or W. J. Carlton, Advertising Agent, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. J. S. BINGLEY, Pough-keepsie, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine over 15 years; brought up and educated her family by stitching shirt-bosoms, the bindings on to leathern cap-fronts, and making coats, vests, pentaloons, and doing all kinds of family sewing; averaging sometimes \$5 and \$6 per day.

"Never Lies Idle."—The Louisville (Ill.) Ledger says:—
"Peterson's Magazine never lies upon our table idle. It was gobbled up on Friday, and Sunday six young ladies were its designs to church—that is, garments made after its designs."

No Other Magazine gives colored fashions printed from steel plates. Notice how inferior the faces, among other things, in other fashion-plates, are to Peterson's.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.-THE INFANT'S FOOD.

Quantity.—The nurse and mother should be fully impressed with a realizing sense of the size of the infant's stomach at birth—which is but a little larger than a thumb or a sickel-pear—before they prepare the "ample bowl" of nourishment for it. Besides, they should bear in mind that this little organ is feeble and tender, and incapacitated from digesting and converting into proper condition any considerable quantity of food, be it ever so fit as to quality.

Great and manifold are the evils inflicted upon the hapless little being by a disregard of these two items in the infant economy; and so prevalent is the custom, and so pertinaciously insisted upon, of feeding the child, it is not at all surprising that so many fail to outlive the period of infancy. We have known the newly-made mother robbed of her darling babe, on several occasions, within forty-eight hours, by this determined madness or folly of the nurse, of feeding her charge with crackers, soaked into a tenacious paste, by the half teacupful, and repeated every few hours! Convulsions and death ensued, of course. In these cases, the mass produced a semi-paralyzed condition of the muscles of the stomach, and nature was not able to eject it by vomiting, All kinds of pap or panada are equally injurious, repeated with such mischievous industry by the nurse as to throw the poor infant into violent agony; and many more would perish were it not that, generally, the stomach revolts at the unnatural nourishment, and rejects it by a violent effort.

Had not nature been thus kind in endowing the infantile stomach with a sort of discriminating power, many more would die within a few hours after birth from absolute repletion by ignorant nurses. In a short time after such feeding, gases are extricated from fermentation of such aliment, and general discomfort causes the infant to cry. This is interpreted to signify hunger, and again its feeble powers of digestion are mercliessly taxed. This course failing to quiet the child, it is presumed (and very correctly, forsooth!) to be troubled with "wind," and the helpless creature is then dosed with cahep, balm, or soot teas, or even with a little weak toddy! Finally, before relief is obtained, it will, perchance, be jolted upon the knee of the nurse, and then kind nature comes to its relief, as before said, either by vomiting, or by profuse alvine discharges.

We feel it to be incumbent upon us to impress these mat ters upon the careless nurse, or unconcerned mother, even at the charge of needless repetition, in order to faithfully discharge our duty in behalf of those helpless beings, who are so entirely dependent for their existence and well-being on the management of others, whether we receive frowns and censures, or approving smiles from one or the other.

One tablespoonful of fresh milk from a well-fed, healthy cow, mixed with two of warm water, and sweetened with a little loaf-suger, constitutes a full repast for one time; and this should not be repeated as ignorance may dictate, or a mischievous custom sanction, but only at intervals of two or three hours during the day, and much less frequently during the night. This course should be pursued until the mother be able to furnish the necessary supplies.

The great cause of so many deaths among infants who are from force of circumstances, obliged to be "raised by hand," does not arise so much from that fact, or want of the breast, as a want of proper habits, formed in conformity with the actual requirements of nature, as herein pointed out.

Apart from the immediate evils likely to result from the practice of feeding, there is danger of implanting the seeds of future ill-health, creating an unnatural appetite, or forming habits of gluttony. It ought to be the concern, therefore, of every nurse, and every parent, not only to protect their nurs-

lings from injury, but to be well assured in their own minds, that their own officiousness be not the greatest evils from which the tender offspring suffers.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Health in Relation to Beauty.—The first great law of beauty, as of health, is cleanliness. Pure water is the best of all agents of cleanliness. It is most favorable to the beauty of the skin and complexion when lukewarm. After such a bath, the skin becomes softer, more flexible, sleek and glossy. The body should always be rapidly and thoroughly dried, and a brisk walk or some active exercise or other for a few minutes afterward, will be advantageous.

The various Russian and Furkish baths, the effect of all of which is to force the perspiration, are not favorable to the beauty of the skin. A simple vapor-bath, with moderate rubbing, may be allowed, but not the floods of hot steam, followed by dashes of ice-water, and the dislocating process of shampooing. The ancient practice of anointing the body after bathing with oil and perfumed unguents, was favorable to the health and beauty of the skin, and might be revived with advantage. There are various emollient and perfumed baths, which are in great favor with the luxurious. These are composed of oil, milk, buttermilk, or various aromatic herbs. The famous beauty of the old French Directory, Madame Tallien, was in the habit of bathing herself in strawberries and cream. The best of all emollient baths is that made of bran and water. Flax-seed is also a good ingredient. For an aromatic bath, there is nothing better than lavender, which derives its name from its use. The French pote d'amandes, made of almonds, ground rice, orris root, essence of lavender, cloves, etc., is often added by the Parisian dames to their baths, and its effect is highly appreciated by them.

Exercise, in the open air, and at all seasons, is a prime promoter of health. Walking, when not carried to an excess, is one of the best methods of exercise. It acquires a regularity of movement, favorable to graceful development, especially of the chest and lungs. Taken with a pleasant companion, or in a party of three or four, it is better than when taken alone. You should walk briskly, so as to quicken the circulation, bring a good warmth to the skin, and induce a moderate perspiration. Horseback exercise is particularly favorable to female form, attitude and grace. It is, moreover, held to be the best preventive of an excessive plumpness.

Dancing is also an excellent exercise, but not as it is generally practiced. Nothing, in fact, can be more hurtful to the health than the fashionable balls in overcrowded rooms, where the atmosphere is hot and pestilential, the excitemen intense and sensual, and the indulgence in eating and drinking excessive and untimely. The dance, to be healthful, should be in the open air, or in well-ventilated rooms, and should consist not of the stiff, mincing paces of the modern beau and belle, but of the hearty shake-downs and double-shuffles of their grandmothers and grandsires. The game of battle-dore and shuttle-cock is good, and so is the croquet now in vogue; but both should be played always in the open air, and with an out-door freshness of spirit, and not the tameness of drawing room attitudes and manners.

Gymnastics, or calisthenics, as they are sometimes called, should be a branch of all education, and especially of that of girls. Anthropology, or in fact any other clogy, is comparatively unimportant, when compared with that art which is essential to the development of the physical vigor and beauty of woman. It was in the gymnasium where the Greek woman formed herself into that immortal model of graceful proportion, which all admire and strive to imitate; but neither medern art, nor nature, unless rarely, can reach.

Finally, the best means of acquiring and preserving good ?

looks, and even health, is the proper culture of the understanding and affections. A quick intelligence, and a gentle sentiment, will be reflected purely in the coarsest medium, and endow the homeliest face with an attractiveness beyond that of all charms of mere form and complexion. Goodhumor has more to do with good-health than is generally supposed. They re-act upon each other.

HORTICULTURAL.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS FOR AUTUMN .- At no time of the year is promptness in garden-work more required than in the autumn. The wet and cold weather comes upon us now, with an entire disregard of our inclinations or convenience. Flower-beds, so lately glorious in their summer beauty, are broken down and deformed by heavy rains; and mildew and rottenness are quickly developed under the luxuriant foliage. At such times a nipping frost is almost a blessing; for it enables us to clear away the beds and borders, and put them in winter trim; but, as this catastrophe may not occur yet for some weeks, we must adopt another policy, and endeavor to dress up our prostrate and ruffled flowers. Overgrown branches may be cut away, to let in more light and air to what remains; all dead stems and leaves must be removed, and everything that has done blooming, be either taken into winter quarters or thrown upon the rubbish heap. By a little care in this way, neatness, at least, may be kept up some time longer, and every facility be given for such flowers to bloom as the season will admit of.

Herbaceous plants should now be got into good trim, by cutting down all the stems, and by lessening the roots, if necessary. Everything of this kind will deteriorate, if the old stock is left untouched, year after year; a division should, therefore, take place, occasionally, care being taken to throw away the centers, and to preserve the outer parts of the clumps. Pansies should now be brought into the state they are intended to keep till they bloom in the spring, all the old and hollow stems being cut away; the soil, round about each plant, may be forked up a little, and brought lightly under and about the new shoots; this will assist drainage, and also help to protect the plants from frosts.

We wish our readers would try experiments with the better kinds of Fuchsias, as to their power of standing frosts out of doors, as the old varieties do. It would be a great advantage to get strong shoots in the spring, from old roots of the flower, springing up from the soil as the F. coccinea and F. virgata will after the hardest weather. Where the stock is large, it will be worth while to leave some robust plants in the ground, to cut them down as soon as the frost appears, and to place conical piles of sawdust or ashes over each. Many plants have had the reputation of being tender until, by accident, they have been found to be hardy; and, perhaps, this may be the case with this superb ornament of the garden.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

In the Middle States, many and varied are the duties which devolve on the gardener at this season; not only do the growing crops demand attention, but seeds are to be sown to provide the necessary plants for the ensuing spring. Roots are to be divided and re-set; Strawberry-beds planted, etc. Cabbage, Landreth's Large York and Early York, sow to plant out in autumn, or box up in cold frame to keep till plantingtime in spring; the latter end of the month will be time enough to sow in the latitude of Philadelphia. Turnips, the Early Dutch and Red-Topped, may be sown within the first week of the month, if failure has attended earlier efforts. In some sections the fly devours the early sowing; they are less voracious after the nights become cool and down heavy.

Celery, earth up. Corn Salad, Scurvy Grass, and Chervil, sow for winter salad. Lelluce, sow for spring planting, the plants to be kept during winter in cold frames. Spinach, sow early in the month for autumn use; later for winter and spring. Turnips and Rula Bagas cultivate.

In the South the work in the garden has again commenced in earnest. Draw up earth to the Pea Vines, and stick as they advance. It is not too late to plant Beans; transplant Cabbage, sown last month; Landreth's Early York and Large York Cabbage may still be sown; toward the close of this and the forepart of next month, sow Drumhead, Flat Dutch, and Drumhead-Savoy Cabbage, to come in early in the spring, and to secure a good supply sow liberally; the flies will have their share. Transplant Cauliflower and Broccoli. Sow Turnips. Potatoes, planted last month will require culture. Onions may be sown for a general crop, if buttons to plant are not at hand. Carrots, sown now, will be fit for use in December. Spinach may be sown from time to time. Endive also. Celery plants need tillage. Lettuce may be transplanted. Sow Radishes frequently.

The inexperienced gardener may recur to what has been said under the head of August—perchance some hint has there been dropped which may be useful to him; at the same time let us advise him to exercise his own judgment in much that may demand his attention. Self-reliance is invaluable, and an occasional failure will be well repaid by the experience it may bring. One thing he will surely learn, that to succeed with any crop, the first requisite is Good Seed; in vain will he sow, and plant, and water, if he is enticed to purchase seeds of doubtful quality by the quotation of low prices.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK

Ref Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Beef Polled.—Take three pounds of lean beef, salt it two or three days with half a pound of salt, and half an ounce of saltpetre; divide it into pieces of a pound each, and put it into an earthen pan just sufficient to contain it; pour in half a pint of water, cover it close with paste, and set in a slow oven for four hours. When taken from the oven pour the gravy from it into a basin, shred the meat fine, moisten it with the gravy poured from the meat, and pound it thoroughly in a marble mortar, with fresh butter until it becomes a fine paste; season it with black pepper and allspice, or cloves pounded, or nutmeg grated; put it in pots, press it down as close as possible, put a weight on it, and let it stand all night; next day, when quito cold, cover it a quarter of an inch thick with clarified butter, and tie it over with paper.

Croquets.—Chop very finely any sort of cold meats with bacon or cold ham, rub a teaspoonful of summer savory very fine, pound twelve allspice very finely; boil one egg hard, and chop it very fine, and one onion minced fine; mix all this together, then grate a lemon, and add a little salt; when well mixed, moisten it with walnut catchup, form it into pear-shaped balls, and dredge well with flour; at the blossom ends stick in a whole clove. Then have boiling fat or dripping in the pan, dredge each pear again well with flour, lay them in the boiling fat, and fry a nice brown; then take them out, and lay on a soft cloth, in a hot place to drain. Serve hot.

To Roast Partridges.—Rightly, to look well, there should be a leash (three birds) in the dish. Pluck, singe, draw, and truss them; roast them for about twenty minutes; baste them with butter, and, when the gravy begins to run from them, you may safely assume that the partridges are done. Place them in a dish, together with bread-crumbs, fried nicely brown, and arranged in small heaps. Gravy should be served in a tureen apart.

Lobster Rissoles.—Boil the lobster, take out the meat, mince it fine; pound the coral smooth, and grate, for one lobster, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs. Season with Cayenne pepper, a little nutmeg, and salt. Make a batter of milk, flour, and well-beaten eggs—two tablespoonfuls of milk and one of flour to each egg. Beat this batter well, and mix the lobster with it gradually, till it is stiff enough to roll into balls the size of a large plum. Fry in fresh butter, or the best salad oil, and serve up either warm or cold.

VEGETABLES.

Baked Tomatoes.—Take off the stalks from the tomatoes: cut them into thick slices, and put them into a deep baking dish; add a plentiful seasoning of pepper, and salt, and but ter; cover the whole with bread-crumbs; drop over these a little clarified butter; bake in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to half an hour, and serve very hot. This vegetable, dressed as above, is an exceedingly nice accompaniment to all kinds of roast meat. The tomatoes, instead of being cut in slices, may be baked whole; but they will take rather longer time to cook.

Spinach.—Pick and wash perfectly clean two or three pounds of spinach, put it into a sauce-pan with a little water, and let it boil till quite done. Turn it out on a hair-sieve to drain, throw the water away, and pass the spinach through the sieve. Put a good lump of butter into a sauce-pan with a pinch of flour; mix well, add the spinach, pepper, and salt to taste, and a little milk; stir well and serve.

DRINKS.

Bottled Lemonade.—Dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in one quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; two drachms acetic acid, four ounces tartaric acid; when cold, add two pennyworth of essence of lemon. Put one-sixth of the above into each bottle filled with water, and add thirty-grains of carbonate of soda; cork it immediately, and it will be fit for use.

Soda Water in Bottles.—Dissolve one ounce carbonate of soda in one gallon of water; put it into bottles in the quantity of a tumblerful or half a pint to each; having the cork ready, drop into each bottle half a drachm of tartaric or citric acid in crystals; cork and wire it immediately, and it will be ready for use at any time.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Walking-Dress of Gray Alpaca.—The skirt is made with two scant flounces, each headed by three bias bands of silk of a darker shade than the alpaca. The waist is made with a plain, pointed basque at the back, and a deep apron front, and is trimmed with a bias band of silk, and a row of large buttons covered with silk. The sleeves are half-wide, with a plaiting of alpaca inserted in the bottom, forming a ruffle. Gray straw hat, trimmed with a white and gray plume. Gray veil.

Fig. 11.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PEACH-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with one plain ruffle, headed by a band of black velvet. The loose Polonaise has a finish of black velvet, and black ball fringe, and a large bow of black velvet at the waist behind. Straw bonnet, trimmed with blue and black feathers.

Fig. 111.—House-Dress.—The lower-skirt of which is of dark claret-colored velvet, made quite plain; the upper-skirt is of rich crimson silk, very much puffed up at the back, and with the front trimmed with five ruffles; two long ends of the velvet fall from beneath the trimming of silk at the side. Sleeves rather loose, with lace under-sleeves, and a heavy fall of Valenciennes at the neck.

Fig. 1v.—Walking-Dress of Olive-Brown Cashmere— The skirt has one deep flounce, headed by a scant quilling of the material of the dress; a second quilling is placed some distance above. The Louis XV. basque has a deep vest, and is richly braided down the points and around the skirt; it is slightly looped up at the sides. Coat-sleeves, with deep cuffs. Felt hat, trimmed with white and blue plumes, and bows of black velvet.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF STEEL-COLORED GRENADINE, Pt-QUED WITH CLARET-COLORED FLOUNCES OVER A GRAY SILK SKIET.—The grenadine skirt is composed of four wide flounces at the back, and of five narrower flounces in front, with a small apron above them, fastened back by a bow and ends of steel-colored ribbon. The high waist is round and open in front, with a deep basque at the back, the sleeves rather wide, and cut up on the back, and with the flounces are trimmed with quilling of steel-colored ribbon, headed by a row of claret-colored velvet.

Fig. VI.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK OF BLUE CLOTH.—The Colleen Bawn Cape has a flat nood on it, and with the bottom of the cloak, is cut in shallow scallops, and bound with alpaca braid.

Fig. vii.—House-Dress.—The skirt is of gray cashmere, trimmed with one deep flounce, put on in box-plaits, headed by a full quilling, bound with silk; the upper-skirt is of delaine, striped in two shades of gray; it hangs long at the back, is very much rounded at the sides where it meets the back of the skirt, and is cut in shallow scallops, and bound with silk. The waist is made with shallow points, back and front, and the coat-sleeves have deep cuffs, scalloped. A fichu of white muslin, trimmed with black velvet, is worn over the body.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new fall silks and cashmeres, etc., are of the rich, dark tints worn last spring, such as graygreens, olive-greens, cypress-green, plum color, indefinite blues and grays, and so on through all the gamut of colors. These are for street and ordinary wear, while for evening wear the colors are very pale and light; and, besides, the old vivid tints have a faded look. As we have said elsewhere, while alone, these pale shades are unbecoming, they combine with other colors much more harmoniously than if they were more decided.

There have been many efforts made, during the few past years, to revive brocaded silks, but with little success. They have appeared again this fall, though it is too early yet to predict the favor with which they will be received.

Those who still fancy the Dolly Varden style will probably like the brocaded and figured tunics, Polonaises, etc., to wear over plain petticoats; but fashion is so fickle, that even now, in Paris, the Dolly Varden is being discarded, and skirts will be worn, profusely trimmed to the waist. On the back breadths there is to be a succession of narrow flounces to the top, and in front a row of horizontal bars or stripes, and each stripe is to have a large bow in the center. These bows decrease in size as they ascend to the bodice, upon which they are continued. This style is quite Louis XIV. Our fifth figure in the colored plate is made in this style in the back, but with a different front. Woolen goods will not look well in this style, and for such materials a plain tunic or coat, with a cape, will be worn. These tunics can be belted in at the waist, if desired, and the depth of the cape is left to the taste of the wearer; some button close down in front, and some are left partly open, all reaching to the trimming of the under-skirt, For cold weather these coats or tunics will be made of cloth or velvet, and wadded.

Bonners have not as yet undergone any decided change, but the variety of styles, during the past year, has been so great, that no new fashion is needed, it is only a change that is wanted.

HAIR-DRESSING has undergone a complete revolution, but not always with success. After wearing the hair hanging down almost to the middle of the back, at this present moment, we see it brought up right to the top of the head; the stape is left bare, is merely ornamented with a few light curls coming from the top of the head, on which rises a

scaffolding of loops and curls, confined by a high and wide plat. Seen in profile, this coiffure looks something like a fireman's helmet. Decidedly fashion is little inclined to half measures! Instead of proceeding by slow degrees to this transformation, we jump at once from a coiffure hanging half-way down the back to one towering to an absurd height above the head.

We feel bound to caution our readers against these sudden changes. The coiffure is a very delicate point, which requires to be treated with great consideration; for, as we think, it cannot be uniform, seeing that no one style can possibly suit all physiognomies. This new fashion may be approached more or less closely, but for every person to adopt it strictly, is quite out of the question.

Women who have the forehead low, and the hair growing forward, must always comb it back from the temples; those who, on the other hand, have a wide expanse of bare forehead, cannot do better than wear the Russian bandeaux, which come over the top of the forehead, and impart a charming softness to the eyes. Women who have a fine neck will gain by leaving the nape uncovered, and those who have not, should allow the hair to hang down. It is altogether a question that each person must decide for herself, and requires no further comment. We therefore content ourselves with

these general indications.

Among other lilustrations, in the front of this number, are engravings of a collar of cambric and Valenciennes lace, forming a frill, a turned-down large, square collar, and double long points edged with lace. Under-sleeves to match. Also an Abbot collar of muslin and Valenciennes. Also a collar, composed of a frill of plaited muslin and a large cambric linen collar, open en chale, with embroidered corner and velvet bow. Also a cambric linen collar, rounded in front, trimmed with lace and a coquille.

THE NATIONAL DRESS trimming is a new article, just introduced, and which is destined, we think, to be very popular. It is intended for Black Alpacas and Mohair, is very stylish, and can be bought much cheaper than it could be made at home. It can be had of various patterns, and is something unlike anything ever introduced before.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Little Girl's Dress of White Pique.—The apron front is composed of several strips of wide English embroidery, each strip and the sides edged with worsted edging; the jacket-waist is of pique, but the sleeves are of jaconet. Small, straw, Chinese hat, trimmed with black yelvet.

Fig. 11.—Young Girl's Dress of Blue Poplin.—The skirt has one narrow ruffle at the bottom, headed and edged with Tom Thumb fringe. The upper-skirt is composed entirely of white muslin, the bottom ornamented with English embroidery. Blue sash around the waist. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and black velvet.

Fig. 111.—Boy's Costume of Mulberry-Colored Kerseymer.—The trousers come to the knee, and the long jacket is rather loose, and bound simply with braid of the color of the costume.

Fig. 1v.—Little Girl's Dress of Chestnut-Brown Cash-Mere.—Both skirts are quite plain, the upper one being of a rather lighter shade than the under one. The braces are of India rubber, of the color of the under-skirt, and tie at the back, forming a sash. Brown straw hat, trimmed with ribbon of the two shades of brown of the dress.

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CLAUDIA.

[See the Story " Two Kisses."]



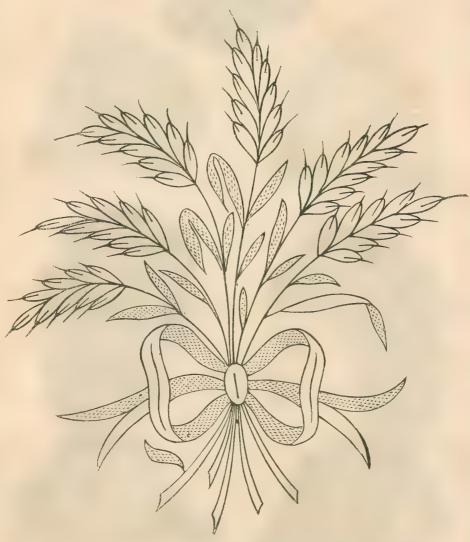




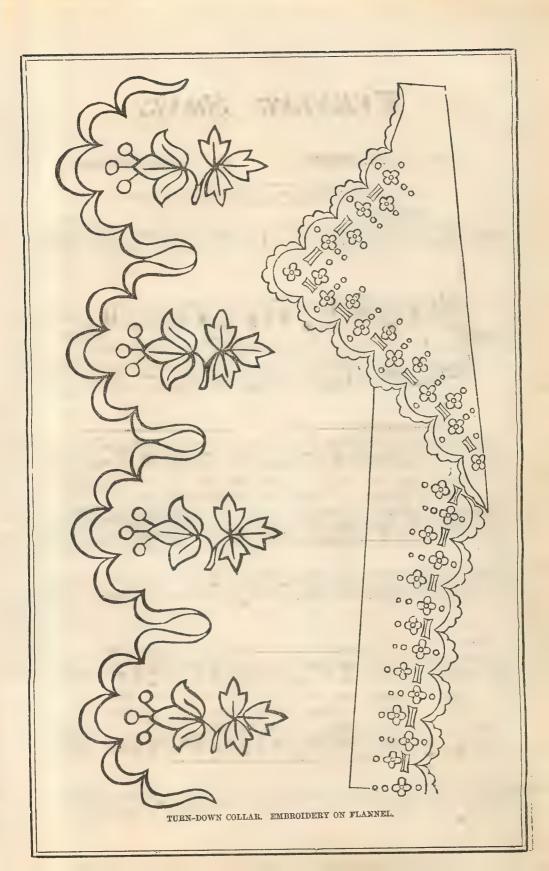
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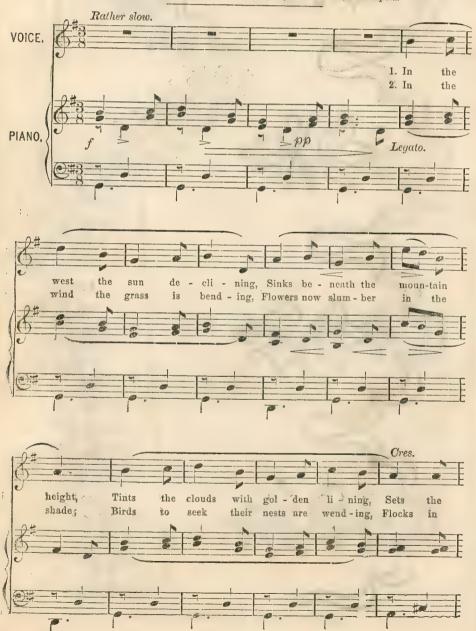


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English version by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.

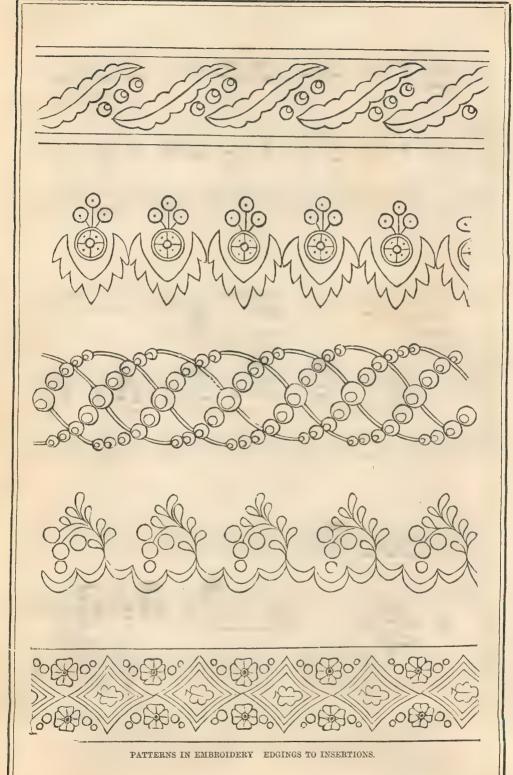








- 3 Bleaker winds the flowers benumbing;
 On the hearth the cricket sings;
 Home the laden bee flies humming,
 And the drowsy bat is coming,
 Darting on his leathern wings.
 Good-night!
- 4 Man now seeks his peaceful dwelling, Circles round the ruddy blaze, Of the sweets of labour telling, Till his heart with raptre swelling Grateful gives his Maker praise, Good-night!



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1872, VOL. LXII.

TWO KISSES.

BY MALCOLM ALLYNE.

streaming down on it with fervent heat. Slowly plodding his way along it was a boy-a boy who was dusty and tired.

But though the road was dry and hot, and uncomfortable, to the right and left were fields red with clover-blossoms They were such a contrast to the road, that the boy felt as if he wanted to get over there and lie down and sleep, with the fragrance of the clover about him. Presently he came to a place where a tree stood just within the field. "I will rest a little while under it," he said, and climbing the fence, he sat down in the leafy shade. A cool breeze fanned his forehead as he removed his cap. Far off he could hear the low of cattle and the song of laborers. There was no cloud in the sky above. All nature seemed smiling beneath the blessing of heaven.

Directly the rustle of the leaves, above the boy's head, grew almost inaudible to him: the hum of the bees in the clover seemed to recede further and further; finally, his head dropped over on his arm, and he was sound asleep.

The face of the sleeper was a handsome one, but it was pale, and it had lines in it too firm for his years. That he had both intellect and will was apparent at a glance. He was about fifteen years old.

He had slept, perhaps, for half an hour, when the sound of carriage-wheels awoke him. He raised himself to a sitting posture, hardly realizing where he was. The carriage stopped. It contained, beside the driver, only one occupant -a little girl about three years younger than the boy.

"Are you sick?" asked the sweetest voice in the world, as a lovely face peeped out between the curtains of the carriage. "I thought you might be, when I saw you lying there, and so I told James to stop."

"No, thank you," answered the lad, blushing; and springing to his feet, he advanced to the His gray ones met them without flinching. Some-

A LONG stretch of hard road, the noonday sun , side of the carriage. "I was only resting. I think I must have fallen asleep."

There was a short pause. The boy looked at the girl's face in undisguised admiration. Never had he seen anything so beautiful; never had he met any one so exqisitely dressed. It was like a vision out of Paradise. He glanced down at his travel-soiled garments, and then at her snowy muslin, so spotlessly clean. "Ah!" he said to himself, "she is some rich man's daughter; and I. I have only the bundle I carry over my shoulder, and a few dollars in my pocket."

The girl blushed under his fixed gaze; but her eves melted with pity

"You look tired," she said. "If you are going our way, won't you get in?" She moved as she spoke, to make room for him. "It is five miles yet before we reach home."

His face flushed, and he was on the point of declining, but a smile from the young girl decided it-he got in, and the carriage rolled along.

For awhile there was silence. At last the young girl, with another sweet smile, turned to him and said,

"Will you tell me your name?" She was, you see, three years younger than the boy; but she was already infinitely more self-possessed.

"It is Bret Grey," he answered.

"And mine is Claudia Wilberforce," she said. "I hope we shall be good friends. Have you far to go?"

"I am going to Philadelphia," he replied.

"Why, that's a hundred miles off," Claudia cried. "You don't mean to walk all the way?"

"I have walked a hundred miles already," he said, simply.

Claudia paused awhile.

"You must have some great thing in view," she said, "to make you walk such a distance."

Her brown eyes were wide open with surprise.

Vol. LXII.-17

239

how, in the presence of this girl, the boy was not shy, as he usually was.

"My object is not a very strange one," he said, bravely. "I want to make a man of myself."

"Haven't you a home?"

"I have had a home, and a very pleasant one, but---" He stopped, embarrassed.

"Why don't your father send you to college?
My brothers go to college."

"My father and mother are both dead," Bret answered, with a quiver in his voice.

"I am so sorry," said Claudia, and put her hand in his. The tears rose to her eyes.

"I never remember seeing them," continued the lad. "I have lived all my life with my uucle. He is not rich, and has boys of his own——"

"I see, I see," said Claudia; "and so you are setting out, like Whittington, to make your fortune."

"I don't know that I shall ever make a fortune, at least one like Whittington made," answered the boy, with simple frankness. "It is not money that I care for most. I want a chance for improvement. I tried to do my duty, at uncle's, but, for all that, I did not like the plow and the hoe. It was books, books that I wanted. I felt that I must go to some place where knowledge could be obtained, where there were free libraries, and where there was a chance for one that was willing to work, and to study when not working. Franklin, you know, did that."

Bret's face glowed with enthusiasm as he spoke. His listener caught the infection; her eyes kindled, and her little hand pressed his in sympathy.

"Uncle, at first, didn't want me to go away; he was afraid I couldn't get along; but when he saw I was in earnest, he gave in to me. I shall never forget his kindness—never!"

Claudia's cheeks kindled as she looked at Bret. Here was a real here! She had read of such things. But to see one!

She was roused by the carriage stopping, and James asking.

"Shall I drive in, Miss?"

"You will stop and take dinner with us," said Claudia, addressing Bret. "Father and mother, I know, will be glad to see you."

"No, thank you," said the lad, preparing to get out. "I dined two hours ago. I am very much obliged. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Claudia. "You will be a great man yet," she added, enthusiastically.

Bret hesitated. He was now in the road, outside the carriage-door, but he still held her hand. He looked down, hesitated, then raised his eyes to her face.

"You think so? Will you help me to become one? Will you give me a kiss?"

Claudia blushed scarlet. But she was no common child, In some things she was far ahead of her years.

"Yes, if you wish it," she said, frankly. "If you think it will do any good."

She stooped forward, as she spoke, and her lips met his. What made the hearts of both thrill? What was it, in that kiss, which kept the memory of this day alive, in Claudia, for years?

A moment later they had parted. Bret had opened the gate, and the carriage was driving up the avenue. Would they ever meet again?

"Good-by! good-by!" the girl called gayly, looking back, and waving her hand. But there were tears in her eyes, and in Bret's also.

Ten years had passed, when, one afternoon, in summer, a young man stopped at the Arcadian Springs, and entered his name in the book of the hotel, in a large, fine hand, BRET GREY.

"Ah!" said the landlord, "I am proud to have you as a guest. I have read your writings, sir. This way! This way, please! Jim, show the gentleman to No. 4. One of our best rooms, sir; but nothing is too good for you."

It was our old acquaintance, whom we left a boy on the road-side, going up to the great city to seek his fortune. At first, he had found the battle a hard one; and if he had been less brave and persistent, he might have abandoned the fight. He began as errand-boy in a printingoffice; then he became a compositor; then tried his hand at writing short articles for the newspaper on which he worked. His evenings he spent in study, availing himself of the advantages which Philadelphia offers, in its freeschools, its Apprentices' Libraries, its Academy of Fine Arts, its Academy of Natural Sciences, and its scores of similar institutions, to those who desire to be self-educated. We will not, however, follow him in his long struggle. At twenty-five he was the editor of an influential newspaper; a popular lecturer; and the envied author of more than one book of mark.

In all these years had he never thought of Claudia? Often, and often, especially at first. But the battle of life, fought as he had to fight it, is an exacting one; it engrosses every thought; exhausts every nerve; leaves the combatant little leisure for aught but the strain and stress of the fight. Gradually, as the years went by, the image of Claudia grew less and less distinct, therefore, until finally he had come to think of her only as some beautiful vision, in a dream, in a far, far off country.

Occasionally, however, her image would come

back to him as vividly as ever. The scent of olover, or the hum of bees, would call it up, and he would see again the hot, dusty road, hear the carriage-wheels, and behold that lovely face looking out between the curtains. "Ah!" he would say to himself, "she is married long ago. Rich, beautiful, refined—she has forgotten me."

"Your house seems quite full, landlord," said Bret Grey, when he had refreshed himself with a bath, and had descended to supper. The landlord was waiting obsequiously at the door of the uning-room. "A fine company, I am told, you have always."

"Yes!" answered the host, rubbing his hands together. "Some very handsome ladies are here. We generally have a dozen or two belles every summer. But to-morrow, to-morrow, sir, the most beautiful of all is coming. Let me see! I will give you a place here, next to the place I have reserved for her: that is the highest compliment I can pay you, sir."

"Who is this paragon?" said Bret, carelessly,

as he took his seat.

"Miss Wilberforce, daughter of Judge Wilberforce, of Northampton."

"Wilberforce! Wilberforce! Surely I have heard of that name before," said Bret to himself. "Ah! I remember." The color rose to his cheek, man as he was, and his heart beat fast.

"Do you know the lady's Christian name?" he said.

"Claudia, I think. Yes! it is Claudia, I am sure. Do you know her?"

"I knew her when I was a mere boy. But I have not seen her for ten years. She has probably forgotten me."

Bret ate his meal in silence; hardly noticing anything, though a score of eyes were directed curiously toward him, for the landlord had taken care to let it be known who his new guest was. Bret could think of nothing but Claudia. All his old feelings revived, and with ten-fold vigor; for they were now the feelings of a man, not of a boy. "I wonder why she has never married," he said to himself, and a wild, romantic explanation suggested itself. "Pshaw.!" he cried, immediately, however. "Am I a fool? She forgot me, probably before a month."

Directly he found himself wondering if Miss Wilberforce was at all like the little girl he had met and parted with ten years ago. He fell asleep, that night, dreaming of Claudia.

Bret Grey was not in the house when Miss Wilberforce arrived the next day. He had been out rambling, and, returning, thought he would sit in the back piazza awhile, to rest. That piazza was a very pleasant place. Vines clam-

bered up the sides; it was deliciously cool and shady. The fragrance of flowers filled all the air. Suddenly, as he sat there, a light step came around the corner. He glanced up, and saw a tall, stylishly dressed young lady, and a face that he recognized on the instant. The same sweet smile was there as of old, and the same expression, only far more mature.

Bret rose and bowed.

"Miss Wilberforce," he exclaimed, extending his hand. "I have not forgotten you."

Claudia, at first, did not recognize him.

"I beg your pardon," she said, but extending her hand, nevertheless. "I cannot call your name."

"I did not suppose you would," Bret returned.
But ten years ago, you asked a tired boy to ride in your carriage with you. Do you remember? He has never forgotten it."

"What?" she cried. "Are you Bret—Bret Grey—Mr. Grey?" she said, correcting herself, and blushing, in some confusion. Then she added quickly, "You see I have not forgotten your name, even if I have your face. But no wonder I did not recognize you. Ten years have changed you wonderfully. I told you, you know, you would be a great man. Indeed," and she shook hands again, frankly, "I am very glad to meet you."

Then she sat down by him. Beautiful Claudia! Bret thought she had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood's loveliness.

"This is a pleasure I little dreamed of," Bret said. "I hadn't hoped that you would be so good as to remember me."

She laughed frankly, just as she did when a child.

"You seemed so resolute and strong. I recognized your name the very first time I saw it in print." I believe I have read nearly everything you have written. You see I have a sort of pride in your success, because I predicted it. You have always had my best wishes."

Still the same enthusiastic, outspoken Claudia, as of old! Bret gazed at her with increasing admiration. The conversation now ceased to be personal, and ranged over a great variety of topics. Everything that was touched on, Miss Wilberforce understood, and her remarks were incisive, or sprightly, or witty, as the subject required. When she rose, after half an hour, to go to her room, Bret was hopelessly in love.

The days passed. Bret's passion increased hourly. But though he resolved, a score of times, to speak and tell his love, he always shrank from the task when the crisis arrived.

Miss Wilberforce was so different from other girls, so frank and friendly, that he feared lest he might be deceiving himself, when he thought, as he sometimes did, that she was not indifferent to him. Then she had such crowds of suitors, all so high in social rank and so wealthy, that even he, famous as he was in literature, did not dare to hope too much!

One day she said to him, as they rose together from the breakfast-table,

"I am going home to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Bret, as if a bullet had struck him. "To-morrow!"

"Yes! I never stay here longer than four weeks, and it will be four weeks to-morrow, since I came."

"I had not thought it had been so long," answered Bret, half-dazed.

At that instant, one of her acquaintances came up, and, placing her arm within Claudia's, carried her off, leaving Bret standing there, dumb with consternation, like one suddenly turned to stone.

Directly he recovered himself, and putting on his hat, plunged into the forest that came close up to the hotel, in order to walk off his emotion. "Going! And to-morrow!" he repeated. "I will put everything at the hazard of the die, then, to-day, if I can but find her alone. But what hope is there? How calmly she spoke of going! If she loved me——"

He could not go on. The thought was too painful. Life had come to be worthless to Bret Grey, you see, if Claudia was not to love him.

He had been out on the mountain, for two hours, when, approaching the hotel on his return, fate granted him the interview he so desired.

There was a little pond, stocked with waterlilies, and surrounded on every side with trees, about half a mile from the house. This was a favorite resort of Claudia's, though it was too far for most ladies to walk. The proprietor had imported some swans, in order to add to the attractions of the spot, and, as Bret descended the mountain, and approached the lake, he saw Claudia sitting on the opposite bank, lost in a reverie. and not even now noticing a swan, that she had coaxed, at first, to come to her, by feeding it. We will not deny that the hope of finding Miss Wilberforce in this secluded spot had led Bret's steps in that direction. His heart leaped to his throat now. He paused for a moment, saying to himself, that she was as stately and pure as the swan, admiring her gradeful, willowy figure, and wondering what she could be thinking of so intently.

Suddenly she gave a start and scream, the

latter cut short as soon as begun. Some object, close by her, had arrested her attention. It was something that filled her with horror, for her eyes dilated, and she shuddered, but, nevertheless, it seemed impossible for her to remove her gaze. Bret was not long before he discovered the cause of her terror. On the bank near her, in full sight, coiled as if about to spring, with head erect, with blazing orbs, and with open mouth and angry fangs, was a huge rattlesnake!

To Bret Grey there came a single second of wild despair. She was so far off, and the peril was so imminent! Long before he could hope to reach her, the fatal spring would be made, he said to himself. He would have to go around the head of the pond, which was a considerable distance, and the noise of his approach would excite the reptile still more, and accellerate the end. His knees gave way from pure physical weakness. Then he rallied his faculties, and sprang forward, in a race for life or death, clutching nervously the stout walking-stick he fortunately carried with him.

The minutes that it took to skirt the head of the pond seemed to him hours. At last he reached the other side, and with a sob of relief saw that the reptile was still watching his victim, who sat, fascinated and terror-struck, unable to move. "Thank God!" he cried, involuntarily. The words, or the noise of his approach, startled the rattlesnake, which sprang, at once, with head extended, at Claudia. But quick as the serpent was, Bret was quicker. One leap carried him to Claudia's side, and, at the same instant, his heavy walking-stick descended on the reptile in the very act of springing. The rattlesnake fell to the earth, writhing, where a few rapid blows soon dispatched it.

It was all over in a very brief space. When Bret, having killed the serpent, turned to Claudia, he found she had sunk fainting on the bank.

Bret knelt by her, chafing her hands, and calling her by a dozen fond, endearing epithets. Directly the color came back to her cheeks.

"Oh!" she said, faintly opening her eyes. "What a horrid, horrid dream!" Then, seeing Bret, she remembered all. She covered her eyes with her hands. "The horrible monster!" she gasped. "Is it, indeed, dead?"

"Yes, darling Thank God I was near!" She put her hand in Bret's.

"You have saved my life," she said. "How can I ever repay you?"

"The blow that would have slain you, would have killed me also," said Bret. "I nearly died, as it was, in that awful moment, on the other side of the pond, when I first saw your danger."

them

"You are dearer to me than my own life," he cried.

A shy, sweet smile rose to her face. He had put his arm around her waist, as if to support her, and he now drew her to him.

She did not resist.

"Claudia," he said, directly, as she nestled closer to him, in the sweet, happy feeling of a first love, that is acknowledged at last.

She raised her eyes softly to his.

"You kissed me once," he whispered. "I have felt that kiss on my lips a thousand times since. It was the star that led me on to success.

Her eyes met his. She read all his heart in It was what his lady's guerdon was to a knight of old. Kiss me again, darling, if you really love me."

> She raised herself in his arms, and their lips met for the second time. The first had been the kiss of an impulsive girl, that hardly meant anything, unless a little pity and sympathy; but this was the kiss of a matured woman, and it meant love, perfect love forevermore.

> "I know, now," she whispered, hiding her face on his broad chest, "why I never could love any one of my many suitors. In my secret heart, unknown even to myself, I have loved you all along."

This is my story of Two Kisses.

CHANGE.

BY J. RAINS ROBERTS.

I sar one day, in florid May, Beside a rippling brook That wound along with noisy song, And charming turn and crook.

My seat was made by woodman's aid; A tree fell long ago: Like man turned gray it showed decay-Its bark long moss did grow.

In bunch and row sweet flowers did grow, Some bending o'er the brink With graceful crook to meet the brook. Its sparkling drops to drink.

A black-eyed girl, with silver curl, Was sitting by my side; A heavenly look she gave the brook, While onward sped its tide.

Within that pew we happy two Conversed with charm'd delight Of countless things with tireless wings, That onward sped their flight.

Of golden joys, when naught annoys The youth's fair blooming day;

Of bitter woe that oft must know The aged and the gray.

Love soared away to find the day When we should take the stage; Unite the twain-together reign, Down to a good old age.

When sitting low, the sun did glow In beauty on the sand; Yet by the rill, with earnest will, I sought the maiden's hand.

At first her hand, at her command, In movements graceful, fine, Did give a twirl the silken curl, And then was laid in mine.

But Time, old Time, whose round sublime Doth rule the earth-born hours, Though passing strange, hath wrought a change, 'Mid all these hopes of ours.

Some other one, the tale doth run, As if by magic's wand, Played well his part on Jennie's heart, And took from me her hand.

NATURE'S POEM.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

A wonderful, marvelous poem, Of birds and the murmuring brook, The finger of Nature, to-day, Has penned in her beautiful book. The breezes swept down from the mountain, And rustled its leaves into song, And each hour was a verse, so the poem, As the glorious day was as long.

Oh! rare are the thought's scintillations The exquisite book doth unfold, Which is clasped with the sunshine of Heaven, And bound in the sky's blue and gold!

The cover is daintily covered With stars, which the night-time has brought From the courts of the worshiping angels, To embellish this volume of thoughts.

In rapture I read from its pages, Far out in the depths of the night, And think of the poem unwritten, Which the pen of the morrow shall write. Then to sleep, and in blissful awaking, To meet the glad kiss of the sun, And read from the beautiful pages The song which the day has begun.

HOW THE OLD LOVE FARED.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

THE lightning express rushed into the station with a speed that fulfilled its name, and stopped barely long enough to permit two passengers to get on board.

Ethel Wellesley, one of these, was feeling exceedingly annoyed by the impertinent stare of the other. She had reached the station some twenty minutes before, and found but this other passenger, a young man—"certainly not a gentleman," was her verdict. It was a relief to be separated when that train arrived.

"From what wandering planet have you fallen, Miss Wellesley?" said a voice, as she entered the car. "Pray take my seat; nay, I insist on it."

The brown eyes looked up in his face with the startled, dilated pupils that he well remembered, and the fair cheek paled a little; but she accepted his hand with such quiet ease, that you would never have imagined that her thoughts were in a strange tumult, and that it was something of an effort to carry on an unembarrassed conversation. These two had loved each other once, and the last time they met, had parted with hot anger in their hearts, and cold indifference on their lips. Philip Cambreleng was as great a madman as many others have been. He went straight into the presence of another woman, who, for months, had been throwing herself at his feet, and was sufficiently insane to propose to her, then and there. The engagement had been a short one, and Miss Wellesley, sitting in her parlor at a London hotel, read the announcement of his marriage with a cruel pang of agony, whose sting did not leave her for many a weary day. She heard of him, often, during her residence abroad; heard frightful stories of the termagant temper and passionate will, that made his life a burden to him, and scandalized all Murray Hill for a year; and, at last, with an indifference that amazed herself, received from America the news of Mrs. Cambreleng's sudden death. It was whispered that, in one of her demoniac rages, she burst a blood-vessel in the head. The surgeons called it apoplexy. Ethel thought her heart was seared then, and, rejoicing in that comforting delusion, she stayed in Europe a year longer to prove it, and got entangled with another man, partly from weariness with everything and everybody, (herself most of all;) and partly because she was so utterly lonely.

"I am going to Agnes Wellesley's wedding," said she. "I have come home from Europe to go to it."

"Here's a coincidence," said he, smiling. "I am going there myself. The groom was my best man, you know. By-the-way, Livingston Dudley stands for him, I believe. Did you ever meet him in Europe?"

"He crossed on the steamer with us," she said, coldly, though her pulse gave a quick bound. Meet him? Livingston Dudley, with his handsome face, and impetuous, impassioned nature—the man who had been determined to win her for his own, and whose splendid sapphire ring glittered on her white hand at that moment! But she put all that away, to think about and be wretched over, when she was alone, and talked on, so gracefully, brilliantly, and well, that Maj. Cambreleng thought, as he listened, admiringly, "She has not altered one whit in these three years; always the most fascinating woman I ever knew, and the most heartless!"

And she, reading the half-scornful droop of his mouth correctly, as well as the unwitting admiration in his eyes, thought, "He is mistaking a volcano for an iceberg. Well! it is fortunate that I have learned to hide what I feel. Heaven help me!"

Their journey was rather a long one, involving several changes, and, before they reached their destination, they had contrived to mutually irritate each other, in a well-bred, cutting way, that left them sore enough, yet quite convinced, all the time, that they hated one another as much as human nature would permit.

The Wellesley homestead was a stately old house, over an hundred years old, and quaint enough with its shingled walls and gabled windows. Ethel was welcomed cordially by all, from ner grandmother down.

"I must introduce you to your sister-bridemaid," said the bride-elect, Agnes Wellesley, at last. "Nattee, dear, Miss Delorme; my cousin Ethel."

A tall, very tall figure bent forward, with a certain languid grace; a pale face, set in masses of dark-chestnut hair, looked at her with the most wonderful pair of gray eyes, with long, dark, curling lashes, in the world.

Nathalie Delorme said just the right thing, in

a low, sweet voice, and pretty foreign accent, with a proper degree of warmth and pleasure at meeting Ethel, and then she turned, with a shade more of animation, to greet Maj. Cambreleng, who was evidently a former acquaintance.

"She is Gerald's cousin," said Agnes. "She is of French descent, by her father's side, and has been brought up in a convent, except the last year, during which she has had quite a success in Washington. The Delormes are all in political life, and her mother is an invalid, so Nattee has presided at all her father's entertainments, and is wonderfully at ease for a girl of her age. Why, Ethel, she is but twenty."

That evening, Nathalie sang. It was a little French song, and she sang with such purity of style, that Ethel was taken completely by surprise. Her voice did not amount to much; but it was the acme of French parlor singing; and she looked so pretty when she sang, that Ethel began to marvel again at the curious charm that hung about this girl.

Then Ethel sang in turn. She sang "Annie Laurie," and Maj. Cambreleng's heart gave a passionate bound, as he listened, his hand shading his face.

"Oh, Miss Wellesley, just one more!" said Nattee. "Do you sing Owen Meredith's 'Remembrance?""

Ethel felt grateful that she was sitting in a room lit only by the moonbeams, for her pride was too great to permit her to refuse. Nothing would have tempted her to sing that song spontaneously; but, as she sang, her loneliness, her heart-hunger, swept over her soul with such suddenness, that the pasoionate tones drove Cambreleng half frantic.

"But many Mays, with all their flowers, Are faded, since that blissful time, The last of all my happy hours, In the golden clime!

By hands not thine these wreaths were curled, That hide the care my brows above, And I have almost gained the world, But lost thy love!"

"I declare, Ethel, it's unlucky to make a bride cry!" said Agnes. "Come away from that piano, enchantress! Here are visitors." And the two new comers were but the advance-guard of what seemed to Ethel an entire regiment of callers, who chatted, and expected to be entertained for the rest of the evening; so she uttered unmeaning nothings, and watched the major's flirtation with Nattee, until she felt as if her heart was ossifying.

The wedding was two days off, and, being in the country, and ready for a frolic, Agnes announced, next day, that they were all going to a charade entertainment, at their neighbors, the Braytons. She made the proclamation at the breakfast-table, and Ethel's face of bewilderment made her laugh heartily.

"Yes, my dear queen," said she, "it makes no difference if my cards are out; I don't intend to shut myself up here in the New England hills. And, Ethel, I was rash enough to pledge myself for your appearance."

"In what, pray?"

"A tableau with a song—the song to be your part, of course. Maj. Cambreleng, what are you looking so amused about?"

"Miss Brayton extorted a promise from me last night," said he, laughing. "I think I was to be a mower, or something equally rustic."

"It's a tableau of Parepa-Rosa's little song— 'Five O'clock in the Morning,' 's said Nattee, eagerly. "Miss Brayton wants me to be Bessie, the milk-maid, and you, major, will be the mower, who 'lingers at her side.'"

"I shall not be loth to do so," he answered, gallantly.

"Won't you sing the song behind the scene, Miss Wellesley?" asked Nattee, beseechingly. "I can't offer to, after hearing your voice."

"Perhaps," said Ethel, thinking what lovely eyes the girl had, and then dismissing the subject, as she stirred her coffee.

But she was not able to run away from it so easily, for later in the day, as she sat in her room, thinking, Nattee's voice outside her door said,

"Can I come in?"

"Certainly;" and Ethel brought an easy-chair for her, but Nattee had her arms full of dresses, and apologized for coming to beg Ethel's taste in the getting up of her costume.

"This is exceedingly pretty," said Ethel, as she watched the busy fingers tying bows with genuine French skill. "Your costume is very picturesque; any suggestion of mine would spoil it. What a pity that my groomsman, Mr. Dudley, will not be here to act the mower; those reds and blues would be so striking with that dark, handsome face, and his graceful figure."

Down clattered Nattee's work-basket, and the dress followed it in a confused heap, with the start she gave.

"Do you—— Is it the one who has been abroad? Will you tell me what Mr. Dudley this is?"

"Yes; Livingston Dudley," said Ethel, looking part of her surprise at the girl's great startled eyes, and pallid lips.

Nattee gave a little cry, clasped her hands with an indescribable French gesture, and said,

nounced, next day, that they were all going to a \ "Ah, mon Dieu! I knew him very, very charade entertainment, at their neighbors, the well, once." Then, suddenly, as if the words

were forced from her, "I believe no other woman can know him as well as I do. I was engaged to him for six months!"

Ethel's heart gave a great bound, and then fluttered, as if it would suffocate her; but such was her self-control that she only said,

"You must have been very young; Mr. Dudley has been in Europe two years."

"It was before that, even," said Nattee, speaking rapidly, with her pretty, foreign accent more perceptible than ever in her excitement. "I was only fifteen, and he was my brother's most intimate friend. I heard lately," her face flushed scarlet, "that he was engaged again to some lady in Europe; I did not hear the name."

"There is such a rumor," said Ethel, slipping the sapphire ring around her finger, slowly.

"Did you ever see her? Do tell me; is she beautiful? Is she charming? He has a noble heart," and the girl bit her lips to hide their quivering.

Ethel bent forward and took her hand with the fascinating gentleness that was so attractive in her

"Yes, I know her," she said, gravely.

"I think I am crazy—I never meant to tell you," said Nattee, in her rapid voice. "Tell me something about her?"

"It is not an acknowledged engagement," said Ethel, determined not to be embarrassed with that side of the question. "Then you met Mr. Dudley in Washington?"

"Yes, I was just out of the convent, at home for New-Year's day, and mamma allowed me to be down stairs for the first time. I did not know anybody was in the room, and I ran in, singing a French chanson; and there he stood by the mantel, with that grand air, you know, his head so"—and she tried to give the peculiar, haughty poise that Ethel knew well—"and a glass of wine in his left hand. I shall never forget how he looked—never! And mamma thought there was no one like our brave monsieur; the only man the sun shone on!"

Ethel's brain was in a perfect whirl as Nattee ran on, telling her how the two hot, imperious natures had loved each other and quarreled again and again, until finally, in a white heat of passion, she had publicly cut him on Pennsylvania Avenue. But it was plainly to be seen that the wound was a deep one, and the girl's very seul was torn with the thought of meeting her old lover.

"You are what the Italians call 'simpatica,'" said Nattee, at last, venturing to raise her eyes to the beautiful face beside her. "Here I am, telling you, almost a stranger, what is in my

heart of hearts. I knew you could feel, when you sang that song last night."

"What shall I do?" said Ethel, to herself, as Nattee left her.

Maj. Cambreleng surveyed himself in the mirror, while dressing for the tableau, that evening. "What an ass I am!" he said, "permitting myself to dream again about a woman who is a mixture of ice and fire, calculation and sentiment! My evil star must have brought me here."

Directly he opened his valise, and took out a tiny, fine, gold chain.

"I wonder if she would remember that?" thought he, slipping it up his wrist, and buttoning the shirt-sleeve tightly over it. Then he walked down stairs, and scelded himself vigorously all the way for his being "such an infernal fool!"

The charades were a very informal affair, though the rooms were crowded, and everybody in the highest spirits. Nattee, looking lovely in her picturesque dress, was flirting violently with the major behind the scenes, and Ethel, sitting in the parlor, in full view of the pair, wondered whether Cambreleng had ever really loved her?

By and by the curtain rose for "Five O'clock in the Morning." The scenery was very pretty, with the stile and the hay-field beyond it, and for the first verse of the song, merely the scene, with Ethel's lovely voice telling them how

> "The birds were singing in every bush, At five o'clock in the morning."

Then the curtain rose again, slowly, and discovered Nattee at the stile, her brown hair, gipsyfashion, down her back, all her French malice dancing in her eyes, looking so archly and gracefully over her shoulder at the distant mowers, that the audience burst into a storm of applause. But the last verse, where Nattee, with blushing face and downcast eyes seemed to be listening to the handsome major, who had taken her hand in his; where, over all swelled the exquisite melody,

"And as he lingered by her side, Despite his comrades' warning, The old, old story was told again, At five o'clock in the morning!"

the bit of real life went to everybody's heart, and it was declared "quite the gem of the evening."

Ethel was leaning listlessly against the piano, hidden partly by the door, and partly by a heap of evergreens, when Nattee and Cambroleng came out after the tableau. They did not see her, and stood a few seconds laughing and congratulating each other upon their success,

until a distracted stage-manager appeared and ; implored assistance with a refractory curtain which refused to move. The major ascended the steps, hammer in hand, and executed his bit of carpenter's work cleverly enough, and was just descending the ladder, when a disagreeable nail caught in his sleeve, and tore it up to the elbow. As he laughingly held out his arm for Nattee's inspection, a glitter of something bright around his wrist caught Ethel's eye; she drewher breath hard, and looked again. Fortunately the pair moved away, for the sudden recognition of her little gage d' amour, one she had given him long ago, proved too much for Ethel's self-control, and her head sank down upon her hands; with a helf-sob, she thought,

"Fool that I was! and 'tis worse than madness to see that again when I am fettered by my own act. And yet, 'Philip, my king,' it's almost worth the suffering to know that I might perhaps hold my place in your heart still."

Miss Wellesley appeared no more that evening, greatly to every one's disappointment; she pleaded sudden indisposition, and went quietly home, alone, by the lawn-gate.

The house was full of subdued excitement the next day. Agnes was to be married in the evening, and the demon of unrest seemed to possess every one except the fair little bride. Nattee was flying about, snatches of songs on her lips, a feverish flush on her cheeks, and a bewitching brightness in her eyes; Maj. Cambreleng strangely distrait, and given to long fits of musing. Nattee surprised him in one of these, studying the portrait of Miss Theodora Wellesley, and wondered why he gave such a start, and looked so guilty. And Ethel, too wretched to care what she said, was so bitterly sarcastic at lunch that even grandma noticed it, and raised her bright eyes over her spectacles in surprise at the passage of arms between her usually serene granddaughter and Maj. Cambreleng.

Three hours before the ceremony Dudley Livingston arrived. Nobody seemed to be on hand to welcome him, except grandma and the bridegroom, who, having ensconsed his frieud comfortably in the "smoking-den," a little three-cornered room whither grandma banished the segars, was obliged to hurry off to attend to some last orders which the village tradespeople had left unfulfilled. After his segar was finished, Dudley was inspired with the idea that there would be time to see Ethel before going to dress, and so he started out to look for a servant and send a message to her. He had never been at the Wellesley homestead, and the beautiful old furniture and portraits pleased his fastidious

taste extremely, and he lingered awhile in the parlors to examine them. Suddenly, one of the doors opened. A tall figure in a white dress, with her hands full of flowers, came hastily in, and then turned as hastily to escape. But it was too late; a fold of her dress caught in the door as it closed, and held her fast, and Dudley thinking it was a servant, looked behind him.

"Nattee!" Not a loud exclamation, but one so full of glad joy that the girl's pulse throbbed hotly as she heard it; and for a moment Dudley forgot Ethel, forgot the bitter quarrel which had wounded his pride so deeply.

"After four years, we meet again! Haven't you one word of welcome for me?" he said.

Nattee's pride made a last despairing effort to assert itself.

"I am glad that you have not forgotten an old friend," she said.

Then her hands went up to her burning face, and she burst into tears.

"Are you shedding those tears for the past?" he cried, losing all self-control. "You shall never have occasion to do so again, my darling, whom I always loved so dearly!"

"Then the story was false?" she cried. "You were not engaged to some one in Europe?"

The red blood rushed up into Dudley's face.

"I won't deceive you," he said, impetuously,
"I am not free, but——"

"Then how dare you insult me thus?" she cried passionately, her great eyes fairly blazing with anger.

"Wait, Nattee; you shall listen. It is my own fault; I thought I did love her, till this moment; and I have been wild to win her for two years. Even now, I'm not sure she will accept me. But I know that at the slightest hint of my——."

"Do you suppose that I will have another woman's heart broken for me?" burst in Nattee. "You have startled a confession from me; go, sir! Forget it, and be true to your troth, if you can!"

"Nattee, hear me! She is a very cold, grand creature; a woman who has not one half your heart----"."

"Thank you!" said a calm, half-reproachful voice behind them. They turned simultaneously, there stood Miss Wellesley. Her floating dress of white and green fell in graceful folds around her; water-lilies lay on her bosom and caught up her lovely, golden hair; and beautiful emeralds, with a tiny, sparkling diamond like a dew-drop between each stone, were clasped around her slender throat and white arms.

Her brown eyes looked from one to the other quietly, while a faint smile lurked in the corner of her mouth.

- "Not you-you?" and Nattee caught Dudley's arm to save herself from falling.
- "Yes; you see, Nattee, Mr. Dudley and you will not agree in your opinion of me. You thought I could feel, while he——"
- "Spare me!" he implored, and a hot flush of humiliation mounted to his forehead. "You cannot despise me more than I do myself."
- "Nay," she said, very gently, "I never meant to reproach you. I have not been free from fault in the matter. I came to find you, Dudley, to ask you to release me from my engagement, and to say 'forgive me' for what encouragement I gave you. Let us part friends; I have been convinced since I came home that I could not marry you and be true to myself."
- "You are giving him up for me," said Nattee, passionately. "It shall not be. I will not consent!"
- "Foolish child! you force me to say more than I had intended. No, Dudley, I do not love you; like yourself, I lost my heart and all the love I had to give, years ago!"

The last words were scarcely audible, and Ethel's proud, fair face grew colorless as she said them. Then recovering herself with an effort, "We will keep each other's secrets faithfully," she said, smiling, "and I return you this. Nattee, be happy for five seconds, and then come and dress; you are late now." The sapphire ring lay in Dudley's hand, and as Ethel closed the parlor-door, she saw Nattee's happy face, and smiled brightly as she walked away.

Not half an hour later, the guests were crowding around Agnes with congratulations; and the bridal party were full of smiles and fun, none more so than Ethel, although her heart ached bitterly, Dudley was her groomsman, and in his gratitude, treated her with more empressement than ever; a fact which did not escape Maj. Cambreleng's jealous eyes, and which had the effect of keeping him at a distance. Nattee, who always had a lingering penchant for the handsome major, kept him pretty closely occupied. and after various ices, dances, and promenades, they posted themselves in a corner of the stairs to rest awhile. And now befell one of those odd. queer coincidences, which sometimes seem like a visible ordering of kind Providence in real life. but which, in fiction, are only called ingenious denouements. Nattee had plunged into a lively botanical discussion, apropos to a certain flower in her bouquet, which she declared could be found nowhere in America outside of a conservatory. Cambreleng, himself no mean botanist, strenuously maintained that it sometimes grew near swamps in a certain part of Florida, and

that he had once obtained a specimen of it during his campaigning.

"Indeed, Miss Nattee," said he, laughing a little at his own earnestness, "I am tempted to give such a skeptical young lady proof positive; I think I have the very flower in a note-book, up stairs, at this moment."

"Seeing is believing," quoth she, saucily; and he went off, smiling at her persistence.

He found the note-book in his dispatch-box, and opened it to see if the flower was still there. With it were several other pressed flowers and grasses; and as he pulled them all out, the very flower he sought fell from his fingers down between the outside and the lining of the dispatchbox. The box was one that he had used before his marriage, but very seldom since then, and as he thrust his hand impatiently into the crevice, he felt some sort of folded paper rustle against it. Wondering a little what it could be, Cambreleng took a paper-knife off his table, and with its assistance, finally brought up both the flower and note. The latter came out seal upward, and seeing that it was unbroken, he turned it over. An exclamation broke from him, and he tore it open with eager fingers. It took but a moment for his eyes to run over its brief contents; then he smiled-a glad, bright smile.

"She wrote it after our last parting, my own noble Ethel! It was like herself to give me that last chance—fool that I was! It must have gone to the house while I was out, and got tumbled down there accidentally. Thank God! I've got back my faith in womanhood 'after many days!""

Nattee thought her cavalier was absent a most unconscionable time, and, when he did appear, it was with such a changed face, that she stared at him, in surprise.

"Behold!" cried he, gayly flourishing the flower before her. "Are you convinced, oh! unbeliever?" But, instead of examining it, Nattee said, suddenly,

"Did you discover a gold mine up stairs, or have you secret intelligence that stocks are 'up?' You're not the same man who just left me!"

He laughed.

"Are you clairvoyante? No, it was neither stocks nor gold. I only found that I had been doing some one great injustice for years." He paused abruptly, in his rapid speech, as he saw the folds of a white and green dress vanishing out of the south door.

Nattee's quick eyes followed his; her quicker wits put "two and two" together, and made four out of them, with true feminine arithmetic; and

a flirt of her fan brought Dudley up from the lower hall.

"I want you to finish this waltz, Livingston," said she, in a mischievously demure voice, which enlightened Cambreleng, suddenly. "Good-by, major; I hope you'll keep that flower as a trophy!"

In the meantime, Ethel had endured the music, light, and laughter, until she felt half-distracted by it, and the hysterical lump rising in her throat warned her to get away from everybody, and have a few moments fight with her pain. And, having dispatched one man for her bouquet, and another for an ice, she slipped away from both, out into the moonlight, down through the garden, beyond the stile, and into the hay-field, where she had not set foot since she was a child. She could almost imagine her girlhood a bitter dream, everything around her looked so unchanged. Something in the peaceful scene touched Ethel's soul with a great calm; and a few quiet tears rolled down her pale face.

"Some lives must grow, and be content without the sun," thought the brave, womanly heart. "I suppose I ought to be thankful for the moonlight. My life has been nothing but leaves, so far; there must be fruit in it sometime—and there shall be!"

She was learning the great lesson of patient endurance at last, and one that she never forgot,

though God was very merciful to her; and the joy that her lonely heart longed for came so quickly; for a firm, soldierly step brushed the dew from the meadow-path behind her, and a voice that sounded like the echo of past days, said, softly, with a little tinkle of joyousness in it,

""The old, old story was told again!" Ethel, dear, will you listen to mine once more; the old story that comes to us straight from the garden of Eden?"

"Philip!" Just one little, glad cry, as she laid her fair, golden head on his breast.

The brook leaped and sang more gayly than ever, as these two elegant, city-bred people tumbled down a fragrant haycock, and seated themselves on it, as rapturous a pair of lovers as any Bessie and Jack of them all. They quite forgot their good-breeding, and asked questions in the same breath, interrupted each other ruthlessly, confessed, and begged pardon, in such a droll, tempestuous fashion, that I feel certain that the crickets and katydids made fun of them, and the moon laughed slyly down at the drama.

"Ah, Nattee!" said Ethel, hours after, as the two girls parted with a lingering embrace. "Has Dudley become fully convinced that 'there's nae love like the *old* love' after all?"

"I'll ask Maj. Cambreleng!" and Nattee laughed mischievously as she ran blithely away.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

BY MRS. W. C. BELL.

I STAND at the door of my cottage, And look through the boughs of green, To the little white house over yonder, With only the street between. I see the bright light in their window, And there, through the wide-open blind, I watch, as their arms enfold something, With a touch so gentle and kind; I know 'tis the dear, little stranger, Who came there a month ago, And my heart beats quicker and warmer, With a tender, motherly glow. They may prize their household treasure, And talk of its charms as they may; But I wouldn't give my little baby For the baby over the way.

Of course, it has wee dimpled fingers,
And the cunningest, dainty red feet,
And it laughs and it cries, like all others—
That baby over the street.
But the laughing, blue eyes of my baby,
Are prettier far to me;
And I see a hundred endearments,
Which in no other one could I see,

E'en now, as I sit by the cradle,
And write out my feelings in verse,
I've no doubt but that other fond mother,
Is thinking the same about hers;
But I know, as I watch some new sweetness,
Unfolding and growing each day,
I'd rather have my little baby,
Than the buby over the way.

If all the dear little babies, In this wide, wide world of ours, Could be brought and placed together, Like so many gathered flowers, I know, of course, that that mother, In the cottage over the street, Would think her own little baby The sweetest of all the sweet. Could I look up and down among them, Arrayed in a long, long line, I know, from the depths of my bosom, I should think the same about mine. 'Tis the mother-love, sent from Heaven, That grows stronger and deeper each day; That's why my baby is dearer Than the baby over the way.

LINDSAY'S LUCK.

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC

CHAPTER I.

Lady Laura Tresham had just came down stairs from her chamber to the breakfast-parlor. I mention this, because at the Priory everything that the Lady Laura did became a matter of interest. And why not? She was a visitor, she was a charming girl, she was Blanche Charnley's special friend and confidente, she was Mrs. Charnley's prime favorite; the Rector himself was fond of her: and all the most influential young members of the High Church at Guestwick (the Rev. Norman Charnley's church,) were in love with her; and watched the maroon curtains of the Charnley pew far more attentively than they watched the antique carven pulpit, of which the Guestwick aristocracy was so justly proud.

I have said Laura Tresham was a charming girl, and I repeat it, adding my grounds for the assertion. Perhaps I can best do this by presenting her to my readers just as she stands before the large, open Gothic window of the cozy, old-fashioned little breakfast-room, the fresh morning sunlight falling upon her, the swallows twittering under the ivied eaves; ivy Gothic window and sunlight forming exactly the right framing and accompaniments to Lady Laura Tresham as a picture. She is just tall enough to be sometimes, in a certain girlish way, a thought regal; she is just fair enough to be like a stately young lily; she has thick, soft, yellow blonde hair; she has blue, velvet eyes, and with her long, white morning-dress, wears blue velvet trimmings just the color of her eyes; for it is a fancy of hers to affect velvets because she says ribbons don't suit her. But, in spite of this assertion, it really would be a difficult matter to find anything which did not suit Laura Tresham. Everything suits her, or rather it is she who suits everything. Blanche Charnley, who adores her, thinks there is nothing like her beauty, and her stately high-bred ways. All that Laura says, or does, or thinks, is in Blanche's eyes almost perfect, and she will hear no other view of the matter expressed. In true girl-fashion, the two have vowed eternal friendship, and they discuss their little confidences together with profound secrecy and the deepest interest.

Every summer Laura comes to the Priory for a few weeks at least, and every winter Blanche has spent in London for the last four years.

The Charmeys are irreproacnable. The Reverend Norman was a younger son, but fortune has smiled upon him, nevertheless. There is no richer living than Guestwick in England or Wales, and certainly no more aristocratic one. The country gentry and nobility attend the High Church and approve of the Rector. The family drive to service in a velvet-lined carriage, while Blanche and Mrs. Charnley make their charity rounds in a pony phæton, whose ponies are miracles of value in themselves. Accordingly, any astute reasoner will observe at once that it is impossible for even that most select of dragons, Lady Laura's guardian, who is something slow and heavy in Chancery, to object to his ward's intimacy with the Guestwick Charnleys, as they are called.

So Lady Laura has been Blanche's companion from her childhood, and now is more her friend than ever. So she makes summer visits to the Priory, and so we find her this summer morning standing at the breakfast-room window, and listening with some interest to her host and hostess, as they discuss the contents of an American letter the Reverend Norman has just received by the morning's delivery.

"I have never seen him," the Rector was saying, "but if he is at all like his father, he is a generous, brave young fellow; perhaps a little unconventional in manner, but still a thoroughbred gentleman in every noblest sense of the word. I shall be glad to see him for more reasons than one, and I hope you will make him feel as much at home as possible, Alicia, and you also, Blanche, my dear."

Lady Laura turned toward the breakfast-table. "Who is he, Mr. Charnley?" she asked. "I suppose I may inquire, as I am to meet him, and I want to know. You see Blanche and Mrs. Charnley have the advantage over me in knowing the whole story. What did you say his name was?"

"Robert Lindsay," read Blanche aloud, glancing at the signature of the open epistle, 'Yours, sincerely.' Papa, let Laura see this letter. It is so odd, and yet so—so manly, I should call it,"

"Certainly, the letter is quite at Laura's disposal," answered the Rector, with a smile. "Read it my dear. I admire its tone as much as Blanche does."

Lady Laura came to the table to take the

letter, and, as she stood, glanced over it with ; ive homes so frequently, that a day rarely passed some curiosity in her eyes. It was rather a singular letter, or at least it was a letter that expressed a great deal of character. It was frank, fearless, and unconstrained; honest, certainly, and by no means awkward in its tone.; The writer evidently did not lack worldly experience, and was not short of a decent amount of selfesteem. Such men are not common anywhere, but they are an especial rarity among certain classes; and in this case, English reserve and dread of appearing offensive, gave way to American coolness and self-poise. It was something new to Laura, Tresham, and she looked up from the closing sentence and dashing signature "Very sincerely, Robert Lindsay," with a soft, little laugh.

"It is an odd letter," she said. "I don't think I ever read anything like it before. Thank you, Mr. Charnley," also that the said.

"I am under great obligations to the young man's father," said the Rector, as he refolded the letter; "and I can never hope to repay him otherwise than by taking his place toward his son so long as he remains in England. I suppose we shall see young Lindsay soon. He says his epistle would scarcely have time to precede him by a day."

Robert Lindsay was pretty liberally discussed, as the breakfast progressed. Events had preposessed Mrs. Charnley in his favor, and the honest assurance of his letter had pleased and amused Blanche; but Lady Laura was merely curious about the new arrival, and had not as yet decided whether to like him or not. She was not so prone to sudden admiration as Blanche, and she had a secret fancy that this simple, frank young fellow might become a trifle tiresome through the very frankness of his simplicity. She had also a decidedly English dread of any freedom of manner, or tendency to the ignoring of conventionalities, which is the popular idea of an American in England; so she listened to the conversation something dubiously.

The day passed, as days generally did with the Charnleys: They had a pleasant way of spending days at the Priory; so pleasant, indeed, that people said killing time was the forte of the family. No one ever felt the hours drag at that establishment. Lady Laura was as fond of the Priory as Blanche Charnley herself. "One could be so deliciously idle there," she said, but she did not add that after all, the idleness did not imply loss of time. There was more company at the Priory than anywhere else in the Shire; and the young eligibles who watched the big, ancient pews on Sundays, rode over from their respect-

in which there was not quite a respectable party out on the grounds, or in the delightful old oakpaneled parlor, playing croquet, or stringing bows and handing arrows, or talking pleasant nonsense to pretty Blanche Chariley, and making gallant speeches to her friend. Half a dozen of them were there the day of the arrival of the American letter, and among the rest came Col. Treherne, who was blonde, aristocratic, longlimbed, and leonine in type." Blanche Charnley had a quiet fancy that Laura did not dislike Col. Treherne. Her manner to him bore better the construction of cordiality than her manner toward, her numerous adorers usually did: sometimes it seemed even tinged with a certain degree of interest, and once or twice, when she had ridden out with her groom, she had returned with Col. Treherne at her side, and a bright, soft color on her fair face. But Blanche was not partial to Col. Treherne. She did not like his air of calm superiority; she did not like his regular patrician features and fair skin; she objected even to his long, fair mustache, and his favorite habit of twisting it with his white hand; and she absolutely detested the reflective coolness of the questioning glance that generally accompanied the action, when he was annoyed or wished to repress any approach at familiarity. But, of course, she was very polite to Col. Treherne when he came to the Priory. She was too thoroughbred, in spite of her energetic likes and dislikes, to exhibit either openly; so she merely confined herself to the few stray shots good breeding admitted, in the shape of an occasional polite little sarcasm, or a quiet move against her aversion's game.

This particular evening, as she stood with the little party on the archery-ground, watching the gentleman stringing her friend's pretty satinwood bow, and handing her arrows, she felt her dislike even more strongly than usual. There was a spice of romance in Blanche Charnley's gay nature, and her love for Laura Tresham was touched with it. She had a cherished fancy that the man who won such a gift must be perfect of his kind. He must be brave and generous, and whole-souled in every chivalrous sense. must reverence the woman he loved beyon! all else, and he must value her love as the great gift of God to man. There were to be no half measures in its depth, no shade of self-worship, no touch of weakness; he must be ready to wait, to do, to dare for her pure sake. He must

"Love one maiden only, cleave to her And worship her by years of noble deeds, Until he won her."

Geoffrey Treherne was not that man. His

love for Lady Laura was only a pleasant sacrifice upon the altar of his lofty self-consciousness. He was a well-bred individual, and, in a certain punctilious fashion, scrupulously, haughtily honerable; but he would not have "fallen down and worshipped.". In his own way he cared for Laura Tresham. Her fair face, and proud repose of manner, pleased him; the admiration she excited pleased him. The woman he married must be capable of exciting admiration. Her name was as ancient a one as his own; although he felt that she was worthy of the honor he intended doing her. Naturally, it was not all calculation, though probably calculation predominated. He was a man, after all, and he loved her, and was ready to sue for her favor, after his own fashion; but he was not Blanche Charnley's ideal of a lover for her friend.

So, with the consciousness of this on her mind, Blanche Charnley felt dreadfully out of patience, as she listened to Laura's clear, soft-toned voice, and noticed that she seemed by no means displeased. Once or twice she even thought she saw her blush faintly, at some of her companion's speeches; and Lady Laura was not prone to blushes, and, to Blanche's quickened senses, the soft touch of color appeared suspicious. Suppose she really cared for him? And then, why should she not? The world would call the match a suitable one, in every sense of the term. In the depth of her momentary vexation, Blanche dropped the arrow she held in her hand, and bent to pick it up, before the gentleman who stood by her side had time to see it. and

"Dear me!" she sighed, unconsciously. "I wish somebody respectable would come—anybody, so that it wasn't Geoffrey Treherne."

"I ask pardon," said her escort. "I really did not understand what you said, Miss Charnley."

She looked up and laughed.

"Oh, excuse me!" she said. "I was thinking aloud, I believe. How very rude! It is I who should ask pardon." But in her anxiety she brought some diplomacy to bear against the enemy during the remainder of the evening. She gave him no opportunity to improve upon any advance he might have made, and played "third party" so effectually, that Treherne actually found himself at a loss, in the face of his dignified self-consciousness, and accepted the Rector's invitation to dinner in sheer self-defence.

Half an hour after the other visitors had made their adieus, and the two young ladies had gone to their respective rooms, Lady Laura, who was sitting under the hands of her maid, heard a loud summons at the hall-door, and, when the summons had been answered, the sound of voices.

She raised her head with something of curiosity.

"I did not know Mr. Charnley expected visitors, Buxton," she said, to her waiting-woman.

Buxton, whose hands were full of the shining, yellow, blonde tresses, did not know that visitors were expected either. "Unless it might be the American gentleman, my lady. Mrs. Charnley said it was possible he might come earlier than they had expected."

"Oh, yes!" said Lady Laura, indifferently. "The American. I have no doubt it is. I had forgotten."

Buxton had not completed her task, when a little rap at the door announced Blanche Charnley, who, being a quick dresser, had completed her toilet early, and now entered, eager and bright, in her pretty, fresh dinner costume. She came and seated herself at the toilet-table at once, looking even more animated than was usual with her.

"Papa's visitor has arrived, Laura," she said.
"I was on my way down stairs, when he made
his appearance, and I had an excellent view of
him."

"Indeed!" returned her friend. "And the result?"

Blanche nodded her head prettily.

"An excellent one, my dear," she answered, laughing a little. "Robert Lindsay will 'do.' He is stalwart, he is dark, he is well-featured, he is even handsome, and I know he is a desirable individual. He is not the least bit like Col. Treherne, Laura," meditatively. "And he carried his own value."

"" My dear Blanche?" exclaimed Lady Laura, raising her eyes in no slight astonishment.

Blanche laughed, and nodded again.

"Absolutely did," she said. "And the effect was not an unpleasant one, despite its novelty. He carried it well, and looked quite at ease, and honestly pleased, when he held it in one hand and gave the other to papa, who came out into the hall to meet him. I really don't believe Geoffrey Treherne would have looked so thoroughbred under the circumstances."

Lady Laura did not make any reply, but the suggestion was scarcely a pleasant one to her mind. The idea of Col. Treherne carrying his portable baggage in his faultlessly-gloved hand, was such a novel one, that if appeared almost absurd. That gentleman's valet was the envy of all his acquaintance, from the fact of his intense respectability and desirable repose of manner, and Col. Treherne would decidedly have

disapproved of any campaign which would not have admitted of his attendant's presence.

Blanche was evidently prepossessed in the new visitor's favor. She chattered about him with good-humored gayety, and described his appearance to her listener with less of disposition to satirize than she commonly displayed. The novelty of a gentleman who carried his own valise, had pleased her; and the fact that the gentleman in question was not at all like Geoffrey Treherne, had pleased her still more.

At last Buxton had finished, and Lady Laura rose and stood before the swinging mirror to favor the satisfactory result with an indolent glance of inspection, and to the same side of

"What a lovely creature you are, Laura," said Blanche, with a little laugh. "That soft, paleblue dressing-gown makes you look like a blonde angel. What is it Tennyson says,

'A daughter of the gods divinely tall, And most divinely fair.'

There must be some satisfaction in your looking at the mirror. All Buxton's art couldn't make my poor little fair head look such an aureole. Mr. Lindsay is quite dark, so I suppose he will at once fulfill the decrees of fate, by following Col. Treherne's august example."

"How absurd !" said Lady Laura, coloring faintly, however. "Blanche, I beg-"

But Blanche only laughed again.

"Why should it be absurd?" she asked. "He is a gentleman, after all, whether his father sold bales of calico or not. Do you know, Laura, I like these trading people. They are astute and thoroughbred often, and I believe in Ralph's favorite theory, that we poor representatives of the 'blue blood' are falling from grace. Now. really, why should not Robert Lindsay, love you, and why should not you love Robert Lindsay, if he is worthy of it? Dear me, how delightfully astounded Col. Treherne would be."

It is scarcely necessary to record Lady Laura's reply. That young lady was astute also, and sufficiently so to conceal her quiet little predilections, even from her friend. Blanche's jest annoyed her a little, though she was far too wise to exhibit her annoyance; so she simply smiled, with a slight touch of reserve, and colored a little again, and then adroitly changed the subject. At Office Polaries with the

CHAPTER Hala

While her toilet was being completed, after Blanche had gone down stairs again, she gave the new arrival some slight mental consideration,

really deserved it should have been. Was he really going to be intrusive? Surely, something in his manner must have suggested Blanche's jesting speech, absurd as it was. Perhaps there was a tinge of Geoffrey Treherne's haughty selfsecurity in the object of Geoffrey Treherne's admiration. Lady Laura Tresham, with her fair face, and her womanhood, and her rent-roll, had the birthright to such a pride, and but one or two persons who were fond of her knew that, notwithstanding this, Lady Laura Tresham was only a very pretty, very tender, very innocent girl, of whom experience would make the sweetest of women. Almost unconsciously to herself, Robert Lindsay was in her thoughts, as she went from her room across the broad upper landing leading to the stair-case, but still she was by no means prepared for a little incident chance brought about.

She had just paused for a moment to arrange the sweeping train of her dress before going down, when a door opened behind her, and the individual who came out, in his momentary embarrassment at finding her so near, trod upon the shining, purple silk before he saw it. It is quite possible that this occurred because he had seen Lady Laura first, and that, after his first glance at the aureole of crepe, yellow hair, and the delicate face slightly turned over her shoulder. he forgot the great probability of there being a lustrous yard-long train in her wake.

"I really beg pardon," he said, the next instant. "Pray, excuse me, Lady Laura," and he colored to his handsome brown forehead.

The glance of the eyes upraised in reply, augmented his confusion. The young lady did not color not even ever so slightly, but she looked somewhat astonished. Her only reply was a calm, sweeping bow, and the next moment the silken purple train was rustling down the staircase, and the gentleman, who was no less than Robert Lindsay himself, remained standing upon the landing watching its progress with the most unconscious of honest admiration. Now this really was not a strictly conventional mode of proceeding; but, as I have before intimated. Robert Lindsay was not a strictly conventional individual. He was an honest, handsome, fearless young fellow, and his honest beauty and fearlessness were his chief characteristics. Chance had thrown him into a somewhat novel position, but it was a position whose novelty he was too thoroughly manly to feel embarrassed under. He had been glad to meet his host, and he had honestly endeavored to repress his inclination toward any antagonism for the august but frigid which I regret to say was not so favorable as he Treherne. He had thought Blanche Charnley a delightfully pretty girl, and now as he stood at ; or twice after Mr. Robert Lindsay had taken the head of the stair-case and watched Lady Laura Tresham's sweeping purple train and fair faced golden head, he forgot that it was unusual for gentlemen to exhibit an admiration in so deliberate a fashion, and remaining stationary, decided that he had never seen a woman so lovely, so fresh, so delicate, and so well dressed, in the whole course of his existence.

There was a curious little excitement upon him, brought about by the unexpectedness of the encounter, and this little excitement made him turn into his bed-room again, before going down after the train had disappeared, and taking his stand before an open window, he waited a few minutes for the fresh night air to cool him off.

"It would have been a pleasant sort of thing," he said, almost unconsciously; "a pleasant sort of thing, if a man had lived in olden times, to have ridden to battle with her little glove in one's helmet. In that rich purple, it looked like a lily-her hand. Golden hair, too, bright and shining-just such hair as fellows like Tennyson rave about. I wonder if Treherne-Pah! No. I forgot she did not know me when I called her Lady Laura! Perhaps Petrarch's Laura was such a Laura."

When he went down to the drawing-room, he found Treherne bending graciously over Lady Laura's chair, the velvet, blue eyes softly downcast as he talked. The most prejudiced individual could not fail to acknowledge that Geoffrey Treherne was a handsome man, even in his least prepossessing moods; and now, having in some sort recovered from his temporary disappointment, in his deferential graciousness, he was really very courtly-looking indeed. Still, Robert Lindsay did not show to any disadvantage as he bowed low before Lady Laura, when Mr. Charnley presented him. His tall, stalwart figure had a self-asserting strength that Treherne's lacked; his clear-cut, brown face, and clear, straight-glanced eyes, were as perfect in their beauty as a man's might be, and the natural ease and fearlessness of any self-committal in his manner to Blanche Charnley's mind, at least, was worthy of admiration. But Lady Laura, not being prone to enthusiasm, saw only, as she rose slightly from her chair, a very tall, rather good-looking individual, who had caused her some little surprise a few minutes before, by addressing her familiarly by her name, and who was, at the present time, rather tending to increase it by the unconcealed admiration of his glance. It was evidently an admiration not easy to conceal, and it expressed itself unavoidably, as it were, in the frank, brown eyes, even once

his seat at the dining-table, exactly opposite Lady Laura Tresham. How could be help it? Every time he looked up, he saw the pure, girlish face, with its softly, downcast eyes, the delicate, bare, shadowed throat, and the aureole of bright, crepe hair; and, in spite of himself, the honest delight he experienced, portrayed itself, to some extent, in his countenance;

The Reverend Norman being a generous, hospitable gentleman, was very much predisposed in his young guest's favor. Really Robert Lindsay was apt to prepossess people through the sheer power of his great physical beauty; and, again, his was one of the rare cases, in which there can be no diminution of favorable opinion. He was a good talker, through right of a sweet voice, a clear brain, and a quick sense of the fitness of things. He had traveled as much as most men, and had seen more He had enjoyed his youth heartily, and appeared likely to enjoy his manhood; and, at twenty-six, despite a pretty thorough knowledge of the world, he still retained a simple chivalrous faith in things good and true, such as few men can thank Heaven for the possession of.

Occasionally, during the evening, Lady Laura found herself regarding him with some interest. There was a novelty in this fearless man that impressed her, and attracted her attention. was talking to Blanche about a hunting trip he had made in California, when her eyes were first drawn toward him. It was a wild, adventurous story he was telling; but he was plainly telling it well, and with such a man's hearty, zestful remembrance of its pleasures; and Blanche was listening, her look of amused interest not unmixed with a little admiration. He had not been intrusive so far, notwithstanding his frank eyes, and the trifling singularity of conduct in his watching her passage down stairs; accordingly Lady Laura felt herself at liberty to judge him impartially. He was handsome, certainly; and a certain air of boyish freshness and spirit in his style, was whimsically pleasant. How he seemed to be enjoying the jests he was making, and how well his gay laugh chimed with the ring of Blanche's. He would be a very hearty, honest lover for some woman one day, and then, unconsciously, she glanced up at Geoffrey Treherne. who stood at her side, holding her little, lace fan.

"Our friend seems to be enjoying himself," said that gentleman, with calm disapproval of the new arrival's being so thoroughly at his ease. Col. Treherne felt, in an undefined manner, that the young man ought to be a little overpowered under the circumstances.

But, singularly enough, whatever the cause of the phenomenon might have been, Lady Laura did not respond as cordially as her companion had expected. In fact, her manner was rather coldly indifferent, when, after glancing across the room, she made her reply,

"I had scarcely observed," she said. "Blanche appears to be interested, however, and Blanche is usually not easily pleased. Mr. Lindsay is a very pleasant sort of person, I should judge."

Treherne's hand went up to his big, fair mustache, doubtfully. He did not understand this. He felt as though he had been slightly repressed, and he liked Mr. Robert Lindsay none the better for it, for, little as that "pleasant sort of person" was to blame, he could not avoid connecting him, in some indefinite manner, with the polite rebuff he had met. Surely Lady Laura did not intend to countenance this person by even the mildest of lady-like championship. He turned round, and looked down at her; but the lights of the glittering, pendant chandalier shone down upon the most tranquil and untranslatable of fair faces, and he was fain to smoothe his mustache again, and decide, mentally, that this was an excessively unsatisfactory state of affairs.

It was late when the family retired; but it was not too late for Blanche's customary visit to her friend's chamber. During Lady Laura's stay at the Priory, few nights passed without pleasant, girl-like chats being held in one apartment or Blanche's dressing-room adjoined the other. Laura's, and, upon this occasion, her young ladyship had just dismissed her waiting-woman, when the young lady made her appearance in dressing-robe and slippers, brush in hand, her abundant, pretty fair hair hanging loosely about her.

"I want to have a long chat to-night, Laura," she said, after she had tucked her small, slippered feet under her gay wrapper, on the most luxurious little lounge in the room. "You are not tired, are you? You don't look tired. fact is, you never do look tired. How delightfully flossy and yellow your hair is; you are sitting in an actual bower of gold. I always think my hair is pretty until I look at yours. Now, tell me what you think of Robert Lindsay?"

All this, in one gay, little rattling speech, sounded exactly like Blanche Charnley, and nobody else; and then she shook her fair tresses back, and paused for a reply, with something more watchful in her eyes than one would have imagined the careless question warranted.

"Now it is to be an honest opinion, Laura," she added, "without the least regard for the bales of calico, and entirely unbiassed by any stately remembrance of that first august Tres- found room for more than temporary interest

What ham, who came over with the Conqueror. -do-you-really-think-of-Robert Lindsay?"

"Think?" said Lady Laura, complacently, and with some slight, young lady-like mendacity, be it known. "I think he is very big, my dear; and really, I believe, that is all I have thought just yet."

Blanche's pretty shoulders were shrugged expressively.

"That is so like you, Laura," she said. "And it is exactly what I expected, too. I knew you wouldn't do him justice, poor fellow. Well, suppose I give you my opinion of Mr. Robert Lindsay. I-think-he-is-splendid!"

Lady Laura drew a long, shining, heavy tress over the white arm, from which the open sleeve of the blue dressing-robe fell back, and she looked at the shining tress, and the white arm approvingly, as well she might.

"Why?" she asked, concisely.

"Because he is honest," said Blanche. "Because he believes in things; because he is manly and chivalrous. Do you know, Laura, he was honest enough to tell me that you were the loveliest woman he had ever seen; and he said it as gravely and reverently as if he had been speaking of his own mother."

Lady Laura flushed even to her white forehead. "You are either talking nonsense, Blanche," she said, "or I can tell you something else that I think of Mr. Lindsay."

"What else?" asked Blanche.

"That he is very insolent," was the reply.

Blanche merely laughed, and shrugged her shoulders again, with a comical little grimace, as she answered this rather intolerant speech.

"I don't think he is," she said, practically. "I wish he had said it of me; or I wish somebody else had said it, with the proviso that they had said it just as he did. He was speaking the truth, and one hears so many white fibs in these days, that the truth is as astounding as it is refreshing.

But she did not refer to Robert Lindsay again that night. Perhaps she thought she had said enough; at any rate, during the rest of their conversation, his name did not once occur; and, when she rose from her lounge at last, to go to her room, they had wandered so far from Robert Lindsay that such an individual might never have had existence.

CHAPTER III ...

Bur before many days had passed, Lady Laura

or temporary annoyance. She found room for a } surprise, which became in a short space of time something like amazement. She would have thought very little of Mr. Charnley's guest after the first evening of their meeting, had she not found herself compelled to think of him through the agency of a rather unexpected fact, which forced itself upon her notice. This young man of whom, gentleman as he was, in her calm, intolerant pride she had thought little more than of one of her guardian's lackeys; this young man, whose father was a tradesman, and whose grandfather she had heard Mr. Charnley say was an excellent farmer; this young man was, in the most unprecedentedly matter-of-fact manner, falling into the same position as Geoffrey Treherne himself. She could not understand how it had come about, and far less could she avoid it; she could only begin, as time progressed, to feel that it was so. It would have been the most impossible of tasks to repulse him. His genial, hearty nature, was not easily chilled; and even Treherne found his frigid stateliness met with a careless gayety that perfectly overwhelmed him. Lindsay's honest, undisguised admiration showed itself in every action, and Lady Laura found herself sheerly helpless against him. It was useless to endeavor to chill him; he clearly was determined to persevere in sublime disregard of the fact that Geoffrey Terherne and William the Conqueror stood between him and the object of his admiration. He cared little for Geoffrey Treherne, it seemed, and less for William of Normandy; and yet, in spite of his persistence, he was never intrusive. And, notwithstanding her astonishment, Laura Tresham could not resist wholly a slight inclination to feel interested in him in some degree. If it had been easier to dislike him, she would have felt herself in a safer position, but to dislike him was a sheer impossibility. She had tried the iciest reserve, and he had waited patiently, until she was compelled to thaw into at least a reasonable warmth; and this being the result of her efforts, good breeding afforded her no alternative; and yet she was not quite prepared for the somewhat remarkable sentiment to which the gentleman gave utterance upon one occasion.

They were siting together in Mr. Charnley's study, one evening, when the conversation turned incidentally upon a certain mesalliance that was the subject of great discussion among the aristocratic dragons of Guestwick, and which had caused said dragons much severe contempt and disapproval, and Mrs. Charnley was echoing the public sentiment, though, of course, more charitably than was usual with the dragons, when

Rob Lindsay (people always called him Rob, he said), spoke up, with a not unbecoming earnestness of belief in what he was saying.

"I don't think I agree with you, Mrs. Charnley," he said. "When a man loves a woman honestly, he forgets everything but that he does love her honestly. He does not think so much of her superiority or inferiority as he does of the fact that he loves her. The woman I marry, were she queen or empress, will be to me simply the woman who is dearest to me on earth."

Mrs. Charnley smiled, but Blanche who had been teasing her macaw as it swung in its gilded cage over the window-plants, turned round and gave him a long, keen, quiet glance, as if while measuring his strength, she found the result satisfactory. Rob Lindsay had advanced in her good opinion every day, though she rarely mentioned him to Laura. A very short experience had convinced her that if cool, deliberate determination was of any avail, Rob Lindsay needed no championship, and was surer of success than most men.

Lady Laura herself did not vouchsafe him a glance. When he spoke, she was taking a book from the library shelves; and when, a few minutes after, she replaced it, there was a faint glow of unwilling color on her cheeks.

And later that very evening she had cause for still greater and more indignant bewilderment.

She had been out in the morning, making calls with Blanche, and upon her return had accidentally left one of her gloves upon a table, in the parlor. About an hour after the discussion in the library, she remembered the mislaid article, and went to the room to look for it, and as she entered her eyes fell upon the stalwart, good-looking figure of Rob Lindsay, who was standing in the middle of the apartment, with his back turned toward her. He did not hear her entrance, and at first she scarcely comprehended his pre-occupation; but the next instant, a glance at the pier-glass opposite to him revealed to her the true state of affairs. He held her lost glove in his hand, and was regarding it as it lay upon his palm with a great deal of quiet admiration, and before she had time to speak, he had complacently put it into his vest-pocket. He saw her the moment after, and turned toward her with a coolness and freedom from embarrassment that completely overpowered her, and rendered her holpless, notwithstanding her indignation. must unavoidably have known that the mirror had reflected everything to her, and yet he was as placidly self-contained as would have been

"I actually did not hear you come into the room," he said, with audacious cheerfulness.

His coolness so staggered her, that for an instant she only looked at him haughtily.

"I left one of my gloves here, this morning, Mr. Lindsay," she said, at last, "and I came to find it. It was on this table, near Blanche's card-case, I believe. It was a mauve glove, with white, silk tassels;"and she looked at him with steady scrutiny that should have abashed him, but which to her astonishment failed to do so.

He turned to the table, as cheerfully as ever, without a shadow of discomposure in his man-

"It doesn't appear to be here now," he said.
"A mauve glove, you said, with white, silk tassels. I believe I remember noticing it, this morning, as being a very pretty glove. It would be a pity to lose it."

Lady Laura did not waste time in any further search. The ends of the identical white silk tassels were at that moment showing themselves above the edge of the pocket of his vest, and he had not even the grace to blush even while he was perfectly conscious of the fact that her eyes were resting upon this final touch of strong circumstantial evidence.

On her way to her room, Blanche met her upon the stair-case.

"Where have you been, Laura?" she asked.
"Your eyes look positively dangerous! What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said the young lady, briefly. "I have been looking for my glove, and—and—I haven't found it. Don't keep Mr. Lindsay waiting, Blanche. I shall not have time to join you at present, and you know he promised to give you another archery lesson."

Blanche ran down stairs, with a glimmer of suppressed fun in her eyes, and, when she reached the bottom of the stair-case, she found Robert Lindsay at the hall-door, looking out upon the lawn with a most untranslatable smile. It was a calm smile, and a baffling one, and not at all an unsatisfied smile, in its way; and it was on the cheerful, handsome face, even after half an hour spent in the archery-ground. Then, after making several very bad aims at the target, Blanche set another arrow, and drew her bow with most delicate precision.

"And so Laura couldn't find her glove, Mr. Lindsay," she said.

Mr. Lindsay looked with great complacency first at the aim his pupil was taking, and then at his pupil's pretty face.

"Why, no?" he said, regretfully. "I believe she did not. And it was a pity, too, you

know, because it was such a very pretty glove. A little mauve affair, with white silk tassels, and a delicious, little, delicate dead ghost of a perfume about it."

"In the very center," replied the immovable Rob. "And it is what I should call a very excellent aim too, Miss Blanche."

For the next day or so Mr. Rob Lindsay encountered some rather rough sailing, if so indefinite a term may be employed. In Laura Tresham's creed presumption was the sin unpardonable; and Robert Lindsay had been guilty of an act of presumption, which had no equal in her experience. If he had shown the slightest shadow of embarrassment, or the slightest touch of penitential regret, she might have found it possible to vouchsafe him a haughty pardon; but as it was, his immovable composure baffled her terribly. As far as was possible, without causing remark, she had held herself aloof from him, scarcely deigning him a word or glance; but it had not produced the effect she desired. He did not intrude himself upon her, but he certainly did not avoid her. He was as gay and goodhumored as ever, and seemed to enjoy himself as thoroughly. The Reverend Norman was very fond of him, and with Mrs. Charnley he was as great a favorite as Lady Laura. In his good nature, his good spirits, his boyish daring, and his almost affectionate warmth of manner, were combined all the most desirable characteristics of a favorite son; and Mrs. Charnley with true motherly recollection of the Ralph of whom Blanche had spoken, and who was the only son of the house of Charnley, regarded this brave, high-spirited, dashing young fellow, with something of a motherly affection. Accordingly, she wondered somewhat at Lady Laura's cold reception of her eulogistic speeches, but Blanche understood the matter pretty clearly. Laura no longer avoided mentioning Rob Lindsay. In their nightly discussions she spoke of him with cutting sarcasms. She laughed at him, and sneered with extraordinary aptness at his unconventional frankness and warmth of manner; and certainly poor Rob had never met with more severity than he sometimes met with in the bright little dressing-room. Still he seemed to sustain himself with wonderful cheerfulness through it all. Even when he had been most cuttingly satirized, and when his pleasant speeches were received with the most frigid

hauteur, he appeared to make himself most thoroughly comfortable. He drove the little pony-carrriage for Mrs. Charnley when she wanted to make her charitable rounds; he arranged her foot-stool for her when she was tired; he had ridden over to Guestwick and matched Berlin wools for Blanche to a shade; he had rendered himself popular with every one, and even the dullest, longest days were made cheerful by his indefatigable good-humor. Taking all this into consideration, it is easy to see that Lady Laura's task was a difficult one: It was difficult to satirize him to Blanche as mercilessly as she felt inclined; and, of course, it was impossible to satirize him openly. And besides, it appeared quite probable that even under such circumstances, he would have encountered the satire as he encountered every other weapon - So she found herself compelled, much against her will, to submit to the sheer force of circumstances.

After the advent of the new arrival, Col. Treherne's visits became even more frequent than they had been before. Perhaps, notwithstanding his self-consciousness, he had been quicksighted enough to see a dangerous rival in a man who was generous, imperturbable, and physically beautiful in no slight degree, in grand defiance of his lack of pedigree. Women were subject to whimsical fancies after all, and even such a woman as Laura Tresham, with all her inborn prejudice and pride, might be influenced by such a man's persistence, if persistent he should presume to be. And in her secret resentment against Rob, Laura was more cordial in her reception of Treherne's advances than she would otherwise have been. She was more chary of her smiles, less inclined to reserve, and altogether more encouraging. But Geoffrey Treherne simply regarded this as the very natural result of his attentions. It was, of course, not likely, after all, that any rival should be successful against him, when it came to action; and yet, notwithstanding his certainty upon the subject, he felt more at ease when he found that his influence did not appear to be at all lessened, and in his security he forgot something of his hauteur, and was more condescendingly familiar in his manner toward the object of his former distaste.

"This American seems to be a gentlemanly sort of young fellow," he said graciously one day to Blanche. "Not highly polished, of course, but good-natured enough, at all events, I think."

It so happened that this morning he had called earlier than usual, and had found Blanche and her friend in the garden, with Rob, who was giving them the benefit of his floral experience; and Blanche in gloves and a neat little garden-blouse, was trimming one or two of her favorite rosebushes with a pair of keen little scissors. She was snipping away the dead leaves in a most scientific manner, when her companion vouchsafed this condescending patronage of her favorite; and she went on snipping like a very charming picture of unconscious ignocence; as she made her reply.

"Now do you really, Col. Treherne?" she said. "How very kind in you to say so. This is a pretty rose isn't it? And how delighted——'Snip, snip, snip. "Mr. Lindsay would be if I were to tell him. Don't you think so?"

Treherne looked down at her with reflective uneasiness. Her pretty little straw hat hid her bent face from him, and the seissors in the small, gloved hands were very busy; but he was by no means a dullard, in spite of his arrogance, and he felt an uncomfortable sense of the fact that Miss Blanche Charnley was satirizing him rather cuttingly, and added to this, was an equally unpleasant consciousness that he had made himself slightly ridiculous.

"Pray, excuse me," he began stiffly, "I was not aware that my words could contain any offence."

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Blanche, with much delightful simplicity. "Of course not. How could they? You see these sort of people are not like we are. I dare say it is very likely that they don't sneer at our pretensions. And, of course, Mr. Lindsay ought to be much obliged to you for your good opinion; and if he wasn't, it would be very ungrateful on his part. But then do you know, Col, Treherne, I really don't believe, taking all things into consideration, that I would patronize him more than was absolutely unavoidable. It might interfere with his natural feeling of deference, you see."

It was rather severe upon Treherne; perhaps, a little too severe, upon the whole; but Blanche Charnley was apt to be severe; occasionally; and she had been wondering for some time if a quiet, suggestive lesson might not prove beneficial. Her sense of the ridiculous, made her keenly alive to Geoffrey Treherne's peculiarities, and besides, she was a little out of patience with Laura; so she went on to her next rose-bush in the significant silence that followed, with a quiet consciousness of the fact that she had at least made a telling shot.

There was a sort of uneasiness in Treherne's manner during the remainder of his visit. He did not like Blanche Charnley very much, but he had a true English horror of making himself absurd; and the idea of having appeared absurd to Robert Lindsay, was particularly distaste-

tasteful to him. Satirical as Blanche's speech had been, it had suddenly presented a new idea to his mind. Was it possible that this young fellow was quicker sighted than his careless gayety had led him to imagine? Once or twice he had fancied that he detected a thread of Blanche Charnley's keen edge sareasm in his quietly daring speeches.

These thoughts were very busy in his mind, when, the young ladies having gone to change their gardening dresses, he found himself promenading one of the terraces with the cause of

his late annoyance.

CHAPTER IV.

They had been walking to and fro for some minutes in silence, but at length it was broken by Lindsay himself.

"I have some excellent 'weeds' in my pocket, Treherne," he said. "Allow me to offer you one. I brought them from Cuba myself."

It was a very pretty bead-embroidered segarcase that he produced, and the segar Geoffrey Treherne accepted was the rarest and most fragrant of its kind; but he scarcely looked at either segar-case or segar, after his first word of thanks; his eyes had fallen upon something Lindsay had drawn from his pocket accidentally, and which had dropped upon the terrace near one of the young man's shapely feet; a very small article after all, but it had attracted Treherne's attention in one instant. It was a pretty mauve glove with white silk tassels.

The next minute Lindsay saw it too, and stooped to pick it up with the most collected of quiet faces.

"I think I have seen that glove before," said Treherne, stiffly, "or am I mistaken?"

"Hy, no," returned Rob, good-humoredly.
"I don't think you are mistaken. It is quite possible you have seen it before, I dare say. Won't you have a light?"

With the utmost composure, he had returned it to his pocket, and brought out a box of fuses, and having handed them to his companion he stopped his walk for a moment, to light his own segar.

"I imagined I had seen Lady Laura wearing it," said Treherne, helplessly. He was in a fever of impatience, and could scarcely govern himself.

"Possibly," said Rob, puffing. "The fact is, it did belong to Lady Laura," with intermediate puffs.

"Then you are a very fortunate individual," commented Treherne, frigidly.

Rob took his segar from his mouth; looked at its glowing end for a moment, and then tossed his spent fuse away, looking as undiscomfited

as ever, which was really very trying to his companion.

"No," he said at last, "I can't say that I am very fortunate, Treherne; sometimes I am almost inclined to think that I am rather unfortunate. Of course, Lady Laura did not give me her glove; and, of course, I am not such a vaunting idiot as to pretend that she did. Neither am I such an idiot as to imagine that she would have given it to me if I had asked her. I found the glove and I kept it. It is a pretty glove, and the woman I love has worn it, and, though it may not be a great loss to her, it is a great gain to me. I like to carry it about with me, and look at it sometimes, and that is how it fell from my pocket. I should not have mentioned it if you had not seen it; and I should not have mentioned it, if I had not wished it to be impossible for you to misunderstand Laura Tresham. Good segars, these, ain't they?"

Treherne's reply was a somewhat incoherent one. In fact he had never been so utterly taken aback in his life. There was a coolness about this young man's manner that was altogether too much for him. Treherne was determined to sift the matter as early as possible, and in his anxiety to sift it, he did a rather unwise thing. When Lady Laura came back again, he found himself alone with her for a moment; he brought the conversation somewhat abruptly to bear upon the subject most important to his ease of mind

"This Japanese lily is a great favorite of Blanche's," said Lady Laura, tranquilly, as she bent over a flower; "and Mr. Lindsay says——"

"Our eccentric friend seems to be a great favorite;" interposed Treherne, in his secret anxiety. "I wonder if you are aware that he carries one of your gloves in his pocket, Lady Laura?"

A sudden pink flush flooded Lady Laura's bent face in an instant, even touching the light waves of hair upon the white, low brow, and sweeping over the slender throat Her confusion was so evident that Treherne found himself becoming slightly confused also, and feeling more awkward than he had anticipated, and accordingly his next speech was an unfortunate one.

"He was good enough to explain to me," he said, "that you had no knowledge of the fact of his having it in his possession. He had found the glove he said, and kept it."

Lady Laura interrupted him, a curious little tremor stirring the folds of muslin over her neck, a curious, dangerous glow in her eyes.

"I ask pardon, Col. Treherne," she said; but may I inquire if you really felt it was

necessary to catechise Mr. Lindsay concerning the manner of his obtaining possession of my glove?"

Treherne was dumbfounded. For some reason appearing inexplicable to him, the young lady was evidently annoyed in no slight measure. He did not understand that the very pride he had admired as mating so well with his own, had arrayed itself against him.

"I am bound to say," he explained loftily, "that there was no necessity for so doing. Mr. Lindsay was honest enough to be desirous of making sure that there could be no misunderstanding."

"He was very kind," replied Lady Laura, now feeling inconsistently severe against the delinquent. "Very kind, indeed; but he was mistaken in saying I did not know he had the glove. I saw him take it." With that she turned away.

Through his intense discomfiture, Col. Trehere left the Priory earlier than was customary with him; and it was after he had gone, that Rob Lindsay, sauntering into the drawing-room, found Lady Laura there, and was addressed by that young lady in a very decided manner.

"I am glad you are here, Mr. Lindsay," she said to him. "I have just been wishing to see you. Col. Treherne tells me that you found the glove I lost, and—and that, in fact, you showed it to him a short time ago." This last artful touch as punishment beforehand.

For the first time in the course of her acquaintance with Mr. Rob Lindsay, Lady Laura had the pleasure of seeing him blush. The color ran up to the roots of his curly-brown hair; but it was not a blush of embarrassment. It was clearly a flush of high, uncontrollable indignation.

He walked deliberately to the bay-window.

"I ask pardon, Lady Laura," he said, with startling warmth. "But may I ask if Col. Treherne said that I had exhibited your glove to him?"

The sudden change from his usual careless gayety to this somewhat foreboding frankness of demeanor frightened her fair, young ladyship, in spite of herself. She actually felt herself on the brink of being most ignominiously defeated, and Rob Lindsay, waiting for a reply, saw the blue-velvet eyes that matched the blue-velvet ribbons, change their expression curiously.

"No," faltered the young lady. "He merely said that—that he had seen it."

Rob's knitted forehead smoothed slightly.

"Oh!" he said, more coolly. "That is a different matter, you see. I am rather glad to hear it too, because, if it had been otherwise, I should

have been compelled to say that Col. Treherne had not adhered strictly to the truth. I did not show Col. Treherne your glove, Lady Laura. It dropped out of my pocket accidentally, and he saw it, and I———— Well, I spoke the truth about it."

He had never looked better in his life, than he did when he finished saying this, and leaned against the side of the bay-window, looking down at her with a spark of the fire which had not quite died out in his brown eyes. He saw that he had startled her a little, and, despite his smouldering wrath, he was tenderly sorry for it. He was not the man to feel he had frightened a woman ever so slightly by any thoughtless warmth of speech, without a chivalrous regret

"You must excuse my seeming abruptness, Lady Laura," he said, in his good-natured, frank fashion. "I misunderstood you at first, and if Treherne had really given you the impression that I had boasted of my luck in finding the glove, he would have given you a false impression, and one which must necessarily have made me appear contemptible in your eyes, and I could not stand that you know."

"I cannot understand," said Lady Laura, her attempt at making a strong point a terrible failure. "I really cannot understand why you took the glove in the first place. It was very absurd, and you must know that—that it has made me appear very absurd too."

"Absurd!" said Rob. "In whose eyes, Lady

"In my own," she faltered, coloring until she looked like one of Blanche's pink verbenas. "In Col. Treherne's, and—and in yours." This last with great weakness.

"Not in mine," said Rob, exhibiting great cheerfulness. "Don't say that, if you please."

"But I mean it," returned Laura, breaking off a rose geranium-leaf, and trying to regain her coldness of manner. "You have made me feel absurd, at least, to have placed me in a very annoying position, Mr. Lindsay. Why, it is impossible for me to understand."

Rob looked down again for a moment, with a meditative air, at the averted face, and the white hand toying nervously with the geranium-leaf, and then he turned his eyes away toward the garden, and, forgetting himself for the time being, first whistled softly, and then stopped.

"Ah! Why, indeed!" he said.

Having crushed the perfume out of one leaf, Lady Laura threw it away, and took another, and began again, utterly ignoring both whistle and exclamation.

"Having subjected me to this annoyance, you

subject me to still another," she said. "The annoyance of asking you to return the glove to me."

Rob's countenance fell somewhat.

"I am sorry that I have subjected you to any annoyance," he said, with honest penitence. "Very sorry, Lady Laura; but I believe I am quite as sorry to hear you say you want your glove again. Of course, you don't care for any reasons I may have for wishing to keep it. It is a little thing to you, and you can afford to ignore it as you do, but——"

"I was not aware that I ignored anything," interposed Laura, inconsistently.

Rob went on calmly.

"But I can assure you it is a matter of more importance to me. But that doesn't matter, does it?"

He stopped here, and drew the glove from his pocket; but he did not offer it to her at once. He held it in his hand, and looked at it a little regretfully and sadly.

"A very little thing to ask for," he said. "And a very little thing to prize, it might seem; but I prize it, nevertheless. A very little thing to be refused too—is it not, after all? But as I suppose Treherne has a greater right to it than I, why, here it is, Lady Laura;" and he laid it upon the little work-table of Blanche's, which stood between them, therein exhibiting more discretion and diplomacy than one would have expected of so frank a young man.

I have already spoken of this unconventional Rob's great physical beauty, and of the effect it was apt to produce in the way of softening people's hearts toward him; so you will not be surprised at being told Laura Tresham was softened a little. This momentary look of regretfulness was very becoming to him withal, and he had been straightforward and regardful for her, at least. And then a half-worn glove was such a little thing, and then—— Well, she looked up at his handsome brown face, and his handsome brown eyes, and relented somewhat. Besides,

had he not intimated that his rival had a right, which that rival had not?

So the glove lay untouched upon the table.

"Col. Treherne has no right to it," she said, with some degree of hauteur. "He has no right that you or any other friend of mine has not."

"Friend?" was Rob's quiet echo.

"I believe I said friend," she answered.

But she did not attempt to take the glove, and, when a few minutes later, Blanche called to her from the garden, she turned to obey the summons as though she had forgotten it; and when Rob drew her attention to it, she paused a moment, hesitating.

"It is of no value to me," she said, carelessly, of length. "I don't know where its fellow is, and I should not wear it if I did. If you wish to keep it, you may, since perhaps that will prove to you that no one has a right to dispose of it but myself."

Rob took the glove in his hand, swinging it lightly by its silken tassels, his comely face brightening.

"Thank you," he said. "I do want it, and I suppose the speech I am going to make is rather an audacious one, but I can scarcely help making it, notwithstanding. The fact is, Lady Laura, I should not like to feel that the annoyance I have caused you has forced from you the gift I value so highly."

"It is certainly not a matter of compulsion," she said, briefly. "You wished to have the glove, and I gave it to you."

"Thank you again," answered Rob, all the cheerfulness in the world expressing itself in his composure of manner.

And as Lady Laura left the room, the mauve glove, for which Geoffrey Treherne would have given something very considerable, was quietly replaced in the pocket, from which, to Geoffrey Treherne's blank amazement, it had dropped a few hours before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMEMBERED.

BY NELLA BENEDICT.

A SILVER voice is singing within
A melody sad and sweet;
It swells on the night-wind above the din
Of the crowded city street.
I pause on the pavement to catch the strain;
It thrills my heart, and it fills my brain,
And memory wakens again, again,
To an old forgotten pain.

I hear no more the hurrying feet,
And the singer's lips are dumb;
And dimmed the dazzling lamps of the street,
And distant the city's hum.
Away are my thoughts from the careless throng,
From the vexed present of right and wrong
To a dream that lay buried so long, so long,

But wakened to life by a song.

ROBERT PICKLIN'S STORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"A QUARTER past twelve! So much the better! It's no use to go to bed now; the train'll be along about three. I'd rather have no sleep at all than be fooled out of my first nap before it's half over.

"My name's Robert Picklin. I don't know why, unless as a sort of warning that I was to have a rather smarty time of it in this world. When I was sixteen years old, my step-father kicked me out of doors; anyway, he tried to; so I knocked him down with a chair, and walked out; and that was the last of him as far as I was concerned.

"Ours was a sea-going place, so I did what any boy would in such a little family disturbance—went aboard of a whaling-vessel that happened to be ready to leave port. Well, you may bet I had eighteen blessed months of it, for I wasn't born a sailor, like the chaps in story-books. When I wasn't licked for one thing, I was for another; and when I wasn't licked, I was banged on the head with whatever come handlest; and between this and that, I caught it pretty much the whole time. It wasn't because anybody had a special spite against me, but that was the way boys always had been treated aboard ship, and sailors don't take easily to new ways.

"When I got back home again, my mother was dead, so there wasn't either kith or kin belonging to me. I was as much alone as Noah's family, when they walked out of the ark, only it was my own family, all by myself. I went to school a year, for I'd a tolerably good start before father died, and I'd wit enough to know that if I hitched a little more book knowledge on what I had, before getting any older, it would be so much in my favor.

"After the schooling was over, I did pretty well whatever turned up for awhile; from photographing and teaching a district, to being treasurer in a circus, and sometimes riding the donkey when the clown was too drunk. It was just filling up time, whatever I chanced to be at; so it's no matter to pay out a long yarn about it.

"I guess I was past twenty-one, when I met old Bob Mosely in Boston. He was the chap I'd been named for, and he had piled up the dust since then, but he had a kind of liking to me for the sake of the time when he and father were

boys, provided he could show it without costing himself anything. So he said wouldn't I go out to Rio on a ship of his he was sending loaded with Yankee notions, and sell them there, for the agents he'd had were gone up the spout; and I said I would. Why not?

"I'd picked up Spanish enough a winter I dropped down on to Cuba, to make a shift with it; and I'd had dealings before with the old man, so that he knew what I could do, and that I'd do it on the square; besides, it pleased his grit to see I'd made my way so far up hill without asking a boost from him or anybody else.

"Well, I sailed on the White Feather, and we had a stormy trip of it. Old Nick blew a gale behind and before all the way; and the men swore the ship was unlucky, and that we'd all take tea at Davy Jones', instead of seeing dry land again. But we didn't; and in spite of Old Nick we landed at last, or else with his help, for I guess he must have contrived my going there. I got acquainted with the men Mosely wanted me to find, and I did his business up in style for him; I did, indeed. It happened that the cargo was just in time to be wanted, and I sold the whole job at a rousing premium. The old chap had done fairly enough by me; I was to have a certain percentage on the goods, and they went off so confoundedly above what we expected that I had a cool eight hundred in my pocket, and old Mosely's checks and accounts ready to go out to him by the next steamer.

"In one of the houses I had dealings with, I got to know a young Spanish chap, who had lived in New York, and spoke English like a clipper. He was so very civil and polite, that though somehow at first I didn't take much to the fellow, I couldn't help being polite too, at least in my way, which, at its best, was never of the smoothest. The upshot of it was, that before long I forgot I hadn't liked him in the beginning, he had such a faculty of making himself agreeable. He used to invite me out with him in the evening, and as I wasn't any more steady in those days than most fellows at the age I was, the drinking and gambling didn't frighten me a bit. But if ever a chap had a warning against both, it was me; though I dare say you won't believe the story when I tell it to you. I was wonderfully lucky at cards, and used to win every

night; whether I was let or not makes no difference; the fact was there.

"One evening, after we'd had dinner together, Alvarez got more friendly than ever, and told me I was better than a brother to him, and that he hadn't a secret in the world he would wish to keep from me. Now, when anybody, high or low, begins that sort of rubbish in your ears, you just remember Bob Picklin's advice—give 'em a wide berth; cut the whole concern; for they mean mischief in some fashion.

" Among the rest of the trash, he spun a wonderful story about a fix he'd got into with some young woman, whose relations didn't seem just what a body would care about for a family teaparty. Her old grandmother kept a house where they gambled and danced; and it had a bad name into the bargain, from the fact that a French fellow once went in there and was never heard of afterward, though there was nothing proved against the people, and they found plenty to swear that he had gone away from the place. He proposed that we should go there, I was so deuced keen, according to his view, that I'd be sure to spy out some way of helping him, after I'd seen how the land lay. I'd got outside of enough wine and spirits at dinner to be ready for anything, so I was not likely to fight shy of the expedition.

"Up to that very day I'd had old Mosely's matters in my pocket, all in a draft that was payable to me. But that morning I got everything straight; made the exchanges and sent old Bob his paper ready to turn into yellow boys; for we had 'em in those days. Alvarez knew I always carried the drafts and my own eight hundred about me, because it seemed safer to me; and how on earth it happened I hadn't told him about sending them off, and five hundred of my own added, is more than I can tell. They used to be snug in a long memorandum book, in a pocket in the lining of my vest, and the book was there yet. I remembered afterward how in telling me his story, he laid his hand on my heart to feel, as he said that it was a friend's, and found it all right, the book and the heart too.

"Off we started. What part of the town the house was in I can't tell, but it was among dark, foul streets, and altogether the roughest spot I had come across in all my travels. But, anyhow, we got there. We found several men playing a game something like faro, and an old woman, mighty handsome yet—an odd thing for a Spaniard at her age—tending the bank. Alvarez said that was the girl's grandmother; and there was no reason handy why I should say it wasn't.

We had drinks round, and got friendly with the fellows, and after awhile two girls came in. One of them was the prettiest creature you ever set your eyes on—not a day over seventeen, I don't believe. She and Alvarez had a little talk by themselves, and though I couldn't hear a word they said, I thought the confab wasn't any of the pleasantest. He seemed in a great way about something, and there was a wicked look in his face that made me recollect the prejudice I had against him when we first got acquainted. The girl, she seemed half-way between mad as sin, and ready to burst out crying—woman-fashion, you know. But they settled matters somehow, and came back amongst the rest of the party.

"Pretty soon this girl went from one extreme te the other, just as they all will, whatever age they may be; and from acting as if she had a fit of the hysterics pat to treat us with, she began to chatter and sing like a blackbird. Two of the men could talk some English, and they stumped Alvarez and me for a game of poker, for they'd learned it they said in San Francisco. I wasn't a bit afraid, and I felt sure if there was any cheating I should be wide awake enough to settle it. But we hadn't much more than got set down to the business, when there was quite a lot of people came in from some concert or something, and we had a little dance; but it was agreed among us that after the visitors were gone we'd have our game out.

"I danced as hard as the best of them, and finally, the young woman that Alvarez said was such a drag on him—Rosalie, they called her—came up and asked me to dance with her.

"I never saw any creature spin over the floor the way she did. I felt as if I had my arm round a cloud, or a meteor; and she acted as if she thought it great fun to try and put me completely out of breath, and hadn't another idea in her mind.

"But while we were flying about so fast, that I should think it must have made anybody dizzy to watch us, she whispered in my ear, in her pretty broken English, 'I want to say something to you! Laugh and act as if it was only nonsense, and pretty soon we'll manage to get into the other room.' 'All right,' said I, and began to wonder what her little game might be. I was getting so waked up that I wasn't to be fooled by anybody in that crowd. 'He's looking at us,' she said, with a kind of nervous shiver. 'He's watching us every minute!' 'Who's that,' said I. 'Alvarez. Don't stop—faster, faster!'

"I thought to myself, if she was pretending, she did it mighty well, anyhow, and began to think too that, in trying to be extra sharp, I

might overreach myself, if I wasn't careful. took to watching Alvarez on my own hook, and, sure enough, I could see that, no matter how much he danced, or appeared to be busy about his own affairs, he always kept an eye on us. But, before we got through dancing, somebody I hadn't noticed before-people were coming and going every little while-went up to him, and, after a bit of talk, the two walked out.

"'Now let's get into the other room,' I said.

"Nobody paid any attention to us, and when we got near the doors of the next chamber, we just slipped in, and let them partly swing to behind us.

"I began to talk some sort of nonsense; but she stopped me with such a face as I wouldn't wish to see again. Whatever was up, I knew she was mightily in earnest. There was no making her face grow so pale, or her eyes so scared and angry, just at her own pleasure.

"We got out into a little balcony, that overlooked a sort of garden, inside the court-yard, and first I thought she was going to waste time by fainting away, or having hysterics; but she

didn't.

"It was a pretty little story she had to tell me, and you may think the blood tingled in my veins before she got through.

"She was Alvarez' wife, and he kept her there among those dreadful people, just to help him, when he had such a pigeon as he took me for to pick. She was to get the money out of me, they had all failed to lay fingers on, during these days and nights Alvarez had been taking me about among his friends. She was to coax me to play for her, and, while she sat by me, she was to make signs to them what cards I held, and, between drink and her deviltry, they hoped to drive me crazy enough to stake everything, even to old Rob's drafts.

" 'But suppose it don't prove a go?' says I.

"Then look out for yourself,' she sort of

"I gave a little whistle, and made a motion of passing a knife across my windpipe.

"'That sort of thing, eh?' said I.

"'Not to-night, maybe. They might let you away safe enough to-night! But don't ever come back; don't trust yourself ever here again."

"'I thank you,' said I; 'but I guess you needn't be afraid of my getting into this box twice. For that matter, I don't know what keeps me from going away now.

"'No, no!' she began to cry. 'They'd think I told you. Oh, he'd kill me! he'd kill me!'

"She set to crying like a regular tempest, and men.

I promised to see the thing out—to keep her from getting into trouble. I can't say I felt afraid. I'd been in too many scrimmages in the course of my life to turn white-livered; besides, I was getting my temper up by now, and it would have needed more Spaniards than there were in Rio to put me in a funk.

"The poor thing told me how dreadfully he had misused her many a time. He'd given her an awful beating only that day; and I expect half that made her split on him was, that her Spanish blood was up to the highest notch, and she wanted a little revenge for the black marks she showed me on her arms. Anyhow, I had reason to thank her; and if there had been anything I could do for the creature, I wouldn't have thought twice about it. But she said no; she was going to get away from him; she'd laid her plans, and, the next day, she was going. She had some other relations out in the country somewhere, and, according to her tell, they were decent sort of people; and though she didn't know them much, she hoped they'd take care of her. Then she began to shiver, and pinched my arm.

"It was his step,' she whispered. kill me if he heard-he's sworn to ever so many times lately.'

"I slipped back into the room, and squinted about; but there wasn't a soul in it. I could see them all dancing in the saloon beyond, and Alvarez going it as hard as any.

" There's nobody near,' I said, stepping out on the balcony again 'There's nothing to be scared

"I got her quiet at last, and went through the empty room, and mixed with the dancers. Maybe it was an hour longer before the visitors finally scattered. Then we settled down to our cards, as I had promised the Senorita to do. I wasn't coward enough to get her into a scrape. But I made up my mind, that the rest of the time I was in Rio I'd fight shy of Mr. Alvarez: only, if I could get a chance at a fair, stand-up tussle, without any knives hidden, we'd see which was the best man, just before I started for home.

"After awhile, the girl and Alvarez went away; but I'd got so deep in my game, watching that they didn't outwit me, that I paid no attention. All of a sudden there came a scream from a long distance, which made me jump out of my chair. The old woman, who had been dozing near the table, got on her feet, muttering something, and tottled off as fast as she could.

"" What the deuce was that?" I asked of the

- "They shrugged their shoulders, and one of them said,
 - " 'Nothing, nothing! Don't disturb yourself."
- "'It's only Alvarez and Rosalia having a little scene,' said another. "They've both got the devil's own temper, and fight like two wild cats three quarters of the time."
- "'It sounded like a pretty fierce quarrel,' said I.
- "His only Rosalia's way," they insisted. 'She gets up a fury, and works herself into hysterics. He'll coax her now, after likely boxing her ears, and, in ten minutes, they'll be as good friends as ever—they'll come back peaceable as a pair of doves, you'll see."
- "It was plain enough they believed what they said, and I was ready to believe it, because it wasn't probably anything very bad would happen with us sitting there. The fellows were holding their cards that had just been dealt for a new game, and were waiting for me; but, somehow, though I thought the story was clear and straight, that scream kept whizzing through my ears, till I could hardly tell what I held in my hand.
- "Before very long, Alvarez came in. I looked at him, and he was as white as the wall. He was always pale; but now he was that blue-white, such complexions turn in sickness or dreadful fright.
- ""Where's the little lady?" I asked, for he met my eyes so oddly, so defiant like, that I didn't quite know what to say, and, whatever had happened, it was no use for the to make a sign till I was a long way safe out of that den.
- " She's gone to bed,' he answered. She went into one of her tempers—didn't you hear her scream?'
- "'Indeed I did,' I said. 'I thought she was being killed outright; but these chaps said it was nothing.'
- if 'It's her way,' he went on. 'She gets raving, without rhyme or reason; but she's quiet now, and she'll stay so for to-night.'
- "He began to laugh, and tell ridiculous stories; then he must have more to drink, and called out for the old woman to come and serve us, but she did not show.
- "Gone to bed, likely, the lazy hag, said he. Luckily I know where the wine and brandy are."
- or I did my best to act as usual; indeed, I was so much excited by what I had drank, and my luck at cards, that I did not think a great deal, though I recollected after that some quick words and signs passed between Alvarez and the others, and they were as eager as he to play no more till we had a fresh bottle. He hunted in the closets,

and found brandy, and filled our glasses himself, handing me mine as I sat at the table.

"'You're awfully polite,' said I, taking the tumbler; but I set it down in a hurry, for there was a stain of blood on his shirt bosom. He saw me staring at it, and burst out laughing.

"'Don't look at me as if I was Cain,' said he.
'It's off my hands. See what a pretty love-scratch
my tigress gave me.'

"Sure enough, the backs of his hands were gouged and bleeding, though he had put some plaster over them.

"'She patched them up for me herself,' he went on. 'She's always extra amiable after one of her tantrums. Here, boys, I'll give you a toast: America, the land of liberty and hope! Bob, you'll drink that—empty the glasses!"

"I drained mine. How long it was after that the room began to swim, the table to dance, the faces about me to float in the air, and the voices to sound a great way off, I can't tell. I was conscious of slipping out of my chair. I could neither speak or hold fast to keep from falling. I knew they were all standing about me, as I lay on the floor, talking very fast; but I couldn't so much as lift up my hand, try as hard as I could, or catch a word they said, any more than if I had been born stone deaf.

"Then everything was gone. The next I remember was a rush of cold air. I was sensible enough to know I was being carried through a damp passage, and up a flight of stairs; but all the effort I could make was to half open my eyes, and the lids fell as if they were made of iron. Then I knew I was put on a bed, somebody passed a lighted lamp near my face, and I heard Alvarez' voice say.

"'He's safe till morning! I began to think I'd given him an over-dose, and settled him as completely as the other; but he'll do.'

"There was considerable moving about in the room, and some low talk. I lay there, and tried to stir, to call; but, if I'd been dead a week, I couldn't have been more helpless. Then the light disappeared. I heard a door close and lock, and steps go away over a stone floor, that would tell of them in spite of their being so careful.

"I lay and stared out into the darkness, wondering vacantly if they meant to come back later and murder me, or whether I was locked up as a joke. I heard a bell strike three somewhere in the distance. After that, it seemed to me I lay there a thousand years!

"Then the bell pealed out again—just one stroke; it had only been half an hour in all!

"Now I tried to move again. I could stir my

hands and feet. After a little, I could sit up, and put my legs over the side of the bed, and feel that my feet rested on a carpeted-floor. Just then I heard steps again in the passage, or some room next me. I knew there were two men, and I heard Alvarez say,

"'There's no sound; he'll not stir before nine o'clock! I know that dose of old! Come away and let's settle matters for the morning."

"My senses all came back just as quick as they had left me after swallowing the brandy. I could think and hear clearer than ever in my life. I suppose he had made a mistake, and given me an over-dose of the drug, and that the reaction left me wider awake than a hawk, instead of making me sleep, or keeping me in that first lethargy, as he expected.

"I waited some time to be sure the listeners were gone, then I tried to bear my weight on my feet. I could hardly stand at first; but I kept moving my hands and legs, till gradually the numb feeling went off, and I could use them easily. I felt in my inside-coat pocket, where I always carried matches, a lot of little tapers, such as burn a minute apiece. The first thing I saw on a stand by my bed was a lamp. I lighted it, and began to look about me.

"I was in a large room; the floor was covered with matting; there was not much furniture. There were women's articles scattered around, and at the far end of the chamber was another bed. I put my hand over the place-where I carried the pocket-book. It was gone! I sat down and tried to think what it was best to do, and what the idea of shutting me in there could be. I left the light burning. I knew from what I had heard that nobody would come near me till morning. I thought and thought, till I decided that Alvarez meant to lay the robbery on the men, and say we had both been drugged. Perhaps he meant, before I was awake, to get into the other bed, so I might think we had been brought up stairs at the same time. I can remember laughing to think how sold he wasonly three hundred dollars in the pocket-book, instead of the haul he expected. Then I went into a towering passion, and wouldn't have been afraid of twenty Spaniards. I had half a mind to raise a row, and bring them up; but it struck me that the neatest thing would be to lie down, and wait peaceably till that villain came to get into his bed, and then I'd have it out with him, and get my money back, and give him the confoundest hiding ever a rascal took.

"But first, I wanted to examine the room. Without any warning or reason, there came over me a feeling that somebody was hidden in it,

though I couldn't hear so much as a mouse. I had a big clasp-knife in my pocket. I opened it, took up the lamp, and began to hunt. There wasn't a spot for a flea to hide, except in the other bed. That had some sort of red curtains about it, and they were drawn close in front.

"I walked toward it, and that awful qualm grew stronger. I was not afraid, but my hair stood up, and my teeth fairly chattered! I knew something not of this world was near me, else some dreadful sight hidden behind those curtains. Anyway, I must go and look; something pulled me ahead, and wouldn't let me stop.

"I went up to the bed, hauled the hangings away; there lay the girl who had warned me against Alvarez! Her dress was torn, her hair down, and the blood dripping slowly from a cut in her bare breast; the whole counterpane was soaked with it.

"I don't remember feeling much at first, only a vague wonder if she was dead, and what I could do. I set the lamp down on a bureau; I saw a couple of fine hankerchiefs there. I staunched the wound as well as I could, and while I was doing it, everything got clear to me, just as if somebody stood and whispered it all in my ears.

"The girl had been right; Alvarez did listen to our conversation. When they went up stairs, he quarreled with her, and finally, in his rage, stabbed her. Then he was obliged to finish his work, and kill her outright. I hunted about on the floor and found the dagger; it was one I had given Alvarez only the day before, because he admired it so much.

"The whole plot grew plainer and plainer. I tell you it was no working of my own brains that made it so. I first listened to something that went on telling me the story as clear as I am repeating it to you. After Alvarez had killed her, he made up the plan to drug me, steal my money and the drafts he supposed I still carried, then to put me up in that room. In the morning I was to be found there and the girl dead. The story would be that I strayed in drunk, and killed her to hinder her calling for help.

"What was I to do; how get away? At that moment, the moon came out. I went to the window and opened it. I was in a room at the back of the house that looked into a narrow street. Below me there was a shed; I could drop on to that, and from there to the payement.

"As I stood getting the air, and glad to feel it, I heard voices coming along the alley singing, and in a minute I knew they were singing the Star Spangled Banner. Then there followsed three cheers such as only American sailors could give.

"I crawled out of the window and let myself down on to the shed. The steps and voices came nearer. I could make out there was a party of half a dozen or so. When they got under the shed, I called, 'Ahoy, mates! Look up here, to a comrade in distress.' They stopped, and I was not a second making matters clear, you may be sure. One of them climbed up to me; the rest stood and waited. We got back into the champer, and as we did so, there came a groan from the bed. We ran to it; the girl had stirred. She was trying to hold up one of her poor hands. muttering, 'Alvarez-husband! Don't-don't kill! Then the hand dropped, and she lay still again. I thought this time it was surely all over-she would never move again. 'Here's a go, mate,' said my companion. Now, what are we to do? We can't 'bout ship and leave this poor girl here a dyin', now can we?' That was plain enough, unless we were bigger brutes than the Spaniard that had murdered her. I didn't believe there was any life left, but there might be, and we couldn't go. I thought a minute, and then we managed it. One of the other men was to come up to us; we would barricade the door, and wait while the rest of the party went in search of the police to arrest the whole gang asleep in the house.

"So my new friend crept down to his mates, and it wasn't long before he and another came back. I had gone to work over the girl again, and they helped me. We did everything we could think of to stop the blood and try to bring her to, and were so busy about it the time did not seem long.

"The ooor creature got so she could open her eyes a tast, and make shift to swallow a few drops of brandy and water we mixed out of a dask one of the men carried. But she did not know what was going on; there was a film over her eyes as if she was blind, and sometimes she would try to put up her hands, and groan, 'Alvarez! don't—don't!' It was enough to turn a stout man faint and sick, I tell you; and one of the fellows, a great six-footer, just sat down and cried like a baby.

"Finally, before we'd had time to think about the party coming back, we heard an awful racket below stairs; the fellows were there and had brought the police. They were trying to get into the house. It wasn't many minutes till we heard doors open, and voices and steps on the stairs and passage. We pulled open the door, and in marched the police and our blue-coats.

"They'd brought a doctor to the girl, and he got her so she was conscious; but, anyhow, there were enough to tell the story, even if she hadn't been able to do it. When the old woman and the three men found themselves arrested, they were glad to turn against Alvarez. I was about right in my idea of it; or the idea that was put in my head, for it was none of mine. He had not meant to kill her, but he was in such a fury at finding she had let out his plots, that he struck her with the dagger, Spaniard-like, before he knew what he was at; then I suppose the devil helped him invent the scheme to lay the murder on me, without much time lost.

"The girl was his wife, as she had told me. Poor soul! she lived till afternoon the next day; and part of the time she had her senses all clear, and could talk, weak as she was.

"It was enough to make you cry to see how she tried to screen the villain. Indeed, I don't believe she would have told a word even to the priest, for she never gave a sign, when he threatened that she couldn't have absolution without. But he tried another talk, and let her understand that an innocent man might suffer, unless she made a clean breast of it. So, what she wouldn't do for her soul's sake, woman-like, she did for somebody else's; and they made her appy by explaining to her that she had lived so long her murderer would not be hung.

"Alvarez was sentenced to imprisonment for life; but he killed himself the day the verdict, was given. The other men gave up the money, when they found that would lessen their time in prison. I sailed before the week was out in the ship my new friends belonged to. I've never seem Rio since, and, as you may think, I don't want to.

"Hark! There's the whistle. That's our train! Well, I finished my yarn just in time; so, goods by, and good-luck to you."

"WE SIGH WHEN WINTER."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

WE sigh when Winter, drear and dread, Strews roses on the snow. But Spring returns, and lo! the dead With brighter beauty blow. Vol. LXII.—19

The dead? There is no death, 'tis birth; The loved, that seem to die, But leave their Autumn garb on earth And blossom in the sky.

JOSEPHINE'S "PETERSON."

RY E. J. WHITNEY.

"OH, mother!" exclaimed Josephine Bently, on her return from a visit to the new minister's wife. "I really must have 'Peterson' this year."

"What is a 'Peterson?"" inquired her mother, with a smile at the girl's earnest face.

"I know," spoke up George, a boy of twelve. "It's a thing to wear on your head!"

"To wear on your head!" repeated Josephine, laughing merrily. "Why, you foolish boy, it's a magazine."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Bently. "That's

pretty good for you, George."

"I don't care," retorted the boy. "I heard Mat Ray ask Lucy Bright what that was on Mrs. Loring's head, and she said something about a 'Peterson.' So, there!"

"Mrs. Loring knit a lovely nubia, taking the pattern from 'Peterson.' Why, mother, it's the splendidest book you ever saw! There's a beautiful steel engraving in front, then nice woodcuts; a splendid, colored fashion-plate; besides, all the new-style cloaks, bonnets, hats, etc., etc. And then there's music. Only think! new music every month, patterns of everything, receipts, and—and I can't begin to tell what else. Besides the stories—and such stories. I read some when Mrs. Loring was getting tea," pausing for want of breath.

"Well, my dear, how much is this wonderful magazine?" inquired her indulgent father.

"Only a dollar and a half, in a club, and two dollars, singly."

"Well, well, Jo, that's cheap enough. If I have good luck in harvesting, you shall have it."

Jo's bright face clouded. Two dollars seemed quite a sum to her. For Josephine Bently lived in a small, country town, where money was comparatively scarce, and where magazines were as much of a curiosity as a white elephant. Mr. and Mrs. Loring were city-born and bred; and when the young minister was called to officiate at Wainbridge, his wife had her favorite magazine as usual.

Jo planned and thought, night and day, how she could get that splendid "Peterson." Mrs. Loring, seeing her admiration of her favorite, kindly loaned the number to her; but Jo, though delighted, was not satisfied, she wanted a "Peterson" for herself.

The fragrant summer days had turned to pearls on Time's necklace.

"Be sure and come over Thursday, Jo," whispered Mrs. Loring, as they met at church one Sunday. "Ralph is coming, and I want you to meet him."

Jo blushed with pleasure. She had heard a great deal about Ralph Loring. He was a promising young lawyer, frank and genial; but to her, his greatest charm was, that he wrote sketches for magazines and papers. Mrs. Loring had confidentially informed her of this long ago.

And now, was it real? She was actually going to spend an afternoon with a live author! Her heart beat almost to suffocation at the thought. The excellent sermon fell unheeded on her ears, and she went home, as in a dream.

The eventful Thursday came at last. She dressed herself in her Sunday dress, a simple, white muslin, and braided and unbraided her long, bright hair, feeling very ill-satisfied with the bright, dark eyes, fair complexion, and rosy cheeks, that met her gaze in the small mirror.

She had saved every penny; and now, as she counted the small pieces of silver, she found, to her great joy, that she had just enough for her cherished magazine.

There was no excuse to delay longer, and she started slowly for Mrs. Loring's.

The sunlight glinted on the tree-tops like golden arrows of light, and the birds thrilled the perfumed air with their songs.

"Miss Josephine," called a timid voice, breaking in upon her reverie.

Turning, she saw Maggie Dogherty, the daughter of an Irish widow. Jo had often given her small presents, and one time, when she was ill with fever, watched night after night by her bedside. Maggie and her mother were very grateful, and looked upon her as almost an angel.

"Well, Maggie," said Jo, "what is it?"

"Oh, Miss Josephine, my heart is broke intirely with the throuble," she replied, bursting into tears. "My mother is down with the faver, and the landlord—bad luck till him for cruelty—swares he'll turn us out o' the bit cottage, if we don't pay the rint to-morrer. I was werkin' till Mr. Bright's, and getting along nice as could be, when I had to go home The cow's gone, and the pig's gone, and—and——" breaking down.

"Don't cry, Maggie," said Jo, consolingly, "I will help you what I can. Here is two dollars," sighing softly. "I wish it was more, but it is all I have. To-morrow I will come and see you."

"May the Virgin bless your swate face, and give you long life and happiness," began the

girl, gratefully.

But Jo checked her thanks, and bade her a cheerful good-by. But when Maggie disappeared, Jo sank down by the roadside and burst into a flood of tears.

"Ah!" she sobbed, "I cannot have that beautiful magazine now, after all, as much as I wanted it. Well, it can't be helped. I couldn't let those poor creatures suffer so, if I did want it; but I am so disappointed."

Rising, she bathed her flushed face at the rip-

pling brook, close at her feet.

"Well, sis, here I am at last," exclaimed the merry voice of Ralph Loring, as he presented himself at the pretty parsonage. "Extra business must be my excuse for keeping you waiting. By-the-way, do you have nymphsor angels in this romantic place?"

"Neither, so far as I am aware," laughed Mrs. Loring. "Did you see any as you came through that grand old forest?"

"I certainly saw a nymph, or a remarkably lovely girl in white muslin."

And he repeated the interview between Jo and Maggie.

"There she comes now," he exclaimed, as Jo came up the walk.

"Your nymph is my dearest friend, Josephine Bently," said Mrs. Loring; and for her life she could not help the triumphant ring in her voice.

That was a golden afternoon in Jo's experience. And when Ralph Loring walked home with her in the gathering twilight, her happiness was complete. Mrs. Loring saw them depart with a complacent smile on her fair face.

"It's coming out just as I hoped it would," she murmured, as they disappeared.

"What is coming out, Bessie ?" inquired her husband.

"You'll see in good time," was the laughing response.

"Oh, you naughty match-maker," he exclaimed, playfully, shaking her finger at her.

Jo gazed after her hero with her soul in her eyes, as he walked with light, springing steps down the grass-grown road.

Ralph was indeed a noble-looking man, tall and lithe, with dark hair lying in silken waves on a well-shaped head, a broad, white forehead, large, deep-blue eyes, that burned black with excitement, and a jetty mustache on his upper line.

Such was the description Jo gave her mother; but of the indescribable something that graced every word and action, she said nothing.

In about a week Jo received a bulky package. On opening it, she found, to her surprise and joy, that it contained "Peterson's magazine" for the past two years, and also the present, in their dainty freshness and beauty. Were they indeed her very own? Who could send them? And childish Jo cried for very joy.

Mrs. Loring was delighted, and also mystified. "It must be a prince in disguise," she said, half-laughing, half in earnest.

Ralph was a constant visitor at Mr. Bently's. It was late in golden-sheaved autumn, when he left for his city home. The long winter passed quickly away to Jo, as she sung about her work; and, when the sweet-hearted summer decked the fields with fragrant blossoms, she became the bride of Ralph Loring.

"How is your protege, Maggie Dogherty, and her mother?" asked Ralph, one evening.

"They are very well," replied Jo, looking up in surprise. "But how did you know anything about them?"

"Oh, I once heard a conversation between you and her; and you gave her the money which was going for that cherished magazine."

"Then it was you that sent me those magazines?" cried Jo.

"I thought you deserved something," replied Ralph, confusedly. "I fell in love with your sweet face, my darling," he went en, tenderly. "And I vowed to win you, if possible. Long may 'Peterson' and his magazine flourish; for its owing to him that I have the dearest little wife in the world!"

BOTH SIDE'S.

BY ERNESTINE A. GORDON.

Out sufferings we recken o'er, We mourn our lot should fall so; I wonder do we calculate Our happiness also. Were it not best to keep account
Of all days, if of any?
Perhaps the dark ones might amount
To not so very many.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21"

CHAPTER XX.

A KEEN frost had done its fairy work in the Park, scattering rich gold and crimson and delicate mauve tints among the deep green of such trees as nothing but the sweet breath of spring could change. The rocks were all ablaze with creeping vines; and at sunset, each little ravine seemed to have a fire kindling in its depths, for a soft, smoky mist floated in the air, and over the pretty lakes, giving a touch of luxuriant sleepiness to the whole scene.

Foster was a man of exceptional culture, appreciative in art, and in all things sensuous to fastidiousness; but this was a scene with which his own refined taste could take no exception. He was proud of its purely American gorgeousness, and watched the fair face of his companion with keen interest, wondering if a young creature so simply bred would appreciate its beauty.

Appreciate it! Why the esthetic taste, born with the girl, kindled into enthusiasm at the first glance. She checked her horse and looked around with parted lips, and such intense admiration in her eyes, that the man of the world experienced a kindred feeling, while regarding her evident delight.

"Oh, how beautiful it is! Are we to ride here? Can we go where we please?"

"Undoubtedly. Only just now, let this direction please you," answered Foster.

"This, or any other," said Gertrude, allowing her horse to move forward a pace or two, then checking him again. "It is like heaven; this velvet turf, those glorious masses of color. I thought our woods were beautiful in the fall; and so they are, but nothing like this. Here everything starts out in pictures."

Gertrude was looking at the scenery, but Foster found enough of beauty in her face to fascinate him.

"I am pleased that you like it. Henceforward I shall think this spot more beautiful than ever," he said, impressively.

Gertrude did not heed this implied compliment. She was too completely absorbed by new bits of scenery that broke up to her view every moment, to much regard anything else. "Shall we ride on?" said Foster, rather interested by her indifference to his gallantry, which piqued him a little.

"Not yet; I want to ride slowly, just at first. It seems like a sin to dash through a picture like this."

Foster curbed his horse in. Some people in carriages and on foot were passing, and lingered to look back on the lovely picture his companion made, sitting there in her bright enthusiasm, with the soft sunshine glinting over her.

"It would be a sin," he said, smiling, "only we are becoming objects of attention, and that is never agreeable."

Gertrude blushed scarlet, and at once gave the rein to her horse. She rode splendidly, with a free, easy seat, and a harmonious yielding of her graceful person to the movements of the animal that hore her forward with the lightness of a bird.

All at once, she drew him up again, exclaiming,

"Oh, the water! That beautiful, beautiful lake! So bright, so bordered with shadows. Can we ride that way?"

'I fancy no one will attempt to prevent us," said Foster.

"The boats, now graceful they are: and those great, white birds sailing up and down—what are they?"

"Swans. Have you never seen them before?"
"Seen them, the splendid creatures! How
could I? A flock of geese, sailing about in the
mill-dam, is the nearest approach to them that I
have ever met."

Foster laughed low and pleasantly; the fresh honesty of the girl charmed him.

"Shall weride nearer?" he said. "Neither the lake or the swans will disence that you at a closer distance. As for the queenly birds, they always remind me of a pure and beautiful woman."

"I do not wonder. How white and stately they are. It seems as if the water that ripples around them must wash snow from their bosoms."

"Ah, how soon all this bright enthusiasm will wear off," thought the man, with a feeling of regret. "In a month or two she will be like the rest. All this fresh innocence will wear away, and then..."

That moment a swift fall of hoofs came round a curve of the road. Gertrude looked that way, uttered a little cry of surprise, and wheeled her horse around to meet the new comers; while Foster, with a thrill of anger, saw his sister, evidently in high spirits, escorted by a fine-looking young stranger, mounted on his own-black horse.

"In the name of the fiend, what does this mean?" he muttered, giving his flaxen mustache a twist. "She seems to know the fellow!"

Of course, Gertrude knew Webster Hart, for she had ridden close to his side. His hand had already clasped hers, and his eyes told the old story so plainly that Foster's angry doubts were all cleared away before he had time to express them.

The lovers rode forward, blushing like children detected in some crime.

Miss Foster followed, frowning, for she too had received an unpleasant enlightenment, and gave Dusty Foot a vicious cut with her whip, while Gertrude introduced Hart to Foster.

"Mr. Hart, a friend of-of ours," she faltered. "Mr. Foster."

The two men bowed stiffly, Foster with a dark smile stealing over his lips-Hart with frank haughtiness. From that moment, the two men began to detest each other.

"You see I have taken possession of your friend, Miss Harrington, and have given him possession of your horse, brother; but don't let us disturb your ride. I see you are both getting impatient of too much company," said Miss Foster, airily. "We shall cross each other again, no doubt."

Hart looked at Gertrude. Foster lifted his hat with elaborate politeness, which, in that moment of good-nature, included his sister. Gertrude hesitated a moment, then drew her horse back with a firm and spirited movement.

"No. Let us ride on together," she said.

"The idea!" sneered Miss Foster. "Nothing can be more absurd than riding on horseback with a crowd."

"We do not forsake our friends so easily in the country," answered Gertrude, with a bright glance at her lover.

That moment a burst of music broke over the lake, which startled the chestnut horse. It became restless, and began to plunge a little. In the confusion, Jane Foster lifted her whip and cut him sharply across the flank, unseen by her companions.

In a moment the irritated creature rose on his hind legs, plunged fiercely, and shot forward like an arrow. Hart thundered after him, wild with apprehension. Foster put spurs to his horse, I horse she had conquered. "No, indeed. I only

and sped forward, neck and neck with the black steed, pale as death. Gertrude knew that they were following close, by the increased speed of the chestnut, and, turning her head, called out,

"Keep back! keep back! I can manage him!"

She was going like the wind; but danger made her brave. Not one female rider in ten thousand could have kept her seat after the first shock; but she sat her saddle firmly, and guided the swift speed of the fiery beast to some extent, without checking it. The excitement gave her strength, and lifted her above fear.

Fortunately few carriages were on the road; they had been drawn toward the music. She had a clear sweep before her; and distanced the two men every instant. The road now wound in and out like a huge serpent coiling in the grass. A carriage came full upon her, sweeping round The chestnut leaped on one side, a curve. reared upright, plunged, and shook itself visciously. Gertrude reeled in her seat for the first time.

"She is off! she is gone!" cried Foster, pale as death, "Great Heavens!"

No, no! She keeps her seat. She has him in hand; she turns him toward the hill; she rides right up the steepest part; he begins to flag at last: she uses the whip now; fierce and sharp the blows fall. The chestnut horse has found its mistress. She gives him no breath till he stands bathed with sweat, and-trembling in every limb on the top of Prospect Hill. Then she eases the curb, and permits him to breathe.

When the two men came up, which was a minute after, Gertrude is sitting like a goddess on the steed she has conquered, radiant with a sense of conquest. Her white teeth, but a moment before, clenched with energy, are now unlocked by a brilliant smile. Her hair, which treacherous Lois had done up loosely, drifts down to her waist in a luxurious shower. . She has made the horse a slave, and pats his reeking neck with her hand. She turns him as her friends come up, and they see that his chest is flecked with foam, and the white froth at his mouth has red streaks in it.

Hart came up first, white and anxious; but with a glow of triumph in his eyes.

"Gertrude! Gertrude! Oh, my darling! are you hurt?"

Foster, who was half a minute behind, heard this, and ground his teeth under the fair silkiness of his beard. In years his indolent nature had not been so aroused.

"Hurt?" answered the girl, still patting the

hope, Mr. Foster, that your horse will not suffer."

"I only wish the brute would drop dead," answered Foster, looking not at the panting horse, but at Webster Hart, who had sprung to the ground, and, with one arm around Gertrude's waist, was lifting her from the saddle. She reeled as her feet touched the ground, and the whip dropped from her hand.

"Great Heavens! we have killed her!" cried the young man.

The girl had fallen upon his bosom insensible. "She has fainted! Give her to me!" cried Foster, startled out of his usual self-possession, into something approaching ferocity.

"No, sir! This is her place!" said Hart, firmly.

"Insolent! How dare you? She is our guest. She came out by my invitation!"

Hart put the man aside with one hand, while he held Gertrude with the disengaged arm.

"She shall decide this when she is out of danger. Now she needs help," he said, with firm courtesy. "If there is water near, tell me which way to go, or find some means of getting it."

Foster stood for a moment white; angry, and irresolute; but a glance at Gertrude's deathly face startled him into action. He ran down the hill, came to a little drinking fountain at the bottom of it, and, seizing the iron cup, was brought to a sudden stand by the chain that held it. The man's temper and strength were aroused now. He gathered the chain in his hands, pressed his foot against the iron post, and wrenched it from the staple. In a moment he had filled the dipper, and was carrying it up the hill, with the chain linked over one arm. Jane Foster rode by him, when he had but half mastered the ascent. She cast a scornful glance at the iron dipper, and urged her horse forward, curious to know what had happened, but too indignant for speech, for every one had left her behind.

"What on earth has come over Rufus? He looks like death. Something must have happened, or he never would have trailed along with that thing. That girl is beginning to make him fetch and carry like a dog. I wonder if the creature threw her. It looks like it. I'll wait and ask him. I only hope he has just escaped killing her."

The young lady did draw up her horse, and addressed her brother, but he looked wildly in her face, and passed on.

"Dead! Surely she can't be dead!" muttered the young lady. "Rufus! Rufus, I say!" Foster turned upon her then, and spoke passionately.

"Get off your horse, if you have a spark of womanly feeling. If she is living you may be of some help."

The man spoke so fiercely in earnest, that his sister obeyed, and urged her horse to the top of the hill. Then she leaped from his back, and went toward Gertrude, who lay on the grass, with her deathly face still resting on Hart's bosom. The young man did not look up. His head was bent, and he seemed to be searching eagerly for some sign of life. Just as Jane left her horse, her brother came in sight. Hart's face drooped lower, and Foster saw this stranger's lips pressed wildly to the pallid mouth of the girl.

Foster rushed forward and seized Hart by the shoulder. "How dare you!" he said, shaking till the water he carried dashed over the other hand. "Living or dead, this young lady is under my protection."

Iart took no notice of this rude speech, but dashing his hand into the iron cup, sprinkled water on the face and lips he had kissed. Seeing Jane Foster near, he turned pleadingly to her.

"Oh, Miss Foster! take her, unbutton her habit, force some water through her lips. She doos not breathe; I cannot make her breathe."

Jane Foster was not devoid of womanly feeling, perverse and arrogant as she was. The help-lessness of that poor girl appealed to her. She took Gertrude gently from the young man's arms, unbuttoned her habit, and laying her hat on the grass, bathed her face, and forced some drops of water into her mouth. But this was no common fainting fit. The brave girl had completely exhausted her strength. Wild excitement had kept her up until the danger was over, then she dropped like a flower cut at the stem.

But youth is strong, and Gertrude is no dainty young lady. After awhile she stirred faintly, and a scarcely perceptible glow stole through the pallor of her face. Hart saw this change first, and fell upon his knees by her side.

"Gertrude! Gertrude! Oh, say that you are better! This deathly silence is terrible! Speak, darling! speak to me!"

The girl did not open her eyes; but the long curling lashes quivered on her cheek; and across her lips came a faint smile.

"You hear me, Gertrude! you hear me! and will live! But, oh! let me know that of a certainty. I cannot be sure till you have looked into my eyes, or answered me someway."

Gertrude opened her eyes, and made a brave effort to smile.

"I am not hurt," she said. "Why do you all look so frightened? The ride tired me out; that was all."

"Thank God it is no worse!" exclaimed Hart, with a burst of passionate gratitude. "Oh, my beloved! for a time I thought that you were dead in my arms."

"Miss Harrington, if you are sufficiently recovered, perhaps we had better prepare to re-

turn."

Low and constrained as Foster's voice was, anger, fierce and bitter, vibrated through it. Gertrude felt this, and made an effort to sit up.

"I am so sorry. Oh, Miss Foster, what a

trouble I have been to you!"

"No," answered Jane, with a quick, malicious glance at her brother. "I think others have been more troubled than I could be, or than I imagined possible."

Gertrude put the wet hair back from her temples, and attempted to gather it up; but the mass was too heavy for her trembling hands, and she looked appealingly to Jane Foster, who twisted it into a great coil, and fastened the hat above it rather roughly; for she was beginning to weary of a scene in which she was not the principal figure.

"Now if you are well enough to stand, we had better break up this tableau. The music is over, and crowds will be driving this way," she said. "A newspaper account of our little adventure

might be unpleasant for us all."

Gertrude started up in fresh terror, and began to button her habit at the throat.

"Oh, I am quite well, and ready to go at once."

"No wonder you are afraid to mount that vicious beast again. A pretty purchase my brother has made!" said Miss Jane, observing her tremble.

"No, no, it is not fear! If Mr. Hart If one of the gentlemen will help me to the saddle, I can manage him. He is gentle as a lamb now. It was that sudden burst of music that set him wild."

Obeying the half-turned glance of her eye, Hart started forward to help her mount; but Foster, with a swift but quiet movement, came between him and the horse, and stooped gracefully that she might place her foot in his palm. Gertrude hesitated a single moment, then gave herself to his care, while Hart turned and placed Miss Foster in her saddle.

They rode slowly down the hill, and took the nearest path home. Gertrude was silent, and somewhat absorbed. Her nerves had been shaken, and a feeling of mental restraint was

upon her. The two gentlemen were in evident antagonism, and the only member of the party who seemed to enjoy the ride was Miss Foster. She chatted, and laughed, and pointed out the beauties of the Park with wonderful eloquence. Dusty Foot was also in a playful humor, and curveted gracefully at each subtle touch of her owner's hand. But the young lady's smiles and eloquence were, for once, thrown away.

Hart listened without hearing, and smiled vaguely whenever she indulged in a low, sweet laugh; but his thoughts were pre-occupied, and his eyes were full of sullen fire.

CHAPTER XXI.

The riding-party dismounted at Mrs. Foster's door, ascended the steps in a group, and had entered the hall, when Hart felt a light touch on his arm, and, looking around, saw the smooth blonde face of Rufus Foster bending close to his.

"This way a moment," he whispered. "This way."

Hart turned haughtily, and followed Foster into a little smoking-room, opening from the lower end of the hall: Several low, wide easy-chairs were in the room; elaborately-mounted segar-cases, and richly-clouded pipes, were scattered about with artistic effect; and some curious specimens of antique fire-arms hung on gilt brackets over the mantle-piece.

Foster invited his reluctant guest to a seat, with a slight wave of the hand. Then he seated himself, and, taking a curiously-wrought paper-knife of platina and gold from the table, examined it a moment thoughtfully, and spoke in a low, suave voice, indescribably hateful to the man who listened, and who felt the atmosphere around him offensive.

"This afternoon, on the hill, sir, you insulted a helpless young lady, who is under the protection of my step-mother. Have you any apology to offer, or reason to give for conduct so unbecoming any gentleman?"

"When the proper person asks," answered Hart, conquering his fiery spirit, and speaking calmly, "I may give a reason, certainly—not an apology for that which was no insult, nor even an impropriety."

"The head of a family has a right to protect the delicacy of its inmates," with a little more energy than he had as yet permitted to himself. "I saw you press an audacious kiss on the white lips of Miss Harrington, when she lay helpless, and at your mercy."

Hart answered the charge with a smile, that stung his assailant like a viper. "Denial is of no use, sir. I saw it with my own eyes."

"I really had no intention of denying it, and even waive all question of your right to interfere with any act of mine."

"I demand that you shall write an apology to the lady in my presence, and never again intrude upon her."

Hart leaned quietly back in his chair; a smile trembled around his mouth, and the angry discontent in his eyes was lighted up by a gleam of amusement.

"Perhaps we had better consult the young lady before we proceed to a ceremony that she might think a little exceptional. She may not deem the offence so atrocious."

"Sir, the young lady was insensible; but, after that, your insolence was repeated in words."

"Indeed! As how?"

"You spoke to her as no man dare—called her-___"

"My beloved, or something like that, wasn't it?"

Foster's face turned livid with rage. His lips had refused to repeat the hateful words, as applied to Miss Harrington; but there was this man from the country, smiling as it passed through his audacious lips. He started up, flung down the platina knife, and, taking some paper from a partfolio, laid it on the table, with a menacing gesture.

"Will you write?" he said, in a low voice, that fairly hissed under the restraint put upon it. "Will you write?"

"I am not exactly in the humor," answered Hart. "When I address a letter to Miss Harrington, it will not be under compulsion."

Foster snatched up a pen, and dipped it into a heavy inkstand, that was of a set with the paper-knife.

"Sir, I will have this apology!" in a voice that trembled with suppressed rage.

"But I refuse to give it!"

"You refuse!"

"Yes. A man is not compelled to answer to every stranger he meets, for language he may use when his promised wife lies to all appearance dead in his arms."

Foster dropped the pen from his hold, and stood for a second still as death, gazing on the young man. Then he said, in a low, hoarse voice,

"I do not believe this!"

"It is not at all important that you should," answered Hart, rising. "My visit here was to Miss Harrington. If she is well enough to come down, I will wait for her; if not, I will with-

draw, and pay my respects at an early hour to-morrow."

While Hart was speaking, Miss Foster entered the room. She had changed her habit, and came down rustling in silk.

"Surely you are not going, Mr. Webster," she said, observing that the young man still held his hat. "Miss Harrington will not be able to leave her room again, I fear; but we cannot excuse you from dining with us on that account."

Hart bent his head, and, keenly disappointed, moved toward the door.

"It is impossible! I—I have an engagement. Pray tell your friend that I will call again in the morning."

By this time Foster had regained something of his self-possession. He did not repeat his sister's invitation, but moved across the room, and, bowing, held the door for Hart to pass. It was a mechanical action, which sprung out of superfine high-breeding, which had no heart in it; but when his enforced guest was gone, he returned to the smoking-room, and fell into a chair, stunned. He believed all that Hart had told him—believed, and recognized how deeply he loved that girl himself.

For once, Jane Foster acted in unison with her brother. It would have gone hard with her had she known the fact; but, in carrying out her own selfish impulse, she unconsciously aided him. The moment the door closed after Hart, she flew up stairs, and met Gertrude, who was leaving the room, after a hasty change of toilet.

"You need not take the trouble. The young gentleman has gone!" she said.

Gertrude turned in bitter disappointment—so bitter that she could not endure that her enemy should witness it.

The next morning found Gertrude awake, heavy-eyed from want of sleep, but more hopeful as the soft morning light broke in upon her. All night long she had been thinking over the scene in the Park. "What had she done to offend Hart? Why had he left the house without seeing her again? Surely something must have gone wrong, which she would have an opportunity to explain. He will call early this morning—I know he will," she said to herself, at daybreak. "He did not know how to send a message that wouldn't seem cold. But his heart will tell him how anxious I am. Oh, yes, he is sure to come."

The girl had got over all agitation from her ride, and thought of nothing but the joy of meeting her lover again. She went down to breakfast heavy-eyed, and somewhat anxious, to find Jane unusually elated, Foster watchfully silent,

the danger she had escaped. When the rather uncomfortable meal was over, she ran up stairs, locked the door of her room, and arranged herself in the most becoming morning-dress that her wardrobe afforded, and, unfastening the door, sat down to wait.

The bell rang. Her heart gave a great leap, and, starting up, she ran into the hall, and crept back again blushing, and so ashamed of her own eagerness, that she dared not meet Stephen, who was coming slowly up the stairs. Shrinking out of sight she counted every footstep, with a quick heart-beat, till the blood fairly stopped circulating in her veins. He turned away-he was going to Miss Foster's room.

A few minutes after, she caught a glimpse of that young lady in a soft mauve dress, with a great flutter of ribbons about it, moving toward the stair-case, and turned away with passionate tears in her eyes. Just then Lois went by, and the unhappy young creature ventured to inquire, in a low voice, what visitor had come.

"Oh!" answered the girl, carelessly, "it's a gentleman for Miss Foster, and nobody else. She's just gone down."

Gertrude closed her chamber-door with a heavy sigh, and, flinging herself on the couch, . buried her angry shame in its cushions, lifting her burning face now and then to listen.

Half an hour passed, and then Miss Foster came up again, singing snatches of an opera-tune as she passed up the hall. Instead of turning into her own room, she pushed open the door of Gertrude's chamber, and swept in, bringing a cloud of delicate perfume with her.

"My dear child, how dark you have made it here?" she exclaimed, flinging back one of the blinds, through which a glow of light fell broadly on the poor girl, revealing the burning color of her cheeks, and the tears that wetted them, as dew trembles on the leaves of a red rose. "Why, what is the matter? Crying like a baby, and with that lovely dress on. "Did you expect any one?"

Gertrude arose from her cushions, and turned her head away, while she wiped the tears from her face.

"I-I have been so nervous since the horse ran away with me. Somehow, I constantly find myself crying. Strange, isn't it?"

"Very!" answered the young lady, dryly. "That was a dangerous ride for you; while mine was every way pleasant. Your cavalier is sullen as November, while I have had a delightful call from mine."

" A call from-from-

and her aunt full of sympathetic anxiety about ; the country could be so thoroughly interesting. Why, he is splendid!"

> Gertrude was a proud girl, and all that was haughty in her nature sprang up vividly from her wretched heart. She sat upright, and looked her tormentor steadily in the face.

> "Has Mr. Webster been here, this morning?" she said, with a degree of calmness that astonished

> "Yes, of course. He could not do less, after our ride of yesterday. I was sorry you did not happen to be down."

> "He did not inquire for me, then?" questioned Gertrude, with forced composure, which delighted, but did not deceive her companion.

> "Oh, yes! He inquired about your health, in a very gentlemanly way. In fact, I have never seen a country person so perfectly wellbred."

> Gertrude made no answer. The heart was faint in her bosom; slowly the color melted from her face. She would have given the world to be alone with the anguish which had swooped down upon her in one instant like a bird of prey.

> Miss Foster arose, and began to trifle with the ribbons on her dress. A pretty affectation of confusion accompanied the action.

> "From what I heard Mr. Webster say, I should suppose he will be compelled to make his own fortune in the world?" she said, at last,

> "Mr. Webster is a poor man. All the fortune he has is a fine education, and great genius," said Gertrude.

> "Such men were not born to be drudges," answered the young lady, giving the ribbon she had been rolling up a sudden flirt. "Think of that superb creature spending his life in a country lawyer's office. The woman he marries should have money enough to save him from that miserable fate."

> "I do not think Mr. Webster will ever marry in that way," answered Gertrude.

> "Oh, this idea comes out of your country education. I for one should not like to be the person to shut a man like that out of the highest sphere he is capable of filling."

Miss Foster knew that every word she uttered went to that young creature's heart; but the thought only urged her on to more ingenious modes of torment. A few days before all her energies were put forth to prevent the dawning admiration which she detected in her brother. Now a more selfish desire possessed her. She was ready to forward his views in any direction, so long as they left that handsome stranger free. The caprice of a moment was fast urging "Mr. Webster! I didn't think a man bred in her into serious interest in a man, whose existence had been unknown to her two days before. She would gladly have prolonged the interview; but Gertrude pushed a magazine toward her, and took one up herself. She had been stung into desperation, and it seemed impossible that she could endure another minute of the conversation. Miss Foster threw down the magazine, arose, and left the room, well satisfied with her morning's work.

The moment she was gone, Gertrude flung herself down upon her knees, and gave way to a passionate storm of resentment, grief, and harrowing distrust.

Had Hart, indeed, gone without seeing her? Had Miss Foster's bold style and overpowering assurance succeeded in sweeping him from her so suddenly. She could not believe it. Even in her insensibility, his voice, full of pathetic love, had reached her faculties. His face, so luminous with joy when she opened her eyes at his tender entreaty, was before her now. No, no! A thousand times no! She would not believe him the love-traitor this neglect made him seem.

Up from her couch the girl sprang and rang the bell. Stephen came to the door in answer to it. Gertrude bent over the table, and turned her face away, seeming to be busy among some shades of silk in her work-basket, as she questioned him.

- "There was a gentleman called a while ago?" }
- "Yes, ma'am. Mr. Webster. His name was on the card I brought up."
 - "Who was the card for, Stephen?"
- "Miss Foster. She went down to see the gentleman."
 - "Oh! That is all, Stephen."

CHAPTER XXII

"Ir you please, I came about the advertisement."

Stephen looked at the strange young girl who said this with questioning interest, for there was a wild sort of beauty about her that won his admiration at once; otherwise it is doubtful if he would not have dismissed her at once.

"I will speak to the lady," he said, "though I don't think it is of the least use. The person she discharged was more than twice your age, and quite the lady."

The girl had drawn the glove from her brown hand, which Stephen glanced at doubtfully.

"Go ask the lady if she will see me. That is all you can do, I reckon," she said, roughing up the short hair about her temples with that objectionable hand.

The girl sat down on a hall-chair, as she spoke,

and looked at the stairs with a glance that said plainly, "ascend at once, and don't trouble me with any more opinions."

Stephen went, so persuaded by her off-handed style, that he could not help obeying it.

"Madam, here is a girl answering an advertisement about a lady's maid. She wants the place badly, I think."

Mrs. Foster was in her dressing-room, busy with some fancy needle-work. She lifted her eyes quietly, as the man spoke.

"You can send her up, Stephen."

Stephen bowed, and withdrew. In a minute, a bright, healthy, and most singular young person came through the door and paused on the threshold, holding her breath with awe and surprise, as she took a survey of the room. She had evidently been in the country of late, for her handsome face was tanned to the throat, which was exposed by her red cloth jacket, thrown open like a sailor's. Her round, straw hat, with a black ribbon, had been turned a little on one side when she gave her hair an extra fluff, so that her whole appearance would have been just a little masculine, but for the earnest, pleading look of her eyes, and a certain soft, feminine grace in her movements, which appealed eloquently to the good lady.

For a full minute the young stranger stood gazing about the room, which, to her, was beautiful as a glimpse of fairy land. Then her great eyes settled on the lady, and she drew near to her with some show of awkward hesitation.

"I—I saw a notice in the newspaper that you wanted a competent person to wait on you marm, and I've come to get the place."

"Have you any experience?" asked the lady, gently.

The girl looked a little puzzled, but. after a moment, her face brightened.

"No, marm, I can't say that I've experienced yet, but I was almost under conviction last campmeeting."

The lady smiled. "I was not thinking of that."

"Well, I'm glad of it," broke in the girl, drawing a deep breath, "for a whole religious experience is what I cannot pretend to, being stiff-necked in that particular, as the class-leaders say."

This time a smile twinkled all over Mrs. Foster's face. She had taken a liking to this frank, pretty girl, not the less strong, because she awoke memories of her own youth, when almost all the excitement known to her native village came out of religious revivals.

"I did not mean to ask about anything but

your ability to fill the place of a lady's maid.

"Me? no, indeed! It's help I want to be, not a servant."

Again the lady smiled, for she recognized this sturdy New England spirit as another reminiscence of the old times.

"Then you know nothing about the duties of the place you want," she said.

"No marm, but I can learn in less than no time."

"Can you dress hair?"

"Dress—dress—yes, marm, I can—only show me how?"

"Can you take care of a lady's wardrobe?"

"Oh, yes, nothing easier. I can lock and unlock them, and bureaus too, if you want to throw them in."

These answers amused the lady. She laid down her work and looked at the girl with kindly interest.

"Would you like to wait on me?"

"Wouldn't I, now?"

Here the girl walked on tip-toe across the thick carpet, drew a chair close up to Mrs. Foster, and attempted to sit down on the silken cushion, but she sprang up again, catching her breath.

"Oh, my, how it gives!" she exclaimed, examining the chair. "Might let one through, I

reckon."

"No, sit down, while I talk with you," answered Mrs. Foster, laughing more heartily than she had done for years. "Let me know more about yourself? Where have you lived!"

The girl hesitated and began to play with the

fringe on her red jacket.

"That is just what I don't want to tell," she answered, at last.

"Indeed!" said the lady, drawing a little back in her chair.

"Not that I've done anything wrong," answered the girl. "Because I haven't; but—but none of our folks ever lived out."

"And you don't like it to be known. That is very foolish, but natural, I suppose."

"But I've got another reason, which isn't of any sort of consequence to any one but my own mar, who knows all about it, and let me come. It may be foolish, and I may break my heart in doing it; but—but that will be all the harm of it."

There was a soft, pathetic trembling in the girl's voice, as she spoke, which touched the gentle lady.

"You have a mother then?" she inquired.

"Yes. Just one of the kindest, hardest-working old souls you ever set eyes on.".

"Is she unable to keep you at home?"

"Well, I reckon not, after I'd made up my mind to go; but the best of it was, she kinder took to the idea herself—for she thinks all the world of her girl, and always did."

"Was she compelled to let you go?"

"Compelled! I reckon not. No person in our parts would undertake that with my mar."

"But she might be unable to support you?"

"Support me! Why, the old farm does that."

"Then you did not come here from necessity?"

"Necessity! How?"

"The necessity of-of earning money."

"No. I never thought of that; but since you've mentioned it, well I shouldn't object. How much do they give for such things down in York?"

"That depends on the ability of the person."

"Just so. Well, I reckon the capacity won't be wanting, nor the willingness. Now, if ladies ever get sick, you know I'm a first-rate hand at nursing; can make beautiful herb-tea, and spread mustard plasters for your feet that will set them all in a glow in ten minutes. How your eyes kind of light up marm. Reckon you've heard of such things before."

"Yes," said Mrs. Foster, with a sigh. "I have heard of them; but it is a long time ago."

Just at this moment Mrs. Foster was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Miss Jane came in with a slip of canvas in her hand, on which she had been making some false stiches, which her step-mother was expected to rectify. The strange girl started, and a wild look brightened her great eyes, as the young lady came insomething so earnest and eager, that the elder lady noticed it with surprise.

"What, again?" she said, with motherly patience. "Let me find out the mistake for you."

"No matter. I see you are engaged," answered the young lady, sinking into a chair. "I can wait. In fact, I am getting tired of the whole thing, and mean to give it up to Lois, only she would dawdle over it a month. I wish you had not discharged Susan. She was of some use in the family."

"Well," answered Mrs. Foster, pleasantly, "I am about supplying her place. Here is a young person who is willing to take it."

Jane turned, with what would have been abrupt rudeness in another person, and coolly examined the girl from head to foot. But there was no flinching in that bright, young face; a look of relief, and a flash of amusement, nothing more.

Miss Jane withdrew her eyes, and a faint sneer stirred her lips.

"Willing! I dare say she is; but what can she do? Have you taken the trouble to inquire? I know you haven't. Where have you lived? Have you a recommendation from the last place? What can you do?" she added, turning on the girl like a police officer.

"I have lived with my mother. She will give me a good recommendation, if the lady wants it; and I can do anything that I put my hand to, and that my heart is in," answered the girl, with an air almost as haughty as her questioner.

"To the point, now. Can you do fine needlework ?"

"If you mean working figures on muslin, and darning, yes, I can do it?"

"Can you flute?"

"Flute? No; my brother blows a little on one now and then, but I never tried. Girls don't in our parts. I've tried the Jew's-harp, and can make it twang beautifully."

Miss Foster leaned back in her chair, raised both hands, and broke into a laugh which was almost good-natured. Then she turned to Mrs. Foster, who was laughing in a soft, pleasant way herself.

"I think you will find her very useful," she said. "But let us get at the whole list of her accomplishments."

"Can you do up laces?"

"Laces?" answered the girl, with a puzzled look.

"Like this, for instance," said the young lady, touching a filmy ruffle of Valenciennes that fell like a cobweb over her hand.

"Oh! muslins! Yes, I know how to do them."

"Oh, she will be invaluable!" exclaimed the young lady, in laughing irony. "Engage her by all means.'

A rush of hot color came into the strange girl's face. She clenched her little, brown fist, and thrust it into the jacket of her sacque, where her proud temper held it a prisoner by force.

"I really think I shall try her," answered Mrs. Foster. "She seems willing, and I have patience till she learns."

"Oh, mar- Oh! madam! I-I'm so much obliged! Indeed, indeed, I will do my best!" cried the girl, eagerly.

"I am sure you will," said Mrs. Foster.

Miss Foster arose and flung her imperfect embroidery on the table.

"Well, of all the ridiculous things I ever heard of, this is the most perfect. You cannot be in earnest, Mrs. Foster."

"Very much in earnest," answered the lady. "Remember she is to be my personal attendant."

"Oh, I thought, perhaps, she was engaged for

Miss Harrington, who has been so used to a retinue of servants, that exceptional fastidiousness might be expected in the choice," sneered the young lady.

"That reminds me. You will have to give attendance, now and then, to a young lady," said

Mrs. Foster, turning to the girl.

"This young lady?" questioned the girl, flashing a glance at Miss Foster, which made the blood tingle in that young lady's fingers.

"No. She will not require it."

"I should rather think not," said Miss Foster. "It is a person who can appreciate your various accomplishments far better."

With this lady-like fling, Miss Jane swept out of the room, leaving her work behind.

"We haven't spoken of wages," said Mrs. Foster, as soon as her step-daughter was gone. "How much do you expect?"

"Nothing, till I can earn it. Then just what you please to give. I haven't thought much about that."

"Really this is a strange and most interesting young creature," thought the lady, whose own early life came back to her with force, as she listened to the girl. "I haven't the heart to let her run loose in this great city. Gertrude will understand her."

"Please, marm, am I engaged?" said the girl, breaking in upon this little reverie.

"Yes. There will be no trouble about your wages. Only be respectful and attentive. The work is not hard."

"I don't care a chestnut how hard, if it is only you!"

"But some of your duties will be about a young lady."

A swift, gloomy cloud swept that face, and disappeared.

"I will do my best for her too," she answered; but this time there was a passionate thrill in her voice and gloom in her eyes.

Another knock at the door. The girl gave a sharp start, and looked toward it with the glance of a hunted animal.

"Come in," said Mrs. Foster, brightening when she saw her niece on the threshold.

" Here is a young person you will be glad to meet. She is to replace Susan."

Gertrude came into the room with a faint, sad smile on her lips. The brilliant glow of color had gone from her face, and there was something in her eyes that made the girl's heart swell with quick sympathy.

"Yes. I will wait on her now," she muttered, relaxing from the independent attitude she had assumed when the door opened.

Mrs. Foster did not hear this half-uttered re-

"She is from the country, and I rather like that. Of course, she will want a great deal of teaching; but we have plenty of time, haven't we, Gertrude?"

"Quite enough to help her learn all you desire, aunt," said Gertrude, casting a kind glance on the girl. "At any rate, I will do my part. Just from the country, did you say? Of course she will be a little home-sick at first."

"As you were, my dear."

Gertrude smiled faintly, and a sudden mist clouded her eyes. The strange girl saw this, and crept to her side.

"I will do my best for you," she said.

Something in the voice, or that earnest look, struck Gertrude as familiar. She had seen that face before. But where?

"What part of the country are you from?" she said, with kindly interest.

"New England," answered the girl.

Gertrude scarcely noticed the latitude of this reply, but seated herself wearily. Nothing seemed to interest her much of late.

Mrs. Foster rang the bell. The housekeeper -presented herself.

"Take this girl to her room, and see that she is made comfortable," she said, with delicate kindness.

The woman bowed, and waited for that strange young creature to leave the room; but the girl hesitated, drew close to Mrs. Foster, and, snatching her hand, kissed it.

"My own, own mother, who loves me amost to death, couldn't be kinder to a poor girl than

you are," she said, with a sob of passionate gratitude in her voice. "I—I'll be just as good as gold to you. See if I ain't."

"A strange creature," said Mrs. Faster, as the girl went out. "I couldn't help engaging her."

"I am glad she has come," answered Gertrude, "She brings a breath from the country with her. Strange, isn't it? but it seems as if she had just left my own home. Somehow her voice connec's itself with the old farm-house. Yet I never remember a girl anything like her there."

"It is her simple manners that interest you," said the aunt. "They are, indeed, refreshingly natural."

Gertrude did not reply. Of late she had fallen into habits of abrupt silence. Mrs. Foster observed her preoccupation, and took up her work with a gentle sigh.

Meantime Lois met the housekeeper with the new servant in the hall. She had a letter in her hand, which the stranger seemed to regard with keen interest. It was impossible to read the name upon it; but the handwriting brought the heart into her mouth.

Lois saw the direction of her eyes, and quietly dropped the letter into her pocket.

When the strange girl reached the room, she shut the door, and sat down on the little, white bed, drawing a deep, long breath.

"It was his writing. I can swear it was his writing. Oh, I wonder when he will come," she exclaimed, in a passionate whisper. "When? when?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SMOKE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Dip you ever watch the curling smoke, As it rose from a city's throbbing heart, And forms grotesque from its wreaths evoke, And visions perfect as dreams of art.

Did a misty palace seem to rise, With dome, and turret, and winding-stair, And slowly sail toward the skies, And then on a sudden vanish there?

Did you note the faces, blithe and sweet, That smiling gazed from its windows bright? Did your pulses with faint rapture beat, As their shadowy outlines passed from sight?

Has your fancy then capricious, turned To themes with a higher meaning fraught; And your eyes 'mid wreaths of smoke discerned, Surprised and wondering, food for thought? Have you seen a ragged fringe sail by, That wore the shape of a beggar gaunt, And almost shuddered that up in the sky Were pictures too of sorrow and want?

Have you marked the factory chimnles then, Dense billows of blackness outward throw, That turned into grimy shapes of men, The shadows of those who toiled below?

Have you watched the spiral jets ascend, From buildings that shelter vice and sin, And seen, as with snaky curves they bend, A ghastly face from their dark folds grin?

Have you shuddering turned from the sight away, And the glamour o'er your senses cast, Unheeding the sunshine, bright and gay, That scattered these phantoms all at last?

EVA'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY MARY W. CABELL.

"Ar the White Sulphur at last!"

Such was the joyful exclamation of Eva Bernard as she lightly sprung from the cars.

No wonder she felt like a bird released from a cage, for she had been traveling several days and nights to reach this goal—she and her party having come all the way from New Orleans; the party consisting of her father and mother, her aunt, Mrs. Armstrong, and her cousin, Willie Armstrong. Besides, Eva was just eighteen, and this was to be her first appearance in society.

As Judge Bernard, with his party, entered the hotel, the delicious strains of a brass band floated out on the air, and eager eyes peered over the stair-case, every one being anxious to discover if any of their friends or acquaintances were amongst the arrivals. The new comers were then ushered into a reception-room, where they had to stand the ordeal of hundreds of curious eyes. After a lengthy colloque, with the clerk, Judge Bernard succeeded in having a cottage, assigned to him in "Paradise Row," and withdrew with his family, to seek that repose which the fatigues of travel rendered so necessary.

"I am so glad you have been here before, father," said Eva, the next morning; "for you can act as a kind of Murray's guide-book to me, and answer all my questions;" and she continued to catechise him until they proceeded to breakfast.

Here the array of beautiful morning robes was remarkable. One could readily tell, however, from what portion of the Union a lady came, by her toilet. The Northern belles wore a richer, heavier dress than the Southern. Nearly all the latter appeared in light, airy, fluffy muslins and organdies. Each section thus adapted, unconsciously, their costumes to the requirements of their native climate.

"As we have finished our breakfast," said Mrs. Bernard, "let us go into the reception-room. Every one walks there, after breakfast, and I am sure we shall meet friends and acquaintances."

This proposition was hailed with pleasure. The party took their seats, and watched the great tide of promenaders, who walk up and down for an hour or two after breakfast. In the throng Judge Bernard recognized acquaintances from various quarters, and, amongst them, one

whom he greeted with peculiar cordiality, and presented to his family as Mr. Singleton.

The latter had scarcely exchanged greetings with them, when a fresh tide of acquaintances claimed their notice, so, leaving them to gaver companions, he entered into conversation with Judge Bernard. Eva stole an occasional glance at him, however, for there was something in his face that made it different from all others she had ever seen. It was high-bred, calm, and noble-looking. The features were Roman. To Eva's fancy he seemed the very embodiment of a Roman Senator, in the days when Rome was in her prime. He had passed the first flush of youth, and there was an under-current of thoughtfulness and sadness about him; which set her to wondering what grief or disappointment he could have known.

Suddenly her meditations were interrupted by one of the Strauss waltzes. The band had commenced playing for the German, which was danced every morning from eleven to one o'clock. A handsome Creole claimed Eva for his partner, and soon they were floating gracefully around the room. Meantime Judge Bernard reveled in a sea of politics, while Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Armstrong chatted merrily with a coterie of familiar friends.

When the sun began to sink in the west, the whole place, which, during the heat of the afternoon, had undergone a temporary lull, became astir again. Many elegant, private equipages were brought forth, and the lawn was gay with promenaders, whose costumes Worth could scarcely have criticized; while a Mahommedan might have thought himself transported to Paradise, and surrounded by Houries, so radiant was the display of beauty. Not the least conspicuous in this galaxy of fair women, was Eva Bernard. Her patrician air, clear-cut features, and beautiful, dark eyes, made up a face of uncommon attraction.

Whilst walking on the lawn, Judge Bernard's party again encountered the distinguished-looking "Roman Senator," as Eva inwardly designated Mr. Singleton.

"Miss Bernard, have you been to the Sulphur Spring yet?" he asked,

"No. I have not," she replied. "In fact, I have not thought of it, since I have been here,

I did not come for the sake of the water—I came to enjoy myself. But I will go, if you wish it, and at once."

"Now," said Mr. Singleton, filling up a goblet, when they had reached the portico, "let us drink each other's healths."

"As my health is perfect," said Eva, "there is no need for me to drink to it, nor to that of any one else, indeed. So my toast is health to the sick."

"I am afraid you do not drink that with hearty good-will, Miss Bernard, as you have not taken more than a teaspoonful."

"To tell the truth, I don't like it. It tastes as if it had been used to wash out a dirty gunbarrel," she said, saucily. "So I will pour out a libation to the goddess of the pavilion." She emptied the goblet as she spoke. "And now let us go back, and listen to that beautiful waltz, which the band is playing."

After Eva had retired to her room that night, she reflected on all the occurrences of the day, and recalled all the acquaintances she had made. No one rose so distinctly before her as Mr. Singleton. She had seen others, gayer, brighter, and, strictly speaking, handsomer; but he had attracted her strangely. His face was the last image that floated before her ere she went to sleep.

"You must come and sit at the table with us, my dear Singleton," said Judge Bernard, meeting him at the door of the dining-room, the next morning

"With pleasure," rejoined Mr. Singleton. "Your agreeable companionship is more than half the pleasure of a meal!"

After this, Eva had daily opportunities to study the face that had so strangely impressed her. Always high-bred and courteous, there was yet a reserve about Mr. Singleton, which, at times, bordered on coldness. But when he unbent and smiled, the contrast was all the more delightful. It was like the sudden melting of snow, beneath which bloomed fragrant flowers. Nothing seemed further from his fancy than thoughts of love, though the innocent sweetness and freshness of Eva's ways sometimes drew from him a smile of almost fatherly tenderness. Some great storm had evidently passed over him, Eva thought; a deep and ill-fated love, perhaps; or it might be that ambition filled his heart to the exclusion of love. At any rate, while many admirers fluttered around Eva, the only man whose homage she would really have prized, held aloof, or, at best, yielded her only such attention as a father or a brother might bestow.

As the summer went on, the whirl became in-

creasingly great, and about the middle of August the gayety reached its zenith.

"I thought it was gay when we first came here," said Eva; "but it was quiet and humdrum compared with what it is now. I long for to-night to come. It will be my first fancy ball."

"You will see our old friends, Mary Stuart, Maria Antoinette, and a host of others, resurrected, and made to walk forth, interspersed with a motley collection of nuns, gipsies, flowergirls, etc.," said Mr. Singleton, drily.

"Oh! it may all seem very flat, stale, and unprofitable to you," said Eva; "but it will be like fairy-land to me, because it is all new and fresh."

"Happy, enviable mortal," said he. "The dew has not been shaken from the rose, nor the delicate blue brushed from the grape for you."

Even when dress-balls were not held, the ballroom nightly resounded to the tap of a hundred feet, till eleven o'clock, when the prudent managers closed it, out of regard to the laws of health. After this hour, many persons, staying in cottages, held impromptu receptions on their porticoes, where, until about midnight, the merry laugh and jest might be heard.

Eva threw herself into this whirl with all the avidity that might be expected from a fresh, young girl; but beneath the light foam of her outer existence, there was an undercurrent of something deeper and more serious. The woman's heart, that had hitherto slumbered, was now awakened, and, bitter thought! by one who had only a quiet liking for her, and who would probably never descend from his pedestal to woo any woman. Need we say that it was Edmund Singleton who had made this impression on her? She loved him with a young girl's first, pure, and warm affection; but a sense of maidenly pride and modesty made her guard her secret as though it had been a crime; for it seemed to her the most humiliating lot a woman could endure, to have an unrequited love known. She trusted, with the vague, sweet, implicit trust of youth, that time would fulfil her hopes, and bring her to the goal which now seemed so far off.

As autumn approached, Judge and Mrs. Bernard became anxious to try a change; but so excessive was Eva's anxiety to remain at the White Sulphur, till after the last grand ball of the season, that they consented to leave her under Mrs. Armstrong's chaperonage, with the agreement, that, after the ball, Mrs. Armstrong, Willie, and Eva, should join them at another watering-place in the Virginia mountains. Willie Armstrong, though really a kind-hearted boy, was yet the plague of Eva's existence, so inexhaustible were his modes of teasing her. He would hide her

jewel-case, put salt in her coffee; slip sugar in her egg, and play off a variety of other boyish and disagreeable jokes.

One evening, as Eva sat listlessly at her window, a servant handed in a letter, addressed to herself. The handwriting was strange, and she looked at it with a vague flutter of expectation. She tore it open. It bore Edmund Singleton's signature, declared his attachment to her, and begged an immediate reply.

Trembling with joy and excitement, she sat, for some time, unable to realize her happiness. How bewilderingly delightful it was. Yet it was strange, she thought, that he should have locked up his affection so carefully in his heart, never before having given indication of it by word or look. But then he was so peculiar and reserved. No matter. He was all her own now. She seized pen and ink; then paused, thinking it would be unmaidenly to reply so quickly; but reading again the words, imploring her to answer at once, and not keep him in suspense, she wrote.

She told him she could not give a positive answer before consulting with her parents; but, knowing the estimation in which they held him, she thought no opposition from them need be feared; and then, though the veil of shyness still hung over her words, she said enough to show him that her heart was wholly his. Calling a servant, she bade him carry the letter to Mr. Singleton.

As the servant approached Mr. Singleton's cottage, he met Willie Armstrong, who, catching a glimpse of the handwriting, exclaimed,

"Did not Miss Bernard give you that letter?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"Then give it to me," said Willie, impetuously.

"It is not for you. It is for Mr. Edmund Singleton," said the servant.

"Give it to me anyhow," said Willie. "I am Miss Bernard's cousin, and she won't mind. Here, I will pay you to give it to me."

" But I can't do it," said the servant Bernard told me to give it to no one but Mr. Singleton."

They were now almost at Mr. Singleton's threshold, and Willie's anxiety to get possession of the letter became excessive. The contest was cut short, by Mr. Singleton, who opened the door, and asked what was the matter?

Willie was in such an agony of embarrassment, that he seemed unable to make any explanation; so Mr. Singleton took the letter, and left Willie murmuring, incoherently, "it was but a joke."

As Mr. Singleton read the letter, a look of bewilderment came over his face. Expressions of amazement escaped his lips. At length he dropped the letter from his hands, and sat in a deep reverie.

He was interrupted by Willie, who seemed to have suddenly made up his mind to some desperate deed, and who burst in, exclaiming, agitatedly, "Oh, Mr. Singleton, it was but a joke! I hope you won't think hard of it!"

"Explain yourself!" said. Mr. Singleton. "What do you mean?"

"I had no idea it would go so far," gasped out Willie. "I thought she would have guessed directly that it was a joke."

"You must really explain yourself more clearly," said Mr. Singleton, sternly.

"Well, I thought I would play off a little joke on Eva; so I wrote a letter, and get one of my friends to copy it, and sent it to her, and-

"Go on, sir," said Mr. Singleton, icily.

"I_I_" stammered Willie, thoroughly confused, for the first time in his life. "I put your name to it-just for a joke, you know," added he, timidly and deprecatingly. "I gave it to a waiter, who said he did not think he could deliver it before five o'clock this evening; but he carried it sooner, or I would have reached there in time to have kept that imbecile girl from answering it. What does make women such fools?"

"Sir," said Mr. Singleton, "you have indeed acted most unjustifiably, both toward the lady and myself. Most men would deal severely with you. For the present I demand that you preserve silence about this matter. In the meantime I will see what can be done to undo the mischief you have occasioned."

But why was Mr. Singleton so forbearing? Why did he bind Willie to secrecy? It was not that he loved Eva, as lovers love: he had, as yet, thought of her only as a pretty and interesting girl. But he had such a chivalry and tenderness of nature, that he was inexpressibly touched by the innocent, guileless revelation of her pure, young heart. He felt such a pity for the position in which she was placed. She had been entrapped into laying bare the dearest and most sacred secret of a woman's life. shame, agony, and humiliaton would she suffer, on discovering how she had been deceived and betrayed? He could not read her letter without a feeling of chivalrous tenderness. There was now no other image enshrined in his heart to bar out hers; for only the ashes of an extinguished and ill-fated love were there.

Long he sat there, weighing the matter. His whole life was suddenly, violently revolutionized by a thoughtless, impertinent freak of boyish mischief. The gloom of twilight gathered around. Time pressed. Some action must be taken.

At length his decision was made. He proceeded to the ball-room, where Eva was, with her aunt. As she saw Mr. Singleton enter, her heart seemed to stand still, such was its weight of joy. Her face glowed, radiant with a new beauty—the beauty of happy love. She lifted her eyes to Mr. Singleton's face, with a shy, sweet, tremulous smile.

"Let us walk on the lawn," said he, offering her his arm.

It was not until they had left the throng behind, and stood alone beneath the stars, that either spoke. Then Mr. Singleton, skillfully avoiding all allusion to the letter, whose authorship he could neither deny nor confess, touched, as if casually, on her answer.

"You have, indeed, conferred an honor on me," he said, "in avowing your preferance—an honor which I can never sufficiently acknowledge."

"Oh, Mr. Singleton!" she murmured. "I never was so amazed. I had never dreamed that you cared for a simple girl like me, with all your talents and your dignity too."

"Men often keep their thoughts secret," was Mr. Singleton's oracular reply. "They admire women who are unconscious of it. But, indeed, you rate yourself too humbly."

"I have never wished for the regard of but one man," said she, artlessly, looking down; "and now it seems so strange, that, in a world where they tell me there is so much grief and disappointment, such happiness should be mine." He was deeply touched.

"My dear child," he said, "I pray that your happiness may be as great as you hope. From this hour, my life shall be dedicated to it."

His decision was made at last!

They waiked up and down the lawn, betrothed lovers. Never was betrothal so sudden and so strange. It was impossible for Mr. Singleton to feign altogether the language of impassioned love; but there was a gentleness and tenderness in his air and manner that went almost as far.

Eva thought that the reason he was so unlike the lovers she had read of and imagined, was because he was so much older, graver, and more reserved than herself; and though his words were somewhat strangely chosen, somewhat formal and precise, these jarred but little on her, for she believed his heart, in her blissful ignorance, to be all her own.

Before they parted for the night, Mr. Singleton obtained from Eva the letter written in his name, and destroyed it. He knew that it could not bear the test of a cool, careful scrutiny, and he feared that it might, later, awaken suspicion in Eva's mind; especially when she had an opportunity of comparing it with his real handwriting.

Six months later, this unprecedented courtship was concluded by marriage, and, in later years, so greatly did Eva's sweetness and goodness win upon Mr. Singleton, he loved her as fondly as she loved him, and was wont to consider Willie's practical joke as the most fortunate occurrence of his life.

This is the only point on which he preserves secrecy toward his wife—the confidence between them being perfect and entire in all other respects.

RETROSPECT.

BY MARIAS. LADD.

WE were wandering, you and I,
In the grove beneath the hill;
Faint as any zephyr's sigh,
Came the sounds from Bowen Mill;

And a little prattling stream,
Just beneath us, on did creep,
Drowsy nature, half a dream,
Sang or murmured in its sleep.

And your voice was sweet and low, Tuned to nature's softened mood, Like the cadence, in its flow, Of the music in the wood.

Soft and low you breathed to me Loving words, I thought them true, And in turn, and trustingly, I confessed my love for you.

How you changed I will not say; All I cannot now repeat, And I would not bring, to-day, Forth the pain of hope's defeat.

But you changed; we wandered wide; Silence dwelt betwixt us twain; Now, once more you seek my side, And you ask my love again.

Time you say its lesson taught; That alone you loved me yet; Time, to me, has also brought Lessons I cannot forget.

In my heart, with painful throes, Love I held for you, once, died, When in that old time you chose It to carelessly fling aside.

Now to give what you would take, Would but be an effort vain; It for you can ne'er awake, Love once dead, ne'er lives again.

Vol. LXII-20

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here a walking or house-costume. This { costume is to be made of any of the numerous woolen fabrics suitable for the season-reps, poplin, cashmere, merino, etc. It would look best in poplin, one of the new shades of olivegreens. The trimmings are of the material of the dress. The under-skirt is made to touch all

deep, upon the bottom, headed by a Vandyked piece, cut on the bias, and the points bound with the same material; this is sewn down at the top points, but the lower ones are loose, falling over the plaited flounce. As may be seen, the points are twice as large at the bottom as they are at the top. The Polonaise is somewhat shorter than round, and has a box-plaited flounce, nine inches the spring styles, buttoned down the front, and

cut square in the bodice; however, this is optional. It is to be worn over a muslin chemisette, coming close up to the throat where it is finished with a stand-up ruffle. A box-plaiting, five to six inches deep, put on with a heading, is the sole trimming for the Polonaise. The sleeves are slightly open. Sixteen to eighteen yards of material will be required.

We also give, on the preceding page, another walking or house-costume, the design of which is entirely new. The side-plaiting on the underskirt shows, in some places, a quarter of a yard in depth, and in others nearly one-third of a yard. This is managed by making the plaiting all one-third of a yard deep, and sewing it upon the lining of the skirt. The skirt is cut shorter, and in the large and deep squares, turret-shape, which are trimmed with a velvet ribbon, one inch wide. This falls over the plaiting. The effect is very stylish. The tunic is looped quite high at the sides, making an apron-front, and then in the center of the back with a velvet rosette. Fringe and one row of velvet forms the trimming for the tunic. The bias is cut in a basque, extending a quarter of a yard in depth below the waist, in front, trimmed with two rows of fringe and velvet ribbon. At the back it comes just to the waist, where it is finished with a row of velvet and fringe falling from the waist. Tightfitting coat-sleeves, with small cuff, edged with fringe. Twenty-two to twenty-four yards of silk will be required for this dress, or eighteen to twenty yards of double fall material. Two pieces of velvet ribbon. Five and three-quarters of a yard of fringe, three inches deep.

We give this month a walking-costume for a young lady, something entirely new in design for a walking-costume. The material, for early fall wear, are cashmeres in black and dark colors; these will be very much worn. The first, or under-skirt, of this, as may be seen, is entirely plain, quite to touch in front and at the sides, and slightly trailing at the back. The over-skirt has a gored front, but no gores at the sides or back. The fullness is disposed in very large boxplaits, fitting in to the waist; they must be laid very deep. This skirt is about twelve inches shorter than the under one, (that is, measuring from the front,) it is then cut even all round. After the box-plaits are laid, then they are cut away, as seen in the engraving. By folding a piece of paper in large box-plaits, with a few experiments, the shaping will prove successful. The trimming here used, is simply a binding of silk, satin, or velvet, as the taste may suggest. The basque-bodice has a box-plaited skirt to correspond with the tunic. Wide, pagoda-shaped

sleeves, are here given, but close coat-sleeves we would consider an improvement. Costumes in black, cost from one dollar fifty to one dollar seventy-five cents per yard. Double-width, colored ones, something less. Ten to twelve yards will be required.



We give next a walking-suit with pelisse.—
This suit is of fine corded reps, either dark bottlegreen or navy-blue. The under-skirt is made to
touch all round, and is ornamented with a fold
twelve inches deep, cut on the bias; this is cut
in points on the lower edge, and bound with a
narrow black velvet ribbon. Above this fold is
a narrow quilling of the material, which edges
the top and bottom of a narrower fold, cut on
the bias, in the center of which is a band of

heading of the wide fold; and this is repeated, and placed six inches above the first heading. Over this is worn a pelisse, gored in the Princess style, open in front all the way down the skirt; the edge of it is pointed to correspond with the under-skirt. The back is not looped up at all, but is let to hang in its natural folds. A rolling collar of black velvet, open at the throat. Tightfitting coat-sleeves, with velvet cuffs, turned back. Fourteen yards of reps, half a yard of velvet, for collar and cuff, one piece of velvet ribbon, one inch wide, and two pieces of narrower, for binding. Reps can be bought from seventy-five to one dollar twenty-five cents per yard.

velvet ribbon, one inch wide. This forms the \text{\gamma} to be made in silk or alpaca. The skirt has a slight demi-train, trimmed with a side-plaiting



of the material, with a heading of velvet or plush. Small, open sleeves. Bodice round in the waist; bow and ends at the back of the waist. The front of the bodice is cut surplice, and trimmed to match. A standing-up ruffle of clear muslin is worn at the throat, or an inside spencer, with collar and cravat. Fifteen to sixteen yards of alpaca, or eighteen to twenty yards of silk. These plaitings should all be interlined with fine crinoline, as it makes them look much richer, and they wear better.

In the front of the number we give various We give here a very stylish house-dress, either other dresses, for which see "Fashion" article.

EDGING.



DOLMAN. THE

BY EMILY H. MAY.



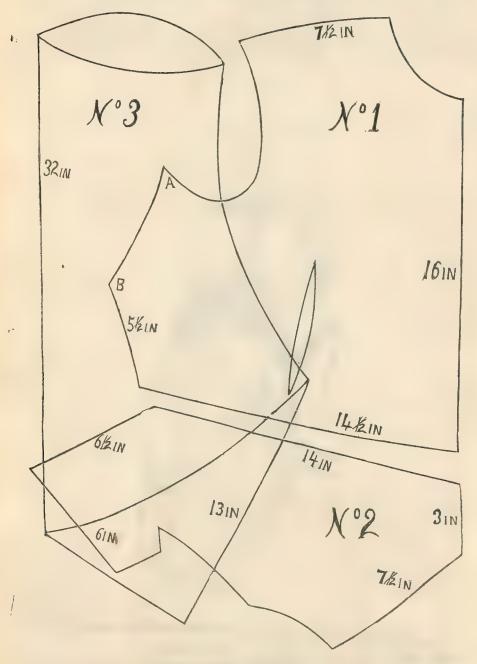
This is a new and very stylish affair, which is { quite the thing for the Fall. It is called the viz:-Dolman, because of its resemblance, in many respects, to the Hungarian Hussar jacket of that name.

It consists, as will be seen, of three pieces,

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. BACK.

It is made of white cashmere, lined with white | large, cut in a point, and trimmed with velvet, silk, and trimmed with broad, black velvet, as seen in the illustration. We here give a

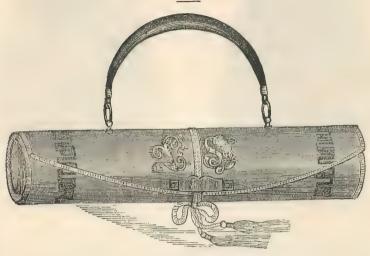


finished on either side with white silk pipings. diagram of the garment, which will enable the on either side, as it were. The sleeve is quite | fect fit.

The bottom is cut so as to form two small basques maker to cut it out correctly and make a per-

MUSIC ROLL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



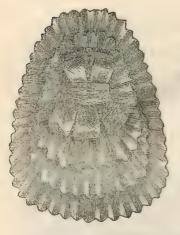
This useful case for carrying music consists of a flat piece of Russia or Morocco leather, fifteen and a half inches in breadth, and seventeen inches in depth. One end must be shaped to form the turn-over, as seen in the illustration; and turnings must be allowed all round, which are to be stitched down upon a silk lining to match, or of a color contrasting well with the outside, and a piece of the same silk, seven inches deep is to be bound in with the square end of the roll to form a pocket for holding the loose music securely. Previous, however, to lining

the case, a border, either of the Greek fret or any other appropriate pattern, is to be traced at a certain distance from the two side edges, as seen in the illustration, and worked in gold braid. In front of the turn-over the initials of the owner are to be embroidered with gold thread. A gilt slide serves to confine a silk cord with tassels at the ends, which, being tied round the roll, prevents it from opening. A leather handle, with rings fastened through the roll, enables this useful and elegant case to be conveniently carried.

FLOUNCE FOR A DRESS.



NEW STYLE BOWS FOR SLIPPERS.





SPENCER IN KNITTING AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, printed in colors, a design for a Spencer in knitting and crochet, a very seasonable article. Every lady, who wishes to avoid colds, ought to have one to wear in the late fall, winter, and early spring months.

Knitted in fleecy wool, with needles No. 7.
This spencer, or vest, is an average lady's size, but with finer wool and smaller needles it will make a child's size.

Materials: Two bone or wooden needles, No. 7, and five and a half ounces of scarlet three-ply fleecy wool for the center. For the border, one ounce of black three-ply fleecy wool and a crochet needle. Buttons are wanted for the front.

Cast on 168 stitches. 1st row: slip 1st stitch. knit plain all the rest. 2nd row: Slip 1st stitch, knit 2. Purl 1, knit 3 alternately rest of the row. 3rd row: slip 1st stitch. Purl 3, knit 1 alternately the rest of the row. 4th row: slip 1st stitch, knit 2. Purl 1, knit 3 alternately the rest of the row. These four rows form the pattern, and must be repeated eight times more. (N. B .- Here, and for length of arm-hole, more can be knitted if wished, but, of course, then the number of ribs as counted up further on must be altered.) In the next row, which is the first pattern row, and will be knitted plain, you arrange for the sides and back, and cast off 8 loops at each arm-hole. Work thus: Knit 48 stitches, knit the next 2 stitches, and pull the first of these over the second, knit a third and do the same. Continue knitting and pulling over until you have cast off 8 stitches, knit 55, cast off 8 as before, and end with knit 47.

First Side.—Knit backward and forward as far as the cast off loops. Repeat the rows which form the pattern until you have worked eleven patterns. If you count up the ribs or plain knitted rows from the beginning you will find you have 20.

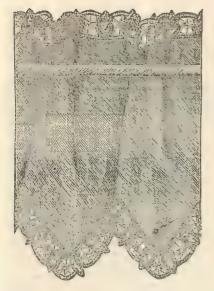
Narrowing for Shoulder and Shaping Neck.—Continue to keep your pattern regular, but in order to slant the shoulder and neck you must knit the last two stitches of each row together. When you have only two stitches left, draw the wool through. The first loop in each row must be slipped.

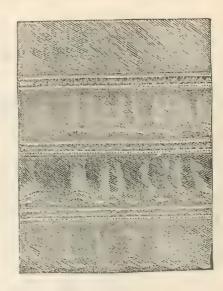
Back.—Mind and begin this at arm-hole nearest the side that is knitted. Knit a straight piece same length as you did for the side; that is, eleven patterns. Afterward shape the back by knitting two together at the end of each row. Continue this slanting until you have worked as many ribs and rows as at the side. Then cast off the stitches that remain on your needle by knitting and pulling over. The second side is knitted exactly like the first.

The Bordering.—Work three rounds of double crochet with black wool round the arm-holes. Repeat the same round the neck, omitting here and there a stitch to make the spencer fit nicely. Down the front crochet a sufficient width to allow for the buttons being put on at one side, and at intervals down the center of the other form button-holes by making three chain stitches and missing three stitches. Along the bottom crochet a border to correspond with neck and arm-holes.

FLOUNCE AND TRIMMINGS FOR DRESS.

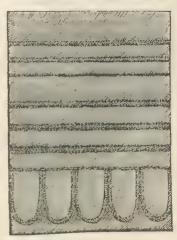
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





For ladies, who make their dresses at home, signs. One is for a flounce, (see above,) and the new styles of flounces and trimmings are always others are for trimmings. These are the prettiest desirable. We give, accordingly, four such de- of the new patterns that have come out this fall.





EDGING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

How to BE PRETTY.—Every woman naturally wishes to look pretty. It is an affectation when a girl says she does not care whether she is handsome or not. All true women do care. As a recent writer has said:—"The immutable laws of her being have made physical attractiveness as much a natural glory to her as strength is to man."

More than this. Many a woman grows ugly, because she fancies she is not handsome, and becomes soured, if not peevish, in consequence. The thought of being ill-favored embitters hundreds of young girls. We have seen plenty of shy, awkward misses, who would have been quite at ease, and infinitely charming, if it had not been for this. Yet any woman, except the one in ten thousand who is actually hideous, can make herself look more or less pretty. A celebrated belle is reported to have said that the consciousness of being well-dressed converted the plainest woman into a handsome one. She only wished to say a smart thing; but she said a very true one.

How often do we see an elder sister, who has come to be looked on, at five-and-twenty, as a confirmed "old maid "" She wears dark, sad-colored dresses, and without being untidy, neglects every little art of the tollet. You look at her, and think her ugly. She dresses her hair so plainly that it increases the hollowness of her cheek. But let her, on some rare occasion, say the marriage of a sister, attire herself becomingly, and you are quite persuaded that she is the handsomest of the family. You see another girl, a really pretty one, who has pale golden hair, that is drab-colored hair, and who has heard that people with fair hair ought to wear blue. But she puts on a blue too dark, which does not impart a scrap of yellow to her hair, and looks frightful in consequence. Another girl wears white, in a room which has been newly hung with one of those dazzling isinglass papers now so much in fashion: she appears almost dirty by contrast; she looks sallow; and to crown all, she carries a blue fan, which gives her the color of a five-dollar gold piece. Another has a dark complexion, is thin and short, and wears a satin dress the exact hue of her face, with flounces up to her waist, and a panier as big as herself. Here are four women, each looking less pretty than she might, and simply because none know how to dress!

Why, if a woman has a neck like a skeleton, will she wear a low dress? Or why, if her arms are as thin as a broomstick, will she appear in short sleeves? Or why, if she is excessively stout, will she sport an exaggerated Dolly Varden? Why, if very tall, will she take the arm of the smullest man in the room? Or why, if she has no color, will she wear red? Or, if her hair is red, why will she have a pink dress? Or why will small, sprightly women attempt to be stately, instead of natural? Why will a tall, noble-looking woman walk, with mincing steps, like another Fenella? Or a fat woman dress in glaring colors? Or—but we might go on forever—so we stop.

A woman must choose suitable colors and shapes for herself, and, as far as possible, think also of the room she is to appear in, for if the parlor is a glaring one, as so many are now, the dress, as a rule, should be dark. It is a curious fact that there are thousands of girls, with really artistic tastes in other things, who do not know how to dress. They go through life looking like "guys" when they might look absolutely charming. They learn many things, useful and otherwise, but never learn what, in some senses, is most useful of all, to look pretty.

FOR HANGING-BASKETS line with moss with a little soil attached. Place in the center a small pot containing a showy plant of upright habit; fill up the surrounding space with rich woods and old hot-bed soil; fill in with plants of a climbing or trailing habit; when the center fades, you can replace it by a fresh plant. In filling a basket, select plants of a similar nature—such as like shade and moisture—the fuchsia, lobelia, ivy, geraniums, ivies, linaria, panicum, balms, gold and silver vinca, ferns. A basket for a hot, sunny situation should be filled with Coleus for center, also double petunia, sedums, convolvulus minor, nasturtiums, begonia, mignonette for trailing. A carnation will make a constant blooming center—a coleus a brilliant one.

It is Rather Vulgar, as a correspondent says, to wear diamonds, or any other expensive jewelry, in morning costume. It is equally vulgar to wear such ornaments at church. We are quite aware that many ladies of wealth and position wear diamond ear-rings in the mornings, and sport expensive jewels at church; but this does not make the practice well-bred. It is only proper to display such luxuries, if a woman happens to possess them, at a dinner-party, or in evening costume: to wear them at any other time is pretentious and out of taste.

"Taken In."—A lady writes to us:—"This year I was induced to subscribe for a magazine, which made the most astonishing promises, offering to give everything. Never will I be so 'taken in' again. There were no steel engravings, no colored patterns, and only about two-thirds as much reading matter as in 'Peterson.' Your magazine, compared with it, would be cheap at three times the price. I inclose two dollars for 'Peterson,' and you may consider me a life subscriber."

"Conquened But Not Subdued" is an engraving that tells its own story. It is from a picture of very great reputation, by a celebrated English artist. Each face, as will be seen, has a character of its own, and differs in expression. Our engravers, Messrs. Illman & Brothers, deserve great credit for the faithfulness and spirit with which they have rendered it.

To Have Good Manners you must begin at home. Be respectful and polite there, and you will be the same when you go out. Habit is everything. A surly husband, or brother, is apt to forget himself, and be surly elsewhore. On the contrary, one who is self-sacrificing at home, will be, unconsciously, well-bred abroad.

In the Front of the Number, in addition to our usual engraving of "Children's Fashions," we give various other illustrations on the same subject. Among them are coats, cloaks, sacques, etc. The engravings are so much in detail, that a description is unnecessary. We also give a new style for dressing the hair.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—You cannot begin too soon to get up clubs for 1873. Every year ladies write, saying, "If I had begun earlier, I could have done better," Begin early, therefore, this year. All the newspapers declare that "Peterson's Magazine is the cheapest and best."

OUR NOVELETS for 1873 will be more than usually brilliant and interesting.

Our New Premium Picture for 1873 is one of the most desirable we have ever issued. It is large-sized for framing, being sixteen inches by twenty, and has been engraved in mezzotint, in the very highest style of art. The subject is "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem." It is after an original picture by Sir Charles Eastlake, late President of the Royal Academy. To secure this beautiful engraving it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson!" Two subscribers at \$2.00 each, or three at \$1.67 each, or four at \$1.50 each, will entitle the sender to a copy. Or, for larger clubs, both the premium picture and an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. Surely every subscriber for 1872, if she chooses, can get up a club among her neighbors and friends! Begin at once. Specimens of the magazine will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances.

Sashes are Much Worn, with the blouse, that is now so common for ladies' ordinary wear. Some ladies have a black Morocco waistband, fastened with a silver buckle, and to this, when a watch is worn, the watch is suspended by a silver chain. Watches in ebony cases, to be worn in this way, are very fashionable. But the cases sometimes are of pearl or ivory.

PORTRAITS OF SEVERAL of our most popular contributors will be given, in an ornamental title-page, in our December number of this year. We expect to dispose of several additional thousands of that number in consequence.

Two DOLLARS, employed in subscribing for this magazine, will bring more tor the money than any other disposition that can be made of it.

Never Do A Mean Thing, and never say one. No provocation can justify either.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The School and the Army in Germany and France, with a Diary of the Siege of Versailles. By Brevet Major-General N. B. Hazen, U. S. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a work of rare merit. The author, a soldier by profession, was in Europe during the war, and sets forth, very forcibly, the causes why one side succeeded and the other failed. Whatever the reader's sympathies may be, he or she will have to admit the justice of the author's opinions in general, for no observer, certainly no European one, was in a situation to judge more impartially than Gen. Hazen, or was more capable of so judging. Many of the chapters, especially that which describes the interview with Prince Bismarck, and those devoted to a discussion of the organization of the Prussian army, are exceedingly interesting. It seems that Gen. Hazen, so far back as 1867, had foretold the result of a war between France and Germany, principally in consequence of what he had seen of the difference in the structure, discipline, and handling of the two armies. The volume is handsomely printed.

Sailing on the Nile. By Laurent Laporte. Translated from the French by Virginia Vaughan. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Few trunslations succeed in giving the charm and spirit of the original. But this one does. The book itself is exceedingly delightful. The voyage up the Nile is, in every way, fascinating: it is the dolee far niente in its perfection; and Mr. Laporte has succeeded in infusing into the text all the dreamy delights of the trip. The reader sees the distant sand hills of the desert; breathes the soft atmosphere; watches the glories of the sunset; hears the low swash of the water against the side of the boat: is, in fact, himself or herself, on the Nile in spirit, lotos-eating with the real traveler. Miss Vaughan, on her part, as we have already said, has re-told this story, without breaking its charm. The book is one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The Rose-Garden. By the anthor of "Unawares." 1 vol., 12 mo. Eoston: Roberts Brothers.—A quiet, but very meritorious story, the locality of which is laid in the south of France. The pictures of the scenery there, the life led by the people, the languor and beauty of the delicious climate, are drawn with a truth and grace that are rarely found in novels now-a-days. An exquisite charm, consequently, hangs about the book. The characters are natural, and are skillfully drawn. Rence and Gabrielle are well contrasted, and so are Jan and Gregoire. The tale is not a sensational one either, which is another of its many merits.

St. Patrick's Eve. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. R. Peterson & Brothers.—We notice this new edition of one of Lever's novels with sadness and regret. The genial writer, who so long delighted us, is no more. The pitcher is broken at the fountain. The warm, hearty, loving soul that made us laugh one moment, and shed tears in another, has ceased to be one of us. Charles Lever is dead! It will be long before we shall find his equal, much less his superior, for even his second-rate efforts, to say nothing of O'Malley, are better than the best works of most authors.

The Golden Lion of Grandpere. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very readable fiction, the scene of which is laid in Alsace. Nothing that Trollope writes is dull; but on the whole his pictures of English life, especially his portraits of English girls, are his best bits of work. We hope he will soon go back to his true "hunting ground." With his foot on his native heath, he is always M'Gregor. When he seeks "fresh fields and pastures new" he is not always so successful.

The Countess of Charney. By Alexander Dumas, 1 vol., 8 vo. Philiada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of one of that remarkable series of novels, really more historical than fictitious, describing the fall of the old French monarchy. "The Countess of Charney" is the fourth in a series, which beginning with the "Memoirs of a Physician," brings before the reader, quite as forcibly as Thiers, Allison, or Carlyle, the atrocities, the tragedies, and we may add also the justification of the first French Revolution.

Christina North. By E. M. Archer. 1 vol., 8vo. New York: D. Apleton & Co.—If the name of E. M. Archer had not been given as the author of this novel, we should have attributed it to Mrs. Oliphant, it is so like her, in many respects at least. The story itself is very similar to the "Tragedy of a Quiet Life," published in these pages last year, and is deeply pathetic.

Andree de Taverney. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is one of those graphic novels, the fifth in the series, devoted to the first French Revolution, which, hardly less than the "Three Guardsmen" series, have made the reputation of Dumas world-wide. The edition is in double-column octavo, bound in paper covers.

Thrown Together. By Florence Montgomery. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—In this very excellent novel, the two systems of bringing up children, one by the laws of love, the other by fear, are well contrasted. The story is well-told, and is quite interesting, even apart from its didactive worth. The volume is handsomely printed.

Fair Women. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—A story of English life, by the author of "My Hero," a novel we noticed very favorably last month. The edition is in double-column octavo, with paper covers, and makes one of that popular series, "Loring's Railway Novels."

A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. 1 vol., 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A re-print of a very excellent English novel, by the author of "A House of Cards," etc It is a cheap edition, in paper covers, but neatly printed.

Unclaimed. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.— This is a story of English life, and is by a new writer. We can, however, cordially recommend it.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS .- Many of our subscribers take no other magazine, and therefore cannot compare "Peterson" with similar monthlies. For such we quote a few of the opinions of the newspapers; for the newspapers, seeing all the magazines, are able to judge between them. We have hundreds of these notices of the August and September numbers, but have only room for the following. The Hopkinsville (Ky.) New Era says :- "Peterson's Magazine is the best, and every lady should have it." Says the Danville (Ill.) Commercial, "No other two dellar magazine can be compared with this one." The Brockfield (Mo.) Gazette says :- " Grows in worth every year." Says the Bloomington (II..) Democrat, "Gives, each month, finer steel engravings than any other." The Mount Carmel (III.) P. gister says :- " Peterson's is the best, most popular, and cla pot adies' magazine in the world; and no lady, who wid: s to be posted in the fashions, can do without it." The Grafton (W. Va.) Sentinel says:-" No other magazine seems to us to be so uniformly pure and high-toned. We would not be without it, if we were a lady, even if its subscriptionprice was doubled." The Elizabethtown (Pa.) Chronicle says :- " It is the cheapest magazine, for its high-standing, in the country." Says the Hancock (N. J.) Times, " It is at the head of the fazhionable monthlies." The Cornwall (Canada) Freeholder says:-" The literary articles are in advance of any magazine we know of." The Wells (N. J.) Republican says :-"Unquestionably, the cheapest of the really good magazines." The Ashland (Mass.) Advertiser calls it, "The ladies favorite." The Sumter (S. C.) Press says:-" Ahead of all other fashion magazines."

"In Every Household."—If you are getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine," show your friends what is said of it by the Mexico (Mo.) Intelligencer. "Peterson's Magazine," says that newspaper, "has always been noted for the superior character of its literary contents; and this, taken in connection with the important fact that it is cheaper than any magazine of its character published, should place it in every household. Its fashion-plates are full and fine. Its colored fashion-plate is unsurpassed, and its pages are filled with both prose and poetry to delight the hearts of all. Besides the reading matter, it contains directions for making everything in the line of wearing apparel, patterns, embroidery, and dress trimmings. In fact everything that one could ask for." Hundreds of other journals say the same.

STRAUSS HOMEY ARD BOUND, ACCOMPANIED BY A WEBER PIANO.—Strauss' enthusiasm in regard to New York Pianos was very great, and culminated in the purchase of a Weber upright piano, which accompanies him for his music-room in Yienna, in order to show his musical friends the best piano in the world! In a letter he says:

CLARENDON HOTEL. July 12, 1872.

My Dear Mr. Weber:—Many thanks, in which my wife joins, for the beautiful upright piancy you were kind enough to send to my room during my stay in your city. It has astonished me beyond measure. The fullness of its tone, its thorough musical quality, so even throughout, and the casiness and compactness of its touch I have never before met. How so small an instrument can contain a perfect orchestra surprises me. The grand piano used at the Academy at my concerts only heightens my opinion of your work. I assure you I have never yet seen any plunos which equal yours. My heartiest wishes for your health and success.

JOHANN STRAUSS.

Such testimony is certainly a great compliment to our American piano-forte manufacturers in general, and Mr. Weber in particular.

THE COLORED TASHIONS, in "Peterson's Magazine," are printed from exponsively engraved steel-plates, while those in other magazines are either cheap lithographs or common wood-outs. Compare the fashions in "Peterson" with those anywhere else.

THE SUCCESS of "Peterson's Magazine," continued through so long a series of years, is a proof that it meets a popular want. It has survived a dozen ephemeral tastes, and outlived scores of rival publications, yet its circulation is now greater than that of all similar monthly magazines combined. For 1873 it will be still further improved. There ought not to be a household in America without "Peterson's Magazine,"

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or W. J. Carlton, Advertising Agent, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

Example for the Ladies.—Mrs. W—— has had a Wheeler & Wilson Machine since June, 1857; to January 1st, 1871, she had made 24,470 vests, (in 1870, 2255, vests,) 17 coats, and 50 pairs of pantaloons, besides doing the family sewing for six persons; all the work ranging from the finest muslin to the f-a-a-viest beaver cloth.

WE WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION of our readers to the new articles advertised by the Doolittle Manufacturing Company, and think all will find among them, articles of value to use in the household and elsewhere. None need hesitate to send to them, as they are reliable, and prompt in filling orders.

WE HEAR A GREAT DEAL of Grant clubs and Greeley clubs, of Greeley clubs and Grant clubs. But the best club of all is the Peterson club, to one of which every lady ought to belong. Whether a woman is for Greeley, or Grant, she can be for Peterson!

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZCY, M. D.

No. X.—DISEASES OF INFANCY.

HAVING given pretty full directions relative to the duty of the nurse and mother toward the infant, in its management to promote its health and general welfare, we will now proceed to say something concerning the treatment of some of the ordinary diseases peculiar to early infancy, and which the popular mind has erroneously attributed to be ailments necessarily belonging to infantile life, viz., red gum, sore mouth, etc. If the principles laid down, and the instructions inculcated in the previous numbers were strictly followed, the infant will be generally spared from attacks of the above diseases, and saved from much needless suffering. That the infant is not by necessity the subject of a single disorder should be received as an axiom. Even with respect to aphthæ, or "baby's sore-mouth"-the most common affection of infancy—the opinion is incontrovertibly sustained that the disease is symptomatic merely. That it is always preceded by some disturbance of the stomach, and a deranged condition of the alimentary canal. Hence it is selfevident that if, by proper management in diet, nursing, and regimen, the stomach be kept in healthy condition, and digestion good, there will scarcely be a possibility of this troublesome affection occurring.

When it does occur, a less frequent nursing, with a pinch or two of Husband's magnesia, with or without a like quantity of rhubarb, and occasionally repeated, will generally soon effect a cure, without the unnecessary and offimes injurious swabbing with infusions of sage, alum, borax, honey, etc. A little powdered borax, mixed with double the quantity of pulverized sugar, sprinkled within the infaut's lips,

is alone admissible. Lime-water, with syrup of rhubarb, is sometimes preferable to magnesia, where acidity largely abounds.

The red gum, which is considered by some ignorant nurses, as a mark or indication of healthfulness of the infant, is also a symptom of a deranged state of the alimentary canal. The usual source of this affection arises from a debilitated state of the digestive organs, from errors in diet, glving rise to acid and acrid secretions in the stomach and bowels. This state, in connection with undue warmth, in which the infant is oftimes kept, doubtless favors the occurrence of this and other rashes of infuncy.

How preposterous, then, is the practice of cramming the little feeble stomach to absolute regurgitation with catnip, saffron, or soot teas, with a view of giving ease to pain, occasioned by a disordered state of the bowels, induced by improper regimen, and of promoting an eruption caused by like causes of imprudence. Is it any marvel, then, that so many die within the math, or end an existence of suffering and disease within the first year?

The treatment of these rashes is similar to that advised for aphthae, as they arise from one general or common cause.

Although we purpose, in future numbers, to lay down some principles of practice, for the treatment of various diseases of infancy and early childhood, and, at the same time, point out some grave errors, and condemn some injurious practices, yet, as "prevention is better than cure," we beg leave to say that if the laws which govern the infant economy were duly observed by the nurse and mother, then there would be but little necessity of resorting to medical prescriptions as a means of restoring the impaired health of those little beings—the buds of promise, the links of union, and bonds of affection, mutually binding parents to one another and to their offspring.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

In the Middle States, the labors of the gardener and varied as during the preceding month; but he who then neglected duties necessary to be done, has lost time not to be regained—the autumn is upon him. Seeds of a few varieties may still be sown; the principal labors are, however, the protection of crops already grown, transplanting others, and setting out Trees and Shrubs. Asparagus, beds dross. Cabbage, plant out in light land for next season's use. Beets and Carrots, store now, or early next month. Lettuce, plant out for next spring. Potates, dig. Spinach, sow at once, if not sown last month. Vacant ground trench.

In the South.—Beans, planted last month, cultivate. Cabbage, transplant; also Cauliflower and Broccoll. Turnips, hoc. Onions, sown last month will be ready to transplant; small bulb Onions set out; those known as Philadelphia buttons are much the best. Garlie and Eschalotts, plant; Spinach, for winter use, sow. Celery, earth up in dry weather, and transplant from seed-bed for further supplies; also Lettuce, for spring use. Radishes, sow, as required. Artichokes, dress preparatory for winter. Asparagus, beds dress. Strauberries, transplant. Peas, Landreth's Extra Early, sow.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Re Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Clam-Soup.—Boil fifty clams in two quarts of water; mix together, and add to it a little butter and flour. Just before it is taken off the fire, stir in the yolks of two eggs, and some cream, with a few sprigs of parsley and pepper; after these are added, let it simmer a few minutes, and then serve it. If preferred the parsley may be omitted.

Pumpkin-Soup.—Peel the pumpkin and cut it into pieces removing the seeds. Put it into boiling water with some salt, and leave it to boil until reduced to a pulp thin enough to pass through a strainer. Meltapiece of butter in a saucepan with a wineglass of cream. Add the pulp, when strained, with salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of flour. Let the whole simmer for a quarter of an hour; thicken with the yolk of an egg, and sevve.

Sago in Soup.—To one quart of boiling stock, with a little salt, add one tablespoonful of large sago; leave it to boil ten minutes, stirring it occasionally; when the sago is coolted sufficiently, it will appear floating in small transparent balls. If more than the above quantity of sago is used, the stock becomes too thick, which prevents the sago being kept separate in boiling.

Tomato-`oup.—Boil to shreds two and a half pounds of veal in a gallon of water, until it is reduced to half the quantity; then strain the liquor, put in the tomatoes, stir them well, that they may thoroughly dissolve. Boil for half an hour. Season with parsley, pepper, and salt. Strain it again, and stir in a tablespoonful of white sugar. It is then ready to serve.

MEATS.

Pepper-pot.—To four quarts of water put one pound of corned pork, two pounds of neck or scrag of mutton, and a small knuckle of veal. Let this simmer slowly for three hours, stimming all the while, and then take out the mutton, as that will serve for a dish for table, with drawn butter and celery. Into this broth put four sliced white turnips, if in season, six or eight tomatoes, if not, a tablespoonful of tomato catchup, an onion, sliced thinly, a little pepper, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Have ready, boiled, a quarter of a pound of nice white tripe; cut this into strips one inch in length; add six potatoes, thinly sliced, about a dozen whole cloves, and a pint-bowl full of nice little light dumplings the size of a walnut; let this simmer slowly for an hour. Serve hot, but take out the pork and veal-bone before serving.

Gelatine of Veal—Take a breast of veal, and flatten it well; sprinkle salt, pepper, Cayenne, and pounded spice over it; lay the inside uppermost, trim it peatly, brush it over with egg, beaten; sprinkle it with sweet herbs, chopped fine; then place in alternate rows gherkins, beans, ham-fat, calf's-feet, or cow-heels, ready dressed, and sprinkle the whole over with isinglass. Roll it up tightly, and sew it up with pack-thread all over; then envelop it in a napkin, tie it tight at each end, sew it up, and boil it gently for three hours and a half; take it out, and hang it up to drain. Then tie up tight at both ends, and press it between dishes or boards, with heavy weights on it till the next day.

Cold Boiled Beef.—Melt about three cunces of butter, over a slow fire, into a tablespoonful of flour, and when they have simmered a little, add some chopped onion, and a dessert-spoonful of shred parsley; when the whole is browned, season with pepper, and add half or three quarters of a pint of good stock or gravy. Mince the meat finely, put it in with the rest, and let it heat gradually; when nearly boiling, thicken with a small tablespoonful of flour, and just before serving add a tablespoonful of catchup.

CAKES.

Arrowroot Biscuits or Drops.—Half a pound of butter, six eggs, half a pound of flour, six ounces of arrowroot, half a pound of pounded loaf-sugar. Beat the butter to a cream; whisk the eggs to a strong froth, add them to the butter, stir in the flour, a little at a time, and beat the mixture well. Break down all the lumps from the arrowroot, and add that with the sugar to the other ingredients. Mix all well together, drop the dough on a buttered tin, in pieces the size of a half-crown, and bake the biscuits about a quarter of an hour in a slow oven.

Wedding or Christening Cake.—Take three pounds of butter, four and a half pounds of flour, three pounds of sugar, six pounds of currants, one and a half pounds of candied lemon, half a pound of almonds, half a pound of citron, thirty eggs, a pint of brandy, and a pint of milk. Beat the butter in a pan till it is like thick cream, but be sure not to make it too hot; then add the eggs by degrees, till they are quite light. Next beat in half the flour; then put the milk and brandy in. Grate the rinds of six lemons, and put in the rest of the flour, currants, candied lemon-peel, almonds, and half an ounce of mixed spices, such as cloves, mace, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice, beaten and sifted through a fine sieve. If you bake the whole in one cake, it will take three hours and a half; it must not be baked too quickly.

Seed-Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs, one pound of flour, three-quarters of an ounce of caraway seed, three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the caraway seed and sugar, and mix them well together, stirring in gradually a teacupful of milk. Whisk the eggs, add them to the other ingredients, and beat again for five minutes. Mix a teaspoonful of baking-powder with the flour, and add it by degrees, beating the cake well until all the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated. Put it into a tin lined with buttered paper, and bake it in a moderate oven for two hours.

Corn-Meal Bread.—Pour over a pint of nice corn-meal, one pint of hot new milk; beat this well, and add a little salt, then stir in a large spoonful of nice sweet lard, beat two eggs very light, and stir in also; this must be well beaten, and of the consistency of rather thin batter, add more milk should it be too thick, then mix in a large spoonful of yeast, butter the pans, and set it to rise in them; when risen, have the oven of a moderate heat, and put them in; bake two hours and a half, to a light brown. Serve hot.

Corn-Bread Rusk.—Take six cupsful of corn-meal, four cupsful of wheat flour, two cupsful of molasses, two teaspoonsful of soda, and a little salt; mix this well together, knead it into dough, then make two cakes of it, and put into the fin or iron pans, and bake one hour.

Another Nice Corn-Bread.—Thicken one pint and a half of rich butter-milk with corn-meal to the consistency of batter; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a cup of new milk, add a little salt, and beat very light; pour this into buttered pans, and bake two hours. Serve hot.

DESSERTS.

A Cheap Family Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of molasses or sugar, one pound of carrots and potatoes, well boiled and mashed together, half a pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs; spice flavoring and peel optional. Mix the whole together with a little water; it must not be too stiff, and certainly not too moist. Rub a basin well with dripping, and boil for eight hours,

German Flummery.—Half a pint of milk, two ounces Oswego corn-flour, two ounces of sugar; boil all together till moderately thickened; add a few drops of essence of vanilla or lemon, and mix with the whites of four eggs, beaten to a light snow: turn the whole into a wet jelly-mould, set to get firm in a cool place, and serve with any fruit-syrup or boiled custard-sauce.

A German Sweet Dish.—Boil some Spanish chestnuts until they are soft enough to be crushed with a spoon and passed through a sieve. Beat up the whites of six or eight eggs into a froth, with half a pound of lump-sugar that has been grated on the rind of a lemon. Pile up the chestnuts while warm in a dish, and cover them thickly with the whip just before serving them.

Eve's Pudding.—Six eggs. six apples, six ounces of breadcrumbs, four ounces of sugar, a little salt, six ounces of currants, a nutmeg. Three hours will boil it. Easy-Made Pudding.—Take half a pound of each, currants, flour, and chopped beef-suet, four ounces molasses, and a cupful of milk; add a little spice; mix well together, and boil it in a cloth or basin for four hours.

Wee Pudding.—A-quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, two eggs, rind of a lemon. Beat for twenty minutes; half fill teacups, and bake for twenty minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Take Stoppers Out of Bottles or Decanters.—Take the bottle or decanter by the neck with the left hand, and place the first finger at the back of the stopper. Take a piece of wood in the right hand, and tap the stopper first one side, then the other, turning the decanter round in the hand. A quick succession of little, short taps is the most effective. If this plan fails, wind a bit of rough string once round the neck, one end of the string being held by one person, the other by another; pull backward and forward till the neck becomes hot with the friction. Then tap as before. Stoppers often become wedged into decanters from the wrong stopper being used. To avoid this the bottom of the stopper should be scratched with a number, and a corresponding number scratched under the bottom of the decanter.

To Wash Hair Brushes.—Fill a pan with hot water, with a piece of soda dissolved in it—say a quarter of an ounce to half a gallon of water. Comb the loose hair out of the brushes; take one brush at a time by the handle and dip it in the water without wetting the back of the brush. It must be dipped several times. Then rinse in cold water, and put near the fire or in the open air till dry.

To Purify River or Muddy Water,—In a quart of warm water dissolve an ounce of alum, and stir it about in the proportion of a teacupful to each gallon. The impurities present will settle at the bottom, and the water will in the course of a day be quite clear.

To Destroy Bed Bugs.—There are innumerable receipts for the destruction of this household pest. One of the best is the following:—Scald the bedsteads, and wipe them dry; mix ordinary lamp-oil with a little quicksilver, and apply this to the cracks with a feather.

Cement for Stoves.—When a crack is discovered in a stove, through which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be effectually and readily closed with a composition consisting of wood-ashes and common salt, made into a paste with water. Plaster this over the crack,

To take Rust out of Steel.—Cover the steel well with sweetoil, and let it remain there for two or three days; then use unslacked lime finely powdered, and rub with it until all the rust disappears.

To Remove Wax-stains from Cloth.—Lay over the stains two thicknesses of blotting-paper, and apply for a moment the pressure of a moderately-hot iron. The stains will be instantaneously and entirely removed.

To Drive Flies from a Room.—Mix with half a teacupful of milk a tablespoonful of finely-ground black pepper, and the same quantity of sugar. Put this about the places where the flies are most numerous.

To Prevent Flat Irons from Sticking.—Irons are apt to stick to starched articles. To prevent this, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface, and rub the iron well over it. This will make the iron smooth, and also remove smokiness.

To Prevent the Incursions of Mice.—Strew wild mint where you wish to keep the mice out, and they will never trouble you.

To Stop a Leak.—Beat yellow soap and whiting, with a little water, into a thick paste. Rub this over the part where the leakage is, and it will be instantly stopped.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. 1.—Carriage-Dress of Wine-Colored Silk, Trimmed with eight narrow Pinked-out Ruffles.—The upperdress is of gray foulard silk, with wine-colored flowers dotted over it, and trimmed with a gray fringe. This skirt is made quite long, and pointed in front; short on the hips, and at the back, where it falls in long, sash-like ends. The waist is cut in front in two sharp points, and has a jacket like the under-skirt; at the back it lies in two deep plaits, and has a sash of silk like the petticoat. Close sleeves, with deep-plaited cuffs. Brown straw bonnet, trimmed with gray ribbon, and a wreath of hops.

Fig. II.—Walking-Dress, the Under-skift of Blue Silk.

—It is trimmed with one deep, scant flounce, the heading of which is composed of shallow platting, on which is placed figures of guipure lace; upper-skift of salmon-colored gauze, with satin stripes, trimmed with fringe of the color of the skift, and white guipure insertion, through which the blue silk shows. This tunic is looped up high on the hips; the waist is cut in points in front, and with a small basque at the back; the sleeves are cut up on the back of the arm, and trimmed with a ruffle. Straw bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon and a white flower.

Fig. III.—Ball-Dress of White Sile, trimmed with white lace, which is festooned in front with a bow of pink ribbon. The basque-body and train are of pink silk, elaborately trimmed with white lace; a deep-pointed piece of the pink silk, trimmed with white lace, falls down the side, rather in front of the train. Pink roses in the hair.

Fig. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF MYRTLE-GREEN SILK, TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE.—The waist is low and square, and has a black lace fichu carelessly tied in front.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress.—The under-skirt is of black velvet, and quite plain. The upper-skirt is of chamois-colored cashmere, long in front and quite short at the back, and trimmed with two rows of fringe, the lower row being black, and the upper row of the color of the tunic; a row of rich embroidery heads the fringe. The jacket, which is rather short and loose, and has wide sleeves, is completely covered with the embroidery, and is edged with the black fringe. Brown hat, trimmed with brown ribbon, an ostrich feather of a lighter shade of brown, and a black wing.

Fig. vi.—House-Dress of Violet and White-Striped Popun.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with three bias bands of violet silk; the tunic and short, half-loose jacket are each trimmed with one bias band of violet silk.

Fig. VII.—Walking-Dress of Black Silk.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with a rather wide but scant flounce, headed by narrow bias bands. The tunic, which is long at the back, and a good deal puffed up, is trimmed with a deep black fringe, and a pointed gimp trimming. The jacket has a basque at the back, and wide-flowing sleeves, trimmed like the upper-skirt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Bronze tints on brown or green are the newest for the fall; but these colors are not becoming to all persons, and the lovely, soft plums, grays and blues, are seen in great profusion. Embroidery and fringe are very much used. Lace is also in great favor; but it is somewhat perishable for out-door wear, as it is so easily caught on any projecting object.

THE POLONAISE is still very much worn, though it has been in favor so long. The flounces all the way up the back of the dress, with the apron-front, is the newest style, whilst some dresses are made very full at the back with no trimming at all.

FOR OUT-OF-DOOR WRAPS, coats with capes; dolmans, which are rather loose, like a circular cape, but cut straight across the back, and with peillesses forming sleeves; short jackets, which are rather long in front, but which reach only to the waist at the back, where the panier fills up the vacant space; and wraps of half a dozen other shapes, will be worn. There

was never a time in which the individual taste could be so well displayed as at present. One with a slight dainty figure will look best in a Trianon costume, with Louis XV. loopings up; another, full of serious dignity, will prefer the Princess dress, with plain train. A slender, thin figure is set off to advantage by the blouse, gathered in under the belt; and too much embonpoint can be concealed under the mantle or the bodice with fichu of black lace.

BUCKLES are again worn, not only with belts but with sash ribbons.

PELERINES or Capes are daily gaining ground, and are now very popular. The most convenient to wear at the present season are made of either dust-gray cashmere, with double row of gray guipure, or else of ecru cashmere, which can be worn not only with the costume to match, but almost with With all sut-door garments, whether capes, every dress. pelerines, scarfs, mantelets, or even jackets, the large bow fastened at the top of the back should never be omitted. It is made of black faille ribbon three fingers wide. The coats this year have the lapels in front, and not at the back. This may seem rather strange at first, and yet it simply forms a jacket-bodice with basques; the draperies of the tunic or second skirt, fill up the place left empty behind. The coattail basques are often coquettishly turned up with revers of some contrasting color, or merely of a darker shade.

Bonners are placed more on the back of the head than formerly. This is not always becoming, and it will take some time to get accustomed to this style.

We have already called attention to the revolution being attempted in coffures. Without any transition, the chiguous hanging down to the middle of the back have been suddenly suppressed, the neck is now left quite uncovered, and on the top of the head rises a lofty structure of loops and curls which gives it the appearance of a fireman's helmet imitated to perfection. It is impossible to find any more accurate comparison for the new style of dressing the hair. The hats that crown this pyramidal scaffolding seem quite astonished to find themselves perched so high, and look as if they were every moment on the point of falling from their dizzy height. When bonnets are worn, the very opposite result takes place, for they seem to have lost their balance, and being thrown right back, appear to hold on to the head by some miraculous intervention.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Little Girl's Dress.—The under-skirt is of scarlet cashmere, trimmed with a braiding in a palm pattern. The upper-dress is of white fleecy-lined pique, and is cut in scallops, and braided with a palm pattern. White felt hat, trimmed with black and scarlet velvet.

Fig. 11.—Boy's Suit of Dark-Colored Kersymer.—The loose trousers reach a little below the knee, and both jacket and trousers are finished with broad military braid. Gray, felt hat, with claret-colored velvet trimming.

Fig. III.—Dress of White Muslin for a Child.—The skirt is made of a very broad band of muslin, richly and deeply embroidered at the edge. The small apron-front and waist are trimmed with a similar embroidery, only narrower. Broad, crimson sash, and crimson ribbon to tie up the hair.

Fig. IV.—Young Girl's Dress.—The petticoat is of blue poplin richly braided. The over-dress is of gray poplin, cut in tongues at the bottom, and corded with blue. The waist is low and square, and has no sleeves; but a white chemisette, with long sleeves, is worn under it. Gray straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and flowers.

FIG. V.-LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF MYETLE-GREEN CASH-MEHE.—The under-skirt is quite plain. The tunic opens in front, and is edged with a fringe. Black straw hat, with a dark-green wing.

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AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER. NEW STYLES OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

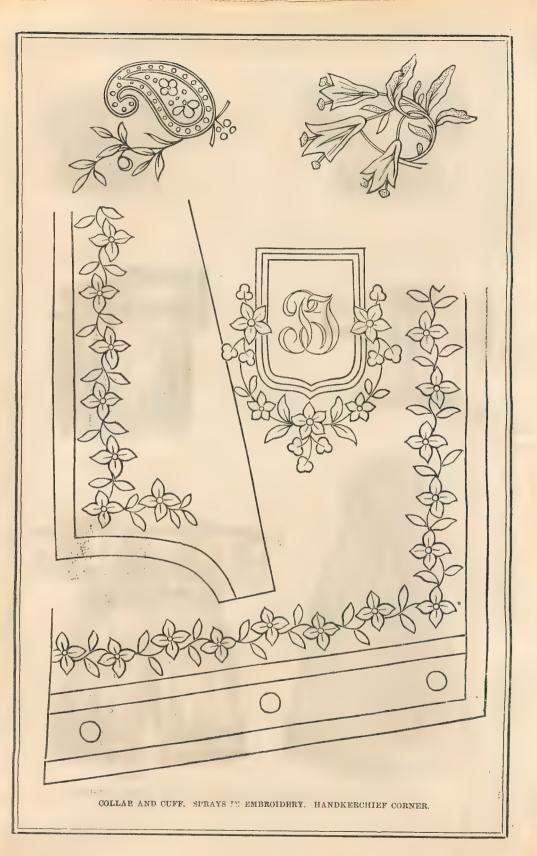






MORNING APRONS. WATERPROOF CLOAK. LITTLE BOY'S DRESS.







AGATHE.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

English words by F. H. GORDON.

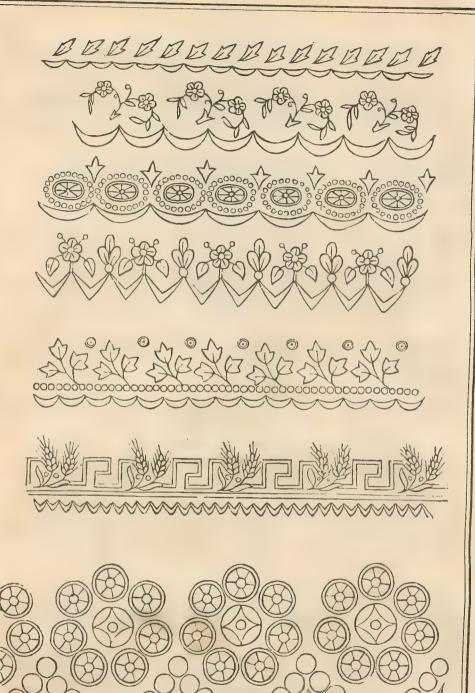
Music by FRANCIS ABT.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.





- 2 When the white swan southward roves,
 There to seek the orange groves,
 When the red tints of the west
 Prove the sun has gone to rest;
 In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart,
 When I thus thy image lose,
 Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?
- 3 Hush! my heart, why thus complain? Thou must too, thy woes contain; Though on earth no more we rove Loudly breathing vows of love; Thou my heart must find relief, Yielding to these words, belief: I shall see thy form again, Though to-day we part in pain.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS FOR EDGINGS AND INSERTIONS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXII.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1872,

No. 5.

KITTERY TO KANSAS. FROM

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Your Susy's a pretty little thing, Mrs. Marsh."

"Yes, Susy is growing right pretty, everybody admits. I rather think she knows it herself, by the way she stands at the glass sometimes. wish very often she wasn't petted and made so much of."

"It'll ruin her, Mrs. Marsh."

"Oh, dear! I hope not," rejoined the mother, earnestly.

"I tell you there's danger. Keep your eye on her, Mrs. Marsh; look out who she goes with. These pretty girls break mother's hearts sometimes."

"Don't be so dreadfully earnest, my friend; though, indeed, I shall be very careful. Why, what have I said?"

The little neighbor, so fresh and pretty herself yet, caught up her apron, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. She had run into the back-door of the public house-for Mrs. Marsh kept a hotel-just to have a minute's chat. What could have happened to call forth such tears and sighs?

"Don't mind me, Mrs. Marsh," she said, after a few moments, drying her eyes. "Let me help you shelt the peas. That ever I should have given way like that!"

But Mrs. Marsh did mind. She began to think her little neighbor must be demented. There must be a cause for such an outburst. Suppose Mills didn't treat her well. He was a rough-looking man, though he seemed kind enough in his way.

"I know what you're thinking of, Mrs. Marsh," said Mrs. Mills, with a little shake of the shoulders. "You've said often enough, what a pity we had no children. Well, you know I've shirked it, when you've spoken so; but I might as well be out with it now. I've got one daughter." The tears began to flow again.

Mrs. Marsh looked her surprise.

Vol. LXII.-22

"Well, I declare! I'm sure!" was all she

"I don't know what Mills would do to me, if he knew I'd spoken; for he won't let me mention her name-and his heart was bound up in that girl; he's never been the same man since.'

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Marsh; and there was volumes of pathos in the voice.

"But sometimes I feel as if I must tell somebody. I don't know if we did right-I don't know! But then she would go in opposition to the wishes of her best friends."

There was a little pause.

"That's why we left Kittery," she added. "John said, 'Let's go to Kansas; let's get off where nobody knows us, and out of the sight and memory of things.' We got out of the sight, perhaps; but as to the memory, that's as keen as ever."

"Dear, dear! I'm so sorry for you!" said sympathetic Mrs. Marsh. She asked no questions; perhaps if she had, Mary Mills might have kept the secret locked in her heart.

"Yes, from Kittery to Kansas is a long way," mused Mrs. Mills; "and I don't know as I care for Kittery much, now, though all my relations are there. I don't, somehow, want to see anybody that knew Hetty. The poor child was so downright beautiful, and folks were all the time telling her of it. I wish people had common sense," added Mary Mills, energetically. "That's the way children get spoiled. Poor little Hetty! I'll never forget almost the last time I saw her. She came home in the rain, and her yellow hair was dripping wet. That night father gave her an awful scolding; he'd found out somehow that she had been to the post-office to see -- to see somebody who'd been trying to wait on her. Says she, 'father, you needn't scold, for I'm going to marry him.' 'Then neither you nor that scamp shall come in my house,' says father, in a passion. 'Do you mean it?' She stood up

311

and looked at him, strange like. 'I do mean it, so help me ____,' he added, taking the Great Name: and then she turned away and said nothing. She kissed me that night, but she didn't kiss father-and it hurt him dreadfully. Well, next night, she went out to meeting, as we thought: but, bless you! 'twas all cut and dried, we've never seen her since. I believe father would a' done anything to take back what he said: but he thinks the worst of her now, and that almost breaks my heart-for you see that man was married already; that we found out right away. Father would a' shot him-he'd shoot him now, if he met him. It's well we moved from Kittery to Kansas-though we're both so altered. There comes somebody, and I must run. Don't mention this, will you, Mrs. Mersh? Not to one living soul!"

"I won't, indeed, I promise you," said Mrs. Marsh, thinking of Sue with new tenderness; and then sighed, "how little we know about our neighbors, after all!"

"There's a coachful come, Mrs.," said Polly, the maid-of-all-work, standing in the door-way; "as pretty a load as ever I see. They're gone into the parlor, and one party wants rooms for a month—rooms, Mrs.; a parlor and two bedrooms bejoining."

"I'll go and see to them, Biddy."

The "party" was a widow lady, rather tall; graceful and lovely, decidedly. Two boys sat on the sofa beside her, twins, with pale golden curls falling over their black velveteen-jackets. As the maid had said, it was as pretty a load as ever she had seen.

"Can I have a suite of rooms?" the lady asked. "Your servant thought I could."

"Judge Ottey's going out to-day—going traveling for a month or two. A small parlor on this floor, and a couple of bed-rooms, if they would suit you."

"Can I see them?"

"Oh, yes; Judge Ottey's out."

The widow liked the rooms; the parlor looked upon two back gardens full of fruit-trees. The rooms were by no means elegantly furnished, but were neat and attractive.

"I like them," she said. "Can I have my trunks brought up here?"

"I'll send 'em right up," was the response; and the widow took off her bonnet, and the little boys looked out of the window.

Meantime Mrs. Marsh sent up the trunks, and then went to the clerk to learn who her visitors were. The clerk was her son, a tall, good-looking lad of seventeen.

"They've got the cash, mother," he said.

"How do you know?" she asked, reading out, from the hotel-register, "Mrs. H. L. Atley, and two sons."

"Well, by signs which are usually correct," was the reply. "Did you notice the trunks? All covered and stamped. She's from New York. Splendid figure, and beautiful face."

"Nonsense!" said practical Mrs. Marsh, and went back to her duties.

The widow had taken off her outside wraps, and was sitting at one of the windows, with her arm about the twin William.

"How queer to be in Kansas, isn't it, mamma?"

"Very, dear," was the reply.

"And now, when shall we see grandma?"

"I don't know, my dear," was the reply, and her lip trembled a little.

"Is she as pretty as you, mamma?" asked the other twin.

"As pretty as a picture," said the young widow, smiling; "at least I used to think so."

"Is she rich?" asked the first named.

"I can't say, Willy. I expect not. Don't you remember the little house in Kittery?"

"Oh, dear! yes; it was so droll. You could almost have put it in one of our parlors, couldn't you?"

"It's a dear little house to mamma," said the lady, as a tear glittered on her lashes; "mamma was born there."

"How funny!" laughed Willy. "But why don't you send for grandma?"

"I don't know where to send, dear. Besides, I wish to get rested first."

Mrs. Marsh came in just then with towels on her arm. She was a painstaking woman, and not above paying little attentions to her guests personally.

"I hope you find yourself comfortable?" she said, in her sprightly way.

For answer she heard something like a groan. Turning, at a cry from the twins, she saw the widow, pale as ashes, grasping at the windowsill. Mrs. Marsh sprang toward her.

"I'm not going to faint. Hush! Boys I—I just saw—your—grandmother!"

In a moment Mrs. Marsh divined all; in another, the widow was telling her story, just as Mrs. Mills had told it.

"Some one came to him on the cars that night," she said, after a little preliminary conversation, "and, looking at me, told him he had just seen his wife. That was enough. I knew from his loooks it was true. What do you think I did? I went over to a fine, white-haired old gentleman, in an opposite seat, and told him the

whole story. I was angry with my father. I was angry with that base man. I would not go back to Kittery, to be the laughing-stock of the town. Well, it's a curious thing to tell," she added, smiling through her tears, "but that fine old gentlemen fell in love with me, then and there. He was going to Europe—just on his way to the steamer. He told me all about himself, and I believed him. We were married on board the boat, the moment she left the dock. I sent word to my mother, but the note never reached her.

"And so I became the wife of an honorable man. We lived abroad seven years. My husband returned to New York, an invalid, and died the very day these twins were six years old. That's only a few months ago. I have several happily.

times written to my mother, but I cannot find that any of the letters reached their destination. Now I learn that she has been in Kansas ever since the year I went away."

Well, there was a meeting that night in the little private parlor. The twins laughed to see their burly grandfather pull their mother down on his knee; but they were sobered when they saw him weeping like a child, his head upon her shoulder.

"You don't know how I've mourned for you, Hetty," he sobbed.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mills bore it much the best of the two," Mrs. Marsh said.

The window was rich enough to buy a handsome house, and after that they all lived together happily.

THE PICTURE.

BY MRS. ETTIE ROGERS

A BIT of lovely coast,

Dashed by a foaming sea,
That he might see no more,
In far-off Sicily,

A figure, dumb as death,
Prone on the yellow sand,
Beside his useless craft,
Shattered upon the strand.

And a fair fisher girl,
Watching with sad, wild eye
The breaker's seething foam,
And dun, tempestuous sky,

Crouched on the broken bow.

The glare of sky and sea,
Shone on the sweet, dark face,
And wild hair, mournfully.

A simple picture, hung On the wainscoted wall; And yet the proud man's heart It held with solemn thrall.

His was the prostrate form,
Lying upon the sand;
And his the true-eyed girl
Who watched upon the strand.

He lived; but she, alas!
In sea-isled Sicily,
Slept in a lonely grave,
Beside the moaning sea.

He broke her untaught heart, By silence, cold and long; In vain would late remorse Atone her grief and wrong-

Nor wife nor child had he To cheer his lonely Hall; Only that painted bit, Hung on the dreary wall.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

(Rev. xxii., 1.)

On! wonderful river! Oh! swift-gliding river!
That flows through the streets of the city above;
The trees on thy margin, they blossom and quiver,
And yield for the nations a fruitage of love.

Oh! clearer than crystal that stream floweth ever!
Unceasing its current, unhindered its tide;
The glow and the glory that span it forever,
Proceed from the source which no darkness can hide.

Oh! River of Life! on thy bosom upheaving,
The hope of the nations, the joy of the world!
Look upward, ye doubting! oh, see, ye despairing!
The banner of God, and His standard unfurled.

The streets of the city are cooled by its flowing: The gold and the jewels, so wondrous to see, Are linked in our dreams with the sound of the going Of life-giving waters, unfettered and free.

Oh, throne of the Lamb! with its glory unspoken!
Oh, trees He has planted for healing and rest!
Shine in on our vision, and give us a taken
To comfort the heart that is sore and oppressed.

We pine in the bondage that sin has thrown o'er us; We struggle and faint with desire to stand For aye in the swell of the glorified chorus, That sounds from the harps of the angelic band.

Oh! River of Love! with thy sweetness prevailing *l*Thou refuge of man, and thou hope of the race;
In the bosom of God is thy fountain unfailing—
Thy brightness, reflected, but beams from his face,

"A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

He heard the sound of her harp as he was passing along the corridor, and entered the room so quietly that he was able to listen, and watch for several moments before she became aware of his presence.

She looked handsomer than ever to-day. Her dress was always a picture, but it was even more becoming than usual; she was playing magnificently, as she never played when conscious of auditors. Her whole face was purified and ennobled by the passionate fervor with which she entered into the feelings that must have animated the great master when he composed the glorious sonata, whose melodies she was translating with such enthusiastic perfection.

Everything added to the charm; the mid-day, winter sun made the elegantly-appointed room bright and cheerful; masses of gorgeous flowers, arranged by her artistic fingers, filled the vases on mantel and tables; a cardinal bird, from his cage in one of the windows, at intervals, lifted his voice as if singing to her accompaniment, and filled the whole apartment with the silvery melody of his notes, which had something fairly human in their passionate cadence. There was nothing lacking to complete the spell.

It was like the bower of Circe, Gerald Fay thought, ungenerously, as soon as he could sufficiently recover from the effect of her beauty to get back to the harsh reflections he was in the habit of indulging where she was concerned. And she was more like the immortal enchantress than anything else, with her marvelous figure, her pale face, whose only tint of color was in the scarlet lips, her eyes, that changed, unexpectedly, from violet to the deepest brown, and the low, broad forehead, surmounted by a coronet of jetty braids, so black that they caught blueish gleams in the light.

But he had no further leisure to watch and hunt for unpleasant comparisons wherewith to irritate himself. She turned her head and saw him; let her fingers drag across the strings till they uttered a little despairing wail, then said, with delightful coolness,

"Were you a burglar when in Mexico?"

"Not that I remember; though one does so many things, that one forgets the half," he replied. "But what causes the amiable question? Did you want somebody's lock picked?" She laughed at his readiness, though it vexed her a little, as it often did. "I only thought you must have been, as you would never have acquired the art of stealing into a room like that. Why, I might have been kissing somebody's picture, or tying my shoe, or anything—what do you mean by it?"

"It's Mrs. Everett's room," said he, "and I met her on the stairs, and she told me to come up and wait till she got back from the White House, because she might want me, and——"

"No; I positively can't endure another 'and,'" interrupted Miss Liston. "I'd rather forgive you, and be done with it."

"I decline to be forgiven. You are sure to quarrel with me; and what's the good of hunting for a new subject when we have this already on hand?"

"You certainly are a very unendurable creature. But never mind, we can quarrel any time! I want to know if you think Mr. Everett will get the foreign mission he is after?"

"I think so," replied Fay. "I have done all I could."

"You have certainly behaved very nicely all through the matter," Miss Liston said, rising, and taking a seat on the sofa. "It was the nicer of you, because you are not over fond of Mrs. Everett, and you detest me."

"I am deeply attached to Everett himself; I don't dislike his wife, and I am only afraid of you!"

"Afraid? Now, Sphynx, explain!"

"There is no necessity! Do you mean to go out with your cousins?"

"I don't know what I mean! Suppose you send for your violin, and let's have a good practice."

But the remains of an ugly sprain, received a few weeks before, prevented Fay's agreeing to the proposition. He wanted her to play for him; but no, she was not in the meod for being listened to. It was very tiresome of him to have a lame hand—he was always doing things to annoy her! But he could play the flute. She had heard him once in the country, when he did not know it.

"Don't mention it," said he. "A woman who does the guitar, and a man who flutes, are abominations."

Instantly, Miss Liston discovered that she doted on a flute. She had some lovely duets for that instrument, and the harp, she said; they must try them at once. So Fay rang the bell, and sent to his room for his flute; and in the meantime Miss Liston hunted up the duets of which she had spoken.

"But how came you by them?" he asked, suddenly. "You can't manage to perform on the two instruments at the same time."

She looked a little odd for an instant—absolutely shy; then she tried to laugh, and answered.

- "I once knew somebody who played the flute divinely."
- "Oh, indeed!" retorted Fay, and felt a sudden irritation rise in his soul.
- "Don't be alarmed. I shall never introduce him to you," said Miss Liston, laughing, this time in evident enjoyment.
- "I thought only the other day we agreed to be friends, and tell each other all our secrets," said he.
- "But suppose this was somebody else's, instead of mine?"
- "Oh! Another victim! Don't tell. The list is so painfully long already!"

She flushed scarlet, and broke out indignantly, "You never heard me make such a boast in my life! It is only men who are mean enough to talk about their conquests."

"I never insinuated that you had; but other people talk enough about them in all conscience," said he, thinking how magnificent she looked in her little burst of wrath.

"If you mean to listen to gossip, there's an end," cried she. "Of course the world says illnatured things of me—it does of everybody; and unless a woman is so hideous that no man in his senses would look twice at her, she is called a flirt."

"And your conscience is quite clear?" he

"I haven't appointed you my father confessor," she replied.

"But perhaps you had better," he said, teazingly.

Luckily, for the preservation of peace, the servant at that moment came back, bringing the flute, and Miss Liston was all eagerness to try the duet. It proved very absorbing to both, and, for a full half hour, they played charmingly enough to make everybody who passed through the corridor pause to listen. Then they stopped to quarrel-over some particular passage; forgot it in talk about their favorite composers; glided insensibly to other subjects; and, before they

knew it, were deep in what any beholder would have been quite warranted in terming a very serious flirtation.

It was an annoying consciousness that it had a great charm for her, which stung Miss Liston back to her ordinary manner. It was too mortifying to think that she could, for an instant, forget he was the most vain add presuming of his sex. She took the flute from him, and began to try making it speak, and they wasted more time over the pleasant task.

"You don't manage the stops right," he said; and, seating himself on the arm of the sofa, pressed his fingers over the little pegs, while she blew, as well as her laughter would permit.

He was looking down into her face—their eyes met. For an instant she saw his dilate with a passionate emotion that made her own droop, while a soft pink suffused the paleness of her cheeks.

Only an instant; but it might have carried them very far toward a real understanding, if a thought had not come simultaneously into the mind of each. "It is only his way; he would look like that at a statue, if he had set his capricious fancy upon melting it," was Miss Liston's reflection, while Fay said to himself, "What an ass I am! When I know she has no more heart than a stone; that she is only acting; that she would be capable of any art for the pleasure of seeing me make a fool of myself. I'll not do it after holding out so long!"

Miss Liston dropped the flute impatiently. He tried to catch it; but it fell with a crash against a footstool.

- "I hope it's broken," said she, viciously.
- "I know you like to break things," replied he, quietly, stooping to pick up and examine the instrument. "Unfortunately for your wishes, there is no harm whatever done."

She understood the double meaning in his words, and began to wonder if he did really believe her as heartless as people called her. It was a satisfaction to be certain her silly blush had betrayed nothing.

- "Oh, I don't do harm on purpose," returned she. "It would be too much trouble; but if things will break——"
- "Why, it's their own fault, whether they be flutes or hearts," he added, finishing the sentence for her.
- "Exactly," said she, with a haughty motion of her beautiful head.
- "At least my flute is safe," said he, beginning to laugh. "As for my heart—— Let me think."
- it in talk about their favorite composers; glided "Only a hammer will break stone," she reinsensibly to other subjects; and, before they plied, carelessly. "I'll send for a blacksmith

when I am in the mood to see that feat accomplished."

The door opened again. Mrs. Everett came in, radiant with good tidings. Her husband's name was to go up to the Senate in an hour; it was to be voted on that very day! If Mr. Fay would only add to the goodness he had shown, by going at once to see Senator M'Fadden! That was the only prominent man left now from whom anything was dreaded; and if he could not be softened, it was better to try carrying the business by a coup de main, before he had time to rally his partisans.

"I can do better than that," said Miss Liston, interrupting Fay in his expressions of willingness, "I'll ask him to drive out with me to the Dorsays, and so get him out of the way."

"M'Fadden is in the hotel yet," Mrs. Everett said. "I saw him as I came up. I would have tried my own cajoleries, only somebody took him back to his room for an interview."

"Then he has not gone to the Senate," said Miss Liston. "Good-by, Mr. Fay! If you fail in getting that business through, I don't envy you the greeting you will meet from two infuriated females."

"For shame, Honoria! when he has been so good," said Mrs. Everett.

"Oh, I don't trust his goodness," cried Miss Liston, and ran away to send to old M'Fadden the charming note she had hastily scribbled.

He had expressed a wish to go with her to Georgetown to see her friends the Dorsays. She was going to drive there immediately; it would be his final chance, for they meant to leave—called away by some business. Now, Miss Liston knew what Fay did not; that the Senator was over ears in love with Mrs. Dorsay's widowed daughter, and that he would not lose this opportunity of seeing her for perhaps the last time in months.

Fay broke impatiently away from Mrs. Everett's counsels and pleadings; he met Miss Liston in the corridor going toward her bed-room to dress.

"How happy you must be in the prospect of doing so much mischief," said he, rather savagely.

"Perfectly," she replied, with entire goodnature. "He will go. Now please do your part as well as I shall."

"Perhaps when I see you again I shall have the pleasure of congratulating you," he added.

"On the success of my plan? Of course you will."

"Of all your plans," said he. "Fifty thousand of frankry year is not bad; and if M'Fadden should ever "I don find out how you duped him to-day, he will re- makes—

member that he only shared the fate of husbands, a little in advance."

It was a horribly rude speech. He saw that in a flash, and thought he must have been mad to make it. She turned perfectly livid with anger. Hernostrils and lips trembled ominously; then she made a violent effort at self-control; swept him a curtsy, and said, in the softest voice.

"I promise you to take his millions to-day, if he offers them, and himself into the bargain."

Before he could find any sort of response, either of rage or regret for his cruel words, she had disappeared into the room. Fay hurried on down the stairs, so shaken from head to foot with a thousand varying emotions, that he felt himself reel for an instant like a drunken man. But he had no time to think of that; his friend's interests were at stake-his friend tied fast by a rheumatic leg in New York, and unable to attend to the all-absorbing business. For a week past the Senate had been clamorous because the President sent in no name for the vacant mission, where important matters needed to be settled without delay, so that there was no possibility of the chief of the nation waiting to send in the nomination until Mr. Everett should be able to come on, and work in his own cause.

Miss Liston dispatched a servant to inform the gallant Senator that she was waiting for him in the public drawing-room.

"It was very good of you to remember me, Miss Liston," he said, as he entered. "I should have been sorry to have the Dorsay's start without my seeing them."

"I thought it was you who were good to give me the pleasure of your company," returned she, with a smile that would have made Fay's blood boil, could he have seen it bestowed.

The Senator was too much occupied by his own thoughts to do any of the exaggerated compliments which occasionally—with reverence be it said—make the Conscript Fathers slightly absurd in the presence of ladies.

"Isn't their going very sudden?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so. I got a hurried note from Mrs. Wynne"—that was the widowed charmer. "It seems Mr. Dorsay has to go at once to New Orleans."

"And she is going too?" he asked, in a voice so tremulous, that Miss Liston had much ade not to laugh.

"I fear so, unless you can persuade her to stay," she said, with one of the audacious bursts of frankness she often indulged in.

"I don't know. Why should you think-what makes-"

But each beginning was a failure. The Senator could only stammer, and turn red, and sniff painfully in his embarrassment.

Miss Liston laid her hand on his arm, looked half kindly, half mischievously in his face, saying,

"I'm not a mole, whatever other people may be! Now see here, Mr. M'Fadden, I'm immensely your friend; but when I am trying to help you, don't be secretive and obstinate."

"You are the most charming woman alive!" cried he, enthusiastically, and kissed her hand.

At that moment, Gerald Fay, who had been detained by the necessity of speaking to some important man in office whom he had met, passed the open doors of the drawing-room, and saw the little tableau—saw it, and rushed on with such wrath and pain in his heart, that he understood how fully he had been trifling with his own peace during the last few weeks.

"I'll tell Mrs. Wynne you said that," continued Miss Liston, as unconscious as her companion that the scene had been observed.

They drove gayly off to Georgetown, and Miss Liston did not know whether to be amused or conscience-stricken when the Senator said,

"How lucky for me there is nothing doing today! Old Staunton means to make one of his everlasting speeches, and, of course, Jones will fight him! They'll waste the whole day between them, and there will be no voting about anything. Somebody will propose an adjournment just to get rid of both."

However that might be, Miss Liston had no intention of allowing him to return until dinner-time; and she arranged matters so well that he had not the least-recollection of the duties he had left behind.

Mrs. Dorsay was out, but the others were at home. The first greetings over, it came out, in answer to some remark of the Senator's that the family were by no means under such immediate marching orders as he had been led to suppose by Miss Liston.

"You certainly wrote in a way to make me think you were off at once," said Miss Liston, composedly, as she caught the gentleman's look of surprise; and out of the guiltiness of her conscience, began to fear that he might suspect her of some ulterior motive. "You must write more clearly, Isabel," to Mrs. Wynne. "You brought us down in a great fright."

"So long as I brought you, I don't mind," returned the widow, innocently playing into Miss Liston's hand, by allowing the Senator to imagine that it was her enigmatical mode of expression which was in fault. She smiled, too, and though he was forty-five, the Senator was

sent into as complete a forgetfulness of all things mundane by its sweetness as if he had been a boy of eighteen.

After a good deal of laughing chatter of this sort, Miss Liston found she had various things of a private nature to say to the unmarried daughter, and got the latter away up stairs, thinking, as she went, "I don't believe Isabel will positively say no; and the least I can do to atone for duping poor M'Fadden, is to give him a chance to open his heart. Well, she might do worse;" and Miss Liston remembered the fashion in which her own morning had been spent, and sighed from a crowd of contradictory emotions, which she would not have had the courage to analyze, even had there been a fitting opportunity.

It was five o'clock when the two girls were roused from a long consultation about Miss Dorsay's affairs, by the news that the mother of the family had returned. Miss Liston glanced at her watch, and uttered a mental thanksgiving. If the Senate had only done its duty, she could take M'Fadden back without fear. He might be as savage as he liked. He could not undo the work transacted during his absence.

He was looking very fluttered and queer, Miss Liston's quick eyes perceived as soon as she entered the room, though he was bravely doing his duty in the way of talk with Mrs. Dorsay; while the pretty widow leaned back in her chair, with an air of such bewitching innocence, that her friend, with true feminine astuteness, understood that she had been in mischief.

Miss Liston could not stay for dinner. She was engaged at one of the embassies; but Mrs. Dorsay insisted that they should be English, and indulge in a five o'clock cup of tea before starting on their drive. Everything went on as smoothly as possible, though poor M'Fadden still kept very red in the face, and each time Mrs. Wynne spoke, gave an involuntary little jump, which delighted Miss Liston beyond measure, until Mrs. Dorsay said, suddenly,

"By-the-way, what was going on at the Senate? I drove up there to see Mr. Lowry, and was told they had gone into secret session."

"Not possible," returned M'Fadden. "There was nothing doing."

"Poor old Staunton was to make a speech," added Miss Liston, quickly, in hopes to stop further disclosures. "He will do it. I wonder why, when he must know that not a human being has ever listened, during the two years he has talked."

"He may have spoken; but the Senate went into secret session at half-past three," returned

Mrs. Dorsay, who prided herself on her political knowledge, and would not be put down.

- "Very odd, very odd!" cried M'Fadden, uneasily.
- "The President sent up some nomination, and one of the committee called for an immediate consideration of it. Old Mr. Tyler told me, and he had just left the chamber."
- "A nomination! Who-what?" demanded M'Fadden.
- "Oh, poor Tyler is never right, even by accident," said Miss Liston. "And what does it matter? Isabel, you must have been very unentertaining, if Mr. M'Fadden has reason or right to be sorry at having wasted his morning among us."

"I would have let him go home," replied the widow, wickedly; and M'Fadden went into such a state of apologetic embarrassment, that the secret session business flew completely out of his head.

The instant they were in the carriage, Miss Liston exclaimed,

"Well! Well!"

M. Fadden looked horribly guilty; but averred that he had not the slightest idea of her meaning.

"What an ungrateful man!" cried she, gayly.

"After my giving up my day and my flirtations to help you, you want to be deceitful! I believe she refused you after all; and if she didn't, I'll tell her some dreadful story about you to pay you off for your reticence."

M'Fadden was glad to compound for peace, and admitted that he had not been too badly treated, though he had received no decisive answer. Mrs. Wynne demanded time; she must consult her father; she had gone contrary to his wishes in her other marriage, and suffered enough to prize his advice. The Senator was to return for his response on Saturday; it was only Iuesday now, and he sighed piteously at the thought of all the anxious hours that must intervene.

"My dear Senator, when a woman temporizes, she is lost!" laughed Miss Liston. "She'll not be obdurate, I'll wager! If you are very good, perhaps I'll manage to see her on Thursday. I think I shall have neuralgia that day, and want her care."

"You are so good, so kind!" stammered M'Fadden.

"Oh, yes," said she, maliciously, "though you did snub me on the way down, when I tried to talk to you about my cousin Everett. You suggested so prettily that young ladies ought not to get out of their depth by talking of political measures! I believe you said I was incapable

of understanding your reasons for opposing Everett, even if you gave them."

"No! no! I never meant that," urged he.

"But you said it! There, there, don't tell fibs. I'll not bear malice! It is too bad of you though. I wanted to go abroad under the chaperonage of an ambassadress, and you'll not let me, eh?"

He would not commit himself. Anything where she was personally concerned, he would do to show his gratitude; but he fought shy of the question in regard to Mr. Everett with more skill than she had given him credit of possessing. But she was in such high good-humor at the thought of having overreached him, that she could afford to be amiable.

It was six o'clock when they reached the hotel. As they were going up stairs, a servant came running after the Senator with a note.

"It was sent down from the House nearly two hours ago, sir; but we didn't know where you were. There came several messages before that."

They were just by the drawing-room doors. There was no one visible. Miss Liston drew her companion thither, for the pleasure of watching his face, while he read his note, which, she felt certain, would inform him of his defeat. He tore it open, read it, crumpled it angrily in his hand, and fairly stamped his foot, muttering,

"Abominable! It's a trick. I---"

"Dear me, Senator!" she broke in, laughing. "How tragic! Was there a secret session after all? Bless me, they didn't pass my cousin on to Europe, while you were good-natured enough to bear me company out to Georgetown?"

He glanced at her fiercely from under his heavy eyebrows.

"So, this accounts for your friendliness," said he, coldly. "You were the tool in this pretty little plot, Miss Liston?"

She was angry now in her turn, and, once her temper up, she could not keep silence.

"Not a bit of a tool," said she. "The plot was mine, entirely! My dear Senator, I may be a frivolous young woman, not capable of understanding political measures and necessities; but I know how to send my cousin abroad as minister in spite of you."

She swept him an elaborate curtsy, and was gone, though she heard him call to her to stop. She ran on to Mrs. Everett's room. That lady was already partially dressed for dinner; but had broken off in her impatience, and was walking up and down.

"Well, didn't I do beautifully?" cried Miss Liston. "If you'd seen poor M'Fadden's face when he got the note!" "Is it over? Is he confirmed?" demanded Mrs. Everett.

"Have you had no news?"

"News! I've been nearly mad for the last hour. Fay hasn't come; not a soul has been near me."

"Oh, well, it's all right! Don't worry! The servant gave the note. M'Fadden turned on me, and was impertinent, and I had the pleasure of telling him that the little plot was all mine."

She was in such high glee; so certain that the matter was settled beyond the possibility of change, that Mrs. Everett gained confidence in her turn, and, while they dressed, both got so eager talking over the delights of Europe, that they never remembered it was odd neither Fay or any other friend had come to tell them of the confirmation. The dinner was to be rather early for a ceremonious affair, as madame l'ambasadrice had a reception after; so they had no time to lose. It was only when the carriage was announced that Mrs. Everett said.

'I ought to have telegraphed to Everett! But isn't it odd Fay hasn't sent word?"

"Oh, he has telegraphed Everett, you may be sure," returned Miss Liston. "I suppose he told somebody to come to you! Else he has written, and they have lost the note down stairs. They always do lose notes, you know."

On the way down, Mrs. Everett ordered the servant to go to the office, and inquire if there was a letter; but he returned empty handed.

"For mercy's sake, come on," said Miss Liston, with her usual impetuosity. "You'll see Mr. Fay at the ambassador's! Don't I tell you M'Fadden admitted it was all settled. If you had only seen his fury at finding himself outwitted!"

During the drive, she made quite a dramatic scene out of it, and set her cousin into such shricks of laughter, that she could not remember to be uneasy. After all, Mr. Fay was not at the dinner, only invited to the reception, and, during the repast Miss Liston had time to grow uneasy, and ask herself if she was well grounded in her security? She had been so anxious to reassure her cousin, that, in looking back, it scemed to her she had colored rather highly the interview with M'Fadden. Mrs. Everett was laughing and talking. Honoria felt vexed, in her sudden anxiety, to see her so much at ease.

With the exception of themselves, the guests were all foreigners, who knew and cared little for American politics or appointments, and there was nothing said about the foreign business but once, when, apropos to some remark in regard to the capital in question, the ambassadress observed to Mrs. Everett,

"They say your husband is to be made minister there. You'll like it immensely."

Then they all congratulated Mrs. Everett, who wisely smiled, and did not commit herself; and Miss Liston put by her sudden uneasiness, and proceeded to the business of turning topsy-turvy the head of a young Prussian who chanced to be seated at her side.

The dinner ended at last. They were up in the drawing-rooms; a crowd of people had arrived. There was music, there was tea, there was a vast amount of stupidity; and Miss Liston decided that if embassies everywhere were so tiresome, she had no desire to accompany her cousin abroad.

She looked about for Fay. He was nowhere to be seen, and his absence made her perceive clearly how much her enjoyment at parties during the past weeks had been due to his society. They persuaded her to sing, and when she finished, she rose from the piano to meet Fay's eyes. Very unpleasantly and angrily they glared, and it occurred to her she would like to find out what was the matter.

"Take me into the tea-room," she said, by way of salutation, without waiting for him to speak. "I am dying with thirst after my efforts; and what a horrible noise I made! I have no more voice to night than a crow."

He gave her his arm with some trivial remark, and led her away. They saw Mrs. Everett too much engrossed to notice them, and the sight of her reminded Miss Liston of the all-important affair she had forgotten.

"It's beautifully settled," said she, gayly, as they entered the room, which chanced to be empty.

He made her no answer.

"I've been asked to be letter-carrier," said he, dryly.

"To me?" she inquired.

"To you! Did you request the Hon. M'Fadden to turn me into a postman?"

His angry tone made her conceal her surprise at hearing that the Senator had written to her. She put out her hand for the note, saying, at the same time,

"Was Everett confirmed?"

"I sent your cousin word at five o'clock that the opposition had staved the matter off till tomorrow; but I suppose there's nothing more to dread from Mr. M'Fadden," he added, bitterly.

A frightful premonition of evil seized her.

"Where is the letter?" she cried.

He drew it out of his pocket, put it in her hand, and disappeared. She could not think about him just then. She had opened the note.

A second one was inclosed. This was what she read,

"DEAR MISS LISTON.—I have to apologize for my hasty language this evening. Had you waited an instant, I could have told you that your very dramatic point was a failure! My friends had kept back the voting on Mr. Everett's nomination, asyou will see by the note I inclose—the one I received as we entered the hotel. I believe we are quits now, and I am always,

"Yours, truly,

"THOMAS M'FADDEN."

Miss Liston would have liked to sit down and indulge in a hearty fit of crying, but the surroundings were not favorable. She put the most courageous face on she could, and walked back to the salons, determining, as she went, that at least she would say nothing to Mrs. Everett until the next day.

Her head was in such a whirl that she could not tell how the remainder of the evening passed; but she was home at length, and free to indulge in her meditations, which were none of the pleasantest. She was not thinking or her cousin's affairs; she was wondering why Gerald Fay had been so furious. She got to a solution at last! He believed that she had accepted M'Fadden, and, in his vanity, was vexed because, after six weeks of trying to dazzle her into a weakness for him, he thought he had failed. It had been a regular duel to the death between them. When they met first there was a mutual prejudice strong in their minds. Each believed the other a heartless flirt, and gossiping friends had edded to the bitter feeling by assuring both that mischief was intended. Fay had heard some remarks of Miss Liston's, so garbled and twisted that he thought she was deliberately working to have a chance to refuse him; and, on her side, she had been led to suppose that he wished, if possible, to inflict a blow on her that she would never forget.

She had rather meant to punish him; but she knew now that her heart was less invulnerable than she supposed. The tilting match must end, and she had received wounds that would never heal, however jealously she might hide them from any human eye. She was a fool—a dolt! She deserved it all! She told herself that over and over. He had no more heart than a stone, and she had known it from the first, and here she was wringing her hands, and sobbing, and moaning, for a creature like that! But all her self-vituperation did not stop the pain—never could, she knew. Only to show her indifference,

she thought she would have married any man who asked her; and was almost sorry she could not marry M'Fadden, by way of proving to Gerald Fay that, at each point in the battle, she had come off victor.

The next morning, dire confusion reigned among the adherents of the Everett party. It was known that the vote would be taken before night, and those who attempted to sound M'Fadden were sent to the right about with a curt promptness which argued the most fatal danger. Poor Mrs. Everett gave way completely, and went to bed with a sick headache, refusing even Miss Liston admittance to her room.

Gerald Fay never once presented himself. There was nothing Miss Liston could do but write a note to Isabel Gwynne, begging her interposition with M·Fadden. Poor Isabel wrote back that she was powerless. She had not fully made up her mind to accept him, and to ask favors would be signing a tacit bargain for giving a return, which she was not prepared to do.

Three o'clock came. Somebody arrived with news. The Senate had gone into secret session. M'Fadden had been closeted with a new aspirant for the foreign mission, whose name it was known the President meant to send up at once, if Everett failed to pass. Having done all he could for his friend, he must try some one else, because the matter admitted of no delay.

Four o'clock; another rumor. Mr. Everett had been rejected. Old Tyler brought the news. It was confirmed by a fresh scout, who came back from the Chamber. At five it was all over the hotel that the Senate had adjourned. Watson had been proposed. M'Fadden and his friends had just driven down from the House, radiant with their success.

Mrs. Everett crept out into the drawing-room to hear that fatal report, then went back to bed in helpless misery. The adherents fled as fast as possible, and Miss Liston was left alone, to feel, in addition to her sympathy in her cousin's disappointment, that her pretty little trick of the previous day, which seemed so fine, so like a bit out of a comedy, had probably helped to render M'Fadden more dogged and bitter in his opposition.

A knock at the door; only a servant, of course. Nobody would come near her now! She looked up, and started to her feet in wrath at the sight of the Senator. There was nothing more to be lost—she could have, at least, the comfort of being as rude as she pleased—and she would! After that, she would go down to dinner, and describe M'Fadden as he looked in the presence of the widew, spilling tea over his senatorial

legs. She could make him ridiculous at least, and certainly she would show no mercy.

"Allow me to congratulate you," she began, before he could speak.

He bowed with grave politeness.

"What a beautiful patriotism yours is," she went on. "You refuse my cousin, whom you know to be an honorable man, because he is not of your clique, and accept a creature whom you and I know anybody could buy and sell as many times each day as it was worth while to try."

"I beg your pardon," said he, with a placid smile, that nearly drove her out of her senses. "I see I was wrong when I said young ladies could not be politicians! Why, you would make an admirable orator."

"I wish I were a man!" burst from her lips, before she knew what she was saying.

"I don't," he answered. "Then it would not be half the pleasure to me that it is now, to inform you that the Senate has confirmed Mr. Everett's nomination."

She nearly fainted from revulsion of feeling, after all her excitement, added to the mental suffering she had borne on her private account.

"You-you don't mean it! You--'

"But I do! My dear young lady, my only reason for opposing Mr. Everett was in regard to a single point. I went last night to see the President, and he convinced me of my mistake. Of course, to-day I did what lay in my power to help your cousin through."

Miss Liston managed to call Mrs. Everett, to tell the story. Then both women cried a little; then a tap at the door made the elder lady remember that her costume was peculiar, and she fled in haste.

Honoria had put both her hands in M'Fadden's, and was pouring out a fresh torrent of thanks, regardless of the opening door. She heard the Senator call, "Come and congratulate us, and rejoice for your friend"—turned and saw Gerald Fay.

That young gentleman walked toward them,

about as white as any object short of a ghost could well look, a steely glitter in his eyes, and a smile that was the concentration of bitterness on his lips.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said, in a voice that shook in spite of his efforts. "How neatly the whole matter has been arranged! But Miss Liston would have saved her cousin's friends trouble if she had stated in the beginning that she meant herself to buy his appointment."

He had not meant to say that, but the devil' prompted him, and he could not stop. Miss Liston uttered an indignant exclamation.

"Tut, tut, young gentleman!" cried the Senator. "What's gone to your head? Will you explain these words?"

"When I have congratulated the future Mrs. M'Fadden," returned Fay, sharply.

The Senator astonished him by a burst of laughter, caught Honoria's hand, as she was turning angrily away, and said,

"I'm an elderly chap, and can take liberties! I've watched the game of cross-purposes you two have been playing for the last month, and I'd advise you not to carry it too far! Miss Liston, tell him who we hope may be the future Mrs. M'Fadden; and you, Gerald Fay, come out of your obstinacy and pride, and sue, in earnest, for the only hope you know you have for happiness in this world."

When Honoria raised her eyes, she was alone with Fay, and he was saying, bitterly,

"It is the truth! Exult if you choose at having made a new victim. I love you!"

She could only answer with her tears. By some intuition, Gerald got at the facts of the case, and—she never could tell how it happened—she was clasped to his arms. Pride and doubts were forgotten in the explanations which followed

Isabel Gwynne did marry the Senator; but Miss Liston's stay in the foreign capital was limited to the fortnight she and Fay spent there during their bridal tour.

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOOM.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

The chestnuts ripen under yellowing leaves,
And in the farm-yard by the little bay
The shadows come and go upon the sheaves;
And on the long dry inland winding way,
Where through the thinning elms each breath bereaves;
Faint sunlights golden, and the spider weaves.
Gray are the low-stretched sleepy hills, and gray

The autumn solitude of the soa-day,

Where from the deep mid-channel, less and less
You hear along the pale-cast afternoon
A sound—uncertain as the silence swoon—
The tide's sad voice ebbing toward loneliness;
And past the sand and water's level line,
The faint, far, ceaseless murmur of the brine.

LINDSAY'S LUCK.

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 261.

CHAPTER V.

Bur, with true feminine inconsistency, almost before she had reached Blanche, Lady Laura had repented her impulse of generosity somewhat. Notwithstanding the malicious turn of Fortune's wheel against him, Geoffrey Treherne had by no means wholly lost his power over her, and her inward conjectures as to what his exact opinions would be if he knew the truth, made her feel slightly conscience-stricken. She could not altogether resist the idea that if chance should reveal to him this little incident as it had revealed to him the other, the result would be the very natural one of some slight embarrassment being entailed upon her, notwithstanding the fact that she had left him to draw his own conclusions on the subject but a short time before. But then she had been very securely innocent, and nowwas she? Was she as securely innocent regarding Mr. Lindsay himself? Had she been very secure when she had looked up at his honest, indignant face with that little guilty thrill of fear and admiration? She had tried to believe at the time that it was only a thrill of surprise, having its foundation in the sudden knowledge that this immovable person could flash into such becoming wrath; but it did not require many moments' consideration to force upon her that it was a guilty thrill, and had held its own unpleasant significance. She remembered, too, unwillingly, times when Robert Lindsay's straighforward speeches, and practical, frank ways, had given her something of the same thrill before; and when, by contrast with other men she knew, and had in some sort admired a little, he had seemed worthy of any woman's respect and friendship; yes, even worthy of the love of any woman who was endowed with a woman's natural love of fearlessness and honesty. But then it would never do to encourage Robert Lindsay, nevertheless. The fact is, that, stately as she was in her girlish way, Lady Laura Tresham was a terrible beautiful coward, and in her mind there was a very natural awe of the weighty individual who was something stupendous in Chancery. She had stood in awe of this gentleman from the first hour of her wardship, and even now, in her young ladyhood, she was as much afraid of him as ever. She had heard him dis-

course with stupendous solidity of eloquence upon William the Conqueror, and the barriers of society, and the stately obligations under which the unfortunate descendants of William the Conqueror and his court had been placed by those august personages having condescended to be born, and live, and "come over" and establish a somewhat intrusive authority over unborn generations. Lady Laura's guardian held as a religious creed, to be religiously sustained, that the circumstance of a stately-bearing Norman noble, having been called Basil de Tresham, entailed upon this blue, velvet-eyed, goldenhaired young lady, descended from him, the necessity of being solidly majestic also; and that all this blue, velvet-eyed, golden-haired young lady's little secret, tender prejudices must be crushed under the brazen idol of her name's antiquity. So, with her guardian and the brazen idol constantly before her as models, it is no wonder that Lady Laura had innocently fallen into a groove of opinion not unlike them, unless in its being softened and made prettier by the fanciful form it adopted. But, nevertheless, she had been rather tired of William of Normandy, and Basil de Tresham, sometimes. Now and then her guardian had tired her, and now and then she had been tired of his aristocratic eligibles, when they appeared (as they not unfrequently did) in the form of languid dandies, who wore faultless dress-coats, and neck-tyes, and gloves, and parted their hair in the middle, and were loftily conscious of their families belonging to the peerage, and their rent-rolls representing themselves through the medium of a respectable row of figures. But she had never been tired of Rob Lindsay. The young man had a very simple way of accounting for himself, and was very practically straightforward in his assertions that he had nothing to boast of in the matter of pedigree.

"You see," he had said, on their first discussion of the subject, "it cannot possibly matter to one now, as I understand it, whether the founder of the family (that's what you call it, isn't it?) was an illustrious individual or a plowman who bought his bread and cheese with sixpence a day. The family was founded, yon know, and the man's dead, and this generation has arrived

at—Robert Lindsay; and with Robert Lindsay lies the rest, honor or dishonor. And it really seems to me, Mrs. Charnley, and Miss Blanche, that the settling of such a question rightly has nobility enough in it, without troubling oneself about a man who has mouldered centuries ago, and who was not to be blamed or praised for either the sixpence or the bread and cheese, or, on the other hand, for the series of lucky accidents that made him a baron. Many as good a man as the first Plantagenet followed the plow till the day of his death, who would have been as great as Geoffrey, if he had found the same chance."

Thus had Mr. Robert Lindsay expressed himself, and thus had Lady Laura heard him, with a sense of recognizing a fresh and not unpleasant novelty in the speech, despite its rank heresy. Still it is not to be supposed that even such honest observations as these could overcome the prejudices of a lifetime at once. But they had impressed Lady Laura through all her girlish pride in name and birth; and this day her remembrance of them made her feel like a young lady who had been self-convicted of heresy and falseness to the inherited creed of her forefathers.

So, feeling after this manner, she repented her generosity, and as the tide of her thoughts turned, blamed Rob Lindsay for both generosity and repentance, which was unjust, to say the least of it. She made up her mind, during the day's uneasiness that followed, that from this time forward Mr. Robert Lindsay must really be effectually checked. Accordingly, she applied herself to the task of checking him, and stood upon guard with great vigilance. Perhaps Rob was somewhat surprised; perhaps, being prone to deeper thought than society in general imagined, the result was not so great a surprise to him as might have been expected. But, as it is customary with story-tellers to reveal to the public the private soliloquies of the principal characters, whether plotters or plotted against, who play parts in their stories, I will record a simple soliloguy of my hero's, which arose from the occurrence of several untoward events.

It was about a week from the morning of the interview in the bay-window, when, during one evening, Col. Treherne having called, Col. Treherne's star had seemed very plainly in the ascendant, and Rob, upon retiring for the night, had, perhaps, felt a thought depressed, in spite of his usual elasticity of spirit. He had not advanced at all, and fate had been so far against him that he had, for the first time, felt himself at some slight disadvantage among the little party of Treherne's friends, who had followed that

gentleman's august example in paying visits to the Priory, and addressing the Rev. Norman's household goddesses. They were polished, goodnatured men, upon the whole, and by no means dullards in any sense; they had every advantage of wealth and pedigree, and William the Conqueror had done his best for them, so that not Basil de Tresham himself could have caviled at their antecedents; and, cheerful as he usually was, Rob had felt this a little; and he had felt also with a faint, natural sting, that the best natured of them felt, however unconsciously and good-naturedly, that this stranger was scarcely of themselves. But he had borne up against it well, and his genial gayety had engendered an unusual feeling of friendliness and cordiality toward him, which, together with Blanche's thoroughbred tactfulness, had saved him from what might have been a greater bitterness; and when he went to his room, he was not, after all, as discomposed as a less cheerful, well-natured individual might have been. Then it was that he gave utterance to the soliloquy which I regard it as my privilege to record. He had paced the floor with some degree of restlessness at first, but he had cooled off at length, and brightening a little, he stopped, and taking the mauve glove. from its hiding-place, kissed it.

"Fate goes against a man sometimes," he said, with renewed courage of tone; "but what is worth winning is worth waiting for. If your hand was in it, Laura——' kissing the glove again. "But, as it is not, I suppose I may as well console myself with the fact that I have the glove, and Treherne has not—which is one step forward, at least."

And in the bright, cozy little dressing-room, only a few yards away, another step forward was being taken, in which he had no share.

With a girl's quick instinct, Laura had observed his slight discomfiture, and had dwelt upon it, as it might be, as a means of self-defence. It would be less difficult to be strong against a man who was at a disadvantage, than against a man who was popular, high-spirited, and successful. For a little flash of triumph, for which she secretly despised herself, she had been incautious enough to bring the conversation to bear upon the subject, in hopes that Blanche might unconsciously second her; but the result of her manœuvre was by no means a favorable one.

"It seems really unaccountable to me, Laura," said Blanche, "that you dislike Mr. Lindsay so I am sure he is very nice, and I am sure he likes you. I don't agree with you in the least, either, about his being awkward; and I thought he never appeared to a greater advantage than he

did this evening, when 'the odds were against him,' as Ralph would say."

Laura elevated her lovely eyebrows.

"Of course, 'the odds' were against him," Blanche went on. "One couldn't help seeing that, and seeing, too, that he felt it a little. But which of the men who were here this evening would have sustained themselves as coolly under the circumstances? Did you see how good-humoredly he put down that detestable little Vicars, when he pretended to have forgotten his name? It reminded me of Lion patronizing Ralph's terrier. The Honorable little Eustace will never snub him again, you may depend upon that, my dear."

For private reasons of her own, Laura forbore to make any comment upon the subject. This was certainly not encouraging to a young lady who had determined to regard Mr. Lindsay in a ridiculous light. Women naturally favor the stronger party; and Rob Lindsay so often showed himself the stronger party, through virtue of his peculiar coolness of demeanor. He had shown himself the stronger party when he had made his composed reply to the little honorable, which reply had so successfully nonplussed that small scion of a noble house, and caused him to be covered with confusion as with a garment. He was showing himself the stronger party now, since Blanche Charnley had been enlisted in his favor with her whole battery of satirical speeches. Lady Laura changed the subject.

"Didn't I hear Mr. Charnley say something about the probability of your brother's returning shortly?" she asked, for the simple reason that she had nothing more appropos to say.

"Yes," answered Blanche. "I forgot to tell you, by-the-by. Papa had a letter from him this morning. He says we may expect him in a day or two. I was glad to hear it, for I was afraid he would not be here in time to see Robert Lindsay; and I know Ralph will like Robert Lindsay."

Laura subsided into silence in despair. Robert Lindsay again? Was it impossible to avoid Robert Lindsay under any circumstances?

Blanche did not remain in the room as long as usual that night. After her last speech, Laura was not inclined to be very communicative, so, after a few minutes' vain endeavor to rouse her to her customary animation. Blanche rose to go, and coming behind the chair on which the graceful, blue-robed figure sat, she lifted a mass of the pretty bright amber hair in her hands, and, after holding it for a moment in an affectionate, caressing, thoughtful fashion, she bent over and kissed her friend's smooth, carmine-tinted cheek.

"Good-night!" she said, in a manner lighter than her pretty action had been, "and pleasant

dreams! Ah! my fair, careless goddess, what a charming thing it would be if you were only not my Lady Laura Tresham."

A few days later Ralph Charnley returned from Oxford, and, through his arrival, fortune worked very industriously against Robert Lindsay. Ralph Charnley was a gay, dashing, astute young fellow, noticeable chiefly for a wonderful exuberance of spirits. He was a popular man, withal, among the country-side aristocracy; and his return was the signal for a fresh influx of company, and a new stock of amusements. There came picnics in the Guestwick woods, evening parties, excursions to the little neighboring seaport town for moonlight sails; and, in the general bustle of gavety and confusion, Rob Lindsay found himself separated quite as effectually from the object of his admiration by a single dignified dowager, or a pretty, chattering girl, as he could have been by the Atlantic Ocean itself. Blanche had predicted, Ralph conceived a wonderful fancy for him, and before a week had passed they were almost inseparable. Ralph had a true English love of sport, and Rob, with his remembrances of wild adventure, had a great power of fascination in his less experienced eyes. His sporting seasons had comprised more than a few day-shots, fired in roaming over a preserve with an attendant game-keeper in the rear, and iced wines and game pics waiting somewhere in the shade. He had lain by his camp-fire through long starlit nights, and hunted through long days of an excitement not without its peril. He had killed as much game in two months as the highly respectable keepers of the Guestwick preserves could have killed in two years, even though the Guestwick preserves were considered something quite worth boasting about. Thus Ralph Charnley's interest increased daily, and was finally not unmixed with admiration.

"He is a first-rate fellow, that Lindsay," he said to Blanche, one evening. "What a favorite he would be at such a place as Oxford or Cambridge, where men find their level. We had just such a fellow at Oxford once-a Scotchman; and he was the most popular man there. Just such a fellow as Lindsay, and had lived just the same life, I suppose; and he could ride, and shoot, and fence like the deuce. I ask pardon, Lady Laura. It is odd, too, how gentle such men generally are. You don't find such magnanimity and tenderness in men with insignificant muscles. Douglas-that was the Scotchman's name—had a little sister—a tiny, deformed creature, with a wasted body, and big, seraphic eyes; and he used to wait on her like a woman. Some of the men had been to his mother's house, and they said that when the child was in one of her paroxysms of pain, no one could touch her but Douglas; and when she died, she died in his arms. That is one reason why I say Lindsay is like him. It appears there is just such another pitiful little creature in one of the cottages near here, and the under-gardener tells me that Lindsay has taken a fancy to her; goes to see her almost every day; and the child fairly lives in his visits. I believe he is there now."

"He never mentioned it to us," said Blanche.

"Oh! he is not likely to mention it.!" said Ralph. "He isn't that sort of fellow, you see. Men of his kind are not apt to talk about what they do. If I were a woman, I would trust my fife to such a man as Lindsay without a copper farthing, rather than trust it to William the Conqueror himself."

Necessarily, this was rather an aggravation of her wrongs, to the young lady, who sat at a little distance, diligently endeavoring to concentrate her attention upon the little basket of gay flosses and wools on her knee. Her small pearl-pink cars were gradually warming until she almost fancied that their glow must be perceptible. If this state of affairs lasted much longer, it would be useless to contend against the tide of public opinion.

If she had given her secret inclination the rein at that moment, forgetting Basil de Tresham and the awe-inspiring Chancellor, Lindsay's chance of success would have been a very good one. But that was not so easy as might appear to the uninitiated. Of course, she did not love Robert Lindsay as yet, and, really, she was secretly very much afraid of her guardian. And then, Geoffrey Treherne? If Geoffrey Treherne had been less eligible, or the Chancellor less pompously imposing, Ralph Charnley's words would have turned the tide wonderously that bright, autumn morning. But, as it was, she did not love Robert Lindsay yet. So she was saying mentally. She was safe yet, and might she not make herself safer still by saying yes to the momentous question, which Geoffrey Treherne had asked her the night before. She was almost desperate enough to be driven to do so, even while she had scarcely decided as yet that Geoffrey Treherne was more to her than Robert Lindsay.

The Charnleys had arranged, for the next day, one of the jolly, unique little excursions for which they were so justly celebrated. It was to be a shooting party, and, after the gentlemen had spent the earlier part of the morning on the moors, they were to repair to a place of

rendezvous, where the ladies and luncheon would await them. Then it was that Geoffrey Treherne was to be answered, in consideration of some nervous hesitation on Laura's part the preceding evening. Nothing was clearer than that the gentleman was not fearful of failure. It could scarcely be otherwise than that he should be successful; and this tranquil belief his manner had plainly demonstrated.

Lady Laura scarcely regarded the excursion with any degree of pleasurable anticipation. The truth was, she had some slight dread of it. Perhaps she was a little afraid of her august lover, or, at least, sufficiently so, to make a negative somewhat difficult to pronounce. It was so evident that he expected a "yes," that it would not be by any means an easy matter to surprise him with a "no."

"I have actually no chance left," she exclaimed, unconsciously, with pathetic helplessness. "Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

Ralph had just left the room, and Blanche was reading, consequently the perfect stillness was broken by the sound of her voice.

"No choice about what?" asked Blanche, surprisedly, dropping her book. "What have you no choice about, Laura?"

"Only some wools," was the diplomatic reply. "I can't decide which to choose, rose or blue. I don't think I shall work any more. I am losing patience."

CHAPTER VI.

To every one but Lady Laura the shooting party was a perfect success. The weather was cool and bright, the spirits of all in most excellent order; the femining portion conscious of appearing to great advantage; the masculine half conscious of being in the best of humors, and highly satisfied with the prospect before them. All the morning the report of numerous guns sounded over the moor-lands, and the purple heather-bells had been stained a deeper color as the little, fluttering victims fell; for, as it was the first of September, the slaughter of the innocents was to be ushered in with eclat.

At twelve o'clock the Charnley carriage had set down at the place of rendezvous its cargo of half-a-dozen pretty girls, and almost as many delicate little hampers; and Col. Treherne's respectful and respectable man-servant, with an assistant, was moving respectfully here and there, drawing forth from inexhaustible corners, wonderful compact arrangements for the further development of a delicate, compact luncheon, so called. Said luncheon was in a temptingly complete state when the report of the guns began to

Vol. LXII .-- 23

sound nearer, and then ceased; and soon the shooting party made their appearance, followed by the attendant game-keeper, hungry, elated, and not by any means in reduced spirits.

Behold Geoffrey Treherne, in a faultless, velvet shooting-costume of Lincoln green; behold Ralph Charnley, in a brown one; behold divers other eligibles, in divers other faultless costumes, and last, but not least, Robert Lindsay, surpassing himself in the matter of good looks, and wonderfully surpassing the rest, with the aid of shooting-costume, and his muscular, well-knit figure and comely face.

Lady Laura, standing a little apart, under a huge oak-tree, and looking particularly girlish and lovely, as she persistently worked her parasol into the moss at the tree's root, glanced up as the sportsmen approached, and favored them, comprehensively, with a bow. It was not intended for Treherne, individually, and it was certainly not intended for Rob Lindsay; but both gentlemen acknowledged it markedly-Treherne with a gratified composure of manner, and Rob with a slight, deferential raising of his hat from the crisp, brown, close curls. From the general interest displayed by the party, it was very evident that, in some sort, Mr. Robert Lindsay had distinguished himself in the public opinion. There was much cordial commendation of his prowess, and much deferring to his modestly expressed opinion on sporting subjects, over the The Honorable little Eustace had luncheon. plainly changed his mind about patronizing the big, good-humored young fellow; and, amid the popping of champagne corks, Mr. Rob Lindsay became, after a mild fashion, a retiring Nimrodian hero.

"He was the best shot among us, Lady Laura," enlogized Ralph Charnley, who was taking his luncheon with unconventional ease, on the sward at that young lady's feet. "And some of the fellows were pretty good shots, too. I wish you could have seen the way he brought down a pheasant Treherne missed."

"I thought Col. Treherne was an old sportsman," said Laura, with meditative annoyance.

"So he is," answered Ralph. "But he is not up to Lindsay. The fact is, Lady Laura, Lindsay is one of a thousand, in my opinion. He is a living proof of my theory that a man can exist without a great great-grandfather. See what a splendid fellow he is; look at his physique, and then compare him with that little snob Vicars. And I really am not sure whether the founder of the Vicars family was not William of Normandy himself, or William of Normandy's aunt. Men like Lindsay, strong, fearless, quick-witted

fellows, are what the world wants in these days; and they are more sparsely scattered than they should be, though, if one is to judge of him, they are plenty enough in America, where people grow more fresh and vigorous than they seem to grow here."

Thus through nearly half the hour spent round the luncheon, and then, as she loitered over her plate, Lady Laura was favored with another expression of the public opinion, coming from a sturdy game-keeper, in drab leggings, who stood a few paces from her, talking to Treherne's manservant.

"He bean't no fool, that American chap," sagaciously commented he of the leggings. "They can't none on 'em beat him, I tell you, my lad. No bangin' away and hittin' nowt fur him. What he bangs at is bound to coom down. An he's a fine, hearty-natured young chap, too—cheerful like, an' pleasant i' his ways. It's him as is so kindly to that little, weakly thing o' Jarvis's."

Then it was that, under the accumulation of her trials, Laura Tresham came to a desperate resolve. What that resolve was may be easily guessed by what followed as a result. When Geoffrey Treherne took the place Ralph Charnley had vacated, she received him with great steadiness of demeanor. It could scarcely be said that her manner was encouraging, as far as any cordiality might be concerned, for it really was not; still it was not actually discouraging; and from that time until the party separated, the gentleman scarcely left her side, and was so composedly assiduous in his attentions, indeed. that his air had almost a tender authority in it. As for Lady Laura herself she really appeared to be in a singular mood. She looked a little excited, and, once or twice, a false note strangely shook the usual even sweetness of her voice. Above all other things, Blanche Charnley noticed that she persistently avoided Robert Lindsay. She even diplomatized a little to avoid encountering him when they reached the Priory, and, immediately after tea was over, she went to her room upon plea of indisposition.

It was about two hours later that Blanche, following her up stairs, and going to her chamber, found her sitting there alone, with an open book in her hand. She was not reading, however, and scarcely appeared to have been doing so. The light of the tapers upon the dressingtable, showed two bright pink spots glowing on her cheeks, and a curious, heavy, suspicious glitter in her eyes.

mandy himself, or William of Normandy's aunt. When Blanche entered, she half-closed the Men like Lindsay, strong, fearless, quick-witted, book, suddenly, still her forefinger, however,

between the pages. She had not retired, she ; "It means that the spell is upon me too. It explained, because her head had ached too badly, and now it was better, and she had been reading.

There was a new anxiety in Blanche's mind, as she took a seat upon the lounge near her Geoffrey Treherne's tender assiduity had held its own significance to her, and she was anxious to sift the truth to the bottom. But as, of course, it would not do to approach the subject at once, she chattered away with her usual animation, and let the conversation take its own turn; and at last it drifted, as if by chance, to Geoffrey Treherne himself, and, finally, upon a ring Geoffrey Treherne had that day worn.

It was a singular affair, this ring; a single, great flashing diamond, set like a crystal teardrop upon the merest slender thread of gold. It had belonged to the Trehernes since the first Treherne had set it upon the betrothal-finger of the first English bride of their house; and from generation to generation it had been handed down as betrothal-ring for scores of fair brides. There was a sort of superstition attached to it, Blanche said. Those who wore it were bound with a magic tie to their liege lords, and no woman could ever be freed from the spell, who had worn it if only for an hour.

But as she related her legend, Blanche observed that the pink spots on Laura's cheeks glowed deeper until they had almost deepened to scarlet. She was somewhat uneasy, it seemed, even at first, under the recital; but when the last touch of superstitious belief was added, the scarlet suddenly faded, and the book she had lightly held slipped away from her detaining finger, and fell upon the carpet at her feet. She stooped to pick it up instantly; but as she raised it, Blanche suddenly uttered an exclamation, and, catching her hand, held it up to the light of the waxen tapers.

"Laura!" she exclaimed, actual tears of despair and disappointment starting to her eyes. "Oh, Laura! what have you done?" For there, upon the slender forefinger, glittered the flashing diamond, imprisoned by the slender thread of gold-the Treherne diamond, that had held so many Treherne brides to their faith by the power of its magic spell.

"Tell me the truth," demanded Blanche. "It doesn't mean-Laura it can't mean-And there she stopped.

Lady Laura drew her hand away, not blushing, as a young lady might have been expected to do under the circumstances. Indeed, if the truth must be told, she looked slightly impatient, in spite of her little, nervous laugh.

means that I am engaged to Geoffrey Treherne!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE ominous gold-imprisoned crystal had flashed upon Laura Tresham's finger for some short time, when a slow, new doubt gradually unfolded itself to her mental vision. Of course, in these days Geoffrey Treherne's visits had become an established custom, attended with less ceremony than they had formerly been, and, of course, the members of the household understood their portent. In his triumph over his rival, Geoffrey Treherne had been in a manner loftily gracious. He could afford to be gracious now, and, perhaps, some slight pity for Lindsay rendered him more gracious than he would have been otherwise.

Naturally it could not be otherwise, than that, upon the first knowledge of the truth, Robert Lindsay was, for the time, dashed and overcome. He had scarcely expected such ill-fortune, at the worst, and since it was unanticipated, it was all the harder to bear. The first day he was somewhat more silent than usual, and his cheerfulness of spirit seemed to have forsaken him; but the second day he brightened up a little, and having spent the third out upon the moorlands, shooting with Ralph, he returned in the evening with a well-laden game pouch, and, to all appearance, a fresh stock of spirits. From that time he did not alter his manner toward Lady Laura in the least. He was as unvaryingly goodhumored as ever, and as cheerfully unmoved by any coldness or avoidance on her part. Even Blanche, with all her penetration, was puzzled. He might have been acting in accordance with some steady, purposeful resolution.

In the first flush of her fancied security, Lady Laura convinced herself that her position was not an unpleasant one after all. True, she had pledged herself, and must, at some not-too-faraway period, fulfil her pledge; but then she was safe; and just at this critical time safety was a very desirable object to be attained.

But this was just at first. The excitement worn away somewhat, she did not feel quite so easy-she did not even feel quite so sure of her safety; and, before two weeks had passed, once or twice an occasional unpleasant secret fear had forced itself upon her-the fear that perhaps she had made her throw rashly, and staked a good deal for a safety not so secure as she had imagined it would prove.

Coming in from the garden one day, she "Yes, it does 'mean,' Blanche," she said. I stopped in a little conservatory, opening upon

one of the parlors, and, as she paused to examine a newly-opened flower, she saw through the glass doors that Blanche Charnley and Robert Lindsay were in the adjoining room together, and she caught the sound of the following comprehensive sentence, deliberately enunciated, as though in continuation of some before-expressed opinion by the gentleman,

"And when a woman, through any foolish fancy, or misguided pride, sacrifices herself to the wretchedness of marrying a man she does not love, her life will be a bitter wreck of all she has hoped for. And, on the honor of a gentleman, Miss Blanche, I believe that the man who might save her from such misery, and does not dare the risk, is not only unstable and weak of purpose, but is unworthy of his manhood."

Laura waited to hear no more. She had heard quite enough to prove to her that certain suspicions she had felt were by no means without foundation, and she hurried away. Here was a daring lover indeed! What reasons had he for supposing she did not love Geoffrey Treherne as a woman should love the man she marries? She had certainly not been demonstrative in her manner toward him; but then she never was very demonstrative, and she had tried very hard not to appear cold. Robert Lindsay was insolent, presuming, audacious; but then how was she to withstand his audacity? It seemed sheerly impossible. She had exhausted all her feminine resources of coldness and hauteur, and this was the result. Was ever young lady in such a strait before?-absolutely in danger of being overcome in spite of herself, by a quietly-persistent, cheerful lover, who most incomprehensibly refused to be rebuffed, refused to be overwhelmed, refused to submit to circumstances, and insisted upon retaining his spirits, and enjoying himself in the face of everything! She was so influenced by her adverse fate, that, during the remainder of the day, she was incomprehensible also. She looked uneasy; she lost her beautiful composure of manner; she was actually a little cross to Blanche, and she treated Rob Lindsay worse than she had ever treated him before.

Running into Lady Laura's room accidentally while she was dressing, Blanche found her friend in tears, and was surprised to find her sympathetic advances rejected somewhat unamiably.

"Please don't pity me, Blanche," she said, with most unaccountable tartness. "I don't want to be pitied, my dear. I have get the headache, and I am cross and out of humor with everybody."

. Blanche left her without expressing any fur-

ther sympathy, and, going down stairs again, innocently revealed the state of affairs to ktob Lindsay, of course, without expectation of his drawing any conclusions from the revelation.

"I found Laura crying a little just now," she said. "She says she has the headache, and is cross, which last statement may be entirely relied on as being correct. What singular creatures we girls are? I actually never know Laura could lose her temper until lately. Since the shooting picnic she has been as nicely unangelic as I should wish to see any one—as nicely unangelic as the rest of us. Geoffrey Treherne is developing her resources."

The result of this communication was, that when Lady Laura came down, Rob met her with a very good-natured inquiry concerning her ailment.

"I was sorry to hear you were not well," he said, tranquilly. "Miss Blanche told me just now that you had the headache."

Lady Laura's blue, velvet eyes widened with some degree of haughtiness, and a tiny point of fire sparkled in them, suggestively.

"You must be mistaken," she answered, "or Blanche misunderstood me. I never had the headache in my life," which encouraging speech was made for the simple purpose of contradicting him, and making him feel uncomfortable.

But he did not look uncomfortable. He only smiled as tranquilly as he had spoken.

"I don't think I am mistaken," he said. "So, perhaps, it is possible that Miss Blanche misanderstood you. I am glad to hear that such is the case, for I thought you must be suffering severely; in fact, she said you were erying!"
And he fixed his brown eyes on hers, the lids of which were slightly heavy, and a little tinged with faint pink.

That night Blanche Charnley was very fully satisfied upon the subject of her friend's resources having been developed. There was more warmth under the fair, tranquil face, it appeared, than people generally imagined. I think it probable that every woman is spiced with a dash of hidden fire, though it may only be developed upon rare occasions; and the fire flashed forth brilliantly. She was angry with Blanche for revealing her secret irritation, angry with Robert Lindsay for daring to listen, angry with herself for being angry, and, in consequence, more irritable than ever.

"It was ridiculous in you to tell him, Blanche," she said. "And it was insolent, on his part, to mention it to me. I never disliked any one in my life as I dislike that great, absurd giant of an American; and I never saw any one so ab-

surdly presuming, and awkward, and tactless, then it was as Blanche had said, too late, and and under-bed!"

Her little flash of wrath cooled off after this, and then, of course, she began to regret her vehemence, and felt a little ashamed of herself, and, after that, nothing was more natural and girl-like than to be a little low-spirited, and a little petulant; and at last, in the end, to burst into a flood of tears, in a fashion most unaccountable to every one but herself.

"I know it is foolish," she said. "And I know you think it is foolish, Blanche, but I am so-so miserable." And it was very evident that she was speaking the truth, however extraordinary such a truth might seem.

"Miserable!" echoed Blanche. "Miserable with that on your finger, Laura?" And she touched the Treherne diamond.

In this moment of her weakness, Laura forgot to be cautious, and forgot that she was talking to a very penetrating young lady. She flung out her hand with a petulant gesture.

"I hate it!" she exclaimed; and then suddealy recollecting herself, and regretting her dreadfully weak candor, she added, "At least I don't hate it; but sometimes I almost wish-I mean to say, I almost wonder if-if it would not have been better to have waited a little."

This diminuendo, together with her evident confusion, was very expressive.

"Ah, I dare say!" said Blanche, consolingly. "I thought so, from the first, Laura; but it is too late now."

Yes, it was too late now, very much too late, if the Treherne annals were to be relied upon; and this conviction, perhaps, made Laura Tresham more impatient than anything else would have. Before her engagement she had at least liked Geoffrey Treherne a little; but now, being bound to him by that unpleasantly significant legend, the tie chafed her sorely, and occasionally she had felt as though very little would turn the tide of her opinion, and make her dislike him intensely. She knew that she was never happier for his presence; she was even compelled to acknowledge the secret feeling that she was slightly relieved when circumstance interfered with his visits, and her own heart told her that she had never so nearly hated him as when he had pressed his first gracious betrothal kiss upon her shrinking lips. She knew pretty girls who were engaged, who seemed to be wondrously happy, and whose bright eyes were all the brighter and more tender for their lover's gallant speeches. She had never blushed under Geoffrey Treherne's most flattering addressshe had even felt very uneasy under them. But she must even bear the uncomfortable cross with a good grace, since she herself had taken it up.

And then, after this, there was an unexpected arrival at the Priory, and this arrival was no less a person than Lady Laura's guardian, Mr. Jernyngham, who bore down upon his ward on his way to Scotland, with a characteristic weight of dignity, which almost overwhelmed that young lady. He was making a business tour, and his object in calling was to state his approval of the engagement, with, of course, a slight reservation in behalf of the magnificence of Basil de Tresham. The match was a fitting one in every point of view; but, of course, no honor could be done. and nothing could be added to the stately loftiness of the house of Tresham, despite the muchto-be-regretted fact that its sole present representative was merely a blue, velvet-eyed, goldenhaired young lady, whose affairs of the heart were in an unpleasantly complicated state.

Under the heavy pressure of her guardian's presence, Laura felt her courage subsiding rapidly. What would he have said had he known with what an inward shrinking she received his graciously proffered congratulations in their first private interview? What would he have said, had he known what an unlady-like impulse directed her, after the interview was over, to snub her dignified betrothed upon his arrival? What would he think if he knew that the lucky son of a "person in trade" carried her glove in his pocket, and monopolized her secret thoughts, to the great detriment of her affianced?

The new arrival patronized Robert Lindsay with great majesty, but not all to the young man's confusion. He was becoming used to some degree of patronage, and could bear it with the most undiminished cheerfulness. He had even told Blanche Charnley that he rather liked it, to that young lady's intense amusement. Thus it may be easily seen, that the struggle going on was a very unequal one. Laura Tresham was easily influenced-Robert Lindsay scarcely to be influenced at all. During the two days of her guardian's stay, her fair young ladyship's patience was tried beyond all bounds. Treherne's eyes were gradually opening to a knowledge of the fact that his rival was more persevering than he had imagined. Circumstances, too, seemed to favor Rob Lindsay wondrously, in the face of his first want of success. He found himself unavoidably, as it appeared, thrown into Lady Laura's path. Perhaps diplomacy on Blanche's part assisted him. Blanche Charnley was a thorough feminine plotter, and worked with a will.

"She shall not marry Geoffrey Treherne if I can help it," she had said, desperately; "and certainly she won't if Robert Lindsay can help it."

CHAPTER VIII.

So she managed to bring about interviews that were absolutely unavoidable; so she forbore to uphold her favorite, but let him uphold himself; so she privately inquired into the facts of his kindliness toward the little deformed daughter of the under-gardener, and, dropping a chance word here and there, aroused Laura's secret sympathy, and that most powerful of all feminine feelings, curiosity.

Then it was that Rob, for the first time, began to recognize a faint shadow of sadness in the soft, girlish eyes he loved so well, and for whose sake he was doing such steadfast battle; and it appealed to his tenderness. A man with less hearty strength of purpose would have long before abandoned a struggle in which the odds seemed so fearfully against him; but Rob Lindsay's belief in the simple strength of faith and endurance was a very powerful one. Circumstances had proved to him clearly that Laura Tresham's lover was even a far less successful man than himself in the matter of having won Laura Tresham's heart. Was he sure that he had won Laura Tresham's heart himself? Well, of late he had even dared sometimes to think so, and decidedly he was not sure that he had not won it, which was really some cause for rejoicing. Thus he did not despair.

But, after her guardian's visit, Laura was rendered desperate. She was not safe after all; she was even more unsafe than she had ever been before; and thus, out of her desperation, there grew a resolve almost as desperate as her first one. She would speak to Mr. Lindsay openly; she would force him to defend himself: she would tell him that his absurd persistence was worse than hopeless, and then, if this did not result in his being utterly defeated, she would return to London. That would end the matter, surely. But she did not acknowledge to herself, even in her most secret thoughts, that London was her last, her very last resource, and that London, even though presenting itself as a haven of refuge from this too courageous lover, loomed up before her reluctant mental vision with bitter gloom,

Northumberland had been so pleasant, she said, inwardly; and it was because Northumberland had been so pleasant that she was so unwilling to leave it. But then she must go some day, and already she had far outstayed the usual

term of her summer visits. She had been at the Priory nearly three months, and, notwith-standing her grievances, the three months had seemed terribly short. No opportunity for the consummation of her plans presented itself to her for several days. But, at length, one evening, as she came out of her room to go down to dinner, the door of Robert Lindsay's room opened behind her, just as it had done on the evening of his arrival. On the impulse of the moment she spoke to him.

"She wished to speak to him alone," she said.
"It was necessary that she should see him alone, because, what she was desirous of saying to him, could not be said in the presence of others."

Rob bowed composedly, but, nevertheless, with some surprise in his eyes. He would return to the dining-room, after dinner, at any time that would suit Lady Laura's plans.

Lady Laura's desperation was more intense than ever, and the embarrassed pink on her cheek burned into rose. Half an hour after dinner would do. This was all she had to say, and there she left him; and he discovered that he had taken his old stand again, unconsciously, and was watching the sweep of her rich dinnerdress, just as he had done once before.

And half an hour after the dinner was over, he sauntered back to the dining-room, and found her young ladyship awaiting him, and pretending to read by the light of the chandelier. But the reading was such a poor little pretence, that, in spite of her attempts to preserve a beautiful unconsciousness of the embarrassment of her position, she colored most transparently.

Rob took his stand complacently. He was rather curious to see how the matter would end; but, notwithstanding the faint inkling he had of its portent, he was not much discomposed. He was not the man to be discomposed by a pretty girl; and Lady Laura Tresham had never looked so pretty, so innocent, and so girlish, as she did just at the moment she closed her book, with the flicker of embarrassed light in her eyes.

Rob was quite conscious of her embarrassment, and very conscious indeed of the prettiness and girlish timidity of manner. Perhaps he had never admired Laura Tresham so much as he did that instant; and decidedly he had never felt so steady in his determination to do honest battle for her sweet sake.

It was at least five minutes before Lady Laura summoned a sufficient amount of courage to allow of her broaching the subject of her grievance, and when the courage was summoned, and the subject broached, it was done with some slight degree of tameness. She scarcely knew what she said as a beginning; but she was quite conscious that it was very weakly said, and that her knowledge of her weakness burned even her white forchead like fire. Altogether, her appeal was something like a sudden little burst of feeling, half like a small denunciation, half like a reluctant reproach; and it ended by accusing Robert Lindsay of being unjust and unkind.

"You made me appear absurd before," she said, "and you are making me appear absurd again; worse still, you are forcing me to make myself appear absurd."

"In whose eyes?" repeated Rob, just as he had done before. "Don't say in mine, Lady Laura."

She scarcely deigned to look at him. By the repetition of her grievances she had almost managed to make herself angry, and she felt it to her advantage to add as much fuel as possible to her wrath, lest it might come to a weak conclusion.

"It is ridiculous," she said, again. "You know it is, Mr. Lindsay. And if your intention was to make me feel wretched and uncomfortable, you have certainly been successful."

"I did not intend to make you uncomfortable," said Rob.

"If—if I were not—engaged," with a little dash at the last word, and a great dash of new color, "you know that you—that I———I mean to say—you know that you are treating me very unjustly, Mr. Lindsay."

She stopped here, petulant and excited, and waited for his reply, without looking at him. At this juncture Rob rose from his seat, and, slightly to her wonder, took two or three abrupt turns across the room. Then he came back, and folding his arms on the high back of his chair, looked down at her bright, bent head, and petulant, fair face.

"Why, Lady Laura?" he asked.

Now this was really trying; and not only trying, but confusing. Necessarily the two or three abrupt turns across the room had taken some short time, and necessarily this lapse of time, short as it was, had wholly unprepared Lady Laura for this composed inquiry. In her surprise and embarrassment she forgot herself, and looked up at him, and thus became more confused than ever.

"I really don't understand you, Mr. Lindsay," she said.

"Then I can easily make myself understood, I suppose?" answered Rob, cheerfully, "by speaking more plainly. Why is it absurd that I should love you? Why is it absurd that I should wish to tell you so? Why is it absurd that I

should wish to win you as Geoffrey Treherne did? That is what I mean."

Frank and fearless as he always was, and as she had always known him to be, this was more than she had expected. She had never thought he would dare so far as this at least, and the sudden knowledge that the worst had come to the worst, indeed, was such a shock to her that she felt powerless, and lost even the atom of self-possession of which she might perhaps have boasted a few minutes before. And, apart from this, having admired him a little in secret, and having been so often conquered by his fearlessness in their battles, there was something almost touching in the fact of this fearlessness asserting itself so strongly. And since she was thus touched for the moment, there was no help for her, for, be she as proud as she may, when a woman is touched indeed, she is weaker than even her worst enemies may fancy. She looked up at him once, and faltered; she looked up at him again, and felt his strength; she looked a third time, and acknowledged her own weakness, and, remembering nothing but this weakness, got up from her chair, hurriedly, and broke down into a pretty, sudden appeal that was wonderfully unexpected even to him.

"You ought not to say such things to me," she said, desperately. "You must know it is wrong, and—and cruel. Ah, Mr. Lindsay! why won't you have pity on me, and be reasonable?"

From his place behind the chair, upon whose high back he leaned, Rob looked down at this fair, despairing enchantress, with a great deal of serenity of manner. He was not a Geoffrey Treherne, and his pride was not of the Treherne order, inasmuch as it had more of self-respect, and less of self-sufficiency about it. Laura Tresham could not overpower him with her stately coldness. She had struggled against him with her utmost power; she had called him awkward and presuming; she had sneered at him when she spoke of him to Blanche Charnley; but she had never daunted him in the least, and, in spite of her sneers, she had not been able to resist him in the end; and here she was sitting alone with him, giving him, this big, underbred American, an interview, in spite of herself, and feeling fully conscious that she was getting the worst of the combat.

Rob was cheerful, composed, serene, goodhumored to everything; and with his serenity, he baffled her once more, and scattered her selfpossession, and her self-possessed plans to the winds.

"Reasonable!" he echoed, when she had finished speaking. "Am I unreasonable, Lady

Laura? Is it unreasonable that I should love wrath and agitation, and the two faced each you, and that loving you I should have determined to win you, if I might, in spite of the world, in spite of Col. Treherne, in spite of William the Conqueror, who, it appears, has stood between me and my man's right to say to you, like an honorable gentleman, 'Laura, I love you, Give me the blessed right to call you wife."

She turned upon him, actually feeling pale, notwithstanding her poor little pretence of anger.

"You are going too far," she cried, more desperately than ever. "I cannot listen to you-I will not listen to you. I asked you to have pity on me, and you have no pity. I will not appeal to you again. You are unjust, and unkind, and wicked!" And she hid her face in her hands.

There was a short silence, not without its sting of bitterness to Rob, just the momentary sting he had felt so often before-a sting bitter enough, though it passed away.

"Ah, Laura!" he said, at length, almost sadly it seemed. "I cannot even ask you to forgive me; for what is there to forgive, and how can I regret that I have loved you? You are not Lord Tresham's daughter to me-you are only a woman; the woman I love with all my soul, and all my strength; and since I am a man, I have not feared your stately pride, for, by my life, if love, and patient faith, and man's honor, can win a woman, I will win you yet, in spite of ten William the Conquerors. If you had loved Geoffrey Treherne, or if, without having won your love, he could make you happier than I could, I would lay my love at your feet, and leave you here with him, and go back to America to-morrow. But you do not love him, and, in your secret heart, you dread the marriage; and if I can save you from it, I will not give you up. I will not-I will not, by my faith."

Laura started from her seat again, white with

other as they had never done before-their sudden mood a new one.

Rob stood up too, no longer leaning upon the chair, but erect, and with his arms folded, his careless good-humor overruled by something infinitely deeper and more worthy-the something innately natural to the man, but a something he did not show every day.

"How dare you!" Laura flashed out. "How dare you say I do not love Col. Treherne? What right have you to presume to say so? You are insolent, indeed, sir."

Rob came nearer to her, with an odd, repressed fire in his steady, handsome eyes.

"Laura!" he said, with almost singular steadiness, "Say that you love him, and I will leave you now."

She opened her lips, looked at him, and stopped. She thought of Geoffrey Treherne, and his half-measured love; she thought of Lady Laura Treherne in the future, and turned paler than before. Rob Lindsay had conquered her again. But her anger and wounded pride came to her aid, and helped her, and she turned away, haughtily.

"I shall not say so," she said. "I shall not reply to a question so insolent. Your presumption is unpardonable!" And, having said this, she swept by, and left him standing in the middle of the room alone.

Then she went to her chamber, and wrote a letter to her guardian.

"I am going back to London with Mr. Jernyngham, when he returns," she said to Blanche, who found her in the middle of it. "I must go back, some time, you know, and I think I had better go now."

Nor could all Blanche's entreaties change the Lady Laura's determination.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

IN COUNSEL.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Come, heart of mine, let's talk together, About love's labor lost About the change in Summer weather, To Winter's snows and frost. The light and warmth are gone away, Have set in darkling night; And so thine eyes lament the day, And weep for faded light!

Well, well, good heart, remember fondness, Devotion, love, and truth, In nature have a far beyondness, A slow, uncertain youth;

And this fair planet, beaming bright, That rose and could not stay, Was but the moon to love's young night, Preparing for the day.

So trust thee yet that thy pure yearning, Shall find its final good, And sun shall come whose constant burning Will rest on field and wood; And thou shalt joy that poorer things Did fade and fall away, That perfect orb, on golden wings, Might bring eternal day!

ELISE.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

should have crowded it down into the narrow V, formed by the river and the creek, only their witless ghosts can divine. On the other side of both the broad, glittering streams, stretch miles of level meadow still unoccupied; and on the high mountainous ledges, back of the town, are plateaus, which would furnish commanding sites for the noblest dwellings. But in the century and a half which has passed over the old town, it has not made one step forward, but lies between the waters, motionless, while the low-built houses grow and gather over it, like barnacles on the hull of a wreck.

We were so used to crowding that when Poyntz & Sons, after they had finished their huge granaries, capped them with miniature dwellinghouses, nobody was surprised. The effect was not bad. The granaries were built against a bank some fifty feet in height, at the side of the creek; so that, while their wide doors, about which floated a swarm of rafts and skiffs, opened on the water, their flat roofs were level with the upper street. The little three-roomed dwellings edged this street, and, instead of gardens or yards, at the back, rejoiced in a great sweep of graveled roof. With such disadvantages, only the poorest class of renters could be expected to occupy them. It was greatly to Jenny's surprise, therefore, when, from our piazza, we saw a gentleman going in and out of the lower of them, day after day.

"Indisputably a gentleman," Jenny said, "and a foreigner. There he is now, looking at our bed of pansies. In the white-linen suit. Do vou see?"

We all came to see. In a town as secluded as Graf we give to human nature in our neighbors the study and time which in cities are diffused over the worlds of art, music, books, or politics. I do not know that the effect upon ourselves is a whit less kindly or softening. Our neighbor, in this instance, had a fine face, and unmistakably gentle bearing. We soon grew familiar with both, as in his morning and evening walks, he never failed to stop at the garden-fence, to look at the flowers, "which he thoroughly understands," Jenny decided. "He never fails to see the rare or best specimens." The walks seemed undertaken with no other object than simply to

Why the original planners of the town of Graf (pass the time. When he returned, the door of the little brick house was shut, and there was no further sign that it was inhabited. One day, however, he appeared with a woman leaning on his arm; (one did not say, at first sight, a lady) a sallow, square-shouldered, homely woman, whose cheap, muslin dress hung with an odd kind of grace about her. She showed white teeth when she smiled, and she smiled very often, with a curious change of expression, looking gayly up into her husband's face, and seeing nothing apparenly of the street, or passers-by. Two children toddled alongside, dressed in coats made out of an old shawl, muffled and swathed, indeed, in such a strange fashion, that Jenny waxed indignant, glancing at her own belaced and embroidered baby, protesting that one could not tell whether they were boys or girls.

"They are girls," said Matthias, who had just come into the garden. Matthias was a red-headed Scotch lad, employed as shipping clerk in the granaries. My mother often found him useful, in the matter of business errands. A house full of women needs an outside official of that kind.

"Who are they, Matthias?" demanded Jenny. "What do you know of them?"

"I take my meals with them," said Matthias, sententiously. "The madame furnishes dinner and supper to four of us. Sends it down through a trap-door in the roof-generally hot, but running a good deal to soup. Madame is teaching Latin to Gross in the evening. He says she is a better teacher than the professor in the college, and he pays her but half-price."

"They are Italians, then?"

"No, French. Le Maistre, or some such name. from Jamaica. Madame has hired a piano, and Gross has found her two pupils."

"And monsieur, what of him?"

"Oh, he is her husband! He cannot speak a word of English," with ineffable contempt.

"You are talking of Le Maistre," said Leonard, who came up at the moment. "I do not know when I have had such sympathy for any man. A gentleman, as you see; thoroughly cultured; lost his estates; came to the United States to pick up gold from the streets. With every qualification for a high place in society, here he is, utterly useless-a mere wreck upon the shore."

"His wife has landed on the shore on her feet,

it appears," said Jenny, dryly. "Who does her washing for her, Matthias?"

"Herself. They keep no servant."

"Why, those white-linen suits of his are exquisite. Would that my collars could find such a gloss! Changed, too, twice a day."

"Your eyes let nothing escape!" said Leonard, with annoyance.

"I am going to call on Madame, to-morrow. Very probably I shall become one of her pupils. I am growing rusty as to the piano, said Jenny."

All of which plans Jenny carried into effect, with her accustomed promptness. I do not believe Madame, as we all began to call her, improved either Jenny's touch or time on the piano. Jenny was undoubtedly the better musician of the two. But she was so indefatigable!—her good humor so indomitable! The two stupid pupils, whom Gross had found, children of the "boss" at the mill, who came tempted by the quarter price, drummed and banged away, hour after hour, and left her smiling and gay as when they began.

"Madame is going to take pupils in dancing," said Jenny, one day. "Some other children from the mill."

"But this is too much!" cried Leonard, indignantly, "Consider her husband's feelings. Why, Le Maistre is noble, and of a very different stock, I assure you, from these petty counts who come over in shoals to New York."

"Let her teach the whole mill to dance, if she can," Jenny said, with a shrug. "Better that than to starve."

"Is it really so bad as that?" lowering his voice.

"It could not well be worse. Half of what she makes always goes to her father and sister in Philadelphia."

Leonard put his hand in his pocket, changing color.

"Jenny?"

"No! Certainly not!" nodding her nead, emphatically. "I dare not hint such a thing. You do not know Madame."

Assuredly, never by look or word did the Le Maistres betray any consciousness that they were not living in the purple with Dives, though the good woman's face might be hunger-bitten as that of Lazarus. They always came to our music or chess parties, or to Jenny's Wednesday evenings, M. le Maistre's dark face radiant above his ancient, faded uniform, and his wife, in her crisp, cheap muslin, and a red rose in her breast, gay and easy as though robed like a princess. She had her evenings too.

"You have not made to me the honor of a

visit, in my salon?" she would say to every new acquaintance. "But it shall be, n'est-ce pas? On the Saturdays, as it is said, 'after tea."

I can remember nothing more ludicrous than the bewilderment of one village aristocrat after another at being ushered into the salon, and finding it to be the whitewashed ten-by-twelve lower room of the granary buildings, carpetless, furnished only by a dozen cane-seated chairs, a hired piano, and an exquisite ivory miniature, hung over the chimney-piece, on the back of which was enameled a ducal coat of arms, and which had the faded red ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honor twisted about the nail. The spasmodic jerks, too, with which the portly millowners and their wives, seated in a row, on the Windsor chairs, endeavored to "make talk:" their precipitate falls into stolid silence; the confusion of face with which, when the supreme moment had arrived, the time for refreshments, they received a glass of sugared water and crackers, handed about on a soup-plate. To see the puzzled solemnity with which they watched M. le Maistre dispense their viands, with a cordial grace, quite unaware, apparently, that they were neither entrements of Soyer, nor sherbet from Bagdad 1 Generally, before the feast was over, their perplexity had given place to a saturnine contempt. That there were in the world any idiots that could be generously gay and abjectly poor at the same time, could only be excused by the fact that they were French. But that any man or woman could consider themselves on a level with good society in Graf, who lived on bare floors, and whose stock in crockery consisted of half a dozen soup-plates, was an anomaly in human nature, which Graf resented as impious.

The Le Maistres saw nothing of all this, however. They had certainly been born into the world with the fancy that they had been there before, for they met everybody, peer or peasant, grocer, butcher, baker, or the dog on the street, as an old, scarcely-forgotten friend. If they jarred against vulgarity, or met with coarse rebuffs, they never betrayed a consciousness of it.

"My pupils do begin to know the scale!" Madame cried joyfully to me, one evening, as I found them seated on a bench on the graveled roof of the granary, turning rapidly to her husband, as usual, to translate her words, though he always smiled and listened deferentially to the English, his face changing with every expression of hers. "My little Elise will be so happy to note their progress. Elise, Mademoiselle Besancon, my sister, Madame. Have I not told you that she comes to-morrow?"

ELISE. 335

"Et M. Besancon," added M. le Maistre, eager to bear his part when it was possible. "He comes also, Madame. We have a house to-morrow of joy!"

"Ma petite Elise," continued Madame le Maistre, "will be charmed with this stream—creek, you call it? And the mountains! Ah-h!" clasping her hands as she looked up at the dark shadow of the peak against the red sky. Her eyes were full of tears; she turned them quickly on her husband. I understood then that the lights and shadows in these waters and hills had been a real solace to these people in their extremity. In Graf we rated them as mill-power and timberland.

"Mademoiselle Besancon," I said, "will assist you with your pupils?"

For the first time I saw Madame's face lose its gay, sweet smile. She colored proudly.

"You, Madame," she said, gravely. "You mistake. My sister is demoiselle. Ce'st impossible."

The Besancons arrived the next day. That evening the old gentleman made his first visit to us with his son-in-law, and, after that, eight o'clock always found him seated on the piazza. I fancy he saw the salon with the same eyes as the Graf magnates, and cared little for creeks or mountains. He was a round, pursy little man, always dressed in mulberry color, with an assertant pair of gold eye-glasses astride of his flat nose. His white hair, that hung in a fringe about his bald head, had an effect of having grown old too early, and left the rest of his body behind

"Madame," he whispered, confidentially, on his first visit. "These changes tear my soul! Had you but seen Madame le Maistre in her chateau! And now! Her hands—— They are the hands of a servant! Have you considered the robes of her infants? They are execrab-ble! My daughter and Monsieur le Maistre are young; they are indifferent to these things. But I have no strength to bear them. I have the sensibility—ah, too much!" laying his hand upon his breast.

No one was especially impressed by the old gentleman's pathos except Matthias, who listened with grave compassion, and presently proposed to the sufferer a game of cards. Matthias was now junior partner of the firm, and his evenings were unemployed. The game of cards established itself, therefore, as a fixed habit every night. It was curious to see the credulity and sympathy with which the dry, reticent Scotchman, who was as niggardly in expressing his own emotions as he was in spending his pennies,

accepted the unceasing outpour of the Frenchman's confidences. I remembered the old alliance between their nations, and understood that certain antagonism which had made one a necessity for the other.

Mademoiselle Besancon never came even to our house unguarded by her sister. She was a short, plump girl, of about twenty-four, a soft, fair likeness of Madame, and made a not unpleasing picture as she sat in the corner, shy and sitent, blushing when spoken to suddenly. The Graf young ladies, half a dozen years her juniors, who had been managing their own love affairs since babyhood, invited her to their parties, and stood dumb with amazement when she came chaperoned by both sister and father, who never left her side, often answered for her, and supplied her with opinions.

"Is she then an imbecile?" cried our emancipated young ladies.

One power at least she had, that of expressing herself in music with grace and delicacy. One after another of the girls begged to become her pupils. But Elise, in her quiet, soft way, gave the same answer as her sister,

"It is impossible. I am not married. I!"

I was glad to perceive that the white, pinkpalmed hands grew rough and hard by decrees.
At least her high prerogative as demoiselle did
not hinder her from carrying some of her sister's heavy burdens at home. Her father found
his prerogative of age an equally safe basis.
Leonard, full of an American's compassion for
an idle man dependant on a woman, proposed a
clerkship in the granaries—a traveling agency
in the South. But M. Besancon lifted his mulberry-colored shoulders, and let fall the despondent corners of his mouth.

"Ah, my best friend! I am sixty! I have been free from servitude all my life. My neck is too stiff to learn the yoke!"

One evening a reason for this contented poverty came out. We were all gathered on the piazza, watching the children chasing each other over the grass. The twilight was cool, after a sultry day, and the air full of the scents of late roses and the honeysuckle.

"It is always charming chez vous," M. Besancon said to Leonard, sniffing the air in his expanded nostrils. "The gravel roof with my daughter wearies me into the grave. When my little Elise is married, I will fly to her—of that you may be sure."

Matthias, who was nailing a vine to the wall, stopped short, hammer in hand. Surprised glances passed from one to another. Jenny exclaimed, in her impetuous way, "I did not know

that Mademoiselle Besancon-'' And then checked herself.

"Was fianced? But certainly," he continued, calmly. "I could not so neglect my child as to leave her future unassured."

Meanwhile Elise, who ordinarily blushed at a look, sat placid and unmoved, as though the discussion had been on the purchase of new gloves for her.

"My sister," said Madame, gently, "has been long betrothed to the cousin of M. le Maistre. It is a family arrangement. They have never seen each other." Her face kindled, "It will be a very desirable alliance. Elise has no dot."

Mademoiselle Besancon shook her head smiling, with a gesture of her empty hands.

"Our customs are so different!" stammered Jenny.

The rest were silent. But Matthias came up the steps, and stood in front of Madame le Maistre. His face had grown pale, which made his hair appear more firely red.

"Then—then she does not love the man?" he said, harshly.

Madame glanced shrewdly up at him, and, with ready tact, fluttered over to her sister.

"Elise, suffer our friends to behold Auguste. La, la! Merci, mon enfin! Le voila, Madame!" placing in my hand the locket which mademoiselle had taken from her neck.

I glanced at it, and passed it to Jenny. Matthias, who usually was the most diffident of lads, took it from her, and stood gazing steadily at the dark, handsome face, his own changing into a more defiant ugliness. Yet the poor boy, in that moment, for the first time, asserted his manhood; and to me, it appeared of a rare and admirable quality.

"My sister and M. le Maistre have been known to each other by reputation from childhood," continued Madame serencly to me, with a side glance on Matthias. "They have also exchanged letters."

Matthias at the moment crossed the piazza, to where Elise sat, meek and calm, her hands folded idly on her pale-blue muslin. I had never seen him address her before. He held out the miniature to her.

"He has a gallant face," he said, in a grave, earnest way. "A soldier?"

Elise bowed.

"Noble, I think she said? With the—the education, doubtless, and manners that belong to that birth?"

The poor fellow's eyes were fixed on her face with a quiet despair pitiable to see.

Mademoiselle Besancon was looking at him.

And then the woman in her came to the surface—the reserve of education was for once thrust aside.

There was a curious trouble in her dark eyes. I fancied her firm chin trembled. "It may be as you say, monsieur. I do not know."

Matthias held out the locket to her. "I did not know that your future was assured, as your father says, mademoiselle?" he said, passionately, quite regardless that we stood near him. "I'm sure it is quite right—quite right! But I thought you were poor as I—that—— I am very sorry to have disturbed you. I——"

She did not take the locket, but, with her hands still folded, looked into his eyes, with the fright and wonder of a startled child, and some deeper meaning which I could not solve.

"I did not mean to be rough, God knows," said the poor lad, as her face grew paler. "I'm but an untaught fellow. Don't think of it again, mademoiselle. It don't matter."

He let the locket fall upon her lap, and turned hastily away. The next moment we saw him, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, going down to the granaries.

"He descends to his wheat and bran, le bon Matthern!" said Madame, with a light laugh. Mademoiselle Besancon, I noticed, looked after him gravely. She did not touch the locket. It lay in her lap, until Madame slipped it into her own pocket, with a peremptory,

"Go, my child, to your father! In the garden, below. He attends you with our friends."

"But," I said, when we were left alone, "I cannot but ask, with the good Matthias—if she should not love the man?"

"Mon Dicu!" she cried. "Would you have an innocent girl love a man until she was married to him? Respect—escem. That is just; but more than that—it is not womanly, madame. I see your American girls. They run here, they run there, heart in hand. They throw it high or low, like a ball; in the mire, sometimes—what does it matter? In France, a maiden's heart is guarded like a rose, until a place is found for it to bloom in safety. I did see my Louis but one week before marriage, and—I am not an unloving wife, moi!"

Her eyes were wet, as she turned them to me.

Two weeks afterward Madame entered the library, where Jenny sat sewing. We saw that she was laboring under some strong emotion. Her eyes shone, and her cheeks burned. But she went through the usual cordial inquiries, down to the state of my dog's leg, which was broken. Then, with her hands clasped, to keep them from trembling, she said,

ELISE. 327

"We go to leave you, good friends. Louis has received an appointment on the royal service at Paris. It will restore us to—to all we have lost. In a year or two he will regain his estates, as it is so assured to him by the government."

She scarcely seemed to hear our warm congratulations.

"I rejoice! Ah, that is certain! But we will leave you behind us. In all my life I have known no such friends. There have been days," lowering her voice to a whisper, "when, if it had not been for your faces, I could have died. It was heavy to bear!"

Jenny threw her arms about her sobbing. "We knew it, dear friend," she cried.

The next instant Madame burst into a gay laugh.

"But it will be so amusing to recount—look you! The gravel roof, and the hungry six of us, about the soup-plates full of—you call it sush? And the drole pupils!"

"And Elise?" I asked, presently.

"Ah! my father goes with us to New York, and thence to Martinique, where he will place Elise under the care of a friend, until her marriage is consummated. M. le Maistre meets her at Martinique."

In a week this queer little dwelling on top of the granaries was vacant, and its occupants dropped out of our lives as suddenly as they had entered them. Matthias went in and out, graver and dryer than before, but unchanged in all else. He seemed to have forgotten, or to have been unconscious of, his sudden outburst of passion and despair.

"Doubtless," said Jenny, "Mademoiselle Elise has forgotten both it and him, poor lad. Or, perhaps, she finds it 'amusing to recount!' The French are all inexplicable conundrums to me." Jenny had not yet quite forgiven Madame for the sudden check to her own gush of sympathy.

I had a different opinion, securely founded on trifles, as a woman's opinion usually is. Madame had never thought it worth while, it is true, to refer to the scene on the piazza; but, by a pitying smile, and an occasional Le pauvre Matthern! But with Mademoiselle Elise it had been different. She had brought to me, the morning before they left, a book, with Matthias' name in it, which, it appeared, he had loaned to her. She asked if I would return it to him.

"I did not know that Matthias had been introducing you to our literature," I said, smiling.

"Ah, oui, Madame," earnestly. "He was very kind. When I first came. I have not seen him since he knew my father considered me affianced. I fear it displeased him that I should

carry the portrait of a man whom I had not ever seen? Think you? It seemed unwomanly to him—not modest?"

I made an evasive answer. The matter seemed to me too nearly one of life and death to these people to bear a meddling finger.

"I have put in the book a little paper," she said, with the same anxious gravity. "You will look at it, madame?"

It was only a white card, with the painting ca it of an unopened rose-bud, one from a bush of wild Scotch roses, of which Matthias was fond, and a bit of heather.

"It is not a souvenir, you will perceive; it has no meaning. Only he has been very kind to me. And I would say good-by. You will tell him so, madame? It is not according to French custom that I do this," smiling at last. "But I shall follow your English custom for this time."

I gave the paper to Matthias, repeating her words, literally. He made no reply. But he nursed the poor little bush thereafter, as though it had been a live thing, dear to him.

Winter came, and went, and we heard but seldom from our old friends. Jenny was the idlest of correspondents.

"No doubt the Le Maistres are content, having regained their lost place: and the poor old father rejoices in Elise, and her husband, and chateau," she said, and so dismissed the matter from her mind.

One day in June, however, I received a letter from a friend, then traveling through the West Indian Islands, which gave a different bearing to affairs.

"I have heard, at last," he wrote, "of your friends, for whom you bade me inquire. They arrived here last October, and became the guests of a certain Madame Du Ponte, to whose nephew Mademoiselle Besancon, it appears, was betrothed. Madame Du Ponte is one of the most influential landholders on the island, and young Le Maistre an admirable match for a penniless, and (in public opinion) unattractive girl. He came here to meet her from Mexico, where he has some appointment. He is reported to be clever, witty, and cultured as to mind; for the rest, a generous, well-bred fellow. In some way, however, he failed to satisfy Mademoiselle Besancon's maiden fancy, for the marriage was delayed and delayed. So long delayed, indeed, that it became unpleasant for the young lady to remain longer an inmate of the house of his aunt, who was naturally chagrined at her nephew's inexplicable want of success. M. Bisancon and his daughter, therefore, went over to Jamaica during the winter, where young Le Maistre followed

them, and urged his suit, without success. He was, I learn, obliged to return home, but is to be back some time during the next month, July. I learn, too, a vague rumor of a severe illness of M. Besancon's, which has been long continued, and is, it is feared, hopeless. But they have few friends, or even acquaintances on the island."

"She will marry him in July," pronounced Jenny, authoritatively. "It is hardly to be supposed she would yield without some show of wooing, though the girl has as little mind of her own as is possible at her age."

It was to Jenny herself the next letter came. She came down with it to the library, unnaturally quiet, as she always was, when deeply agitated.

"I have wronged Elise Besancon," she said. "Read this, Leonard. I cannot."

"I write in haste," the letter ran, "to tell you of a terrible event, which has shocked the whole island, and in which your friend, Mademoiselle Besancon has been the unfortunate actor. Her father, it appears, lay ill for weeks, at a little village on the coast, near Port Antonio, where the girl nursed him with the poorest appliances of comfort. They met with but rough treatment from the ignorant villagers, and they had, I fear, but little money to smooth their way. It was impossible to remove the old man to France, as his daughter desired. He died at last, one night, and the poor girl, being quite alone and friendless, applied for leave to bury him the next morning, which was refused by the magistrate of the village-the dead man having been a Pro-Perhaps money could have removed even this religious difficulty; but Elise was almost penniless-neither able to bribe the officials nor to convey her dead out of their sight. All day she sat in the miserable inn-chamber where he died, keeping watch, fearing that some indignity should be done to the body. It so happened that I and Jasper, who were making the tour of the island, arrived at Anona on this very day, and, remembering that we had heard of the Besancons in the neighborhood, determined to look them up, in order to report to you. If we had but acted on our first impulse, and gone on that night! We deferred our starting till the next day, however. On reaching the wretched village, we found it in a wild state of consternation and alarm. The body of M. Besancon and his daughter had both disappeared in the night, as the natives and negroes alleged, by some supernatural means.

"Jasper and I, of course, went to work to solve the mystery, in some rational way. There was but one road through the mountains, by

which she could have gone, and that road we had just passed over. Her escape, therefore, must have been by water. On inquiry we found there was a rocky island, uninhabited but by the sea-fowl, some four miles distant down the coast.

"A virogue was missing, we were told, from the wharf. We found the owner, a black boy, skulking out of sight, and, by dint of bribes and threats, made him confess that he had helped the young lady carry her father down to the boat at midnight, and had given her oars and a rough pine-box in which to bury him. More he was afraid to do. We set sail for the island at once. and reached it about one o'clock in the afternoon. It was but a low heap of rocks, overgrown with moss and stunted trees, the tide plashing up fretfully on every side. The day was dull and lowering, the wind wet with gusts of rain. The pirogue was anchored on the shore. As we landed, flocks of ill-omened birds rose with harsh, dissonant cry from the reeds. It had all the terrible, breathless effect of a nightmare; and when, after penetrating through the heavy under-brush, we found the girl sitting by a halfdug grave, beside which lay her dead; the sight gave me a pang such as no personal grief of my own had ever made known to me. She appeared to be in a stupor with exhaustion of soul and body-watched us dully, without question, as we dug the grave, and reverentially laid the old man in his rough coffin. It was only when Jasper, who had brought a French prayer-book, (Jasper is a thoughtful, tender-hearted fellow, as you know) began to read the service for the dead, that she began to cry in a womanish fashion, and the tears came at last.

"I must be brief with my story. We brought her back, that night, to Port Antonio, and placed her under the care of a kind Spanish lady, a friend of mine in the old fishing days. A week after, Madame Du Poute arrived, and carried her away with her to Martinique, where, by this time M. le Maistre will have joined them, and, no doubt, will find her more easily won than before. Weak and helpless as she is from physical debility, and alone, she would be more than woman to resist a gallant young fellow, who, I believe, sincerely loves her."

In the chorus of exclamations and pity that followed, I looked only at Matthias, who had entered the room unnoticed, as Leonard began to read the letter, and had stood immovable until it was ended, the only silent listener. When the last word was heard, he turned quickly, and left the room.

The next day Leonard announced, at dinner,

that Matthias had been summoned away, the evening before, on important business—had spent the night in arranging his books, and had started on the day-light train.

"The most methodical fellow!" he added.
"Could leave his accounts at the busiest season,
so clearly made out, that a boy could understand
them. But what can the business be? I thought
he had no kinsfolk, and no friends but ourselves."

Jenny and I glanced at each other, but said nothing.

Just a month from that day, Matthias's red hair and grave, kindly face appeared, at the usual time, at the door, in the evening.

"I have brought you back an old friend," he said, quietly.

We looked up. Elise stood beside him, a little paler and thinner, but with that new smile in her eyes and on her lips, which only belongs to women who love and are beloved. How Madame le Maistre received the tidings of her sister's misalliance, I do not know. But that was years ago.

I do know that, when the siege of Paris was raised, and a committee of prominent American merchants, who were in London at the time, hastened over to see what could be done for the relief of the ruined city, the chief among them was Matthias Lindsay. And I saw the letters which his wife received from her sister, Madame le Comtesse de Pessony, written, as it were, with tears in her eyes, demanding if she knew the value of her noble husband, not at home, but as a man among men, recounting the pride with which Louis had gathered her friends about him, to present to them his American brother.

It was all very pleasent. But I do not believe Mrs. Lindsay learned anything new about her husband, or valued him one whit the more.

OLD SONGS.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I sing thy songs, but thou art gone; Thou know'st not memory's vital power; The levely past is here once more, The pleasant chat, the glad, bright hour.

'Tis o'er! 'tis o'er! I shrink and writhe, Beneath stern duty's iron hold, That bids me to the present turn, Burdened with miseries manifold.

Who says it were best to have,
Even one ray of dazzling light,
Though all too soon our sun went down,
And all the future gloomed to night.

Thank God! for e'en the smallest joy
That ever on my path hath shone;
Thank God! for every loyal friend,
That aided when the storm was on.

Mine is no cold and callous heart; My friendship is no feeble fiame; Ready to seek, more quick to bare, And all more dark than when I came.

No. When at God's dread bar I stand And I my separate sins shall hear, Nor broken faith, nor friend betrayed, Will in the list 'gainst me appear.

Old songs, sweet songs, I sing you o'er, And friend and foe before me stand; The brave, the noble, and the true, And malice, with her hidden hand.

Avaunt! masked face, and sable heart!

Nor dare again, at God's dread shrine
To take the consecrated bread,
To drink the consecrated wince

NEVER GIVE UP!

BY MRS. HELEN A. MAN'VILLE.

Neven give up! or sit down in despair,
Saying, "Tis no use to try!"
The clouds never lowered so darkly but there
Would be sunshine and light by-and-by.
Never give up! if you do you are lost
In the mazes of serrow's long night.
Keep your heart cheerful, whatever the cost,
Keep your eyes looking the while for the light.

Never give up! though fate does her worst:
Did you ever yet know of a day

That the night did not herald with darkness at first,
And the darkness did not roll away?

Never give up! and you fight the good fight,
Of you none shall say, "He was lost!"

Keep your eyes looking the while for the Mght,
Keep your heart cheerful whatever the cost.

HOW LOTTIE WAS DECEIVED.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

LOTTIE SEABURY was an orphan and an heiress. and having passed her one-and-twentieth birthday, had come into full possession of her comfortable little property, amounting in all to one hundred thousand dollars. At first, Lottie, who had been for ten years at a boarding-school, with an allowance limited by her guardian to four hundred dollars a year, did not know what to do with her liberty and seven thousand per annum. Her guardian was an old bachelor, rather crusty, and not at all anxious to have the addition of a charming young lady to his sober establishment. Poor Lottie had no friends, except those formed among the girls at school, and no relations except a stray cousin or so, whom she hardly knew by name. One of her cousins, however, Royston Crosby, Lottie remembered very well: he was about her own age, a handsome, careless lad, and had come to say "good-by," to her five years before, before starting for California to seek his fortune. They had played together as children, had fought and scratched, kissed and made up; and then Roy had been sent to some great boarding-school, and Lottie had been incarcerated in Madame Marceau's seminary. So that, now, she was utterly alone.

"What am I to do? Where am I to live, Mr. Vulham?" she asked her guardian, rather drearily.

"My dear," he said, at last, slowly. "You should travel, and see something of the world. I might find a lady of suitable age and position, who would be glad to act as chaperone and companion to you, in consideration of a liberal salary, and then you might please yourself as to your future movements."

"The very thing!" cried Lottie, with such sudden animation as to almost take old Fulham's breath away. "I'll go to California, and hunt up Roy," she had thought at once.

So it was arranged; and after a few weeks a fat, kind-hearted old widow, Mrs. Worth Grame, had gladly undertaken the charge of the pretty young heiress. Her salary was to be five hundred dollars a year, and all her expenses paid, and Mrs. Worth naturally felt that she was in clover.

Lottie was rather shy about proposing at once to go to California, so she concluded to spend the fall and winter in New York, and start for the far West in early spring. A pleasant suit of rooms, rather high up, but cozy and bright, were engaged at the Clarendon, and there Miss Seabury and Mrs. Worth comfortably established themselves. Lottic found sufficient amusement in the gay sights and sounds of New York, the matinees at the Opera House and theatres, and the daily drive to the Park. She read novels by the dozen (dear privilege of an escaped school-girl!) banged her piano, ate bon-bons, and kept up her French by daily chats with a jolly, little Parisienne hair-dresser, who came to her every morning.

From the window of her parlor Lottie could look across the street to the Everett House, and one day she was rather startled, as she sat rocking, and pretending to do some worsted-work, to see the barrels of an ivory opera-glass directed, apparently, full upon her.

"How very impertinent!" thought Lottie, and she moved out of sight, and then softly closed the inside blinds. She would not have been a woman if she had not peeped through the slats, to see what sort of an animal had been surveying her through the lorguette. There he was at the window, smoking sure, and looking lazily into the street. He was handsome enough, and Lottie fancied there was something familiar in the cut of his face. Another day came, and again Lottie had to close her blinds, and be indignant. And one afternoon, as she followed Mrs. Worth into the carriage, there was the same young man almost at her elbow, and staring at her with all his cyes.

What was she to do? Tell Mrs. Worth? Change her rooms at the hotel? After all he had done nothing but look at her once or twice, and, perhaps, even, it was some other window at which the lorgnette had been directed. "I'll keep the blinds closed, and not think of it any more," said Lottie to herself, and she really kept her resolution.

The next Saturday there was to be a matineo at the Opera House—Nilsson was to sing in "Martha." Of course, Lottie and Mrs. Worth did not miss such a treat. There was a great crowd, and in the struggle of getting out after the opera was over, Lottie became separated from her chaperon.

"Perhaps you had better take my arm," some one said suddenly at her ear.

Lettic looked up angrily, and saw her neigh- } bor of the Everett House. He was looking curiously at her, and seemed almost inclined to laugh.

"What insolence!" muttered Lottie, and drawing up her little figure with great dignity, she tried to wither him with a look.

"It is very unkind of you to refuse my arm," said the young man, tenderly. "As often as you have kissed me, too!"

"He is mad!" thought Lottie, and now she was really frightened, and made a desperate effort to push through the crowd and rejoin Mrs. Worth.

"Stop, Lottie!" and a detaining hand held her back. "You surely have not forgotten your cousin, Royston Crosby?"

"Roy! is it really you?" exclaimed Lottie, joyfully, clasping her hand over his arm.

"You don't suppose I would be so ungentlemanly as to speak to a girl I didn't know? Of course, I am Roy. I have been watching you for the past week, for I fancied you were Lottie Scabury; and after you left the hotel to-day, I went and inquired for you by name, and then followed you here."

"Dear Roy, I am so glad to see you. More glad. than I can say," cried Lottie, enthusiastically.

"Dear little Lottie!" said Roy, affectionately squezing her hand with his arm.

"When did you come from California?" asked · Lottie.

"Ten days ago."

"Did you make your fortune, Roy?"

Roy shook his head mournfully.

"Ah!" thought Lottie, "the poor boy is probably as poor as when he went away. How fortunate that I am so rich, for, of course, he can have all he wants of my money."

They were now in the open air. She looked up into his face.

"Royston, you must come and dine with us this evening," she said. "I have a great deal to talk to you about."

She spoke with the seriousness of advanced age, as if she was an elderly aunt lecturing a refractory young nephew.

"Of course I'll come," said Roy. "I should like it immensely."

Mrs. Worth was found, panting with terror at the loss of her charge. Roy was duly presented to the good lady, and the three went cozily home together.

After dinner Roy lighted his segar, and seated himself on the window-sill to smoke. It was a warm evening, late in October; the window was open, and the lights and sounds of the great city her self-possession, and spoke in a very business-

seemed gay and cheerful to the young people. Lottie sat in her low rocking-chair, and pondered over what words she could use in offering to help her cousin. "Plain words are always the best," she thought, and thus she commenced,

"Royston, I am troubled about you."

"Are you, Lot? Why?" said Roy, lazily allowing a thin line of smoke to escape from his mouth.

"Are you in debt?" asked Lottic, seriously.

"No, nothing to speak of."

"Did you leave any debts in California?"

"No," said Roy, looking curiously at the grave face of his pretty cousin.

"And as you have only been here ten days, you cannot owe much. But how do you expect to pay your bill at the Everett House?"

"How?" asked Roy.

"Yes, how? You were always a careless, thoughtless boy. I feared you would not make your fortune in California. Royston, dear, you know you are too lazy to work in earnest."

" Very true!"

"But then I am very rich, and have enough for us both. You must frankly ask me for what you want."

"Oh, I see!" said Roy, sitting up and looking full at Lottie.

"Of course you would not mind asking me, your own, near cousin; and it distresses me to think that you are in poverty."

"You dear, little thing!" said Royston, leaning down from the window-sill, and attempting to kiss his own, near cousin.

"Don't be childish, Roy," Lottie said, gravely, and motioning away the handsome face so near to hers.

"Oh, yes! let me be childish," whispered Roy. "The old lady is asleep, and cousins always

"No, no!" said Lottie, pushing him away, and feeling strangely fluttered and shy.

But Roy would have his kiss; and after he had taken one, he was not satisfied, and would not let Lottie go, till he had taken a dozen more.

Mrs. Worth slept the sleep of the just, and did not even dream of the impassioned little scene being enacted before her.

"Oh, Roy, how could you?" murmured Lottie, trembling all over, when at last he had released her.

"How could I help it?" said Roy, resuming his segar and his tranquillity. "You dear, generous girl! So you mean to support me, ch? And pay my debts, if I have any?"

"Certainly," said Lottie, who had recovered

Vol. LXII.—24

like tone. "What could be more natural and proper, rich as I am, and your own near cousin, too?"

"First cousin, once removed," said Royston, dreamily. "I'll be hanged if I ever remove a second time!"

"I think it will be best for you to just simply ask me for what you want," said Lottie.

" Exactly."

"Or, if you preferred it, I could make you an allowance?"

"No. I'll ask you for what I want."

"And, Royston, to-morrow you must get your bill at the hotel, and bring it to me, for, of course, it will be best for you to be here."

"All right, I will. Lottie, I feel very childish again!"

"Don't be so silly!" said Lottie, jumping up, and running across the room to Mrs. Worth, waking up that vigilant matron.

Royston said good-night soon after, and went away. He walked around Union Square many times that night, before he finally entered the hotel, and mounted to his own room. And when there, he sat at his window, an hour or more, looking thoughtfully at a window opposite, in the Charendon.

The next day Lottie did not fail to remind her cousin of the hotel bill, and he laughingly brought it to her, and looked over her shoulder as she read it.

ROYSTON CROSBY,

- "You see it isn't paid," said Royston.
- "Of course not," said Lottie.
- "A bottle of claret every day, you know, Lottie," explained Royston, apologetically.
- "Very well," said Lottie. "Now I shall give you a blank check, which I have already signed, and you must fill it up yourself, taking all that you wish, Royston; for, indeed, I have more than I can spend, and I should not like to think you were pinched."

Roy picked up her little hand, and kissed it. He took the check, and, later in the day, told Lottie that he had paid all his bills.

The days lengthened into weeks. November passed, and Christmas was near at hand. Lettie had a pretty, little brougham, which she hired by the month; but it presented the most imposing appearance, and had quite the air of a private establishment.

One afternoon, Mrs. Worth being indisposed, Lottie graciously invited Roy to drive with ker, first to Broadway, to do a little Christmas shopping, and then, afterward, to the Park.

"I am going to hang up her stocking," whispered Lottie to Roy, "and yours, and mine, too. Roy, dear, you must tell me what you would like. I shall, of course, give you something as a surprise; but I would like, also, that you would select something for yourself."

"So I will," said Roy. "Indeed, I have already made my selection, if I can only get it. I'll tell you about it, while we are driving in the Park. And, by the way, Lottie, I have half made up my mind as to a Christmas present for you. You must give me your opinion of it."

"No," said Lottie, eagerly. "I'd rather not. I like to be surprised. Choose whatever you like for me, and give it to me Christmas-day; or, better still, put it into my stocking, Christmaseve, and I will promise not to look at it till the next morning."

"All right," said Roy, with his usual easy acquiescence to whatever Lottic proposed.

"But, Roy, what will you have for your Christmas gift?" asked Lottic, after they had left the noise and bustle of Broadway, and were bowling up to the Park.

"Well, the fact is, Lottie, I am afraid you will think I am asking too much."

"Absurd," said Lottic. "If I can give it you, you may be sure I shall."

"Well, Lottie, it's—it's you I want!" stammered Roy, with an appealing look.

Lottie blushed to her very forehead.

"Oh, Roy! do you mean it?" she asked.

"I should rather think I did," said Roy; "and if you refuse, I shall have to go away from you, Lottie."

"But 1 don't refuse," cried Lottic, after a pause. "You may have me, and welcome. I have often thought how sensible it would be, and should have offered myself, if it had only been proper."

"No, would you?" said Roy, in great delight. "How jolly it would have been to have had you propose to me! We are engaged now, aren't we. Lottie, and I may be childish as often as I like?"

"Certainly not, while we are driving in the Park," rebuked Lottie, for her rash cousin had leaned toward her, very much as if he wanted to take immediate advantage of his position.

It was a happy drive altogether. The Park was gay and crowded, and when they had left the animated scene, and drove home in the dusk of the early winter evening, these two children made sober plans for their future, or rather Lot-

tie made the sober plans, and Roy agreed to ; everything, holding his cousin's little hand in his, and admiring the pretty face and figure, so well set off by the velvet dress with sable trimmings.

Christmas-day came, and Lottie had so dressed her parlor with evergreen and holly, that it looked like a little arbor. Three long, rather limp stockings, dangled from the mantel-piece; but Lottie studiously kept her eyes from that tempting neighborhood, till breakfast was over, and Royston had made his appearance. And then, with much ceremony, she handed Mrs. Worth a stocking which, from its size, could not possibly have belonged to any other member of the party; and then to Roy one, out of which were tumbling segar-cases, and slippers innumerable. And at last, eagerly seizing her own, ske dived into the leg, and brought out, first a gift of Mrs. Worth, and then a little, blue velvet box, which, when opened, displayed a diamond of marvelous size and beauty.

"Ah, Roy, how lovely!" she cried, trying the ring on the third finger of her left hand, and admiring the effect. Then diving the ornamented hand again into the stocking, she drew forth nothing more than the photograph of a country house!

"How pretty!" said Lottie, seeming, however, a little puzzled, as she looked at the picture. "It is a charming house; such nice, wide piazzas, and pleasant grounds. Did you give me this, Mrs. Worth?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Worth.

"I gave it you, Lottie," said Roy, quietly. "It is the picture of a house I bought for your Christmas-gift. I think you will like it. It is a nice little place on the Hudson."

"But do you think we can affalteringly. ford it ?"

"I had it a great bargain," said Roy; "and, by the way, Lottie, I forgot to mention before, that I had a little money of my own."

"And you were going to spend it all on me?" asked Lottie, tenderly.

"No, not all," said Roy, apparently suffering under some embarrassment. "The fact is, the house only cost thirty-

"Thirty dollars!"

"Thirty thousand; and I have twenty a year."

"Twenty dollars, Roy?"

"Twenty thousand."

"A year!" breathlessly. Then, with wideopen eyes, after a pause. "And did you make all that money in California?"

"No, I did not make it," explained Roy. "Uncle Job died, and left it to me."

Lottie's face grew grave.

"You have deceived me, Royston, You told me you were poor."

"No, I did not, dearest. You deceived yourself. Why would you persist in believing me a pauper?"

"I asked you plainly if you had made your fortune in California, and you shook your head so mournfully, I thought you must be poor."

"You asked me if I had made my fortune, and I naturally shook my head mournfully over the incontrovertible fact that I had not made a cent! If poor old uncle Job had not died, I might have lived on your charity after all, my darling. Let that console you."

Before another month, Mr. and Mrs. Royston Crosby went off to Europe, on a wedding trip, and Mrs. Worth was permanently installed at the place on the Hudson, as housekeeper pleni-"Oh, thank you, Roy," said Lottie, rather | potentiary, and chaperon extraordinary.

HARRY LOVES

BY MRS. E. R. SMITH

Over head the snow-clouds gather, In the gray December weather, But to-day I care not whether, Bent above me, Skies be blue, or storm inclining, In my heart the sun is shining, Darkest clouds, with rose-tints lining-Harry loves me!

These three words are softly ringing In my ears, sweet promise bringing Of the time, when spring-birds singing, Up above me,

And beneath me, blooming clover, I shall greet returning lover, And shall hear the story over-Harry loves me!

Blow then winds, or gently murmur, Frowning skies, or Fortune's humor, Cannot change the warm heart's summer, Nor can move me From the faith and trust, unchanging, That, where'er his feet are ranging, With love, knowing no estranging-

Harry loves me!

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 270

CHAPTER XXIII.

More than a year had gone by since our last chapter. Gertrude Harrington had entered upon her new life, with all the freshness of youth and the ardor of an aspiring nature. She studied earnestly, and the superstructure of an excellent English education added accomplishments with wonderful rapidity. Naturally graceful and self-possessed, she soon became superbly elegant. All that nature had left undone, wealth and application had accomplished. She no longer felt herself strange in that sumptuous home, but the brightest part of its household.

Even Jane Foster had relented toward her, in appearance at least; and devotion was never more perfect or unobtrusive than that which Foster bestowed upon her. Every wish, expressed or unexpressed, met with what seemed to her a magical fulfillment, from the wealthy aunt who deted on her. Thus pampered and uplifted, the girl flung off all thoughts of unhappiness, and plunged into her new life with such exquisite zest as a bird feels when it learns to fly.

Mrs. Foster was a quiet, grave woman, who loved the cozy solitude of her own room, but was always ready to give her presence in society when it was necessary to the proper appearance of her niece. She was averse to excitement, and found her home pleasanter since Gertrude had become its inmate—so much pleasanter that she preferred it to all other places.

This lady was essentially a peaceful woman, almost weak where her affections were concerned. Like many another guardian or parent, she knew less of her step-son than the world at large; and if she observed the devotion with which he regarded her niece, found no cause for interferance in it.

"It will amount to nothing," she said. "Only Rufus is taken with her freshness and her beauty, but their influence will wear off, and he will sink back into the old club life. Otherwise, it would be well that her heart was anchored before she came here."

Jane Foster had her calculations also, and, singular enough, for once, they drifted with the mest of the family. "Let Ruf have his drowsy

flirtation out," she said to herself. "It will amount to nothing. I almost wish it would, for then ——"

Whatever else Miss Jane Foster thought, was never given, even to the low voice in which the rest of her reverie was uttered; but, instead of avoiding Gertrude, she became oppressively gracious, and sometimes even obtrusive in bestowing her society on the girl.

But the fashionable season opened with unusual brilliancy that year, and, as both young ladies plunged into its vortex, but little time was left for domestic experiences. Gertrude was constantly thrown into society with Rufus Foster, who was, in fact, the most desirable match of the season, as he had been for many a year before; and to a young girl, in the first flush of success, the social elevation to which his wealth and indifference had lifted him, partook of the real greatness to which, at some future day, she had hoped to see Hart Webster exalted.

Thus the season in New York opened to the Foster family. Matinees in the morning, calls at off-hours, drives in the afternoon, and parties, operas, or theatres at night, gave little time for thought, and none for real feeling, as the young girl drifted gayly out of her old life into the new.

There was one person in the Foster mansion, of whom we have made no mention, but who had met with changes of circumstances quite as important as those which had befallen Gertrude Harrington. This was the girl who had hired herself out as ladies' maid to Mrs. Foster. Never was there a brighter, more obliging, or faithful little attendant than Sarah made. She was like a sunbeam in the house. She had perfected herself in the detail's of her work with marvelous readiness, and adapted herself with such wonderful tact to the manners of her employer, that, in less than three months, she had lost all the rough provincialism of language that came with her from the country, and much of the brusque manner which had made her an object of Jane Foster's irony.

The girl was not always cheerful. At times she came down from her room in the morning, heavy-eyed and languid, as if her sleep had been broken; but she made no complaint, and always turned the subject off with a smile if her mistress asked if she was not well.

After awhile there really was not so very much difference between this girl and the young lady she was expected to serve. Both were observant, both well taught in New England schools. If Gertrude entered heart and soul into an accomplishment, either in music or the languages, drawing, or deeper study, the spirit of imitation seized upon the girl Sarah. She listened with greedy ears, as the tutor gave his lessons, and murmured them over in soft whispers, as the young lady repeated them.

Sarah's duties were not heavy, and, without any particular arrangement, she would take her work into the little room which adjoined Gertrude's boudoir, and gather up scraps of knowledge while her fingers were busy. Gertrude observed this, and liked it. There was a sort of companionship in this mental theft that made her own studies pleasant. Now and then she called the girl in to recite with her, and afterward, when her time was so much taken up by the world, allowed Sarah to benefit by the tuition of which she could but partially avail herself, and take the lessons that would otherwise have been lost.

This young girl had both genius and industry. She performed all her duties well; yet allowed no scrap of knowledge to escape the keen grasp of her intellect. At night, after the young ladies had left the house for some gay assembly, the servants down stairs would hear the giving forth of sweet sounds from Miss Harrington's room, and wonder if the house was music haunted. The ladies' maid was keen-eyed, too, with regard to what was going on in the house. In the morning she was often called upon to carry flowers, gathered from the conservatory by Mr. Foster's own hand, up to her young lady; and when Gertrude began io receive them with an eager smile, the maid would regard her with a strange, searching look; and an expression of struggling regret and pleasure, would fill her splendid eyes for a moment, then die out in mournful sadness.

Did Gertrude think of Hart Webster in those days? Yes, at times his image came back to her vividly; but he had wounded her pride, and filled her life for weeks with bitter disappointment. Why had he gone away, without seeing her; and after that, when she had deigned to reproach him, why had he left her letter unanswered for days and days, nor once alluded to his fault when he did write? She loved him. Yes, of course she did; but no man should trifte

with her in that way. She could seem as indifferent as he really was.

But the person who can for any length of time seem to be indifferent, will end in being the thing they seem. Gertrude believed herself neglected, and this thought stung her in the midst of her brilliant success. While the whole world seemed at her feet, this man alone withheld the homage which she had begun to expect as her due. Thus the year wore on.

Jane Foster understood all this, and smiled. For the first time in her life, she wished success to her brother's desires. She saw clearly, long before the year was out, that the idea of making this girl his wife had settled into a passionate desire. She knew him to be a quiet, cold-blooded, crafty man, incapable of generous affection; but none the less did she long to see his victim surely snared.

One night, this was in the second winter, Sarah sat by the steel grate, in her young lady's room, with both feet on the fender, and her chin resting in the palm of her hand. She was very thoughtful and serious just then; and while she gazed into the glowing masses of fire, a strange longing was in her heart to go away, and once more breathe the pure atmosphere of her old home.

All at once she started up, and looked at the tiny clock that chimed forth the hours on the white numble of the mantle-piece. It was nearly two o'clock. A carriage had driven swiftly up to the door, and, after a slight bustle in the hall, Certrude Harrington came in, filling the little room with the beauty of her presence.

"Here, take this," she cried, throwing off the fleecy snow of her opera-cloak, and revealing her superb neck and shoulders, just shaded with a mist of lace, "and tell me if I am looking well to-night. Others say so, but I want an honest opinion for once—and you are honest, Sarah, I know that. Tell me, girl, and tell me truly, am I beautiful, really—truly beautiful."

Surah bent her large eyes on that superb figure, clad in a sweeping robe of the delicate color which gleams in the heart of a tea-rose, and lifted them, almost sadly, to the splendid beauty of that queenly neck and face, which she dwelt upon until the haughty girl blushed crimson.

"Yes," she said, drawing a deep sigh. "You are won-lerfully beautiful!"

Gertrude turned, and, flinging back the rich folds of her train, surveyed herself in the mirror which reflected her from head to foot.

She seemed pleased with the survey, for a light smile flashed over her face.

"And yet!" she exclaimed, with a stamp of

her foot on the carpet. "A person was there, I mean at the party to-night, who had a crowd at her feet; a little creature, with eyes like periwinkles, and the complexion of a baby. Everybody was raving over her because of her blonde hair-Mr. Foster and all."

"Blonde," said Sarah, thoughtfully suppose that means something vellow bright?"

"Why, of course, hair full of sunshine, and lips like ripe cherries."

Here Gertrude bit her own red lips. "That is the way all the people talked of her. I was almost left alone more than once."

Tears absolutely broke into Gertrude's eyes, and she flung herself into the easy-chair, that Sarah had occupied, with a reckless disregard of her dress, which sent its rosy billows of silk almost into the fire. During a whole year she had found herself the novelty of the season, the idol of every assembly; and this approach of another to her throne filled her with astonishment.

"It could not have been her beauty," she said, shaking the tears from her lashes. "But her neck was just one blaze of diamends, that fell in drops down her bosom; wedding gifts from her husband, for whom she has just gone out of mourning. No girl, they tell me, can wear such jewels. Fortunate for me; isn't, Sarah?" added the excited young creature. "Because I haven't one in the world."

"They wouldn't be of much use, when you go back to the country," answered Sarah, with a suppressed sigh.

"The country!" Here Gertrude gave another glance at herself in the glass, and broke into a hysterical laugh. "Oh, yes! I look like that-don't I? Just imagine me sweeping across aunt Eunice's sitting-room in this dress!"

"But then, perhaps, you will be too happy for any thought of dresses," said Sarah, gently.

Gertrude's face clouded heavily.

"I don't know. It seems to me that I shall never be really happy again; one changes so."

"But the people and places we have loved do not change."

"What do you mean, Sarah?" questioned the girl, sharply.

"Our old homes-yours and mine; for I come from the country, you know."

"Well, what then?"

"And I was just longing to go back again." Gertrude gave an involuntary shudder.

"And I loathe the thought of it."

"Then it is not true?"

"What is not true?"

men that ever breathed the breath of life, is waiting for you there."

"Who told you this?"

"I heard it in the country, and I heard it here,"

"In the country? Where? You speak as if you knew the person."

"I have heard of him often; and I know that he loves you dearly."

"Yes," answered Gertrude, rising, with a haughty smile. "He has a most original way of expressing his love. If I had time to think of him, it might break my heart."

"I think you intend to break his," answered Sarah; and quick, angry fire leaped into her eyes as she spoke.

"Sarah, you forget yourself."

"No, it is you who forget, and turn your back on the most noble destiny that ever was offered to a woman. Oh, Miss Harrington! think of what you are throwing away! Think of the happiness, the honor of being that man's wife. Compare him, if you can, with the people who surround you now-silken creatures, wrapped up in selfishness, incapable of a grand or noble thought; inheritors of wealth, they never would have had the ability to gain; men who will bow low to your beauty now, and leave you to perish of neglect when it fades."

"Sarah, are you crazy to speak in this way?"

"Not crazy, but troubled with a fear that his life will be made miserable, and yours worthless."

"Why, girl, what is Hart Webster to you?"

" Nothing."

This one word dropped from Sarah with an accent of dull despair; all the animation went out from her face, her hands fell downward, and she left the room, closing the door softly after her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GERTRUDE HARRINGTON looked after the girl, amazed.

"What can she mean? What has come over her?" she exclaimed, impatiently looking around the room, which was in confusion. Her operacloak lay in a white heap on the floor, where she had dropped it; a withered bouquet, and a pair of crumpled gloves were scorehing on the hearth.

She had expected that Sarah would help her undress, and sat there in the shaded gas-light, a glistening picture of helplessness; for, in those few months, this hardy young creature from the red farm-house, had become so enervated, and elegantly sensuous, that she found it a task to "That one of the bravest, noblest, handsomest { unclass her bracelets without help.

"It serves me rightly. I had no business to encourage her. She was hired for my mail, and sets up as a monitor. By-and-by she will refuse to put on my slippers, I dare say."

But these uneasy thoughts were soon driven out by the one predominating idea that had harrassed Gertrude all the evening—this young lady with the blonde hair and lily complexion, to whom Rufus Foster had devoted himself with such quiet assiduity.

"Was it done to torment me, I wonder, or did he really mean it? They tell me these young widows always have the advantage over girls, because they have all the experience and privi-Why, Miss Foster leges of married women. here, who has audacity enough for anything, and could outshine this woman in jewels, ten to one, if society permitted it, stands aside for this new widow from Paris, and seems to enjoy the way she sweeps everything before her. She has told me, a hundred times, that her brother was fickle as the wind: but what do I care? Am I not bound? Bound to what? A little white house, with green blinds, and a gilt plate on the door of a one-story wing, with Hart Webster, attorney at law, blazing on it."

Here the girl sprang up from her seat, and went sweeping round the room, like a leopard in its cage, biting her lips, and dashing back her train passionately, as she turned or entangled her feet in its silken waves. At last she rang the bell violently.

Sarah answered it. Very still and pale, she came into the room, and, picking up the operacloak, folded it neatly. Gertrude loosened some white roses from her hair, flung them on the dressing-table, and began to untangle the heavy braids, pulling them furiously now and then, as if the pain of this proceeding did her good.

"Shall I help you?" said the maid, approaching the table.

Gertrude dropped into her seat, and gave the braids a toss over her shoulder, but vouchsafe! no other answer.

Sarah's hands trembled as she loosened the shining strands, and dropped them in waves over those white shoulders. There was no trace of tears on her face, but rather a look of sublime exaltation. When she had performed her task, loosened the robe, and removed the last shadow of lace from neck and arms, the girl fell upon her knees before her mistress, and, while all her eloquent features quivered with emotion, pleaded with her.

"Oh, lady! Oh, Gertrude Harrington! for Heaven's sake! for his sake, be yourself again. Go home; flee from this new and most evil life,

where honor perishes, and true love is strangled to death. Go home to your good aunt. Trample all these things under foot. Take back the beauty which won him, because of its innocence. In that way lies happiness, honor—in the end, all that you pant for now."

Gertrude drew back in her chair, gathering the silken robe up to her bosom, as if it could conceal all that was in the heart underneath. Then her voice broke forth.

- "Retreat before this new woman! Give up the position I have won, and sneak away amid the derision of his sister, and the pity of his world? Go back to aunt Eunice? No! no! a. thousand times no!"
 - "But Hart Webster?"
- "If Hart Webster has one spark of pride, he will glory in the position I have won. In the homage of other men he will see a compliment to his choice. I do not resign him because I prefer this life to his. Why should I leave all this till he is ready and able to enter it himself?"
- "But it may be—it must be years before he can do that?"
- "Well, why should those years be dragged out in the country? Am I not welcome here?"
- "As birds are welcome to the upas tree," answered the maid.
- "At any rate, I am my own mistress; so leave me!"

Sarah bent her head, and left the room. A few minutes after, she had fallen upon her own bed, and was weeping passionately. "It is for his sake—for his sake I do it; but, oh, this pain, this pain!" she exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT night Miss Jane Foster was also sitting in full dress, before a waning fire, which Lois had allowed to burn down, while she lay among the cushions of a silken couch, with a rich India shawl thrown over her. Without disturbing the girl, this young lady dropped into a chair, and fell to tapping the steel fender with the tip of her satin shoe, smiling blandly to herself, as if all the events of the evening had given her infinite satisfaction.

"The creature has lost her head at last. Rufus has found the way to her vanity, if not her heart. Jealous! I never saw anything like it. Fool! fool! not to see that Ruf is playing this woman off for a purpose. I only wish that splendid fellow from the country could have seen her to-night, pale and trembling, because that silky scamp revealed himself a little. And she does

not love him—that is the very best of it. Talk about jealousy being the offspring of love. Why, it is the born child of vanity! Lois!"

Here Miss Foster dragged away the India shawl, and shook her sleeping maid up from her nest among the cushions.

"Lois, I say!"

The girl rubbed her eyes, and sat up dazed.

"What! Is it you, marm?"

"Yes, it is me. Wake up, and try to remember if Steve has given you any letters."

"Oh, yes! marm, this morning. I—I forgot it," answered the girl, fumbling, sleepily, in her jacket, and drawing forth a letter, directed to Miss Gertrude Harrington, which she gave to her mistress.

"That will do. Now go to bed. Your help would be worth, nothing in this state."

Lois, who was still half asleep, muttered a drowsy good-night, and left the room. Then Miss Foster broke open her friend's letter, and read it.

"Jealous, restless, suspicious, but still honorable and chivalric. Now is my time."

With these words the young lady drew a little desk toward her, and began to write. This was her letter:

"I write you, my dear Mr. Webster, from a high sense of duty, which impels me to save a sister woman from deception and pain, at a sacrifice of reserve and feminine delicacy, which, I trust, you will appreciate rather than condemn. I truly hope that your attachment to my step-mother's niece is not so deeply seated in your heart that her unconscious treason to it will, in any material way, darken your future. But, even if that were the fact, I must write. Better that you should suffer keenly now than drag through life with an unloving woman, whose desires are all with another.

"Miss Harrington, when you first saw her, was a young, beautiful-at least some think so-and unsophisticated girl, unformed, wildly ambitious, and ready to assume any engagement that would lift her out of that old red farm house, and into the great world she panted to enjoy. Her tastes were simple then, and her aspirations very humble, compared to the audacity of her ambition now. She is a creature of keen imagination and sensuous tastes by nature, and her residence in this house, the pet of a douring and luxurious old lady, whose wealth is lavished upon her without stint, has developed and intensified these dangerous qualities, till such selfish gratification as wealth can purchase has become necessary to her existence.

"At first, no doubt, she was, as far as uch

natures can be, honestly attached to you as the first really elegant young man who had found his way to her primative home. The ambition that consumes her now influenced her then; but I say it with painful reluctance, the object is changed. This girl loves my brother Rufus, who is hopelessly infatuated with her. His sunve elegance and sumptuous surroundings have undermined the little good faith that had found its way into her engagement with you; and now the weak but proud girl is shackled with a tie that she has not the courage to break, and a love that has become a part of her luxurious existence. The idea of being a poor man's wife becomes every day more repugnant to her. I can see it in the clouding of her countenance, whenever the conversation is directed that way; in the shrinking dread with which she receives your letters. To answer those letters seems a task that she delays and almost loathes. Forgive the last words; but they can alone express the truth I wish to convey.

"I really believe that she has more than once left the house when informed of your presence in the city, and made engagements that she knew would keep her from the embarrassment of meeting you. Meantime my brother has not lost his opportunities. This girl has been surrounded with everything that could charm her fancy or enervate her principles; not intentionally, but because these elegances are essential to my step-mother's own life, and seem naturally a part of hers. Rufus loves her as I never expected to see him care for any human being but himself. I beg pardon! This may sound unsisterly; but he has never known a want; and, in perpetual prosperity, selfishness roots itself with a firm hold. He loves her, and I am sure that she loves him.

"Have I said enough? It is not for me to point out the course you should take. A proud, honorable man will decide that for himself. I may have done wrong, and exposed myself to misconception in writing this. In truth, I expect it, for the path of duty is full of thorns; and bitter condemnation would follow me were either my brother or the lady of his love to know that I had thus frankly appealed to you with the truth.

"Understand me. I write of feelings that should be sacred, not of acts. There I have nothing to say. The thousand little proofs of love which are conveyed by looks and gestures, would be intangible, and even indelicate in expression; still they convey the best proof in the world to one whom affection has placed on the watch.

"The pure and deep affection that I feel for my only brother, far more than any sympathy for this young lady, has impelled me to give you this information. I cannot endure to witness the struggle these two lovers are making, and sit inactive, while the happiness of three lives is wrecked. You have the truth now, and can act upon it as your own sense of honor may direct. For myself, I have performed an unpleasant duty, which may cost me the esteem of a person whose good opinion I would gladly retain; but if this bitter return for a generous impulse is to be mine, I shall at least have the consolation of knowing that it is undeserved.

" Very truly yours,

"JANE FOSTER."

"HART WEBSTER, ESQ."

When Hart Webster received this letter a slow and bitter distrust had been preying on him for months. His letters to Gertrude had been frequently unanswered, and a chilling coldness seemed to pervade such replies as reached him. More than once the girl had spoken of the sacrifices he was making in clinging to an engagement that threatened to be a drag on his ambition, and, without offering to release him, had seemed to leave the way open for a request of the kind.

Twice the young man had been to the city, resolved to set the doubts that tormented him at reat; but each time was received by Miss Foster with embarrassed excuses for the absence of her friend. Now he was resolved to know the worst.

Within a few hours after the letter was received the young man was on his way to New York.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE house was lighted from basement to roof. The front, with its mellow-tinted French brick and stone glowed with the radiance of gas, as it streamed through the windows, and frosty moonlight that fell over them. Through curtains of floating lace and glaring satin a shadowy crowd could be seen, moving to and fro, as flowering thickets are swayed by winds, when luminous day lies between them and the beholder. A crimson carpet fell down a broad flight of steps, contrasting richly with the creamy-hued stone, and spreading across the broad side-walk to the curb stone. Over this was an awning of a richer tinge of red, with deep fringes, that swayed in the wind, and gave a look of pleasant commotion to the entrance of the dwelling.

Carriages were coming and going continually. Up and down, the Avenue was black and tumultuous with them. Every moment a gay group was set down on the crimson carpet, and flitted up the steps, chatting gayly.

Opposite the house a crowd of people had gathered, eager for a glimpse of the high life they could only hope to see in vague snatches. To them the rich garments of the ladies, as they trailed from beneath snowy or gorgeous mantles, were objects of perpetual wonder. Now and then as a lady, radiant with beauty, or flaming with diamonds, trod the carpet, a half-subdued murmur of admiration ran through the crowd, followed, perhaps, by a flash of sarcastic wit from some poor man, to whose toilsome life all this display seemed a bitter mockery.

Amid the crowd of carriages, two set down their inmates almost together. From the first a fair young creature, in white silk, gleaming with threads of gold, that shot through it like starlight, and with diamonds flushing from her arms, her neck, and through the soft fluff of her yellow hair, like the very stars themselves, sprang lightly to the side-walk, flung back her cloud-like outer garment, as if to indulge the crowd with a full view of her splendor, and walked lightly up the steps, turning to speak to her companions as she went, evidently in acknowledgement of the swelling murmur of admiration that followed her from the street.

This action was received by the crowd with something that amounted almost to a shout, at which she smiled, half bowed, and ran into the house.

That moment another carriage drove up, and from it came a gentleman, an elderly lady, in black velvet, a young lady muffled in a scarlet and gold bournous, and, at last, a tall, graceful young creature, whose face and figure was a challenge to more intense admiration than had followed any of the revelers that night. There was scarcely a numur now, for the crowd, that had become excited over the splendor of the young widow, was hushed by the queenly loveliness of this girl. She had seen that pretty butterfly flit up the steps, lighted by the flash of her own diamonds, and the sight had kindled up her face with a brilliancy that astonished even Rufus Foster, who smiled softly as he remarked it.

Gertrude knew well enough that she was an object of intense interest; that the crowd was swaying nearer to the house in order to catch a nearer view of her loveliness; but she was far too proud for any recognition of this homage, and mounted the steps with the graceful indifference of a swan moving in the water.

It was a noble mansion that these people entered. In the broad hall they trod over a mosaic of tinted marble, representing a chariot-race in old Rome, lighted up by flambeaux of gas held on high by bronze statues. The banisters of the broad stair-case were so garlanded with flowering plants and creeping vines, that its richlycarred wood was turned into sumptuous latticework.

Down this stair-case came the glowing young widow, all smiles, childish graces, and glittering like a humming-bird, with a fire-spot on its throat, and dew on its wings. Directly after her came the Fosters, an aristocratic group, with Gertrude Harrington as the center figure, and Rufus Foster, as usual, an object of feminine attraction.

Already the little widow had taken her post under the rainbow light of a cut-glass chandelier, which was flung heavily back by the golden meshes of her hair, and the jewels entangled therein. Now and then the sweet, ringing laugh of this young creature rang out upon the perfumed air, as she entertained the crowd of adorers that swarmed around her, in lisping French and frivolous English.

When Gertrude entered the room, her rival was playfully warding off a dozen applicants, who were eager to lead her into the dancing-room. She could not quite remember; but, really, it seemed to her that she had half pledged the first dance to some one in the morning. In fact, sho was quite sure of it now, for here comes the gentleman to claim her.

Rufus Foster was by far too well bred to open his sleepy eyes wide, or utter a word of surprise, when thus graciously informed of an engagement he had never dreamed of. On the contrary, he pressed through the group of less-favored adorers, gave his arm to the little widow, and led her into the dancing-room.

Gertrude watched this proceeding with a burning heart; but no one saw her emotion under the broad smile which lightened her eyes and lips, as she accepted the arm of a foreign diplomat, and whirled into the dance, slightly circled by his arm.

Those who observed closely, saw something more than mere amusement in the whirl and eddies of this dance. Miss Foster stood by and watched. She understood the secret on Gertrude's cheek, and the side-long glances with which Rufus regarded it, as he seemed to be absorbed by his blithe partner, whose course in the room was marked by the tiny rainbows that broke around her.

I do not think that Gertrude really heard the

music on which she flew that night; but she heard the murmurs of admiration that followed her rival, and felt like a monarch when the subjects he thought faithful to death, fall away from him.

The music which inspered that waltz stopped with a harmonious crash, and those who had joined in it sauntered off in couples. Gertrude's partner led her to Mrs. Foster, and went away to seek the lady engaged to him for the next dance. For some humiliating moments the girl found herself alone, or rather without a crowd rushing eagerly to secure her hand; while the little widow was holding court at the entrance of the ball-room, pelting off persistent applicants with flowers torn from her bouquet.

Indignant, and a little faint from the heavy perfume of flowers that floated through all the rooms, like odor from an eastern jungle, Gertrude arose, softly, and glided off into a little sideroom, filled with the moonlight of an alabaster lamp that swung from the ceiling, and literally draped with the blossoming snow of a sweet-scented clematis vine, woven in and out with the purple flowers and dark-green leaves of a profuse passion-flower.

The room was not a conservatory; but the finest running plants of a noble green-house had been brought there to drape it, and it was thus turned into an exquisite little fairy bower—one of those shadowy nooks that your hostess, if she is a woman of the world, knows how to improvise for young persons who wander away from the music in couples, and are happy when they can escape the crowd.

Gertrude entered this room alone. She felt baffled and put down by the little widow, who was to have her brief reign from the novelty of her appearance only; the girl had known enough of that fickle thing called society, for the practice of a little patience. But her own experience had been so brilliant and intoxicating, that she was amazed and indignant that another should attempt to crowd her from the first place in any assembly.

"He—he is the first to desert me," she thought, sinking into a seat, and wringing her hands, passionately. "He, my slave! who was ready to sink to my feet for a look, who, knowing me pledged to another, has seemed to wither under the thought. He it is that has lifted this creature into notice, by a homage the crowd is sure to follow. She will triumph, too, for she is rich, while the whole world knows that I have nothing. Oh, if I had a million, how I would sweep her down!"

In her humiliation and futile anger, Gor-

trude covered her eyes with her one hand, ashamed to own, even to herself, that she was weeping.

Then a man came softly into the room, with a smile of triumph on his lips, and treading like a cat.

"Gertrude!"

The girl started up in hot haste, dashed the tears from her eyes, and turned them upon Foster with a forced laugh.

- "Ah, is it you, Mr. Foster? I do not remember putting your name on my tablet. Have I been so careless as to forget, that you follow me here?"
- "I really do not think we have made any engagement as yet, Gertrude," he answered, quietly.
- "Then why are you here? When one comes to a place like this, it is for solitude."
 - "But why did you leave the drawing-rooms?"
 - "Because the air was oppressive."
- "And I left, hoping that you came away, in order to give me the last chance I shall ever seek for, Gertrude Harrington. Once, and forever, will you consider all that I have said to you, and decide now!"
- "Decide!" answered Gertrude, fairly catching her breath. "Decide how?"
- "Yes, girl, here! Say if you will return to that room as my engaged bride, to control and reign over society, as my wife, must and shall, till we both weary of the honor. Or, am I to go back a free man, to choose as best pleases me, while you—"
 - "Well, sir? While I---
- "Return to the country, and bury yourself forever."

Gertrude turned white; but her eyes shone with quick resentment.

Foster saw it, and went on with more craft.

- "You know how passionately I love you. How I have waited—how pleaded?"
- "But I told you from the first that it was impossible," faltered the girl.
- "Yes, in words; but encouraged me by your actions. I say to you, Gertrude Harrington, your honor is no more pledged to that other man than it is to me!"
- "If I thought so. If I could but think so!"
- "Else why did you remain under my stepmother's roof one hour after I told you of my love!"
- "But I did not think. She urged me to come and to stay-"
- "And you did stay, knowing how much encouragement was in the act."

- "I-I did not think of that, knowing myself bound in honor."
- "Honor! I tell you, Gertrude, at this moment you are more deeply pledged to me than you ever were to Hart Webster."
 - " No. no!"
- "And this moment your heart turns to me, rather than to him!"
- "My heart! Oh, Mr. Foster, I think you are driving me mad!"

She looked at him pleadingly; her hands were clasped; her eyes shone with tears.

- "Is it madness to take the destiny I will give you; the love, the power, the devotion, of a man that never offered his hand to woman till now?"
- "I know, I know! But how can I break my word?"
- "How can you keep it? Think of the alternative."
 - "I do. I have thought of nothing else."

The girl was relenting. Her eyes seemed to relead for some means of extrication from a tie that burdened her. Foster saw this sign of weakness, throw his arm softly around her, and drew her to a low couch that was shaded, and half hidden under the passion vines.

"Tell me, dear one, is it only this man Webster who stands between you and all that I offer?"

Gertrude dropped her head to Foster's shoulder, and began to sob. He drew her closer, and kissed her lips.

"Oh, answer me back! answer me back!" he cried, with a burst of passionate feeling.

Gertrude Harrington turned her lips for the kiss that she knew would seal her destiny forever.

- It did! For that moment a tall man stood in the door-way, regarding those two social traitors, with a stern glance. His face was pale as death; but he stood motionless, and spoke no word.
- "I knew—I have known all along that you could not love that man well enough to give up everything for his sake."

Gertrude made no answer.

- "He took advantage of your inexperience!"
- "No, no!" she answered. "He loved me—I know that he loved me."
- "But now! now! You have nothing to give him in return?"
 - "Nothing!" answered the girl.

That moment the man in the door glided away, and lost himself in the crowded drawingrooms.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THANKSGIVING LILIAN'S

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

door behind her, and stood, looking at the snow, the first of the season, which now began to fall thick and fast.

She was no great lady, this heroine of mine, but only a poor little seamstress. Yet she had that rare combination of beautiful features and loveliness of expression, which so few possess; and many a wealthy heiress would have envied her the lithe, graceful figure, which made even old Deacon Grimes pause and look after her admiringly, as she went down the street.

"Miss Delano," said a voice at her side, "this is unkind. Won't you even bid me good-by?"

The hall-door had again opened, and this time to give egress to a young man, who was the speaker.

"Certainly! Good-by, Mr. Buckingham," said Lilian. But she spoke in a hurried manner, and hastened her steps.

"It is late, and dark, and stormy. May I not see you safely home?"

"No," replied Lilian, decisively, almost angrily. "But I thank you," she added, a moment after, in a softened tone, "all the same."

"I shall come down and see you, then: you can't hinder that. Your mother, at least, will not shut the door in my face."

It was Thanksgiving Eve, and Lilian had various articles to buy, so that more than an hour elapsed before she reached home. The little cottage, where her mother lived, was in the outskirts of the old-fashioned New England village, where the Delanos had once been the great people of the place, as the Buckinghams were now. She was so late, that both her mother, and her little sister, Rosa, had given her up in despair, and had gone to bed.

"But here you are," cried the latter, kissing her again and again. "You dear, good Puss, what kind of a Thanksgiving could we have had, without you?"

"I'm afraid we shan't have a very merry one, dear," put in her mother. "I've been ill all the time for the last month, and Rose couldn't get pay for what embroidery she's done."

"Never fret, mother," said Lilian, her face all aglow, and her little hands diving vigorously into various baskets and parcels that surrounded were threadbare, and her little purse empty.

LILIAN DELANO had just closed the great hall- { her. "I've provided enough for us three. Here's tea and sugar, mother; and this is butter and eggs. We can get up a cake in the morning, can't we, Rose? And I've ordered wood and coal."

> Mrs. Delano was sobbing softly, with her thin hand on her daughter's shoulder; but little Rose, her bare feet peeping out beneath her snowy night-gown, was watching, with her blue eyes wide with waiting wonder, a parcel that Lilian was unfolding.

> "'Tis for you, dear," said her sister. "1 made it myself, at leisure times. All it needs is some lace. I would have bought that, if Mrs. Buckingham had paid me in full. But you shall have the lace on my mauve dress."

> As she spoke, she shook out the dress. It was a pretty, glossy fabric, as blue as a June sky, and very stylishly made up.

> "Oh! was there ever anything so pretty!" cried Rose. "Mother! mother! Think of the Melrose dance! Won't it be just the thing to wear?"

> "I'm afraid you're a little vain and selfish, Rose," said her mother, reprovingly. "Your sister expends all on us, and saves nothing for herself."

> "Oh, mother! don't, please!" cried Lily. "Let her be happy over it. But what about the Melrose dance, Rose?"

> "Why, there's to be a dance and a supper at the Melroses to-morrow night-a real old-fashioned festival; and the Squire has invited everybody," replied Rose, as she hurried off her night-robe, in order to try on her new dress. "You and I are to go; and I have been fretting for days about what I should wear; and won't this be glorious?"

> "And what will Lily wear herself?" said Mrs. Delano.

> "Oh! never mind me, mother," interposed Lilian. "I don't like such places. You know Tom Dalton will come for Rosa, and you and I will have a cozy evening together at home here. This is your gift, mother."

> Mrs. Delano received the warm, winter shawl in silence, only pressing her daughter's hand, and weeping; and Lilian was the happiest girl in the wide world, though her own garments

Cold and stormy dawned Thanksgiving Day; but the Delano cottage was cozy and warm, and the widow and her daughters enjoyed their dinner better, to be sure, than if such delicacies were common with them. As the day closed, the storm increased, but Tom Dalton came down early, in his covered vehicle, and insisted that Rose must not think of giving up the Melrose dance. And Rose had no desire to do so, longing as she did to display her new dress to Tom's admiring eyes.

Lilian stood in the cottage-door, and watched the young pair drive off; then a momentary sadness came into her sweet, brown eyes. "How gay and happy they will be," she thought; "and Dick Buckingham will be there."

But what was it to her? Why should she care? She shut the cottage-door, and went back to her work. Her mother was ill, and had lain down, so Lilian quietly began some sewing. But her hands soon dropped idly on her lap, and she gazed moodily into the fire. For once in her unselfish life, Lilian Delano was discontented.

Presently her eyes wandered to an old picture, that hung against the cottage-wall. It was her grandfather's portrait—a stern, old-fashioned man, and the wealthiest landholder in western Massachusetts, in his lifetime.

Delane Mansion, in those days, had been not a whit behind Melrose Hall, or Buckingham House, in comfort and luxury; and had been, indeed, one of the proudest mansions in the State. Lilian could remember when they all lived there with her grandfather, so happy, with every wish gratified. But then her grandfather had died, and there was a trouble about the will. The right one, or what was believed to be the right one, could not be found, and her uncle, a bold, bad man, got all the estate; and her poor mother was turned out homeless and friendless. The uncle had gone to live in New York; and the Delano Mansion stood empty and shut up.

The storm beat without. A wild wind clanked the clm boughs, and whirled the snow about the cottage-windows. The din was so high, that Lilian barely heard a rap outside. She arose and opened the door half nervously.

"Why, Mr. Buckingham!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss Delano," he said. "Won't you ask me in? I'm half smothered."

"Certainly. Come in, Mr. Buckingham."

Dick approached the fire, shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog.

"Miss Delano," he said, presently, "I've come to take you to Melrose Hall. Your sister sent me."

- "Thank you!" she answered, shortly; "but I am not going."
 - "Why not?"
 - "Oh, for various reasons."
 - "Because you won't go with me?"
 - " Perhaps."

He looked at her a moment, standing before him, so shy and proud, and so provokingly sweet and luring, and then he broke out passionately.

- "Lilian," he cried, "I love you, and you know it. Don't torment me."
- "Mr. Buckingham," she replied, quietly, "I am your mother's hired seamstress."

"I don't care if you were her cook: you are as fur above both her and me as the stars; and I love you; and no other woman shall ever be my wife."

Fow could have withstood the passion in that gran I, masculine face, least of all, soft-hearted Lilian. She struggled an instant, and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Buckingham!" she sobbed, "please go away and leave me. You only make my lot harder. Thease go away."

"Never! Never, till you promise to be my wife,"

She looked up steadily.

"Mr. Buckingham," she said, "understand me now, once for all. I know how your mother feels. I have heard her express her horror of what she would think a low marriage for her son. Under such circumstances, I would go to my grave, sooner than become your wife."

He stood for a moment stunned, silent, his face white with agony; then he caught both her hands.

"Yet you love me," he cried. "You do love me, Miss Delano, and you dare not deny it?"

His voice, his intense passion mastered her again, for the moment. She drooped and trembled before him, and her cheeks were on fire with blushes.

"And, but for a little paltry wealth, you would be my wife. Answer me; is it not true, Lilian?" She looked up, her eyes overflowing.

"If I were back at Delano homestead," she said, "it might be different. But I am only your mother's hired servant, and that ends the matter."

He threw her hands from him, his face dark with pain and passion. Just then the winds without rose to a gale; the cottage reeled and shook beneath the shock; and the old portrait of grandfather Delano came crashing to their feet. The frame shivered, and the back fell out; and when Dick Buckingham raised it, a package of

papers dropped to the floor. One was heavy, and bound with official tape.

"What's this?" he said, turning it over, and reading the superscription. "Roderick Delano's Will!"

Lilian caught the package from his hands with a suppressed cry. For an instant her eyes ran down the yellow page, with its black seals, and then she exclaimed.

"Oh, Mr. Buckingham, this is my grandfather's missing will! Mother! mother!" she cried, as she read, "We are rich again; we shall have the old homestead back!"

She was hurrying to find her mother, but Dick caught her, and held her fast.

"Will you forget your promise?" he said,

under his breath. "When you get back to the old home, will you be my wife?"

She struggled a moment to escape him, and then she raised her brown eyes to his face, and in their happy depths, he read his answer, and kissing her trembling lips, he let her go.

By the Thanksgiving fire, that night, when Rose had come home, they talked it all over, the three happy women, wondering and rejoicing over what the storm had brought them.

And, before a twelvementh went by, the widow Delano was reinstated in the old homestead; and next Thanksgiving there is to be a double wedding; for Tom Dalton is to marry pretty Rose, and Dick Buckingham, making his word good, will take for his wife our brown-eyed Lilian.

MAMMA'S TRIBUTE.

BY HELEN BREWSTER RANDOLPH.

The joys of the world seem faded;
I sit from the crowd apart;
While a grief which the days make deeper,
Seems wearing away my heart.
For I sit alone in the shadows,
And the echoes my sighs repeat,
In the hush of the home that listens
For the sound of my darling's feet,

The house itself is holy,

For an angel loved it best;
And the commonest things are sacred,
That his baby hands have pressed.
There is something to waken sorrow,
Wherever my eyes may fall,
From the little chair beside me,
To the mirror upon the wall.

How oft, in the days departed,
I've held him up to see
The fair, young face reflected
In its wealth of childish glee.
And my tears fall fast and faster,
And my sobs refuse command,
When I see on the polished surface
The print of a dimpled hand.

Sometimes, from the southern window, I look from the house away, And I see below the school-yard, Where the happy children play. I wait for the children's voices,
And I watch them come and go,
Till my heart seems almost breaking,
I long for my baby so.

And I pray, when the day is over,
And night comes on apace,
A prayer that sleep may bring mo
A dream of my durling's face.
But my visions are sad and troubled,
And I wake with a shiver of pain,
To find but an empty pillow,
Where the golden curls have lam.

What hopes the grave hath shrouded!

We had thought to lean on him
When the father's step grew feeblo,
And the mother's eye grew dim;
When our bright, brave boy should greet us,
From his place amongst noble men,
We had thought to feel in his triumphs
Our hearts grow young again.

Yet, though life be long and lonely,
And the mother-love be strong,
I would not call our darling
From the land of love and song;
For I know he walks with angels,
In the loving smile of God,
And I bow myself submissive
To the chastening of His rod.

SEA SONG.

BY GEO. A. DENNISON.

The moon is sad; the moon is cold Above the sleeping sea. The distant waves of sunset-gold Have melted, and, with stars untold, Night throws her shades o'er me.

Oh! would that I might lie and sleep!

Might sleep beneath this wave.
These heavy eyes no more should weep
In my dim-lighted grave.
Oh, boundless sea! resistless sea!
Forever hear my spirit on!
No more will joy arise in me:
Lull me forever with thy song.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

black cashmere, suitable alike for both autumn



and winter. The lower-skirt is perfectly plain, and may be of black silk, if preferred. The Polonaise fits closely to the figure, and the skirt of it is cut long, only about nine inches shorter than the under-skirt, of the same length all round, and only slightly looped at the sides. The trimming consists of a broad band of black velvet, or velveteen, six inches deep, cut on the bias. This trimming extends up the fronts and comes over the shoulders, simulating a cape, where it is only about half as wide, beginning to decrease on the fronts, as it nears the waist. Slightly-flowing sleeves, also trimmed to match. Pocket-flaps of the velvet, put on lengthwise. A velvet wais band completes the dress. Of cash- plain, and very close together.

We give this month, first, a walking-dress of mere, fourteen yards will be required. Two yards of velveteen, or three and a half of velvet. A good velveteen trims very prettily, and costs one-third less than velvet. Cashmeres can be bought from one dollar to one dollar and seventyfive cents per yard. A dress of it is one of the most serviceable that can be bought. Suitable for all ordinary occasions.

We give next a walking-costume with cape. This costume is of very light-gray cashmere, or merino. It consists of under-skirt, Polonaise, and cape. The under-skirt is made just to touch, and has one deep flounce, cut straight-way of the material, and with little or no fullness. The edge of the flounce is trimmed with a dozen rows



of very narrow worsted braid, in black, put on The flounce is 855

headed by the same. A second group is placed ? above, an equal distance apart. The Polonaise is somewhat shorter than ordinary, cut straight all round on the bottom. It has fifteen rows of braid, placed round the skirt and continuing up the fronts as far as the waist, where it separates, passing over the shoulders and around the neck. Tight coat-sleeve, with turned-back cuff, trimmed to match. The cape, which is a valuable addition as the season advances, is simply a large, fireman's cape, with a square collar, back and front, formed by the braid. The Polonaise, cape, and collar, are also trimmed with a tied fringe of black and gray. Our design is one of those imported fringes where the upper half is black and the lower gray. Such a fringe would probably be difficult to procure, except in a large city; therefore, we would suggest a mixed bullion fringe, either of silk or fine worsted. Sixteen yards of cashmere or merino will be required. The braid here used is the worsted embroidery braid, and is generally sold by the dozen pieces. It will require several dozen, but as it costs very little, it would not make an expensive trimming, though a very Frenchy one. The trouble of sewing it on would be the greatest point to overcome. Something of the same effect might be produced by making the trimming of a very fine pin-striped, black and white silk, not nearly so pretty, but less troublesome. Bullion fringe costs, in silk, from fifty to seventyfive cents; in worsted, thirty to forty cents per yard. From ten to twelve yards would be required.

Our third illustration is a water-proof costume. This very necessary part of a lady's wardrobe is usually a very ugly and unbecoming costume; but here we give something almost jaunty enough for a bright fair-day. In the first place the material is of navy blue tweed, or water-proof cloth, and it consists of skirt, Polonaise, and cape. The skirt, as may be seen, comes only to the top of the well-fitting boot, and is perfectly plain. The Polonaise is cut close to the figure, and double-breasted, as a surer protection from the weather. It is ornamented with three rows of large, black lasting buttons down the front; the outside one buttoning all the way from the throat down to the bottom of the skirt. There is a large circular cape to be worn at pleasure. The collar is of black cloth, also the cuffs and pocket-flaps. The edges of both Polonaise and cape are simply bound with worsted coat-braid. This costume will also look very well in the ordinary black and white mixed tweed, which sells for one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard. The fancy colors cost from two dollars fifty to

three dollars per yard. Five to six yards for complete suit. Three and a half yards will make the Polonaise and cape, which may be worn over any half-worn woolen skirt; or an old black silk skirt is good for a rainy day. Four dozen buttons for the front, half a dozen to tr'm the cuffs up the back of the arm.



In the front of the number, we give vactous illustrations of children's dresses, etc., etc. Among them are two morning aprons for young ladies from eight to twelve years old: these aprons are of buff batiste, trimmed with brown rouleaux and ecru lace; or they may be made of black silk or alpaca, trimmed with white. Also a water-proof cloak, with pelerine, for a young lady from eight to ten: the material is gray water-proof cloth, trimmed with braid and fringe, Also a walking-dress for a boy from three to four years old; a front and back view being given; one illustration showing the dress made of stripe ! pique, and the other showing it made of plain, and braided. All these engravings are on the the same page.

On another page, in the front of the number,

and facing the one just described, we give other articles for children. Among them are an Infant's Hood and Wrapper, made of pink flannel, with a scalloped edge of button-hole work, and two rows of coral stitch in white purse-silk. Also a Boddice and Drawers for a child from three to five years old. Also an Infant's Flannel Jacket, which we recommend for children, who will not keep under the bed-covers. Also a Chemise, (half being given,) for a little girl from five to eight years old. Also an Infant's Bibb, than the wadded cambric.

of which we give the back and front view; one being represented as made of fleecy pique, braided with star braid, and the sleeves and edge furnished with a narrow cambric ruffle; the other being represented as made of soft cambric, wadded and quilted, with a button-hole edge: the improvement in this Bib over the old-fashioned one, is that it has a sleeve which keeps it in place; and of the two materials, we prefer the fleecy pique, because it can be more easily washed

A SLEEVELESS JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



These sleeveless jackets, which have been worn abroad for two years and more, and of which we have, from the first, given illustrations, are, at last, becoming very popular in this country also. Accordingly, we give an engraving of one, and also a diagram of it.

These jackets should be made either of the same material as the skirt, or of that of the tunic; for unless they match some part of the dress, they look patchy, and are out of taste. Our pattern consists of four pieces, viz .

Vol. LXII.-25

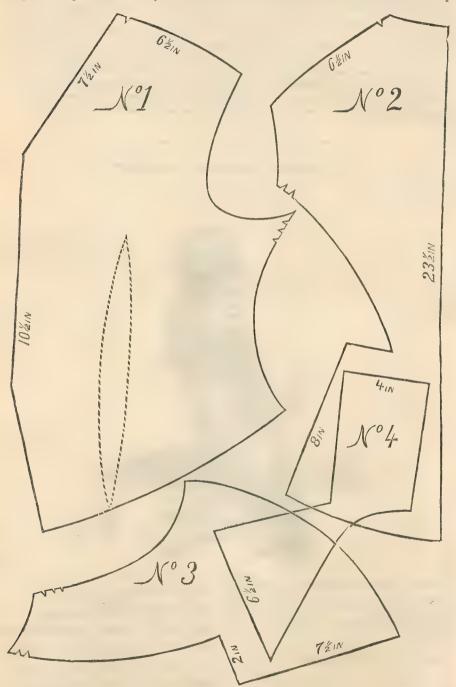
No. 1: FRONT.

No. 2. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 3. HALF OF BACK.

No. 4. HALF OF REVERS AND COLLAR.

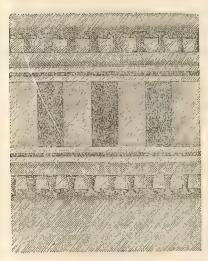
The jacket fits closely to the figure at the back, and is half-fitting in front. It has one small dart in front, which is marked on the diagram with perforated lines. The front is joined to the back at the neck, where there is one notch on the side of the diagram; two notches mark the back and side-piece, and three notches the seam : under the arms. The basque at the back is full, { lated with trimming or made separate; in fact, the plaits being formed with the join. The collar { its addition at all is a matter of taste. The pat-



is of the sailor form, and the pointed end is the tern is added, as it will serve for Polonaises and revers. The sailor collar can be either simu- boddices, on which it is now frequently worn.

TRIMMINGS EOR UNDER-SKIRTS.

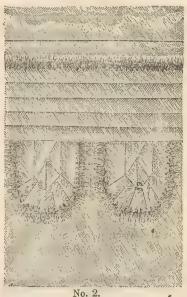
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 1.

We give, here, several specimens of different ways of trimming under-skirts, which can be varied as to material and color, according to the time of year and taste of the wearer.

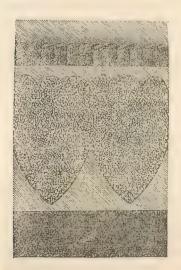
No. 1, is composed of a strip of the material, rather more than three inches wide, box-plaited



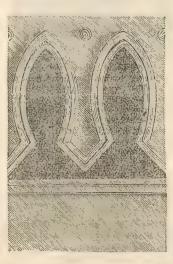
190. 4.

at equal distances, with black velvet inserted between the plaits. Cross-way folds of the material sewn on with narrow black velvet ribbon, and edged with a small box-plaited frill, finish each side of the wider trimming.

No. 2, has five cross-way folds, under which



No. 3.



No. 4.

straight strips of the material, an inch and a half in breadth, are arranged in flat plaits at the lower end, so as to form tabs. The center of them is filled up by a narrow double-piece of the material, first folded so that the edges meet in the center. thus forming a point; the sides are then again brought toward the center, and cross over each other. The outer edge of these tabs is trimmed round with fringe of a darker shade than the material, and a row of it is also placed above the cross-way folds.

No. 3, has velvet three inches deep at the edge, above which a space of eight inches of the gray or other colored material appears, on which is applique a border of velvet, cut into the shape seen in the illustration, and enriched with white stitch-

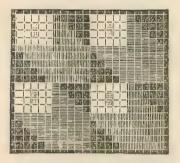
ing, in the pattern there shown. A plaiting of velvet finishes the upper edge of the gray stripe.

No. 4, commences with a hem of two and a half inches in width of the material of the skirt. which is joined under a folded piping of the same to a strip of black velvet, five and a half inches wide; or, instead of velvet, a silk that contrasted well with the color of the skirt, might be substituted with good effect, although it would not be so durable. The upper part of the skirt is to be cut out at the edge, so as to form the shape seen in the illustration, No. 4, and laid down upon the velvet or silk with a folded piping of itself. Buttons, either of black velvet, or to match the silk, are placed between the points. and complete the trimming.

SLIPPER PATTERN FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

papa, in the way of a Christmas or New Year's gift. Now here is a design, which can be easily



done, and which will cost almost nothing, because it will use up all mamma's remnants of wool. Let us call it the dice pattern. Of each much easier.

The little folk often want to do something for | color you may use, you will require two shades with black and white. You can mark on your canvas the outline of the slippers with a soft pen and ink, (or mamma will do it for you;) then work from the drawing we have made, beginning at the toe. You may use any number of colors, only let them be well chosen, and falling in stripes. Do not put green and blue, or any other two colors which do not blend well, close together. You may try the effect with shades in the following order: violet, orange, green, crimson, blue. That part which is quite white in the drawing is done in white wool, and there are two spotted squares which are to be black. Then the upper side of each die is in the darker shade of whatever color may be used, and the under light. Fill it up with black. If you work on Penelope canvas, you will find it

TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In reply to numerous requests, we give, in the front of the number, a pattern for a tidy to be worked on Java canvas. Two or three years ago, we gave two or three of these patterns, which were, perhaps, the most popular we ever published. This was partly, we suppose, because they are so easily worked. The Java canvas is yellow, and it only requires that the

body of the tidy shall be filled in with black, as in our pattern, to bring out the design brilliantly in the yellow. Or the process may be reversed, and the figures be filled in with black, leaving the ground yellow. The pattern will also answer for any canvas, if the figures are worked in on one color, and the ground filled in with another.

CHATELAIN OF CORD AND BEADS.

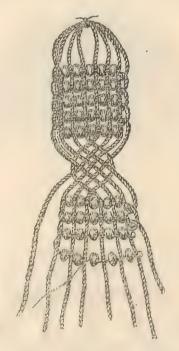
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

Chatelaines are just now very fashionable. We give, accordingly, one which would make a



very suitable Christmas or New Year's gift, from a lady to a lady. This chatelain is composed of

fine black silk cord and round black beads. The illustration, in the opposite column, represents the upper and lower ends of the chatelain in miniature, while the engraving, given here, exhibits a portion of it in full size. Begin by taking four lengths of cord, forty-four inches long. Fold them in half, and tack them together in the middle. Then fasten them to a bead pincushion, laying the cords side by side. With the six middle cords work a square of beads. Work as follows: Fasten a silk thread



to the left-hand cord, take up five beads, and pass the silk underneath the cords, leaving a bead between the cords. Then pass the thread back again, through the beads, above the cords, as seen in the illustration above. Repeat this four times, and fasten off the silk. Now loop the two outer cords in overcast, along the edges of the square, and weave the eight cords together, according to the illustration: after which work another square of beads. Repeat till there are five bead squares, and then, having put in an extra length of cord on each side of the center bead, divide the cords into two sets of six each,

scissors, and then work the little pocket to serve as a sheath. Lay the twelve cords side by side, and with the ten middle cords work eleven rows of beads as described above, taking off a bead at each end in the last four rows. Finish the edges with the outer cords as before, and then hook to be slipped into the waistband.

and plait each set to a length of five inches, fasten the ends firmly and neatly at the back. Pass the two plaits through the bows of a pair of Cover a piece of card-board the shape of the bead-work with black silk, and sew it behind to form a sheath, adding a row of beads along the top. Ornament the bottom of the chatelain with three bead tassels, and the top with a rosette of ribbon, cord, and beads, behind which is seen the

TRAVELING, OR SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This would make a very appropriate present, from a lady to a gentleman, for a birth-day, or for Christmas, or New Year.

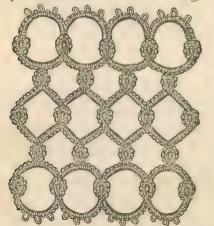
The cap is made of black silk, lined with the same, and wadded at the bottom where the silk is quilted in rows according to illustration.

The revers are also quilted, and are cut on the cross, the rows of quilting following the shape of the revers. The point of the cap droops over one side, and is ornamented with a button and tassel.

INSERTION OR TRIMMING; TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Tatting, like crochet, is work that is not cumbersome, and that, therefore, is particularly appropriate to take with one when visiting, the



more especially as it is chiefly mechanical, and does not interrupt conversation.

We give, here, a very tasteful design, which may be used either for trimming or insertion, and which is entirely new.

Begin in the middle of the insertion with one thread, work a closed eye of four double knots. one picot, and four double knots.

With two threads work five double knots, one picot, five double knots. Repeat for the length required.

Work a second row like the first, except that you join the open scallops to the picots of the closed eyes of the last row.

For the border, one closed eye of four double knots, one picot, and four double knots. With two threads, five double knots, join the picot of previous row, five double knots; repeat.

For the outer rows, join the picot of closed eye. With two threads work five double knots, three picots separated by two double knots and five double knots.

These two rows are repeated on the opposite side.

WRITING-CASE FOR TRAVELING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A very suitable birth-day, Christmas, or New }



Year's gift would be a writing-case for traveling; \ when rolled up.

and, accordingly, we give a new and pretty one, here, so that our fair readers may have time to copy it before Christmas. The materials are very simple, heing merely a round pen-box, some gray linen, red thread or black silk, black elastic, two black buttons, and gum-arabic.

The box measures eleven inches in length, and six inches in circumference. It contains divisions for an inkstand (which must, of course, close with a spring lid,) and other writing utensils. Those of our readers not sufficiently skilled in pasteboard work to make this box, could have it made to order at a very trifling expense. A straight piece of gray linen, fourteen inches long and eleven inches wide, embroidered with black silk, forms the roll-cover. It must be firmly pasted on to the box. A blotting-book, with soft cover, between the leaves of which writing paper and envelopes are placed, is rolled in. Two elastic loops, each six and a half inches long, and two black buttons, close the writing-case when rolled up.



CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This edging is worked in the width.

1st Row: * One chain, one picot (of five chain,



one double.) Repeat from * eight times more. One single into the one chain between the second and third picots, one picot, one single between the first and second picots, one picot, one single into the first worked chain.

2nd Row: Twelve chain, one double-treble between the first and second picots, * seven chain, one double-treble between the two next picots. Repeat from * eight times more. Twelve chain, one single into the first worked chain at at the beginning. Now, under nine of the first worked twelve chain, work twelve double, twelve chain. Repeat from the beginning; but in all patterns after the first, only three instead of twelve chain will be required after the last worked treble. It is then joined by one single to the ninth stitch of the first worked twelve chain of previous pattern. A line oft wenty-four double is then continued.

LARGE, WARM WINTER BASQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



One of our subscribers having asked for a pattern of a large, warm winter basque, with sleeves, and to cover the hips, we give the following. It is done in Brioche stitch, which is, wool forward, slip a stitch, knit two together. The same backward and forward.

The materials are nine skeins of claret, or any other color, fleecy, No. 8 pins, 4 thread, 4 skeins of gray fleecy.

Cast on 238 stitches; that is, 234 for 78 ribs, and 4 over, 2 on each side, to be knitted plain.

Knit a plain row, take off 14 stitches on to a string each side.

Knit 18 rows, taking up 1 stitch off the string every row; when every 8rd stitch is taken up, knit the three as 1 rib.

Knit 31 ribs, decrease a rib (by taking 3 stitches together, pass the last stitch of the last rib over,) knit 1 rib, decrease a rib.

Knit 23 ribs, decrease a rib, knit 1 rib, decrease a rib, knit 21 ribs.

Knit 14 rows.

Knit 22 ribs, decrease a rib, knit 1 rib, decrease a rib, knit 24 ribs, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, knit 22 ribs.

Knit 12 rows.

Knit 21 ribs, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, knit 22 ribs, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, knit 21 ribs.

Knit 8 rows.

Knit 20 ribs, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, knit 20 ribs, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, knit 20 ribs.

Knit 8 rows.

Knit 19 ribs, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, knit 18 ribs, decrease, knit I rib, decrease, knit I9 ribs.

Knit 8 rows.

Knit 18 ribs, decrease, knit I rib, decrease, knit 16 ribs, decrease, knit a rib, decrease, knit 18 ribs.

Knit 8 rows.

Knit 17 ribs, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, decrease every alternate rib 7 times, decrease, knit 1 rib, decrease, knit 17 ribs.

Knit 14 rows.

Knit 18 ribs, increase (by picking up the 2 back stitches on the left hand needle, thread forward, slip 1, knit 1,) knit 7 ribs, increase, knit 18 ribs.

Knit 14 rows.

Knit 18 ribs, increase, knit 9 ribs, increase, knit 18 ribs.

Knit 14 rows.

Knit 18 ribs, increase, knit 11 ribs, increase, knit 18 ribs.

Knit 12 rows.

Knit 4 ribs, increase, knit 41 ribs, increase, knit 4 ribs.

Knit 2 rows.

Knit 19 ribs, increase, knit 13 ribs, increase, knit 19 ribs.

Knit 6 rows.

Knit 5 ribs, increase, knit 43 ribs, increase, knit 5 ribs.

Knit 8 rows.

Knit 6 ribs, increase, knit 14 ribs, increase, knit 15 ribs, increase, knit 14 ribs, increase, knit 6 ribs.

Knit 8 rows.

Knit 7 ribs, increase, knit 45 ribs, increase, knit 7 ribs.

Knit 5 rows.

Knit 16 ribs, cast off 3 ribs for arm-hole, increase, knit 17 ribs, increase, knit 3 ribs, cast off 3 ribs, knit 16 ribs.

Take off the fronts on to a string.

Knit 12 rows.

Knit 3 ribs, increase, knit 19 ribs, increase, knit 3 ribs.

Knit 16 rows.

Increase 1 rib each side, and knit 16 more rows.

Knit 2 stitches, pull the 1st over the 2nd, knit a stitch, pass the 2nd over the 3rd, finish the row, and knit the odd stitch into the last rib; do this 10 times, that is, at the beginning of each row; this will make 20 rows, leaving 9 ribs in the middle for the neck.

Take up the fronts.

Knit 28 rows. Increase a rib.

Knit I6 rows.

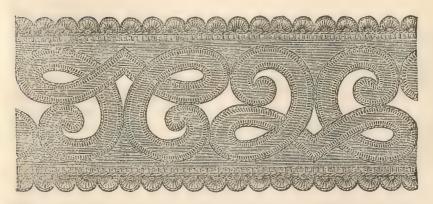
Decrease at the side nearest the shoulder 3 ribs; then decrease equally both sides, till to a point.

For the Sleeves .- Cast on 81 stitches, knit 22 rows, increase a rib at the beginning of the row. Knit 60 rows, decrease the last rib of the 60th row, knit 22 rows.

Finish with 5 rows of gray fleecing, in shades, working long stitches in crochet.

ROMAN EMBROIDERY. STRIPE IN

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new and pretty design for the marked over with a pencil or other point. a stripe in Roman embroidery, to be used for borders of cushions, covers, etc., etc. The materials generally employed for this embroidery are holland and purse-silk the color of the holland. A tracing must first be made on tracing } or tissue paper; then this paper must be placed upon the holland, and the tracing made upon it | cut away.

The outlines are all worked with button-hole stitch; the scallops at the edge are thickly run out with darning cotton (which must be previously dipped into coffee to dye it the color of the holland,) and button-holed with silk. When the work is completed, the superfluous parts are

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"Peterson" for 1873.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1873, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine is better and cheaper than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedentedly low rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

It will be seen that we have three classes of clubs for 1873, and that the prices for the larger are reduced to meet the times. For one class the premium is our new and costly mezzotint. For another class it is an extra copy of the Magazine for 1873. So many persons, both this year and last, have asked for a club, or clubs, the premium for which should be the magazine alone, that we have concluded to meet what seems to be a general demand; and to such clubs we can of course afford to put "Peterson" lower, than to clubs where we give two premiums. For a third class of clubs, the premium will be both an extra copy and the new mezzotint. In all these clubs, the price to the subscriber decreases in proportion to the number in the club, an inducement we hold out in order to stimulate the getting up of large clubs.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. Be the first in the field. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

CARING NOTHING FOR DRESS .- A New York editor said, the other day, that one of the merits of an Englishwoman was that she cared nothing for dress. This is on a par with a good deal of other nonsense that comes from the pens of men, when they attempt to write about the sex. Any one who has been in England, knows that English women absolutely seem to have no taste at all for dress. They are, almost universally, dowdy-looking. In traveling, they wear old dinner-dresses and dirty white gloves, instead of the pretty and fresh costumes that their American sisters do. They mix colors in the absurdest way even in a ball-dress. They spend quite as much money as others spend on dress, only they do not know how to spend it. If this New York writer has a wife, or sister, and she was to dress as most Englishwomen dress, he would be horrified. He would be too ignorant, probably, to tell what was the matter: but he would feel that his wife, or sister, had suddenly grown ugly. A becoming dress does wonders for a woman. As it is an affectation to pretend not to wish to look well, so it is folly not to wish for becoming dresses, provided they are within one's means. Just as a neat, prettily-furnished parlor is a proof, that she, who presides there, is cultivated and refined, so a tasteful dress renders her who wears it greatly more attractive, and in the very highest sense. When a husband comes home at night, and his wife has on a fresh and becoming dress, it makes her seem prettier than ever in his eyes, even when he does not know the reason. It is not a merit, it is a fault, in a woman, to be indifferent to dress.

A New Style of Dressing the Hair, as we have remarked in preceding numbers, has been attempted in Paris. It does away with the long chignon at the back of the head, and brings the hair very high up, in a fashion something like that of forty years ago. In some cases a comb is used. give, in the front of the number, two illustrations of this new style, one with a comb, and one without it. We do not think this style becoming, except to ladies with very short necks; and we hardly believe it will take. Nevertheless, we feel bound to record it, and even to give engravings of it; but in nine cases out of ten, it will make a lady look uglier than if she were a long chignon, or had a curl or two hanging down her neck. We give, on another page, in the front of the number, two illustrations of another new style, which we consider far more becoming generally. Meantime we may add, that, in the high coiffure of which we spoke first, the chignon is short, as will be seen from the illustration, and very full at the sides, with large rouleaux, which are fastened under a tortoiseshell comb, having large balls at the top. The bottom of the chignon terminates with short ringlets. The rouleaux can be made from the natural growth of hair, if there is sufficient, and the curls only added. In the other coiffure, on the same page, no comb is used, but the hair is finished off instead with thick rouleaux. It is more difficult to arrange, however, than the preceding one, on account of the number of rouleaux,

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE is the only security for happiness, either in the family circle or in the world out of doors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the hearth, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another, and they burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and, possibly, get ashamed, and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw others into the scrape, and let one harsh word be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will wrap them all in its fiery passion. Well has the Scripture said:—"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

"The Gems of Art."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We shall do so accordingly next year, and will send it, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, if they prefor it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book will be called "The Gems of Art," and will contain twenty-five of our best steel plates. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems."

FAULT FINDING seems to be the especial prerogative of some people. Praise anything, no matter what, and they will always confront you with a 'but." It really appears to hurt them when you take pleasure in admiring anything. Sometimes they object because they think such a course argues an experience and observation wider and more fastidious than your own; but more often it is a petulant habit, springing from envy or jealousy.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing to "Peterson." All the other first-class magazines are so much dearer, that even full-price subscribers, who pay us two dollars, get this magazine cheaper than they can get others, not so good, in clubs

OUR NEW PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1873 will prove, we think, one of the most popular we have ever had engraved. The subject is "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," after a very celebrated picture, by Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy. It represents Christ sitting, with his disciples, on an elevated spot that overlooks Jerusalem, and as he gazes down on the doomed city, uttering the memorable words, in which he foretells its fall and the calamities that would come upon its inhabitants. The picture is engraved in mezzotint, a method even more generally liked than line engraving, because the lights and shadows come out so much more prominently. The picture is impressive and grand beyond description; while the subject is one that appeals to every human heart. We hope to introduce this beautiful engraving into tens of thousands of households. It is far preferable, we think, to "Bessie's Birth-Day," or "Washington at Trenton," or to the "Bunyan" mezzotints, fine as they are. We will send it, postage paid, carefully wrapped on a roller. When framed and hung up, it will be an ornament to any parlor. A little exertion in getting subscribers for "Peterson" will entitle any person to a copy of this valuable engraving gratis. See our unprecedented offers in the "Prospectus for 1873." on the last page of the cover.

FOR Two DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1873, and also a copy of our new premium engraving. Other magazines, not so good as this, charge three, or even four, dollars, when they send their premium engraving, and also a copy for one year. "Peterson's" is always the cheapest as well as best.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, is from an original picture, never before engraved. The artist, an American, is one of the most celebrated in his line.

It is Not the Most Demonstrative of our friends who care most about us. Scores of people wish us well, who do not feel impelled to stop us in the street and say so.

THERE IS NO INVESTMENT pays so well as civility. It is putting out kind words and courteous manners at compound interest.

WE WILL SEND, as heretofore, three copies of "Peterson," for one year, for \$4.50, provided no premium is asked.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Middlemarch: A Story of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this new work of fiction is as incontestably at the head of living novelists, as Sir Walter Scott was at the head of the novelists and romance writers of the last generation. Her "Adam Bede," followed so quickly by "The Mill on the Floss," established her ascendency almost as suddenly, and quite as decisively, as "Childe Harold" did Lord Byron's. In the present story, the first volume of which is before us, we recognize the same insight into character, the same profound sympathy with human nature, and the same artistic handling, which distinguished her earlier works. Perhaps she is not quite so exuberant and fresh; but to make up for this, she is more finished. It was so with Miss Bronte, whose "Shirley" and "Villette" are preferred, by persons of fastidious taste, to her "Jane Eyre." We know no prosewriter, in the English tongue, who, so to speak, is so Shaksperian as Mrs. Lewes, or, as she calls herself, George Eliot. This is high praise, higher than many will accord to her; but we are sure that it will be the verdict of posterity. The present volume is uniform with the very handsome library edition of George Eliot's works, which the Messrs. Harper are issuing, and of which we have so often spoken in terms of praise.

At the Altar. From the German of E. Werner. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philuda: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The German novelists are becoming more popular, every year, in this country, if we may judge by the number and excellence of the translations that appear from them. Pre-eminent among the publishers, who have favored the reading community with these works, is the enterprising firm which has just issued this excellent story. The "Old Mam'selle's Secret," "Gold Elsie," "The Old Countess," etc., etc., were worthy precursors of the fiction now before us. The taste with which these works have been selected, and the excellence of the translations, are subjects of general remark; and "At The Altar" will, in both particulars, we think, hold its own with its predecessors.

The Vicas's Daughter. By George MacDonald. 1 vol., 12 no. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is a sequel to "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," and "The Seuboard Parish." It is hardly, however, equal to either of those fictions, at least, in literary merit, and is inferior to "Alec Forbes," or "Robert Falconer," which we regard as the best of this author's works. Mr. MucDonald, as he grows older, gets more didactic, a merit in a sermon, but not exactly one in a novel. The pure and elevated tone in which he always writes, however, will make Mr. MacDonald's fictions welcome, at all times, in the family circle.

Thawares. By the author of "The Rose Garden." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—There has been such a run on sensational novels, since Miss Braddon and others began to debauch the public taste, that it is quite a relief to read a book like this. What highly spiced dishes are to the table, sensational novels are to the literary palate. They destroy, while they stimulate. In short, they are a sort of intellectual dram-drinking, and the sooner their day is over, the better it will be for us all. We like the present story evon better than "The Rose-Garden."

The Chevalier. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada; T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of the sixth, and concluding novel, in that remarkable series, "The Memoirs of a Physician." If that novel is the best, as many critics maintain, which abounds most with incident, then the fictions of Dumas are unrivaled, and then also this is one of the best even of his many good stories.

Little Folk Life. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A book for girls, and an unusually good one. We believe the author was once a school-teacher, which accounts for her familiarity with the minds of children, and explains many of the merits of the work before us.

Michael Farady. By J. H. Gladstone. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this neat little volume we have an enthusiastic, yet discriminating, notice of the late Michael Farady. Perhaps the most interesting portions of the volume are those which give us glimpses of Farady's domestic life.

Ombra. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A re-print of the last novel by the author of "Katie Stewart," etc., etc. It is better than "Madonna Mary," and some others of her later works, but not so good as "The Perpetual Curate," and her earlier efforts generally.

The Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One of the "Harper's Household Edition" of this famous author, which combines cheapness and neatness in an unusual degree. No less than fiftyfour illustrations by Thomas Worth embellish the text.

A Smaller School History of the United States. By David Scott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An unusually meritorious work, bringing the history down to 1872, and made more valuable by numerous maps and engravings.

The Maid of Sker. By R. D. Blackmore. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a spirited novel, that has been running through "Blackwood's Magazine." It is a cheap edition, in double-column octavo.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

HEAR THE NEWSPAPERS .- If you are getting up a club, it may help you to have some opinions of the newspapers, as to the merit of "Peterson" as compared with other magazines. We have, perhaps, a thousand notices of the last two numbers; but have only room for a few. The Grayville (Ill.) Republican says:-" No family can afford to be without it. Its literary contents are unsurpassed." The Danville (N. Y.) Advertiser says :- "Takes the lead of the two dollar magazines, and excels many three dollar publications." Says the West Lebanon (Ind.) Advance, "No other two dollar magazine in the country can compare with this one. It is equal to the best three dollar magazine." The Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat says:-" The fashions are exquisite, and the worktable department, and household receipts, are worth more than the subscription price." The Cahoka (Mo.) Gazette says:-" The cheapest good magazine now published." The Whitehall (N. Y.) News says:-"The double-size fashionplates are unequaled, while the cuts for children, etc., are unsurpassed." The Fonda (N. Y.) Democrat says:- "The steel, colored, fashion plates are a specialty. 'Peterson's' is unquestionably the cheapest of the really good magazines."

THE QUEEN OF SEWING-MACHINES.—The beautiful rooms of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company have become one of the most popular business places of the city. The wonderful popularity and efficiency of the machine, its perfect adaptation to all kinds of family sewing, and the case with which it operates, make it a prime favorite in every family that it has ever entered. It is the cheapest, and in all respects the best, sewing-machine ever offered to the people. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—MRS. Elizabeth A. Monaghan, of Brooklyn, N, Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine since 1861. During the war she stitched forty blouses a day of eight hours, averaging \$16 a week; since then she has stitched from thirty to thirty-six linen coats a day. Last year, in three months, she stitched 1274 linen coats, earning \$186.46, besides doing her own housework, and tending her baby. She would use no other Machine.

Highest Type of Art.—The Cherry Valley (N. Y.) Gazette says of Peterson's magazine:—"Although this is really a lady's book, it is not the less worthy of the perusal of the general reader. Its illustrations are specimens of the highest type of art, and the reading matter contained in its fascinating pages is from the pens of writers of acknowledged merit and of high repute in the literary world."

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, vilage, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or W. J. Carlton, Advertising Agent, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Argus says:—"Peterson's is unrivaled for its steel engravings, and the September number is no exception, unless on the score of superior beauty; for 'The Hollow Oak' is worthy of the most expensive frame that could be made, and is certainly worth far more than the charge for the entire monthly copy."

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Goshen (N. Y.) Argus says:—
"That 'Peterson's' is the cheapest good magazine published
is a fact that cannot be disputed."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI .- DISEASES OF INFANCY .- (Continued.)

We would once more impress upon the mind of the mother, that a large majority of the allments incident to early infancy is the result of mismanagement in regard to nursing, diet, dress, exposure, and the giving of too much medicine.

No ailment is so frequent in infancy as "colic," and none that can be so clearly traced to imprudence and frequency of nursing or feeding the infant, as the case may be, and none so absolutely under the control of the mother.

With care and the exercise of prudence in respect to these matters, we believe it quite possible that all might rear "good babies," without the aid of catnip, ginger, or soot teas, or the more mischievous drugs called "drops."

The late Professor T. D. Mitchell, of this city, frequently affirmed that milk of assafeetida was the only suitable or required medicine in cases of infantile colic, with the aid of which he (or his wife) had satisfactorily raised a large family.

The practice so rife everywhere, and in every station of life, of feeding children with candies, rich cakes, and, as soon as they can sit up, or be tied up in a high chair at the table, to have a "little of everything" put into their mouthsthus early depraving their appetites-is most censurable; and when colic results, as it must necessarily do, it is relieved, or endeavored so to be, by arresting digestion, and holding indigestible substances within the alimentary canal, by the giving of "drops"-that is, paragoric, Godfrey's Cordial, and the like. That this course is censurable and most suicidal, must be apparent to every thinking mind. The action of "drops," or preparations containing opium, is more uncertain on the infant than the adult. Hence even the smallest quantities have not unfrequently produced the most unexpected and even fatal results. Innumerable cases are scattered throught the medical records, which show that death has been occasioned by a few drops, or an ordinary dose of Godfrey's Cordial, Dolby's Carminitive, paragoric, laudanum, etc. Four drops of the latter proved fatal to children a few months old. One and two drops have destroyed infants. These unhappy results arise from two causes: First, in the young subject, the brain and nervous system are much more impressible; the circulation is much more rapid; and hence the greater tendency to determination to the head, and convulsions as the result.

In consequence of these peculiarities, teething, worms, or irritating matters in the intestines, are frequently followed by convulsions. Instead of giving "drops," therefore, to relieve colic of infants, or, more strictly speaking, to blunt the sensibility of the child, crude matters should be removed by the mildest means, by castor or sweet oil; and then more prudence be manifested in nursing and feeding.

There is another condition of the infant or child, in which "drops" are resorted to, which is fraught with great danger: it is the state of exhaustion which arise from continued diarrhea and other bowel complaints. If such diseases persist, the head is very apt to become affected, and if any preparation containing laudanum now be given, with a view to checking the intestinal discharges, not unfrequently insensibility will gradually creap over the little sufferer, and in a short time death is the result of this imprudence. In the exhausted state brought on by this disease, the system succumbs much more readily to the narcotic effects of this article than it does in other conditions of the system. Hence the error committed. Lastly, there is always an uncertainty as to the strength of all these preparations, and undue caution should be used in reference to administering laudanum that has been in the house for a length of time, particularly if not well corked, or if it presents any deposition or sediment.

The use and abuse of emetics (particularly "Hive Syrup") and purgatives, will conclude these papers.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

In the Middle States the season for gardening is drawing to a close; indeed it is limited to the preservation of roots, and the hardler regetables, for winter use, and such operations as may be preparatory to another season. Now is a good time to transplant Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, etc. On loamy and light land, we prefer decidedly fall planting; on heavy soil, or where the subsoil is clay, thus retaining the moisture near the surface, spring may be a more favorable season—and it is also generally esteemed the best for evergreens.

Asparagus, beds winter dress. Becls, dig and store. Cubbages, place in safe quarters. Currots, dig and store. Celeny, earth up finally. Drain vacant grounds, if needful. Horse-Radish, dig and store for convenience. Onions, in store examine. Parsnips, dig for convenient access. Salsify, ditto, etc.

In the South the garden work is ample to occupy attention. Peas, sow; if they escape the frost, they will be ready for use in April. For sowing at this season, we recommend Tom Thumb; it seldom rises over twelve inches, is an abundant bearer, and is withal quite early; also McLean's Little Gem, a pea of similar habit, but superior in quality. It, as well as the Tom Thumb, seems to be admirably adapted to autumn sowing in the South where, on apprehended frost, protection may be given; it is also equally well suited to early spring planting for the same reason, and if planted on ground manured excessively high, will yield as much to a given quantity of land as any Pea known to us. Cabbage, if plants remain, set out. Onions, plant. Celery, blanch. Salad, sow on sheltered spots. Radishes, sow; if frost kills them, it is only a little labor lost. Plenty of Landreth's seeds are to be had. Try again.

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DESSERTS.

Mince Meats.—Three pounds of raisins, stoned, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef-suct, chopped fine, one pound of bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of mixed candied peel, one and a half pounds of fillet of beef, previously cooked. Salt, sugar, spices, and ginger to taste. Each ingredient to be chopped up separately, and very fine. Mix all well together, and take especial care that the beef is well mixed with the other ingredients. Moisten with a bottle of brandy, and stir occasionally.

Another.—Half a pound of candied peel, cut in delicate slices, then chopped, half a pound of blanched almonds, chopped, two wineglassfuls of brandy. Mix well together with a wooden spoon, and put the mine-meat, well pressed down, into a covered jar, tied over very well. The mine-meat should be made some days before it is wanted, and when about to be used, a little more brandy should be stirred into it.

Another,—Quarter of an ounce of fine salt, half an ounce of mixed spice, three pounds of moist sugar, three pounds of well-cleaned currants; two pounds of stoned raisins, chopped, two and a half pounds of beef suet, finely chopped. The thinnest peel of two lemons and their juice. Two pounds of apples, baked to a pulp, and weighed when cold.

Cream Pudding.—Six tablespoonfuls of flour, one quart of milk, three eggs, one teacupful of sugar, and salt; take a little of the milk and stir with the flour, to make a batter, and boil the remainder. When the milk boils, add the batter, and when sufficiently cooked, take it off, and stir in the eggs, beaten. Sift a part of the sugar in the pudding-dish, then pour in the pudding, and put the rest of the sugar on top. Flavor to taste, and cover tightly until cold.

Apple Custard.—Take a pint of boiled apples, and mash them as fine as possible. Add the yolks of six and the whites of three eggs, well-beaten; one teacupful of cream, a little rose-water, some nutmeg, cinnamon, and a small lump of butter. Mix all together, and sweeten it well. Then make a good crust. Pour in the mixture, and bake in an oven.

Custard Pie.—Take the yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one of flour, beat hard; then flavor, and add two teacupfuls of milk, and bake. To the whites of three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavor. When the pie is done, spread evenly over it, and set it in the oven for a few minutes.

Potato Custard (for Pastry).—A cupful of mashed potatoes, four eggs, as much sugar as you like, enough milk to mix it, and flavor with essence of lemon.

BOUPS

Veal Soup.—Take a knuckle of veal, put it in a pot, with four quarts of water, and add a teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Pare and slice three onions, four turnips, two carrots, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a small portion of celery. Let the veal boil one hour, then add the above vegetables. When they are tender, strain the soup. Put it in the pot they were boiled in, thicken the soup with some flour mixed smoothly with a little water, and add a little parsley, finely chopped. Make some dumplings of a teaspoonful of butter, to two of flour, and milk and water enough to make a very soft dough. Drop them into the boiling soup. They should be about as large as a walnut when they are put in. Dish the meat with the vegetables around it. Drawn butter may be served with it, or any other meat sauce.

Nourishing Broth.—Get a set of fowl giblets, wipe them well over with a wet cloth, then put them into cold water, and wash them thoroughly. Drain off this water, and put the giblets into two quarts of water, and allow them to simmer very gently, till it is reduced to one quart, then strain off the liquor. This broth is very nourishing and strengthening for invalids. What is 'usually called a "set" of giblets consists of the feet, head, liver, and gizzard; but at the pouterers they generally sell more than one set together, and, probably more than one would be required to make the broth sufficiently strong. The head, neck, and feet are alone used to make nourishing broth. Some salt is usually put in, and certainly much more than one set is required to make a quart of broth.

A Good and Cheap Soup.—Cut in slices four pounds lean beef or mutton, fry them brown, and lay them with their gravy in the stew-pan; cut six carrots, and as many turnips in slices (the latter may only be quartered) three tolerably sized onions, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, whole, and two heads of celery, with their green tops on; let it boil, and then simmer till the meat is reduced to a pulp; strain it, and serve with or without vegetables.

MEATS.

To Cook Cold Meats.—Boil slightly some maccaroni in milk; line a shape with it; have ready some finely-minced cold meat, and a nice flavoring of onion and pieces of maccaroni; put all together in the shape, and boil half an hour.

2. Mince the meat fine, with a little fat, and season with pepper, salt, and chopped herbs; have ready some nice puff paste, put the meat into small rolls, or one large one, and bake for half an hour; or patties may be made by baking the same in amall patty-pans. A leg of mutton will cut nicely into two or even three joints, and the same can be done with sirloin or ribs of beef; the latter are very nice, boned and rolled, either stewed or roasted. Too much twice-cooked meat is very unwholesome for any one, especially for children.

- 3. Mince some cold meat very fine; cut an onion in very fine slices; put the onion in a sauce-pan with a piece of butter, fry it brown, then put in the meat, and some curry powder. Mix this well in the sauce-pan, with some milk, so that it is not dry; let it simmer a few minutes over the fire; then take two eggs, beat them up, put the meat in a piedish, and then pour the eggs over it. Bake in a slow oven.
- 4. Mince the cold meat finely, and if very dry add a little fat bacon with some parsley and a little onion. Soak a large thick slice of bread in water, squeeze the water from it, and put the bread to the meat; add two raw eggs, pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg; mix all well together, make into small balls like forcemeat; fry in dripping, and serve hot with brown gravy.
- 5. Peel, then pare a few potatoes as you would peel an apple; fry in butter, with pepper and salt, till they are a nice brown color, and place them on a dish over some slices of beef or mutton, which should be nicely seasoned and broiled.

How to Cook Partridges.—In making partridges ready for reasting, leave the heads on, and turn them under the lelt wings; cur off the tops of the toes, but do not remove the legs. Before a proper fire, twenty minutes' reasting will be ample for young partridges. After being shot, these birds should not be kept longer than from two days to a week. The plumage is occasionally allowed to remain upon the heads of the red partridges, in which case the heads require to be wrapped in paper.

Resurrection Pie.—Mince the cold meat finely, put into a stew-pan with a small piece of butter, some stock, a dessert-spoonful of flour, pepper, salt, and the juice of a lemon; stir all over the fire till thoroughly hot through. Line a soupplate with pastry, put in the mixture, cover with pastry, and bake. It is best eaten hot, but is also very good cold.

PICKLES.

To Pickle Onions.—Scald one gallon of small onions in salt and water of the strength to bear an egg. Only just let them boil, strain them off, and peel them after they are scalded, place them in a jar, and cover them with the best cold vinegar. The next day pour the vinegar off, add two ounces of bruised ginger, one ounce of white pepper, two ounces of flour of mustard-seed, half an ounce chillies; boil them twenty minutes, turn all together, boiling hot, to the onions; let them remain ten days, turn the vinegar out again boil as before, turn them hot on the onions again. They will be ready for use as soon as quite cold.

To Pickle Nusturtiums.—Take a quart of nasturtiums, and throw them into cold salt and water, in which let them remain—changing the water three times at least—three days and nights. Then lay them in a sieve to drain, and rub them perfectly dry between cloths. Take one quart of white wine vinegar, quarter of an ounce of mace, quarter of an ounce of nutmeg, half an ounce of white peppercorns; one sliced eschalot, one ounce common salt. Boil them ten minutes; skim well, and when nearly cold, pour the whole over the fruit placed in jars, and the them close. The nasturtiums should be gathered within a week after the blossoms have fallen off.

To Pickle Mushrooms.—To preserve the flavor, buttons must be rubbed with a piece of flannel and salt, and from the larger ones take out the red inside, for when they are black they will not do, being too old. Throw a little salt over, and put them into a stew-pan with some mace and white pepper; as the liquor comes out, shake them well, and simmer them over a gentle fire till all of it be dried into them again; then put as much vinegar into the pan as will cover them; make it warm, and then put all into glass jars or bottles, and tie down with a bladder. They will keep two years, and are delicious.

Tomato Catchup.—Take ripe tomatoes, slice them, put a layer into a jar, sprinkle salt on it; add another layer, and more salt, and so on till your jar is full. Put the jar in a warm place for three days, stirring the contents occasionally; then let them alone for twelve days, till a thick seum gathers over them. Now strain the juice from the tomatoes, and boil it with spices in the proportions allowed for mushroom catchup Bottle when cold, and seal up the corks. After three months, strain it, and boil it again with fresh spice, when it will keep good for a year or two.

CAKES.

Yule Cake .- Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one and a half pounds of flour, two pounds currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of sweetmeats, two ounces of sweet almonds, ten eggs, one quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream, put in the sugar. Stir till quite light, adding a little allspice and pounded cinnamon. In a quarter of an hour take the yolks of the eggs, and work them in two or three at a time, and the whites of the same must by this time be beaten into a strong snow, quite ready to work in. As the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy, work in the whites gradually, then add the orange-peel, lemon, and citron, cut in fine stripes, and the currants, which must be mixed in well with the almonds; then add the sifted flour, and a glass of brandy. Bake this cake in a tin hoop in a hot oven, for three hours, and put twelve sheets of paper under it to keep it from burning.

Plum Coke.—One and a half pounds of butter, beaten to a cream, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, finely powdered. These must be beaten together until white and smooth. Take six eggs, the whites and yolks to be beaten separately. When the whites are beaten to a stiff snow, and ready to put to the cake, mix in the yolks, then add them to the butter. Beat it enough to mix them. Add to it one pound of flour, and one pound of currants. Do not beat it too much after you put in the flour. Let it stand in a cold place for two hours. Bake it for about an hour and a half.

Tea Cakes.—Put two pounds of flour into a basin, with a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in three-quarters of a pound of butter. Beat an egg, and in it crumble a piece of German yeast the size of a walnut; add these to the flour with enough warm milk to make the whole into a smooth paste, and knead it well. Put it near the fire to rise, and when well risen, form it into cakes. Place them on tins, let them stand near the fire for a few minutes; put them into a moderate oven, and bake them for half an honr. They should be buttered and eaten hot.

Queen Cake.—Wash one pound of butter in a little orange-flower water, and beat it to a cream with a wooden spoon; add to it one pound of finely-powdered loaf-sugar, and mix in by degrees eight eggs, well beaten; one pound of flour, dried and sifted, three-quarters of a pound of currants, a little nutmeg, and two ounces of bitter almonds, pounded, must then be stirred in, adding, last of all, a wineglassful of brandy. Beat the whole well together for an hour, and bake in small buttered tins in a brisk oven.

Princess Cakes.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of rice-flour, six eggs, one gill of sweet wine, one teaspoonful of caraway-seeds, one teaspoonful of soda, and a guarter of a pound of raisins. Add water sufficient to form a batter, drop into buttered pans, and bake until done.

Emperor s Cake.—Beat four eggs with half a pound of sifted sngar till quite smooth. Cut half a pound of almonds in pieces, but do not pound them; mix them with the egg and sugar, and as much flour as will form a dough. Roll out the dough about the eighth of an inch thick, cut it in cakes, and bake on tins in a moderate oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Coffee as a Disinfectant.—Coffee is an effective disinfecting agent, as the following experiment will show:—A quantity of meat was hung up in a room which was kept closed until the decomposition of the meat was far advanced. A chafing-dish, was then put in, and some half-roasted coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room was disinfected. The best way to effect this fumigation is to strew ground coffee on a hot iron plate.

To Destroy Cockroaches.—Half-fill an earthenware basin or deep pic-dish with sweotened beer. They will enter the basin or dish, drink the beer, and, in their efforts to climb the glazed surface of the earthenware, will fall back and be drowned.

To Remove Ink or Stains from Tables, etc.—Apply to the stain a feather moistened with muriatic acid; do not suffer it to remain long, or a mark will be left. Rub it briskly with a piece of soft rag, and, when the stain is removed, drop a little sweet oil on the part, and give it a polish.

Prevention of the Smell of "Green Water."—To prevent this intolerable nuisance, put a tablespoonful of free chlorine into a pan, and then pour upon it the water in which the vegetables have been boiled. All disagreeable effluvia contained in the water will be instantly destroyed.

To Prevent Lamp-Glasses Breaking.—To prevent lamp-glasses breaking by the sudden contact with heat, the best way is to cut or scratch the base of the glass with a glazier's diamond. Another method is to put the glasses into a sauce-pan of water, and boil them. This seasons them.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Carriage-Dress of Peacu-Colored Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with six rows of velvet of the same color, put on in clusters of three. The tunic is apron-shaped, and short in front, longer and square at the back, where it is very much puffed up, and is trimmed with deep chenille fringe of the color of the silk. Wide, scarf mantilla of black velvet, edged with a rich embroidery in gold and red; the ends are sufficiently long to throw over the shoulder. Hat of velvet, like the trimming on the dress, with a high, pointed crown, trimmed with a long, sweeping black plume.

Fig. II.—Evening Dress of White Muslin, with one Deep, Plain Flounce.—Opera cloak of salmon-colored silks trimmed with embroidery and tassels.

Fig. 111.—Carriage-Dress of Green Stlk.—The skirt is made with a demi-train, and trimmed with two bands of fur. The upper-skirt is square behind, a good deal puffed in the back, and trimmed with a band of fur; the quilted corner is bound back at the bottom. The skirt, in front, short and round, and trimmed with pipings of the silk, and bands of fur. The sleeves and waist made to correspond. Bonnet of wine-colored velvet, with a black lace veil.

Fig. IV.—WALKING-Dress, of BLACK Velvet.—The skirt and dolman are both richly embroidered in black silk. The dolman is not a circular cape, but there are bias piecesset in which form a sleeve as it falls over the arm. Bonnet of black velvet, and black lace veil.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress of Blue Cashmere.—The lowerskirt is trimmed with a band of fur, over which falls a band of cashmere, out in points, and headed with four bands of blue velvet ribbon. The upper-skirt is made very long both back and front, the front part being carried back and meeting behind, and is trimmed to correspond with the lower-skirt. The walst is cut with a basque, and with the deep sleeves is trimmed like the skirt. Bonnet of blue velvet.

Fig. VI.—Walking-Dress of Plum-Colored Cashmere.— dress for children, and describe the under-skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce laid in full Day" department, which see.

plaits, and put on with two rows of wide, black braid. The upper skirt is a full polonaise, belted at the waist; it is trimmed with a bias band of the cashmere, headed by a row of black braid. The pocket and sleeves, with deep cuffs, are also trimmed with braid.

Fig. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK WITH ONLY ONE SKIRT, which is trimmed with three graduated flounces, scalloped and bound with black. A bias band and platting heads the top flounce, Gray cloth jacket, with very wide sleeves, edged with a pointed trimming of the cloth, and bound with black. Black straw hat, trimmed with a black plume and gray ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As we said last month, the polonaise still is in favor. It is so convenient and so graceful that, unlike most fashions, we are loath to give it up. A great many entirely plain skirts will be worn, though under-skirts, much trimmed, are in favor. The untidy fashion of skirts touching the ground in walking, is still prevalent, though we are glad to see that many ladies of undoubted fashion and good sense are having their winter dresses made just to escape the ground.

Serges, poplins, cashmeres, merinos, and all the varieties of woolen goods come in the new shades, but for the winter, though contrasts will be worn, they will not be of so decided a kind as those used during the summer. So large a liberty is given to individual taste now, any color and any style almost may be worn and still appear in the mode. Very long polonaise, showing but little of the petticoat; polonais, short in front and long at the back, or long in front and short at the back; single skirts, very much trimmed, and skirts quite untrimmed, are all equally in good style. Sashes are still very much worn, but are almost always tied at the left side. Waistcoats are popular, but not universal. Basques are very generally worn. Coat-sleeves, and half-loose sleeves are both popular, though the former, on account of comfort, will be most worn during the winter.

One of the newest styles of trimming a black silk dress, is to put three plaiting of ecru cambric on the skirt, and one on the polonaise, if a polonaise is worn; if not, more plaitings must be added to the skirt.

We have nothing new to add to our remarks in the Octöber number, with regard to the wraps of various kinds, Some persons prophecy large cloaks; but the fashion will lardly take, as they are so inconvenient.

Bonners are still very much the shapes of those worn during the summer, but are a good deal loaded with trimming. Long ostrich feathers, as well as all kinds of jet ornaments, are used.

THE HAIR is generally creeping higher and higher up the back of the head, leaving the nape of the neck, which has been so long protected by heavy braids, quite exposed; and it is probable that increased neuralgia will be the consequence. Some ladies supply the place of their braids with two or three long curls.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Box's Costume.—The trousers are of dark gray cloth, reaching to the knee, where they are met by high boots. Claret-colored cloth over-coat, and claret-colored cap.

Fig. 11.—Girl's Dress of Blue and Striped Light-Gray Poplin.—Sacque coat of light-gray cashmere, with a deep cape. Both sacque and cape are trimmed with chinchilla fur. Hat of blue velvet, with a gray plume and bunch of pink roses.

We give, in the front of the number, various articles of dress for children, and describe them in detail in the "Every-Day" department, which see.

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HOW KATE WAS DARED.

[See the Story.]

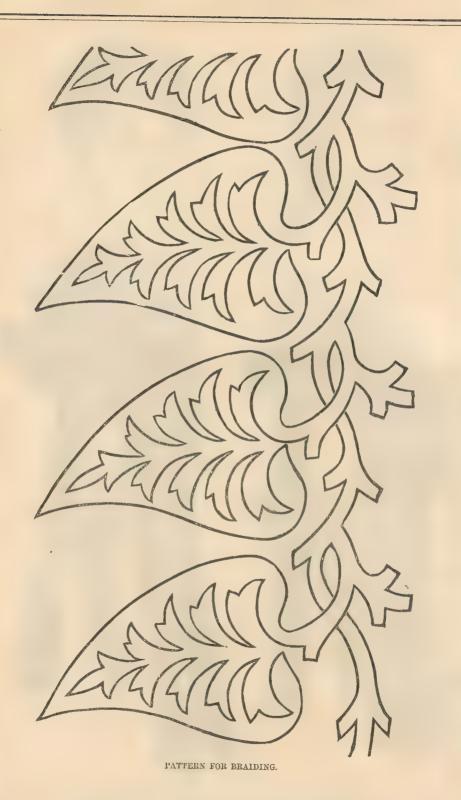


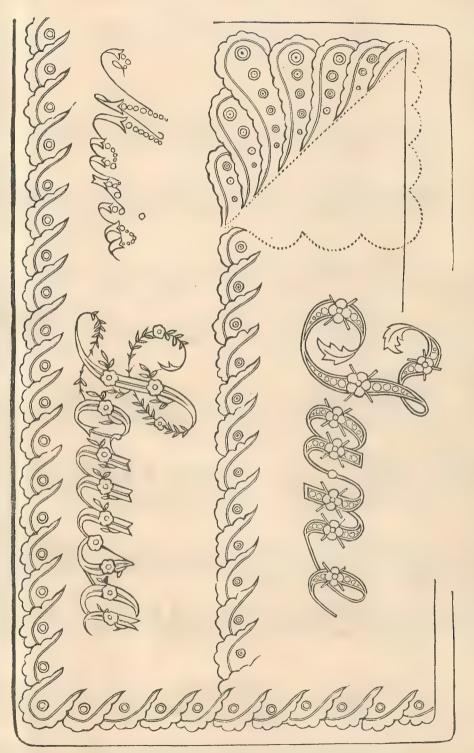








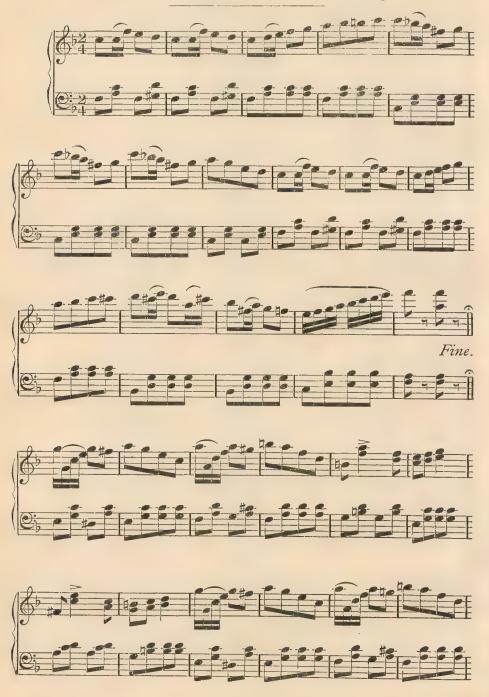




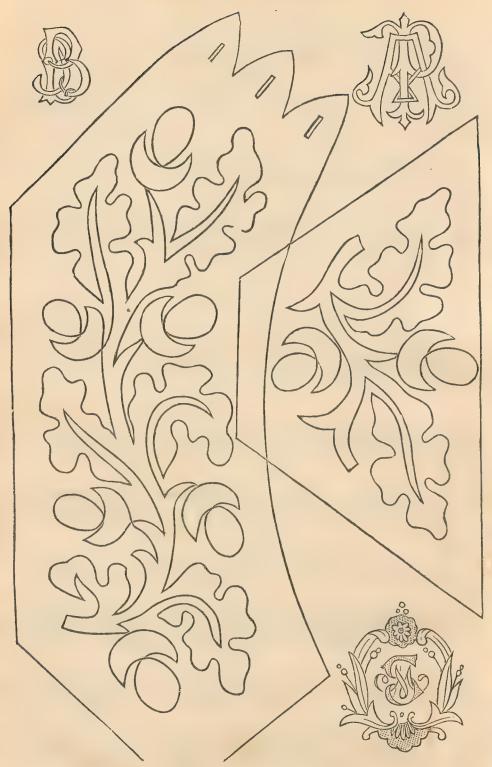
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INFANT'S SHOE, IN BRAIDING. MONOGRAMS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXII.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1872,

No. 6.

HOW KATE WAS DARED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

"I won't be teased--"

"You're half in love with-"

"Now, Harry-"

"But you see-"

"Won't you stop?" emphatically. "Remember, I give you warning."

The speakers were Kate Harcourt and her cousin, Harry Darlington, who had been brought up with Kate from childhood, and with whom, therefore, she was as intimate as with a brother. The subject of their conversation was Reginald Vavasour, the great matrimonial prize of the season, who had just returned from a long visit to Europe, handsome, highly educated, with a large estate, and preceded by a reputation for exceptionable abilities. "He has but to exert himself," old men said, "and he can be anything he pleases; make a mark in literature, lead the bar, get into Congress." "Let him but throw his handkerchief," the downgers declared, shaking their stately heads significantly, "and any girl, who isn't a fool, will jump to pick it up,"

Perhaps it was because she had overheard this last remark, that Kate treated Vavasour with such supreme indifference. Perbaps there were ether reasons. Vavasour was reserved, some said haughty; and this reserve was misunderstood. Kate, for one, misunderstood it. "He is always remembering that the Vavasours fought against Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion; as if other people hadn't ancestors also: as if anybody ought to boast of such things in this country, where we're all equals." But the truth was, that Vavasour did not boast of his ancestry, and he avoided Kate, not because he was proud, but because he thought her a flirt. He as little understood her gay, sympathetic nature, that was fond of social triumphs and blossomed the brighter for them, as she comprehended him. Everybody else flattered Kate, but Vavasour never did. In her secret heart, she was piqued at this, though she would not own it. Harry

read her better than she did herself. "You are afraid of him," he had said to her, more than once, "and that is the whole truth about it. I'm glad there's somebody you're afraid of."

For this was not the first time that Harry had teased Kate about Vavasour. "You're as indisputably the brightest and handsomest girl here," he said, "as he is the most accomplished man of us all: and you two ought, in the eternal fitness of things, to be man and wife. I believe you love him, in your heart of hearts."

This was the conversation, that had been going on, one morning early, as Kate and Harry walked together in the grounds of the Hart Springs, where they were staying that summer. They had been sauntering down a thickly shaded path, with tall althea bushes on either side, that led to a little brook; and on the edge of this brook they had paused; while Harry went on teasing Kate, watching, mischievously, her color come and go, as she tapped the sward, impatiently, with her pretty little foot.

Kate had borne it, for some time, good-humoredly, but had turned on her persecutor at last, as we have seen.

"Warning of what?" said Harry, coolly, in answer to her threat.

Kate, for reply, stooped down, and holding back her delicate muslin dress with one hand, scooped a handful of water half up in the other.

"You know what I mean well enough," she said, without looking around, playing with her hand in the brook, meantime.

"Do I? Well," and he laughed, saucily. "I dare you!"

Now Harry knew that Kate was not to be dared. Moreover, at that moment he had caught sight of Vavasour, coming down the althea path, and already so close, that, if Harry but stepped aside, the shower-bath would fall on the intruder, unless, indeed, Kate should see Vavasour in time,

VOL. LXII.-27

339

which, from the spot where she stood, and her position, for her back was turned, was not likely.

The temptation was irresistible. "What capital fun it would be," said Harry to himself. Then, finding that Kate hesitated, for, though sometimes saucy, she was not a hoyden, he repeated his challenge.

"I dare you, I say," he cried, mockingly.

"Do you?" answered Kate. "Well, there-"

As Kate spoke she rose from her stooping posture, and, turning quickly around, her face full of merry mischief, she flung the water impetuously at Harry.

But Harry had sprung aside, laughing slyly, just at this juncture. To her dismay, therefore, Kate saw the water go splash into Vavasour's face.

"I beg your pardon, Vavasour," said Harry, mockingly bowing. "That compliment was intended for me: I don't see what right you have to monopolize it."

Poor Kate! If it had been anybody else than Vavasour, she would not have felt so mortified. Her cheek burned like fire. She would have welcomed an earthquake, at that moment, if it would only have swallowed her up from sight.

Vavasour was equal to the occasion, however. He was ignorant, indeed, of what had gone before; but he suspected, at once, it was some mischief of Harry's. His only thought was to spare Kate.

"Anything from Miss Harcourt is an honor," he said, bowing low to her, and wiping his face, as if what had happened was the most natural thing in the world, "but this is particularly refreshing on so hot a morning."

"You take it coolly," said Harry, now laughing outright.

"What—having cold water thrown on one by a lady?" answered Vavasour, gayly, joining in the laugh. "How else should one take it?"

"Oh, Mr. Vavasour," cried Kate. "I didn't mean to-"

She stopped short, blushing more intensely than ever, for she found she was saying more than she ought, considering the double meaning of his words.

"It is the natural privilege of the sex to serve us so," continued Vavasour, coming to the relief of Kate's embarrassment; "and Miss Harcourt is right in exercising it, hit or miss even—as today. Thanks!"

He bowed with such a mirth-provoking air, that they all laughed, even Kate, though she a little nervously.

As Harry declared, afterwards, confidentially, to Kate, "Never was a thing more neatly done.

Many a fellow would have quarreled with me: I deserved that he should; but I couldn't help dodging, you see. He is worth all the rest of us together, cousin mine."

Kate seemed to think so also, for, from that morning, she no longer avoided Vavasour. The first time, indeed, that they met, she was strangely shy; and she took herself seriously to task for it, in her chamber, afterward.

"I was a little fool," she said. "I wonder if he saw it: he'd despise me if he did." But this very shyness, for he did see it, attracted Vavasour. He discovered, he thought, that Kate was not the heartless coquette he had fancied, but that she had all the sensitiveness of the truest woman. Then how bewitchingly lovely her blushes made her look! That modest, half-stealthy glance up at him, from those fathomless eyes, how it thrilled him through and through!

Before this event, he had not permitted himself to see Kate's good qualities; but now that was all past; and, day by day, she grew even more fascinating, her intellect brightening and kindling, as it were, in response to his own.

She came out now as her real self. She let herself be natural, and was infinitely charming in consequence. Heretofore, the example of her gay set, her natural high spirits, and the adulation that surrounded her, had fostered her vanity. and made her do many things, that, in her cooler moments, she had even then regretted. henceforth she shone in her true colors. really noble character developed more and more. Her frivolities, her coquetries, all her little weaknesses, fell off from her, as the outward husk of coarser leaves drops away from a rose, when it blossoms. Love, too, for love had come, softened and sanctified her wonderfully, as it does all to whom it comes in its first freshness and purity. Before the summer was over, the engagement of Vavasour to Kate was an acknowledged fact; and a happier bride-elect never was than the once saucy belle; nor a prouder man than the expectant bridegroom.

The dowagers, at least those who had daughters unmarried, were not so pleased. "I do believe she threw that water on purpose," said one, spitefully: "she and Harry had it all arranged, depend on it." "I always notice," ananswered the one addressed, "that those kind of girls play shy. Thank heaven! neither Araminta Jane, nor Angelina, would ever angle, in that way, or," correcting herself, "in anyway, for any man."

But Vavasour knew, if nobody else did, that Kate had not manœuvred, and that it was for himself, and not for his wealth, that she love! him. Every day, too, made this more evident. Kate was one who was hard to win, but who, once won, gave up her whole soul.

"I can't understand how I misunderstood you so, at first," said Vavasour, one beautiful night, as they sauntered together in the grounds. "I thought you frivolous, vain, heartless, everything almost that I disliked; ah! how can you forgive me?"

"But I was unjust, too," was the low answer, as Kate hung fondly on his arm. "I believed you to be haughty and self-opinionated—oh! you den't know the wicked things I said about you—and it was all because I wouldn't let myself know you as you really were."

For answer, Vavasour stooped to the dear face, upturned to his own, in the dim starlight, and kissed it. He was not sure that there were not tears in Kate's eyes.

The wedding was in excellent taste, very quiet,

only a few intimate friends being present. But, of course, Harry was there. It was Harry, who made the speech for the bridemaids, at the collation after the ceremony.

"The way to make a fellow propose, as you see," he said, in conclusion, "is first to throw cold water on him. It brought Vavasour to terms, and he was a hard subject, as we all know."

The joke was not new, as the readers of this story know; but everybody was in high spirits, and so it was greeted with laughter and applause. When this had subsided Harry fired his last shot.

"But you see," he said, "it isn't every girl that has the courage to do this: dear, tender-hearted creatures, they don't like to be too cruel to us; even Mrs. Vavasour, high-spirited and saucy as she was had, as I happen to know, TO BE DARED."

A WHISPER.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Brow, gentie West-wind, far and fast!
But do not tell the world of this;
My heart holds dearer one love-kiss,
Than scores of fair words idly cast
Around me by some flattering lip,
That holds with mine no fellowship.

A consciousness and with me lies
The power to wake some sleeping good,
Is better than the promised food
Of fair impossibilities,
That glitter on some height sublime,
Where feet like mine could never climb.

Let me but feel an inward sense
Of ownership in some great thought—
Some beauty which no gold e'er bought;
It will be greater recompense
Than all the praise that pen or tongue
Has idly written, said, or sung.

It is not what the world believes,

But what we know that we can do,

An d what we see and feel is true,

That brings the help our soul receives; One sickens with its emptiness, The other blooms with every grace.

A few there are, oh, Western wind! Give them your softest, sweetest kiss, Who do not think all things amiss Their own fair hands have failed to bind; Who trust, sometimes, when sight is d'm, And dream of depths they only skim.

My heart is heavier, oftentimes,
Than the wild rain of yester-eve;
As fitful; yet I will not grieve,
Or weave my sorrow in these rhymes;
For hopes, as well as fears, awake—
The passing years both give and take.

And, so, oh, West-wind! fast and far
As yo may roam this Summer's night,
Your wings are scarcely half as light
As some of my sweet fancies are;
And wheresoe'er ye may have flown,
Tho!r paths are brighter than your own.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY EDWARD BANKER.

They say, who never suffer'd wrong,
'Tis easy to forget.
But poisoned arrows rankle long,
And worse, the deeper set.

And others, it is noble far Than even to forgive. But though the wound should heal, the scar Deforms us while we live.

The beasts forget; they only know
The mill-round they have trod.
But nobler man forgives, for lo!
Forgiveness is of God.

BETTINE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"Why, mamma, your wits must have gone wool-gathering. I at the Kennedy's fancy ball, on Christmas-eve! What can I wear?"

"There's your grandmother's crimson-satin petticoat, as genuine an antique as you could find at any costumers. You will go as a lady of the last century, say in Queen Anne's time."

Bettine clapped her hands.

"You dearest mamma!" she cried. " Do you really think I could go?"

"Mrs. Grier, since I come to think of it, has a trunk full of old-fashioned dresses. I will just step over there, and consult her about it. Now, Bettine-I see it written on your face very plainly-why do you object to my going to so old and kind a friend?"

"Because," stammered Bettine, shame-facedly, "Tom Grier wants me to go to the Kennedy's with him, and, well, I don't want to accept too many favors from Tom, just now!"

"What has Tom been saying to you?" said Mrs. Leigh, anxiously.

"Only nonsense; at least, I hope so."

"Nonsense?" echoed Mrs. Leigh. "And why should it be, dear? Tom is a fine fellow, and would make my little girl a very good---'

"Mamma!" A soft hand was laid on Mrs. Leigh's lips, and Bettine's large, brown eyes filled with tears. "Do you forget ___ Do you suppose I have forgotten Paul?" The last word came out tremulously, accompanied by a burning blush, which covered the girl's face from the piquant, dimpled chin to the waves of chestnutbrown hair. Mrs. Leigh shook her head a little sorrowfully.

"My dear, it is five years now, and you were both so young. Did you never think that Paul Fortescue might have seen a face which makes him forget this one?" and she kissed the rosy cheek as she spoke.

"It may be so," said Bettine, with a quiet determination, quite new to her mother. "But Paul is Paul, always, to me!"

Mrs. Leigh bit her lips. It did seem a little hard to have a fine, manly young fellow, the son of her old friend, and heir to a fortune in his own right, thrown over, because of a blue-eyed boy, who sailed away to the China seas years ago, and who, for aught they knew, might be dead.

Bettine toiling away, day after day, as a caily governess! Really poor Mrs. Leigh must be forgiven if, in the very keen vexation which her child's troublesome constancy gave her, she wished, for a moment, that Paul Fortescue might remain at the other side of the world.

"Very well," said her mother, her tact warning her to drop the subject. "I don't see that going to this fancy ball with the Griers will make any vast difference. And I have a little money put away for a rainy day, which you shall have for shoes and gloves."

"And there goes nine o'clock," cried Bettine, springing up from the stool in dismay. "What will that awful Mrs. Williams say to me for being late? By-the-by, Ettie Grosvenor will come here for her lessons, to-morrow. You don't mind? Mrs. Grosvenor said she was expecting a guest, who would occupy the room in which Ettie usually recites, so I told her that the child could come here for two days. Good-by. Don't you and Mrs. Grier 'put your heads together' over anything more than my dress."

Mrs. Leigh watched the graceful figure out of sight, and then went up stairs to ransack trunks for the crimson satin petticoat. That, with a trifle of altering, here and there, she decided would "do beautifully;" and feeling quite elated at the prospect of sending her daughter out into really "good society," Mrs. Leigh went down to see Mrs. Grier.

Bettine Leigh was the only child of a clergyman, and the first years of her life had been happy. But her father's parish had been a poor one, and he had eked out a narrow income by taking scholars to fit for college. And so, it fell out, that, one summer, when Bettine was barely sixteen, Paul Fortescue came to the parsonage for a six month's course of reading; and a certain old story was acted over again that summer Paul was an orphan, and dependent upon a rich, crochetty uncle; and the tidings that his nephew had fallen in love with a poor clergyman's daughter put the old gentleman in a fury when it reached his ears. So foolish Paul quarreled with his bread-and-butter, (the dear, piquant face of the rector's little Bettine was dearer to him than uncle Chauncey's millions,) and bidding his little love keep up her courage, he accepted a Living was so high, and times so hard, and small clerkship in a China firm, and sailed away

to the other side of the world, hoping to make his fortune among the Celestials.

For a year, Paul's letters came, and then they ceased suddenly. Mr. Leigh died, leaving very small provision for his wife and child; and, by the advice of her friends, Mrs. Leigh removed to Boston, where, in various ways, she eked out an income. Bettine got a handful of scholars, and her mother embroidered beautifully. She was fortunate in having kind friends who helped her; so they got along, anxiously, sometimes, but still they managed to live. Through the Grier's, Bettine had been bidden to the ball at the Kennedy's, on Christmas-eve; they were cousins, and Tom had given haughty Edith Kennedy no peace until she had left a card and an invitation for the little governess.

Mrs. Leigh's consultation with Mrs. Grier did not transpire to Bettine; but a mysterious parcel came in the evening, over which her mother smiled contentedly, and told Bettine she must ask no questions until she saw the grand result. Bettine was willing to wait; she had the pleasing excitement of an excursion to Washington street, to purchase long white gloves, four buttons! the first she had ever possessed, and a marvelous pair of white-kid slippers, with tiny vellow heels, and great buckles, which nearly covered up her little feet. She was dubious about those buckles-two whole dollars additional did they cost; but her mother said they were essential, so she bought them with fear and trembling, and then went home to report her extravagance.

Bettine dreamed of the ball and her mysterious ball-dress all night, and had much ado to fix her attention upon the multiplication-table, when Ettie Grosvenor appeared after breakfast. Ettie was a droll little minx of ten years, very willful, veryp retty, and very bright; but Ettie's mind was upon anything except her lessons on this particular day; of all topics, the child was full of Miss Kennedy's ball.

"'Cause mamma is going, you know, Miss Leigh, and my new cousin, who came last night. He's very tall, and very handsome. Mamma told papa that she guessed he'd come to see Miss Edith Kennedy. He met her somewhere in Europe. Mamma said it would 'make a match.' Does that mean get married?"

"You never will learn your lesson unless you stop talking, Ettie. Seven times four are—how many?"

"Twenty-one. Oh, how tiresome! Wait a minute

"Bettine," said her mother, "can you leave Ettie for a few moments? I want you to come in my rcom; your dress is done." "Now, Ettie," said Bettine, springing up, gayly, "I know you won't study while I am gone, even if I tell you to; so I give you leave to run about my room, and look at my things. Only be careful, and don't break my silk-winders," with which laughing caution Bettine.

Down went the multiplication-table; and Miss Ettie began a tour of inspection around the entire room. It was Bettine's own little sanctum, and full of little nick-nacks, books, shells, boxes of all descriptions. One box, a tiny thing on the mantel, in particular excited Ettie's admiration.

"I guess Miss Leigh won't mind if I open it," thought she. "How funny! There's one box inside of another. What's this? Oh, such a cunning ring! Just fit me, I guess;" and over the chubby finger it went, without more ado.

It was a curious ring, of old, very old-fashion; two gold hands clasping a tiny ruby, set in silver, and, inside, a "posy," as the old-time folk would call it. Ettie did not know that, however, nor, indeed, was she likely to find it out, for, oh! horror of horrors! after admiring it sufficiently, when she bethought herself that it was time to take it off, and put it back, she found that her finger had swollen—she could not get it off again!

Poor Ettie tugged and tugged; matters only became worse. The joint of her fat finger grew redder and larger; no amount of pulling could get the luckless ring off.

Should she tell Miss Leigh of her naughtiness, and beg to be forgiven, or would it be best to hide her hand behind her, and wear it home? It would surely come off by to-morrow, and then she could tell the whole story, and be forgiven.

So the box was put back on the mantel, and Ettie safely in her seat, when Bettine came back. The small sinner twisted her handkerchief around the offending finger, and asked if the dress fitted.

"Beautifully," said Bettine, gayly. "Now, Ettie, for those sums. I'm afraid that your head and mine are too full of the ball for arithmetic to be properly attended to this morning."

But Ettie did her sums so well that Bettine was surprised; and also, she refused to stay after lessons were over, and resisted the offer of a piece of cake—an act of Spartan-like denial which Bettine would not have been so much surprised at, could she have looked at the poor little finger where her ring was hidden.

"By Jupiter!" quoth Tom Grier, that evening, as he entered the little parlor, and stood amazed at the radiant vision which smiled shyly at him. "That's the most gorgeous dress I ever saw in my life. You shine Fanny down, en-

"Nonsense," said Bettine, with a sparkling glance over her shoulder.

Tom may be forgiven for calling her a gorgeous little vision. Her chestnut hair was raised on a cushion at least six inches above her fair forchead, powdered, and decorated with tiny bows of crimson and buff. Over the crimson-satin petticoat swept a stiff, yellow brocade; the quaint waist was trimmed with white lace ruffles, and knots of ribbon; and in the breast, Bettine's sole ornament, a crimson rose—a mate to those Tom carried in his hand. The long gloves and buckled slippers completed this costume.

"It's a success, then?" she said, executing a profound curtsy.

Tom himself was very grand, in a costume of Louis Fifteenth's day; and Mrs. Leigh saw the pair off, and came back into the dingy parlor, saying, "I wonder if he will speak to-night? I think I can settle it with Bettine, after the first plunge."

To all intents and purposes, this was Bettine's first ball; and it burst upon her with a splendor which half bewildered her. The Kennedy's house was an elegant one; there, the costumes of all times and nations flashed brilliantly before her; the lights blazed down the marble stair-case, and inspiring music filled the air. Bettine made the rounds of the room twice, before she dared venture on a waltz. After that, however, the strange, unreal feeling began to wear off, and she found her wits again.

"How beautiful Miss Kennedy is," she said, to Tom, as they passed the golden-haired belle, dressed in all the magnificence which represents England's Virgin Queen.

"Yes; a trifle too statuesque to suit me, though," said Tom, with an expressive glance at the little lady on his arm. "That's the fellow they say she's engaged to—over there, by the door,"

Bettine looked. At that distance all she distinguished was a tall figure, in a cavalier's dress of blue and silver, with nodding white plumes in his hat. She wasn't very much interested in Miss Kennedy; but the thought did cross her mind that this must be Ettie's "rich cousin."

Bettine had plenty of partners, but, somehow, after the first keen enjoyment, a vague pain crept into her mind, as she danced and talked merry nonsense with her admirers. What did they all care about her, a little governess out for her first ball? Bettine was ashamed of herself for the half-envious thought. Oh, if Paul would but come home! And then an awful fear that she

might never see his dear acce again clutched at her heart, and she turned so pale that her partner saw it, and begged to know what was the matter.

"Nothing," Bettine said. "I believe I must be tired. Oh, there's Mr. Grier. Tom, won't you take me somewhere for an ice?"

Tom, in the seventh heaven, at this request, piloted her into the conservatory, where the lights were so subdued as to have almost the effect of moonlight. As they went inside the door, Miss Kennedy was coming out on the arm of the cavalier in blue, and, somehow, his spurs caught in Bettine's long train. She stumbled; the gentleman caught her just in time to save a fall.

"A thousand pardons, madam; are you hurt?" asked the stranger.

Bettine looked up. Paul Fortescue's blue eyes gleamed down at her with polite, distant courtesy, and as Tom hastily disclaimed her being injured, the cavalier offered his arm to Miss Kennedy, and passed on.

Bettine fell into a chair, and shook from head to foot. She did not pause to think that the conservatory was but dimly lighted; that her powdered hair and strange dress altered her extremely; that she had not spoken; while the tone of Paul's voice betrayed him, instantly. She remembered none of these things; she only knew that Paul had passed her by as a perfect stranger, and she thought her heart was breaking.

"Tom, dear; kind Tom," moaned she, forgetting that she had never spoken so to him before. "Take me home—do take me home!"

"Are you ill?" cried poor Tom, in dreadful alarm.

"Ill? I don't know! Yes. Let me go quietly; I can't return, and say good-night; indeed I can't."

"There isn't the smallest reason for your doing so," said Tom, tenderly. "Come up into the dressing-room, and I'll find the carriage. Or shall I call Fanny?"

But Bettine said no. Her only wish seemed to be to get away as fast as possible.

Tom wanted to say something tender on the way home; but a glance at the white, drawn face beside him, warned him that this was no time for love-making; so he contented himself with a pressure of her hand, as warm as he dared to make it, and a promise to call to-morrow.

Meantime, Paul Fortescue, going back into the drawing-room, with his beautiful hostess, was haunted by the turn of the little powdered head which had rested against his arm for a brief second, and said, musingly,

"Can you tell me who that lady was?"

"That lady? Oh, the one with my cousin.

Tom Grier? A Miss—Really, 'said the fair Edith, languidly, "I cannot remember. Some little governess whom they say Tom is bewitched with. Why do you ask?"

"She reminds me of some one whom I used to know," Paul said, so quietly, that Edith never suspected the eager throb of his heart, or the sick disappointment that followed it, as he remembered that he had sought in vain for a clue to Bettine's whereabouts. Miss Kennedy would have been ill-pleased had she but known that over her golden head her handsome cavalier saw a pair of soft, brown eyes, and the child's smile of his shy little love.

Ettie Grosvenor, notwithstanding her juvenile age, had suffered almost as acutely as some of her elders on the evening of Miss Kennedy's ball. Bettine's ring was a perfect incubus, and fairly weighed down the soul of the child, in spite of the next day being Christmas, and in spite, too, of the presents she expected. She had not thought much about it at dinner, and, after that meal, she was busily engaged in watching her mamma's toilet. Then came cousin Paul. His hat and plumes were a source of delight to Ettie, and she mentally pronounced him "the finest gentleman she ever saw." But when they were all gone, and the maid was undressing her, an uncomfortable pinching reminded her of her uslawful possession, and peace was over for poor Ettie. Long did she lie awake, not even thinking of Kriss Kingle, but pondering whether she had been guilty of a theft, and trying to make up her mind to confess it. At last she cried herself asleep, but only to wake in the morning in a more pitiable state than ever.

Going down stairs before breakfast, Paul Fortescue nearly tumbled over a small heap, which, upon examination, proved to be Ettie, sitting with her head against the bannisters.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Paul, in his merry voice, picking up the forlorn bundle. "Tears? Have you had no Christmas gifts? Have you broken your doll?"

Ettie was horribly ashamed. She did not want to confess what a wicked child she had been to this new cousin; but something in Paul's voice and tender eyes seemed to reassure her, so, after looking up at him pitifully for a second, she sobbed out.

"Oh, cousin Paul, I'm in an awful mess! I don't even care about Christmas! I stole my governess' ring yesterday—that is, I didn't steal it, really. I only meant to try it on, and it won't come off, anyhow. Will I have to chop off my finger? I was afraid to tell, 'cause I didn't want to lose my finger.'

"Your finger?" said Paul, unable to help laughing at the tragic face. "It will be easier to cut the ring, Ettie. Let me see it."

Much comforted, Ettie put her hand in his. The ring had embedded itself quite deeply in the little fat finger, and Paul saw immediately that the only thing to be done was to cut it off.

"I guess my knife is sharp enough," said he. "The ring is not very strong. If it is, we'll get a pair of pinchers; but they might break it, so we'll try the knife first. Don't be frightened; I'll try not to hurt you—steady! There it comes!" and the cut ring fell with a little jingle on the stair.

"Suppose you tell me the whole story," said Paul, picking up the ring, and sitting down beside Ettie, who sobbed out warm thanks. "Did you——" and there he gave a gasp, and stared at the ring, as if it had been a ghost.

Surely, he knew that old ring—his grandmother's ring, which he had given to Bettine long ago! He turned it over, and looked inside; yes, there was the "posy," cut in half by his knife, but still quite legible, in the quaint, old English spelling.

"In thys my choyce I do rejoyce."

"What makes you look so funny, cousin Paul?" said Ettie, seeing the changes, from red to pale, that swept over his face. "Can't it be mended?"

"Mended? Yes, indeed," and back came his merry smile. "Where did you say you got it?"

"In Miss Leigh's box—a funny box——"

"What Miss Leigh?" interrupted the listener:
"My governess, Miss Bettine Leigh," said
Ettie. "Do you know her?"

"Ettie," said Paul, wheeling about, with a beaming face. "Don't you think it would be a good plan to carry this ring back to Miss Leigh, right away, before breakfast? Wouldn't you eat your breakfast with a better appetite? Christmas won't be Christmas, if you don't do it."

"I guess I would," said Ettie, emphatically.
"It's only two blocks off. 'Spose you come too
—'cause you cut it, you know."

"Certainly," said Paul, with becoming gravity, as Ettie flew off for her hat.

A miserable, sleepless night, and more bitter tears than she had ever shed, had robbed Bettine's face of its pink, sea-shell coloring; and it was a very pathetic pair of brown eyes that looked into the fire burning away in the little grate that Christmas morning. Mrs. Leigh had not come down yet, and Bettine knelt on the rug, so absorbed in her own thoughts, that she never turned when the door opened.

"Miss Leigh," said Ettie's breathless voice at her side, "I've brought back your ring, and I'm so sorry——"

But Ettie never finished that sentence. Cousin Paul had been instructed to wait in the hall until his turn came for explanation; but at the first glimpse of his little love's sad face, his promise flew straight out of his head; he went swiftly forward.

"Paul!"

Bettine never knew how it came to pass; but, in another second, her we sy little head was on his shoulder, and Paul's dear arms were holding her fast.

In the extremity of her astonishment, Ettie very nearly fell into the fire, and her jump and scream brought the lovers to earth again.

"My patience!" ejaculated Ettie, with roundeyed amazement. "You never told me that my cousin Paul was your cousin too, Miss Leigh."

Bettine's blushes and tears at this sally, prevented her reply, so Paul answered for her. "Cousin, indeed," said he, laughing merrily. "She's going to be my little wife, Ettie; and I've been looking all over the country for her since my arrival."

Bettine suddenly remembered last night.

"Paul, Paul! you never knew me. You begged my pardon, and I thought my heart would break."

Paul stared; then light dawned upon him.

"You don't mean to say that the stately little lady, with powdered hair and long train, was you?"

"Yes," said Bettine, feeling dreadfully ashamed of her unjust conclusions, and resolving never to let him know of her sleepless night. "And, Paul, I heard that you were going to marry Miss Kennedy."

"I'm going to marry you, if you'll have me," on Bettine's lit said Paul, catching her up; and there is no tell-it was the saing what else he might have done, had not Mrs. "posy" inside.

Leigh suddenly walked in, looking very much as if she had encountered a ghost.

What a merry breakfast they all had! Bettine's share, however, might have been accommodated in her thimble, as she sat laughing and crying behind the coffee. Paul told how letters had miscarried, while he was very ill in China; and that since they had come to Boston, he had lost all trace of them. Mrs. Leigh was delighted at the romance of the ring, and became radiant when she learned that uncle Chauncey had bequeathed his fortune to Paul, after all.

Ettie carried consternation into her household by rushing home, while her mother was at breakfast, and announcing that "cousin Paul was going to be married to Miss Leigh, straight off!" Mrs. Grosvenor could hardly believe her; but, in spite of its being Christmas morning, with the church bells already ringing for service, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went over to learn the truth of this marvelous disclosure. How amazed she was, and yet, heartily glad for Paul; and how the little matron enjoyed telling the story. And if she drove down to Beacon street, to the Kennedy's, for the first call, you must excuse her upon the ground of wishing to hear "what Edith would say." What Miss Kennedy said was of little consequence to Paul and Bettine; but the latter did feel sorry for Tom Grier. and was glad that she had let him go no further. And, Tom, good fellow, took the news like a man, and begged to be best man at the wedding -a request which Paul readily granted.

Ettie was made such a heroine that her mother declared she would hereafter have very misty ideas of the eighth commandment! But Paul always protested that he owed a debt of thanks to the child; and when he slipped a ring on Bettine's little hand, on their wedding day, it was the same quaint ruby ring, with the "posy" inside.

THAT YEAR IS DEAD.

I ... BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Ан, yes! that year we met, is dead, And laid within its tomb, And over its still, lifeless form The early wild-flowers bloom,

We met, when that old year was young, As this new one is now, And parted, ere one leaf had paled, Upon its youthful brow.

We wandered on the pebbly beach, And marked the blue waves flow, While through the solomu pines, the wind Sighed mournfully and low.

That year is dead, another, crowned
And smiling, greets me now,
As I alone stand by the waves,
Which whisper, "Where art thou?"

Upon the old year's frozen breast
Were laid those hopes of mine,
And standing here, I fain would know,
How has it fared with thine?

LITTLE CHRISTIE'S WILL.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

I am confident Mr. Wiggins never had told so { long a story in my presence, as he did when I announced my determination of answering an advertisement for a governess. He and his wife were opposed to my leaving them, and this story was concerning a young girl who went as governess and died from over-work. But the story he told, as he was carrying me to the cars, even exceeded that in length. The story was just five miles long, for we reached the depot and its conclusion at the same time. Nor did we come a second too soon. Mr. Wiggins had driven at a snail's pace for the last mile, in order that he might finish his narrative. The station-master, as we drew up, bade us make haste, if we didn't want to be left, and soon the last words were spoken, and I was alone; for the loneliest forest is not comparable to the loneliness of a great crowd; for dear Nature's face is always kindly to those who love her.

I felt utterly desolate and friendless, as I sunk back in my seat in the cars. I was an orphan, with few friends, and was going out as a governess. In my depressed state, that morning, the name of my new employer seemed more awe-inspiring and aristocratic than ever before. "Claud Huntington." I felt instinctively that he would be a tall, pompous, elderly man, with piercing coalblack eyes, and fierce whiskers, colored to a jetty hue. And "Christabelle," the daughter-how could I, plain Eva Norris, ever make myself useful or agreeable to a "Christabelle Huntington?" He had mentioned in his last letter that Elfrida Winthrop, his cousin and ward, was an inmate of his house; he thought it would be pleasant for me to know I was to have a young lady companion. But every name struck terror to my heart. I felt at that lonely moment like the smallest of Gulliver's Lilliputians, setting out alone for the country of the giants. I took Mr. Huntington's letter out of my pocket, and was forlornly reading it over, when suddenly a new atmosphere of warmth and brightness seemed to enwrap me, coming from what wondrous realm I knew not. But looking up, I became conscious of the earnest gaze of a pair of darkblue eyes. Of course, the owner of those eyes, a very handsome young man, averted them at once, as I became conscious of his earnest scrutiny. I hold that friends are not made, but

discovered; friends of our soul: the world may have been between us all our days, but when we neet, we know each other. I put the letter with its green and gold monogram into my pocket, and drew my veil over my face again. But the old dreary loneliness was gone. Absurd, wasn't it? But then this strange old world is so full of wonderful things, that if you set yourself about trying to explain all its mysteries, you will have no time for anything else.

At the next station a half-drunken man came into the cars. He was dressed like a gentleman, and probably was one, when sober. He came up to the seat where I was, and paused before it, as if intending to seat himself beside me. But I had only time to give one frightened glance, when the blue-eyed, handsome stranger opposite, left his seat, and laying his hand on the man's shoulder, said, "Take my seat, colonel, I am tired of sitting." And half impelled by the firm hand upon his shoulder, the tipsy colonel sunk into the vacant seat. One look of gratitude I gave my unknown friend, who walked forward and stood a few minutes by the car-door, and then passed out on the platform.

I thought no one left the cars but myself at the little wayside station; and as there was but one carriage in sight, an elegant phæton, I fancied it might have been sent for me; but one glance at the black driver's face dispelled the presumptuous belief. He looked over me, through me, as if I were an incorporeal substance, through which landscapes might be enjoyed. He was very grand and dignified, and I felt very small and insignificant. But even as I looked, he leaped down, and opened the carriage-door, and at that moment I heard a light, quick step behind me, and glancing round, there stood my handsome, blue-eyed stranger. He lifted his hat as he approached, and said, as courteously as if I were a queen,

- "Pardon me, but I think you are Miss Norris?"
 I bowed affirmatively.
- "Allow me to introduce myself as Mr. Huntington, your correspondent: I am very glad you came earlier than we expected you. We looked for you to-morrow."
- "I thought you wrote for me to come on the thirteenth."
 - "I dare say the mistake was mine," said he.

"My writing, I fear, might be improved by judicious training."

He assisted me into the carriage, and after leaving some directions about having my trunk sent on immediately, he entered himself, and the prancing grays dashed off through the quiet country road. For a few minutes we drove on in silence, and then my companion, looking at me with his peculiarly earnest gaze, said,

"How do you suppose that I knew you, Miss Norris, the minute I saw you on the cars, though we didn't expect you to-day? Something told me, instinctively, who you were. I don't think I ever had such an impression before in regard to any one. Perhaps we were friends a thousand years ago, in some former state of existence. Can your philosophy account for it in any other way?"

"Perhaps you recognized your letter that I was reading," said I, prosaicly.

"That only confirmed the impression; I had the conviction before."

Perhaps I showed in my face my desire to change the subject, for he commenced to talk very pleasantly about the country through which we were passing. And then he told me about my pupil. He said she was an invalid, through an injury to her spine, received when an infant, and so he did not want her to study any more than her health would permit. But his business took him from home a good deal, and he wanted some one he could trust, to leave her with.

"She is sadly spoiled, I am afraid," said he; "but the doctors have forbidden all excitement, so we don't dare to cross her. She is naturally very affectionate; but, from having her own way all the time, she has become as imperious as a little queen. Three ladies have had the kindness to try to teach her; but they failed to suit her, and I didn't dare to keep them after they became disagreeable to her. I felt that I ought to tell you this before you entered upon your duties, because, although I think you will please her, and you will be good friends, still, if you should fail, believe me I shall know it is not your fault."

I thanked him for his kindness, but, mentally, I saw myself following my predecessors out of Huntington Manor.

It was a large mansion, of light-gray stone, fairly embowered in foliage and bloom. The grounds were spacious and beautiful, and, as we drove up the long avenue, I could catch a glimpse, through openings in the green shade, of summerhouses, fountains, and statues. As we passed up the long flight of white-marble steps into the grand hall, Mr. Huntington turned to me, and said, with a smile,

"Welcome to Huntington Manor, Miss Norris." And then, hearing a servant, he directed him to show me to my room. I was grateful for this, for I wanted to make some changes
in my dress before I met the ladies of the family.
He had said that my trunk would be there in a
few minutes. But I had only taken off my wrappings, and was just bathing my face, when a particularly wakeful-looking girl came in, and said
that "Miss Christie wants to see you at once;
she ain't so well as common to-day; and she said
she couldn't wait a minute, if you please, mam."

I brushed my curls a little back from my face, and turned to follow her, and, as I did so, I discovered the reason of her uncommonly, wide-awake, watchful look. She had no eye-winkers, her eyelids being as destitute of ornament as her little, turned-up nose.

She led the way nearly the length of the upper hall, and then opened a door into a large, pleasant room, and there, lying upon a crimson sofa, was my pupil. As we entered, she had one arm around her father's neck, and he was bending over her, telling her something in a low voice. But she turned, hearing our steps, and I saw a preity, but rather old-looking face, for a child of seven years. She was very pretty, indeed, had it not been for a rather querulous expression in the large, gray eyes, and sensitive mouth. Mr. Huntington rose, and drew a chair forward for me, by the sofa.

"You see you have a very impatient little pupil, Miss Norris. I tried to persuade her to wait till you were rested a little; but she thought she couldn't possibly wait a minute longer, and the queen must be obeyed, mustn't she, Christie?"

I took her mite of a white hand in mine, and bent down and kissed her. As I did so, she took up one of my long curls, and drew it through her fingers, and said, thoughtfully, more to herself than to us,

"I am glad she is pretty. The last one was awful in looks; but I think she was a Christian."

"You see she is appreciative, Miss Norris."

"What is that, papa?"

Her father explained the meaning of the word to her, and she said, with a relieved look,

"Oh, yes! there are several large words I don't understand yet."

Again she read my face earnestly, searchingly, and then she said again, as if talking to herself,

"I think I shall like her-I think I shall."

But still there was a doubting emphasis on the words, sufficient to discourage any undue hopes. I didn't really know what to say next, to my wise little pupil; but Mr. Huntington relieved

my embarrassment, which I think was evident, by saying,

- "Now you have seen your new teacher, Christic, you want her to go to her room, and rest awhile before dinner, don't you? She must be very tired!"
- "Oh, yes, you may go!" said she, with the air of an obliging empress; and then she said to her father,
- "Do you think, papa, you could take me up, and rock me awhile, and tell me a story?"
- "Certainly I can, and will;" and as I left the room he was telling her about a wonderful, fairy princess.

At dinner I met Miss Winthrop. She was a calm-eyed young lady, with an evident consciousness that Elfrida Winthrop was certainly equal, if not superior, to any other young lady of her acquaintance. But I liked her very much; she seemed so strong, and self-reliant, that, to my rather dependent nature, she was very fascinating.

That evening I went into Christie's room again. She was asleep, and the watchful-eyed Judith, who I found was Christie's particular attendant, sat beside her.

I stood looking down upon her, thinking how very beautiful she was asleep, for the fretful, discontented expression, caused by her pain, had all vanished, when she suddenly opened her eyes, and looked up at me. I smiled down upon her; but her upward glance into my face was as solemn and earnest, as if she was settling the fate of a nation.

"Well," said I, "what do you think of it now —do you think you can like me? I hope you can, because I haven't any one else to love me, unless you do."

- "Where's your papa?"
- "He is dead."
- "And your mamma-haven't you any?"
- "No, she is dead."
- "Who did you live with, then, before you came here?"
- "I lived out in the country, where my mother died, the place where we were boarding."
- "I have got a cousin, and she loves me some, I suppose. Haven't you got any cousins?"
 - "No! I have no relations at all."

I saw, by her countenance, that she was relinquishing all hopes of shirking the responsibility upon any one else, and she said, rather slowly,

"Well, if there isn't any one else, I will; and now you may kiss me, if you want to."

Judith's wakeful eyes twinkled with admira-

tion at her mistress, and delight at my unparalleled success with her.

The next day I commenced my duties, which were very light. Some days Christie was too ill to have any lessons at all; but when she was well enough, I taught her for a few hours. Mr. Huntington treated me as gently and courteously as if I had been a princess, instead of plain Eva Norris, a governess. And Elfrida Winthrop I found a very agreeable companion, and a study, she was so utterly unlike any other woman I had ever met. She seemed so open and sincere, I thought, "here, at least, is a woman who has no concealments." I was certain any one could look down through those clear, gray eyes, into her soul, and find no sentimental secrets there, such as other young girls delight in. She had a great admiration for "Cousin Claud," which she expressed fully and warmly. She said she could never even imagine him doing any act otherwise than nobly and greatly.

"He is the noblest man I ever knew," said she, one day, "although, like other men, he has a will of his own." Something, in her tone, as she said this, made me fancy, that sometime in her past, that will had met her own in opposition.

So the days passed by until I had been with them nearly a year. I had had no trouble with Christie, for I loved the child. Here I think is where my worthy predecessors had failed; they tried to make her love them, with no love on their side; but I loved her, and my love won hers. Her quaint, unchildlike ways touched my fancy; her weakness appealed to my compassion; she grew to be very dear to me. Perhaps there was another reason, deep down in my heart, that made me love the child so well; hidden, deeper than the depths of the seas, I said it should always be, since it was so vain—so vain.

But I said it should make me better; if it brought me pain, it should make me better, nobler, purer. I believe it did; for all earthly love, dim shadow as it is of the one love above, is still a reflection of the Infinite.

In the late autumn of the year, Mr. Huntington's business called him West, and Elfrida received a pressing invitation from a school friend to pass the winter with her at Washington. And as Christic's health seemed poorer of late, Mr. Huntington preferred that I should go with her to Cuba, and pass the cold weather. A friend of his, a minister, was going for his health, with his family, and it would be a good opportunity for us to have company. So it was decided, and the last week of November found us in Cuba—Christie, Judith and I.

That winter in Cuba I shall never forget. Our

life was quiet and dreamful, and separate from the confusion of the world. But Christie grew weaker, and after awhile the fountain with the palm-tree, a favorite spot with her, was too far for the little feet. And finally, as the spring came, she did not leave her room. But the change was so gradual, so peaceful, that we, who were with her all the time, could hardly realize it.

One evening, Christie lay asleep on the lounge, which had been drawn out into the room, and Judith and I sat upon either side of it, looking down into the sweet face, with its halo of golden hair, which to-night seemed to me to be crowning her for a life more beautiful than ours.

Judith sat leaning forward, with her elbows upon her knees, and her dress drawn tightly round them. Her shelterless eyes seemed more watchful and wakeful than ever, and finally she broke the profound silence by saying abruptly.

"Do you suppose that old, hateful thing is in heaven?"

"Why, what do you mean, Judith? Who are you talking about?"

"I am talking about Miss Huntington; the one that brought this pretty lamb to where she is."

"Let us hope so," said I.

"I don't know as I hope so, at all; I have my doubts of it. I haint a cherib nor a seraphire. Mebby she'd be a throwin' the little angels on to the floor, and knockin' off-their wings; hateful, jealous old thing!"

I had never encouraged confidences from servants, yet enough had been said in my presence to make me aware how wretched Mr. Huntington's marriage had been. Although the sin is no worse in the sight of a pure God, yet custom makes a woman-drunkard seem more horrible than a man. She was beautiful, imperious, dissipated. Jealous of her husband's affection for their beautiful child, for discovering her worthlessness, all his affectionate heart turned to their child—she flung it at him one day in a drunken rage; it fell to the marble hearth, and was injured for life.

"Oh, what a time that was!" said Judith. "You ought to have seen Mr. Huntington's face; it was white as the baby's, but he never said a word. He picked up the baby, and laid it on the lounge, and rung for the housekeeper, and then he took Miss Huntington by the arm, and led her into her room, she a strugglin' all the time like a evil spirit; and he locked her in there, and not a soul see her for two days, only he and I. He told the doctor, and housekeeper, and all, that the baby got hurt by a fall. But if it hadn't been for makin' him more trouble, who

is a saint on earth, if there ever was one, wouldn't I have told the whole of it."

"We will not talk about it any more," said I, gently.

But Judith could not be restrained.

"She might have knocked me up against the wall, and pulled my ears off, as she often did," said Judith, forgetful that the members whose loss she thus deplored were plainly visible, lashed to the present, as it were, by large hoops of a doubtful metal. "I hain't of much account anyway; but when I look at this sweet lamb and think what she might have been if it hadn't been for that mean, spiteful—"

"Hush, Judith, our enmity should stop at the grave. Mr. Huntington has certainly been injured most, but he never speaks of her."

But again Judith loudly protested "that she was neither a saint nor a seraphire."

I bent over Christie and listened to her unsteady breathing. "Have you noticed, Judith? I think she is failing very fast of late."

"Haint I been noticing it every day?" And throwing her apron over her head, she burst into such loud grief that, fearful lest she should waken Christie, I was obliged to ask her to leave the room.

That night I wrote to Mr. Huntington, and as soon as his answer reached us, and we could make needful preparations, we were on our way to New York.

When we had once started for home, Christie was very impatient to get there. Every day she would ask me, I know not how many times, "Eva, will we get home to-morrow?"

One night—it was the second night out—we were alone, for Judith had lain down; Christie was lying still; I didn't know whether she was asleep or not. I was writing to Elfrida. It was a quiet, starlight night, and the soft sighing of the wind, and the low wash of the water against the side of the boat, filled the room. Suddenly, Christie spoke out, as if in answer to some one,

"Yes, yes! I will come; I am coming."

I rose, and bent over her. "What is it, dear? Were you dreaming?"

"No, no! Some one called me. Who was it, Eva? Where did that voice come from?" said she, looking up into my face with her solemn, spiritual eyes. "It said, 'come, Christie; come, dear little child!" Who was it, Eva?"

"Maybe it was the water against the side of the boat; hear it now!"

She listened a moment to the low, murmurous splash of the waves, and then she shook her head.

"No! It came from way-way off," said she,

yet I heard it so plain- lainer than I do you, Eva. Who is it, Eva, that is calling me?"

I laid my face down close to hers, on the pillow, and soothed her with all the loving words I could think of, and then I sung to her, in a low voice, her favorite song-her "birdie song," as she called it.

"Birdie wait a little longer, Till the little wings are stronger, Birdie then shall fly away."

As I sang this she fell asleep. I know not whether she dreamed this, whether it was immagination, or if, indeed, over the waste of waters we have no line to fathom, there came a voice of greeting to the little, lonely bark, that was so fast nearing the heavenly shore. But she failed very fast after this night.

Mr. Huntington met us at New York. he looked at Christie first, his face was as white as hers; even my letters had not prepared him for the change in her. Christie sprang into his arms in such a passion of laughter and tears, that it shook her frail form, and it required all the calmness and cheerfulness he could assume to sooth her into quiet.

How gentle, and tender, and loving he was to her, and to me too! But I, who knew his noble, chivalrous nature, it did not deceive me. said all this kindness and tenderness were only flowers, white flowers that I might lay upon that grave in my heart; and if they were watered by my own tears, why no one would ever know it. I said I had a right to weep over my own dead, if I troubled no one about it.

We had been at home just one week. All day Christie had been restless, some of the time delirious, with intervals of consciousness. Elfrida had lain down, for she was not well, and Mr. Huntington and I were alone with the child. At twilight, she revived up, and said to her father, in a voice that sounded like herself.

"I am tired. When will he come, papa?"

"Who, darling?"

"The strong man Eva told me about. She said he would carry me in his arms.'

Mr. Huntington bent over her till his cheek touched hers.

"Don't cry, papa. Where's Eva? Eva, come here."

I rose from the sofa, where I had been weeping, silently, and came and knelt down by her. She looked up lovingly into my face, and put up her little, weak hand, and passed it gently over my face.

"I love you, Eva."

Then she sunk again into that state that was neither waking nor sleeping. And we thought mencement of a sickness that had been nearly

waving her little, thin hand outward. "And she seemed to be again in Cuba, for she murmured something of "the fountain," and the palm-tree by it. But pretty soon she looked up again, and said,

"Don't cry, Eva."

As she saw my tears still falling, perhaps some remembrance of the first night we met, may have come back to her-when I told her I had no one to love me: and she may have thought pityingly of my loneliness, when I should not have her to love me, for the little mind, so nearly unmoored from earthly supports, seemed drifting through the past and the future, for she said, musingly,

"There won't be anybody then. Papa, will you love Eva, when there isn't any body else to love her?"?

"Yes, darling."

But, feeling that her little duties were not fully accomplished, she turned to me,

"Eva, you will love papa, won't you?"

I bent lower over her, for I felt at that moment that my secret that I had buried might possibly be revealed in my eyes. I don't think I could have replied, had not Mr. Huntington turned to me and said.

"Will you, Eva?"

What I saw in his eyes made it easy for me to say "yes." It was spoken very low; but he heard it, and bent, and kissed my forehead. As he did so, a look of infinite content came to Christie's face. And having thus made her small will, and bequeathed me, in my loneliness, to a love she might well consider inexhaustible, she sunk into a quiet sleep. Perhaps she lay thus for a quarter of an hour, and we bent over her silently, watching the sweet, pale face, as it grew white and more spiritual; and then she commenced talking again in a low voice, and we fancied she thought she was again at sea, for she spoke of the waves beating against the side of the ship, and how the vessel drove on through the night; and then a troubled look swept over her face like a shadow, and she said,

"Eva said I would get home to-morrow."

But the troubled look passed away like a shadow, and she presently looked up into her father's face, and said, smiling,

"Oh, papa! I have got home."

And saying this, she passed into that dear home above, that is lasting and beautiful forever, and where there is no looking for any sorrowful to-morrow.

Six weeks after this night, I was sitting with Elfrida in the upper balcony, she wan and white, and dependent on me now, for her illness the night of Christie's death proved to be the comfatal. I had intended to leave Huntington Manor immediately after Christie's funeral; but Elfrida could not endure to hear me even speak of leaving her; and when Mr. Huntington, with his pale, sorrowful face, joined his entreaties to hers, how could I refuse?

Elfrida had been reading Mrs. Browning's poems, which were her great favorites; but the book had fallen into her lap, and she sat looking at the distant mountains. What she was thinking of, as she sat there so silently, I could not tell; but I thought, as I looked up at her occasionally from my embroidery, that I had never seen her so gentle and womanly before. Finally, she spoke,

"Eva, I want to ask you something."

"Very well," said I. "But first let me get your shawl; the air is growing chillier."

The shawl lay upon her dressing-table, and, as I bent to take it up, a sentence from an open letter that was lying there, met my eye. "You should, at least, Elfrida, respect an honest love."

The writing was Mr. Huntington's. He had been in New York for the last few days, and I knew she had received a letter from him that day. For a minute I caught at the table for support, for the room spun round with me. Like a flash came back to me a thousand little trifles, unnoticed at the time, but which I marveled now at my blindness in not noticing.

"Eva! Are not you coming, Eva?" With the impatience of an invalid, Elfrida was calling me. "Yes, I am coming."

I went up behind her, and folded the rich Indian shawl round her graceful shoulders, more carefully and tenderly than usual, I remember, for I recollect thinking, even at that moment, how I should despise myself if I should become jealous and spiteful toward her even in feeling.

Then I went and leaned against one of the pillars of the balcony; but with my face averted from hers, and so I waited for her to speak.

"Eva, I believe my sickness has taught me a great deal," she said.

"I think it does often. If there was no darkness, we couldn't see the stars."

"What is the matter, Eva? Have you taken cold; your voice doesn't sound natural."

"No, there is nothing the matter! What was it you were going to ask me?"

"Suppose a man loved you, Eva, and you had trifled with his love; set your own will against a noble, manly purpose; had been obstinate, willful—what would you do?"

"If I thought I had wronged him; if I were certain that he loved me still; that he were un-

happy, and my love would make him happier, I would---'

"You would what?" for I hesitated.

"I would find a way."

"But it is so terribly hard for a woman to go to a man, and tell him that she has discovered that she loves him better than she does her own will. How could you, Eva?"

"I would find a way," I repeated.

As I said this, I went to my room, for I felt that any further talk just then, would have been impossible. To leave Huntington Manor as quickly as I could, that was my first thought. To go home, home to my mother's grave-I had no other home-and there I would try to forget him. No, I did not want to forget him, I said; I wanted his memory to go with me always; to inspire me, to make me a better girl. Not for an instant did I blame him for the words with which I had deceived myself; words he said only to soothe his dying child. And his manner to me since-it was only because Christie had loved me. I knew Elfrida would never consent to my leaving her so soon; but to-morrow she was going to spend the day with a lady friend-her first visit. I had promised to go too; but in the morning I excused myself-I was not well; and my pale cheeks bore witness to my truth.

And so I went as quietly as possible, but with Judith's "wakeful eyes following me reproachfully, went back to where my mother had died.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins met me with open arms and hearts. And Mr. Wiggins related a story suited to the occasion, which they called happy.

The next night, at sunset, I set out for a walk. But the earth and the sky looked dismal to me, though one was golden and the other fresh and green as June could make it. I made my walk but a short one. The gate was some distance from the house, and was separated from it by a clump of willows, and I felt so tired as I shut it on my return, that I laid my head down upon the low gate-post, upon my clasped hands. I don't know how long I had been there, but I am afraid my tears were falling, for I could see on the side of the hill that little white cross, and the way seemed so long between my nineteen years, and mother and home. Suddenly, a hand was laid upon me.

"Did you think you could run away from me so easily, Eva?" a voice said.

"Mr. Huntington!"

My heart was in my throat. I could hardly speak.

"How could you leave me so, Eva?" he said, reproachfully. "I thought you promised to love me."

There was such a loving, tender reproach in his

eyes, I could hardly bear it; but I answered honestly,

"I didn't think—I didn't know as you would care," I stammered.

"Am I then so difficult to understand? Did I not show plainly how dear you were to me?"

"Your cousin, Elfrida," I began, and then hesitated; but a glimmering of the truth seemed to dawn upon him.

"Elfrida! Why you dear little woman she is just like a sister to me; she is engaged too, to a minister; they quarreled, for she didn't like his profession; but she has made him some apology, which he was very glad to receive. I have been his friend throughout the whole affair, for he is a really noble follow. I met him in New York, and wrote to her about him. I don't know whether it influenced her or not."

I knew how it had affected me, but I didn't say anything about it; indeed, I didn't care to speak at all; for the old, old story which has seemed not to tire of telling, filled up the rosy moments. But as he went on to say how my influence had made him better, purer, I interrupted him by saying, earnestly,

"I am not nearly so good as you think I am,

Mr. Huntington; I am afraid you will find me out."

He said he couldn't possibly entertain any emotions of fear in regard to me, beet use perfect love casteth out fear; and then he went on to wonder if I couldn't possibly change that "Mr. Huntington" into something shorter and easier; Claud, for instance. He must try to make me ulittle less afraid of him. I am afraid he kitsed me then—I think he did.

The story Mr. Wiggins told when he became aware of my engagement, exceeded in length even that upon my departure. But after several hours of suspense as to how it would terminate, and doubt as to whether it would ever terminate at all, it ended happily.

We were married in the little stone-church; for I had a foolish fancy that I wanted to be married near my mother's grave. It seemed to me that up among the angels as she was, her child's happiness must make her happier. As we stood by the little white cross afterward, I said,

"It seems to me, as if mother and Christie are near to us, Claud."

"They are, I fully believe it," said he, reverently. "I believe they love us still; they have only gone into a home more beautiful than ours, waiting for us."

TRANQUIL.

BY ST. ELMO.

The glow-worm, 'mid the scented grass,
Slow rustled by the midnight gale,
Whose od'rous breath, a tangled mass,
Showers perfume through the tinted vale,
Its candle lights, and softly sings,
While gently flutters its brown wings.

The Queen of Night, with pale, cold tye,
Looks down upon the verdant sea;
While coldly pure, the dreamless sky
Basks in its shrine of mystery.
The stars beneath the sheen of light,
Wrap their pale features 'neath the haze,
Whose scintillations, pure and bright,
Are drowned amid the silver blaze,

The broidered lake, half fringed with gold,
Fair mistress of a gilded shrine,
While star-flowers, in their beauty, hold
The remnants of a royal line;
With smiling eyes, and perfumed lips,
Glance out upon the silent tide,
Where the white moonbeams still eclipse
The checkered shade, their rays divide.

The wild, unbroken range of trees,
Kiss with their breath the midnight star,
And far above the gentle breeze,
Across the dim horizon's bar,
Floats softly down upon the lea,
Shrouding in peace the earth and sea.

A VALLEY SKETCH.

BY JAMES DAWSON.

Back to the East, beneath a bare, bleak hill
Beside a rich green strip of shelving land,
A quaint old mill-house and a quainter mill,
Nooked in the angle of the valley, stand.
Folds, fields, and woods crowd in the westward view,
Which widens with the widening of the vale;
Folds, fields, and woods, and spires half hid in yew,

Far over these in the wide West away,
Beyond them and beyond, a wild sea-world
Tumbles tumultuous ever. Swift to-day,
The storm-vexed clouds, wind-winnowed and wind-curled,
Whirl through the sky; and with the watery sun
The day goes down all desolate and dun.
And eke the valley-river's silvery trail.

LINDSAY'S LUCK.

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 332.

CHAPTER IX.

It is very probable that, after Lady Laura's { departure, despite the muir-fowl and the tactful good-nature of the Charnleys, Northumberland seemed, for a day or so, a trifle dull to Rob Lindsay. There was a strange sense of lonely emptiness, even in the delightful, cozy, old-fashioned rooms of the Priory, since the sweet, proud face illumined them no longer. And, besides this, the autumn having fairly set in, had set in, of course, in good old dismal English fashion, with gray, leaden clouds, and drizzling, suicide-suggesting rains, and dropping, sodden leaves. It was a little disheartening, too, to hear, in the course of a week, that Treherne had run down to London; and it was equally disheartening to guess the cause of his visit, but still Rob Lindsay did not quite lose courage. It would not do, however, to remain at the Priory very much longer; so, after a week's lounging, and reading, and grouse-shooting, he decided that he would continue his travets, as he had from the first intended doing; and, having come to this decision, he broached his plans to Ralph Charnley.

"You see," he said, "I promised myself a comfortable, careless, amateur sort of a tour through the Old World; and I am of the opinion that it would be all the pleasanter for a companion. Why can't you cram your things into a valise and come along with me?"

Ralph was highly pleased. There was nothing to prevent him doing so, he said.

"We will go wherever the guide-books tell us to go," said Rob, sagaciously; "and we will stay at each place until we want to go somewhere else. That's my mode of travel."

"It's a first-class one," answered Ralph, with an admiring glance at the strengthful, idle figure, stretched full length upon the sofa. "And we might stop in London a day or so, on our way."

"So we might," said Rob, as coolly as though the idea had just occurred to him.

"And we might call upon Jernyngham and see Lady Laura. Blanche had a letter from her this morning, and it appears she is not very well." This with great gravity of demeanor, but also with a side-glance, not unlike one of Blanche's, at the good-looking, brown-eyed face opposite.

The brown-eyed face had changed slightly, it seemed, for the instant; a flicker of light passed over it, touching the brown eyes with tenderness. Ah! Lady Laura, you were only a girl to him—a girl whom he loved, and for whom he had a sudden sense of pity, through his fancy of the imposing Chancery representative of Geoffrey Treherne combining themselves with the brazen weight of Basil de Tresham.

"Laura Tresham is a charming girl," Ralph remarked, casually, as it were; "but she has made a great mistake, in my opinion."

"How?" asked Rob, calmly and reflectively surveying the light wreaths of smoke curling up from the end of his segar.

"How, indeed!" echoed young Charnley.
"Just as a hundred other women do every day.
Treherne is a magnificent, gentlemanly idiot."

"Oh! you mean Treherne, do you?" Rob returned, still looking at his segar wreaths. "Well, perhaps I am scarcely qualified to judge whether you are right or not, inasmuch as—" And here he stopped.

"Inasmuch as?" was Ralph's quiet sugges-

Rob laughed.

"Inasmuch as," he answered, with considerable candor.

"Yes; inasmuch as Treherne won where I lost-for the time being."

Ralph gave him another of the quick glances that were so like Blanche's.

"For the time being?" he repeated.

"Exactly," said Rob, good-humoredly. "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day." And I did not run away, my dear old fellow. I was merely defeated, for the time being, as I said before."

This was more than Ralph Charnley had expected to hear. The fact was, he had been sympathyzing with his friend, to some extent, in private.

"Does that mean you have not given her up yet?" he asked, surprisedly.

"I don't give anything up easily," said Rob
"I should not give a trifle up easily, and Laura
Tresham is not a trifle. Yes, that is what is
means."

Ralph turned and looked at him from head to

heart of hidden strength; at his careless, handsome figure, carelessly expressing just the same heart again; and having taken him in, as it were, he shrugged his shoulders.

"You look as if you could turn the world," was his comprehensive comment; "and though you have before you the harder task of turning a woman, it suggests itself to me that there is not much doubt of your ultimate success."

"Thank you!" said Rob, succinctly.

A few days later, Lady Laura, sitting at one of the iron-balconied windows of the Jernyngham mansion, was startled by the sight of a familiar, careless, well-knit figure, that was being ushered through the big entrance gates by the porter. Naturally she was startled, for she had imagined this same careless, well-knit figure to be at that moment looking out at the rain and mist, from certain windows in Northumberland.

She rose from her seat hurriedly, feeling not a little agitated. She must refuse to see him, of And then a sudden thought arose to her mind: he was going away! Perhaps he was going back to America, and they might not meet again! And he had not been so very wrong, after all. And-and-the truth was, she could not quite make up her mind to dismiss this brave, indefatigable suitor without a farewell word. A moment more, and a card was handed to her by a servant, who looked at her clightly agitated face with something of wonder

"Robert Lindsay."

She read it two or three times, to steady herself. Since it might be a farewell visit, perhaps it would be better to see him-at any rate, it would be the easier plan. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room, where Rob awaited her arrival.

His stay was not a long one, however. He was not going back to America, after all; and, her fears on this point relieved, Laura could not resist a very conscious remembrance of their last interview. It was rather a difficult matter to refer to the Charnleys, and the summer visit, and still steer clear of the hidden quicksands, and, in endeavoring to do so, she found herself becoming entangled as usual. She was wretchedly uneasy under his presence. She had been wretched ever since she had left Northumberland. She had been terribly wretched under the infliction of Geoffrey Trehern's visits; and Robert Lindsay's unexpected appearance proved to her, before many minutes had passed, that the name of her wretchedness was yet to be reached. It was useless to attempt to appear at ease. The slow, tell-tale fire crept up on her cheeks at

foot-at his careless, handsome face, with its this first glance, and in his brief stay it deepened and burned into a steady flame. He did not refer to the past at all during their interview, but when, at last, he rose to go, his careless mood seemed to change, and a momentary shadow of inward feeling fell upon him. He had tried in vain to rouse her to something of freedom and frankness, and his visible failure had stung him somewhat.

> "When I was a boy at school," he said, "they used to say I was a fortunate fellow, as a rule, and Lindsay's luck was a sort of proverb. But it seems to have failed me a little at last. In an hour from now, I dare say, I shall not feel that I am battling against fate; but just now I do feel it, strongly. Good-by, Lady Laura." And he held out his hand.

> She took it, feeling terribly at a loss for some speech sufficiently cold and inapropos of the subject.

> "Will your absence be a long one?" she faltered, awkwardly.

> He glanced down at her face, and then at the hand he held-the hand with the legendary Treberne diamond upon it.

> "I scarcely know," he said. "It seems just now, you see, as if I were something like one too many; but, when that feeling wears away, I dure say you will see me again; and then perhaps it will be to hear me say, 'Good-by, Lady Laura Treherne.' "

> She stood behind the heavy curtains of the window, and watched him pass out of the entrance-gate just as she had watched him pass in, and, as the last echo of his footsteps sounded upon the wet pavement, she felt an odd, uncomfortable pressure on her throat—that uncomfortable, suffocating throb wet days and adverse tales bring to women, now and then, as a punishment for their small transgressions; then a hot drop slipped down her cheek and flashed upon her hand, very near the Treherne diamond; and then another and another, fast and heavily.

"It is the dull weather," she said-"the dull weather, and the loneliness, and-and everything. I wish I had never gone up to Northumberland. I wish I was a beggar or a servantmaid. Ah! Bianche was right in saying that I had better have been anybody than Lady Laura Tresham."

CHAPTER X.

And this was the beginning of a new era of stronger dissatisfaction. If she had scarcely cared for Geoffrey Treherne before, as the slow, heavy winter months lagged by she almost hated him. Very naturally, Col. Treherne was becoming impatient. Of course, the engagement must be consummated at some time, and, in Col. Treherne's opinion, Lady Laura's desire to delay this consummation was a very extraordinary one. He discussed the matter with her guardian, and that gentleman bore down upon his ward with a weight of argumentative eloquence which added to her troubles in no inconsiderable manner. London had never seemed to her so wearily, heavily dull, and the great iron-balconied, iron-gated house so intolerant in its stubborn assertion of itself. That slowest and most dignified of carriages, adorned with Basil de Tresham's coat of arms, in bearing its fair freight and her card-case from house to house on occasional dismal mornings, might figuratively be said to have been driving her, not through her round of indispansable morning calls, but driving her to desperation. And, apart from all other adverse turns of fortune, really Lady Laura Tresham was not greatly to be envied, after all. With all the gloomy dignity of Basil de Tresham's line concentrated on her own girlish existence, with no home-ties, and few near friends, it is not to be wondered at that the bright homecomforts of the Priory seemed to her a haven of rest and delight. In those days, between her weariness and Geoffrey Treherne, she lost spirit and animation, and actually something of the delicate rose heart-coloring formerly so charming. Now and then Blanche's letters brought tidings of the two travelers. Ralph and Mr. Lindsay were in Naples. Ralph and Mr. Lindsay had been to Rome, and had picked up some pretty oddities, in an antiquary's shop in some out-of-the-way place or other, and, having picked them up, had sent them home as presents.

"Mamma is more in love with Robert Lindsay than ever," the young lady wrote. "He has written to her once or twice, in that honest, hearty, boyish fashion of his, and she watches for his letters as anxiously as she does for Ralph's."

Now and then, too, there came whimsical scraps of news, that were plainly from this life-enjoying Rob Lindsay's pen; and these Lady Laura read oftener than all the rest. She fell into a fashion of sitting, with her hands folded upon her knee, before the fire, in her rich, deso-hate room, and slipping into sad, fanciful, girllike reveries concerning this same Rob Lindsay. How would it have been, if he had been Geoffrey Treherne, or if she had not been so sternly set under the shadow of De Tresham's exclusive greatness? Would she have dreaded the letter-reading and the letter-writing then? Would

she have felt that dreadful impulse to be almost rude in her coldness, when she found herself alone with Col. Treherne, doomed to sustain with amiability her character of engaged young lady?

She never did more than ask herself these questions; but the time came when she knew she could have answered them with little trouble, and answered them truly, too.

But at length the time came also, when Geoffrey Treherne could be set aside no longer, and then her strait was a desperate one indeed. He came up to London, and had an interview with her guardian, which resulted, as might have been expected. Through sheer force of superior power his point was gained, and the day fixed for the wedding. There was a rush and bustle of trousseau-ordering, a stately, portentous driving of the stately carriage to jewelers and milliners; and then, after each day, there came ber, more of the sad fireside reveries, and something very much stranger than even the old impatience and dread.

In the letters that went from London to Northumberland, it is probable that something of the unpleasant truth crept out. Of course, Lady Laura did not say to her friend that she was a very miserable young lady, and that she dreaded the approaching marriage more intensely every day. Of course she did not say that, in defiance of her struggles, her heart was following, with the utmost impropriety, the gay tourist, who seemed to be enjoying himself so vigorously; and, of course, above all, she did not say that, but for the fact that she was a very cowardly young lady, she would have rid herself of the legendary Treherne diamond, any day, for this gay tourist's sake, and have been very heartily glad to do so. But, though she did not say this, her letters told Blanche Charnley that her fair friend was "lonely," and "blue," and " not very well;" that she found London insupportable, and had never enjoyed anything so much as that summer's visit. More, too, than this, they spoke with such evident shrinking of the arrangements made, and so slurred over all mention of the bridegroom, and so sadly touched, now and then, upon "helplessness" and "friendliness," that Blanche arched her piquant eyebrows over them, and shrugged her piquant shoulders, and often ended with a little impatient "pah!"

But at length an epistle came which broke through all restraint in a most unexpected manner. It was about three months before the day decided upon for the wedding that this letter arrived; and it was most unfeignedly tear-blotted, and most unfeignedly wretched and despairing in tone. It was plainly a burst of appealing desperation, the result of a sudden rush of hopeless misery, and it ended by imploring Blanche to come to London at once.

Having read it, Blanche did not say "pah!" she said, "Poor Laura!" and, after saying it, sat down and wrote a reply, announcing her intention of complying with the request. Then she reopened a letter she had just written to the tourists, who for the past three weeks had been in Paris, and, after inclosing a short note to Robert Linsay, sent it at once to Guestworke to be mailed,

Two days after this, a carriage, containing Miss Charnley and appurtenances, drew up before the iron entrance-gates of Mr. Jernyngham's town establishment; and the visitor, after having been received with state and ceremony, was delivered into the hands of her friend.

Not many minutes were required to show Blanche Charnley exactly how affairs stood. Laura looked pale and harassed. The last two months had left their traces upon her so unmistakably, that, in the face of her impatience, Blanche felt constrained to pity her. But it was not until late at night, when, having retired to their room, they were safe from all chance of disturbance, that she brought her energies to bear openly upon the matter in hand. Then, having settled herself, after her usual fashion, for a comfortable "talk," she dashed at the subject.

"Now, Laura," she said, collectedly, "be good enough to tell me all about it."

Thus taken by surprise, Lady Laura found her color again, and then, after twisting Geoffrey Treherne's ring around her finger for one nervous moment, lost it again, and was dumb.

"My dear child," persisted Blanche, after the manner of the most elderly and experienced of matrons. "My dear child, there is no earthly use in pretending now, because it is very much too late, and we are in far too critical a position; so we may as well be perfectly frank and truthful—as frank as Mr. Rob Lindsay would be himself, for instance."

But Laura, covered with convicted guiltiness, did not speak, perhaps in consequence of having most unaccountably found her color once more at the last clause of the sentence.

"So, as we are to be frank," Blanche went on, "I may as well begin by asking you a few frank questions, which you are under obligations to reply to frankly, however much they may startle you. Will you answer them, Laura?"

"Yes," answered Laura, in the lowest of obedient voices.

"Well," said her friend, "question first: Do you want to marry Geoffrey Treherne?"

"N-o;" very low indeed.

Blanche nodded.

"I thought not," she said. "Miss Laura, no weakness, if you please. Qustion second: Do you want to marry Robert Lindsay?"

A little cowardly eatch of Laura's breath, and then a decided dead silence,

"I will give you three chances, like the children do," said Blanche. "There, you weak-minded little creature." (With delightful inconsistency, inasmuch as Lady Laura Tresham was by no means a little creature.) "Once! Do you want to marry Robert Lindsay? Twice! Do you want to marry Robert Lindsay? Three times—"

"I-don't know!" broke in her victim. "Oh, Blanche, please don't!"

"You don't know?" echoed Blanche, indignantly. "Call yourself twenty years old, and don't know your own mind yet! Yes, you do know, and I know, too. You do want to marry Robert Lindsay, and you would marry him tomorrow, if you were not a miserable coward—afraid of Geoffrey Treherne, and afraid of Mr. Jernyngham, and afraid of every one else, who is kind enough to insist that you have not a will of your own. Oh, you ridiculous little simpleton! How you do try my patience!"

In this manner, openly convicted of cowardice and weakness, and all other capital crimes, the fair culprit was completely subjugated, and very naturally gave way, under the combined weight of her misfortunes.

She was miserable, she said, in the greatest depression. She was wretched. She did not want to marry Geoffrey Treherne; but—but how could she help herself. She wished she had never gone to Northumberland!

Altogether, the scene, in its thorough girlishness and incongruity of words, was not without its whimsical side. In the short pause that followed this declaration, Blanche looked into the fire, smiling a little, notwithstanding her thoughtfulness.

"Laura," she said, at last. "I have not yet asked question third. When Robert Lindsay comes to London—comes here—will you see him?"

Laura looked up with a faint start.

"When-?" she faltered.

"I said when," answered Blanche. "And I meant when. I have written to him, and told him to come."

CHAPTER XI.

CERTAINLY Blanche Charnley had her girlish hands full during the following week! Perhaps no young lady in the world had ever felt a greater consciousness of secret guilt than that beautiful arrant coward, Lady Laura Tresham, and this consciousness rendered her, by no means, the most animated of companions. was harassed and dejected, and even Blanche's most spirited arguments failed to inspire her with anything of courage. Consequently Blanche waited with some impatience for Robert Lindsay's appearance. She had not decided as yet what his appearance would bring forth, or what he would do; but, having infinite faith in his powers, she had at least decided that he would settle the matter one way or the other.

"If I were in your place," she said, severely, to Laura, when she had arrived at this decision, "I would not wait for any one to settle my love affairs for me. I would settle them myself. I would write to Geoffrey Treherne, and tell him that I wouldn't marry him. I should like to know what calamity such a course would bring forth. You are not a Circassian, I hope, or a Turk, or a Chinese woman. If you are," with excessive tartness, "I have not heard of it yet."

"I am not waiting for any one to settle my love affairs," said Laura, "It is too late now," with a little sigh.

Blanche shrugged her shoulders, satirically.
"Too late!" she began. Robert Lindsay—"
Lady Laura rose from her chair, pale-faced and
subjugated, and walked to the window.

"Don't, Blanche!" she exclaimed. "Don't talk to me about Robert Lindsay. It is too late, and I am miserable enough." And she had scarcely uttered the words, before she turned paler still, and started from the window, crying out, suddenly, "Oh, Blanche, there he is!"

Blanche flung down her book, and hurried to the window, and to her excitement and delight, her first glance fell upon the careless, stalwart figure, which had so often been the object of her good-natured admiration—the figure of Robert Lindsay in person.

Laura drew back, excited and nervous.

"I—I can't see him," she cried, "I—I really can't! What shall I do?"

Blanche fired in an instant like some small or ler of domestic fire-work. If she was to defeat Geeffrey Treherne, she must defeat him now; if she was to help this indefatigable, tender-hearted Rob, she must help him now; if she was to save Lady Laura from a life of half-love and slow disappointment, she must save her from it this very instant.

"You cannot see him!" she exclaimed. "Say you have not the courage to see him, and you will be right once; say you are weak-minded enough to be wicked, and you will be right again. You have been weak enough to treat Geoffrey Treherne shamefully, (not that he doesn't deserve it, because he does;) but you have still treated him shamefully, and now you are too weak to right him, and right yourself, and right the man who loves you, and who is worth five hundred thousand Geoffrey Treherne's. won't see him?" with terrible calmness. "Very well, don't see him, and I will go back to Northumberland before breakfast to-morrow morning, and you can marry Geoffrey Treherne, and be wretched for life."

Lady Laura put both her hands up to her face, and covered it, her cheeks burning, her brow burning, the very tips of her ears burning; her heart beating so loudly that she was sure the room echoed with it.

Blanche drew from her trim little belt a trim little jewel of a watch.

"I will give you two minutes to decide," she said, emphatically. "The footman will be here in three, and if, by that time, you have not spoken, I shall ring for your maid to pack my trunks."

The first minute had passed, and the second was half gone, when Laura lifted her face, and broke the ominous silence.

"I-I will see him," she faltered.

Blanche shut her watch with a little click, just as the servant opened the door.

"Show the gentleman into this room, Martin," she said; and, as the man withdrew, she turned to Laura. "I shall stay in the room long enough to speak a dozen words to Mr. Lindsay, and then I shall go down stairs," she said. "Laura you have no need to be afraid that you are not ready to meet him. Your cheeks are on fire, and you look like an angel. There, my dear, be sensible, and think what Lady Laura Treherne would be twenty years hence."

Laura had no time to speak. Her breath was fairly taken by this master-stroke of rapidity and diplomatic movement. The fact was, that if she had had time to speak, or even to think, she would have been so full of misgiving that she would have upset the best laid plans in the universe, and of this Blanche Charnley was very well aware. But, with the shock of Blanche's sudden indignation, and that last stroke concerning Lady Laura Treherne's future, accumulating at once, she found herself absolutely free to let things take their own course.

She did not know how much Blanche had

written to Robert Lindsay; she had not even dared to guess heretofore; but when the two met, a full recognition of the truth flashed upon her.

"I am not going to ask you any question now," said Blanche, after the first greetings had been exchanged. "I am going to leave you to say what you have to say to Laura. Mr. Lindsay, two weeks ago the young lady told me that she was wretched and despairing, and guess why? Because, if she is not saved from it, in less than three months from now, she is to marry Geoffrey Treherne. Once you told me that if you could save her from it, you would; and so, as there was no time to lose, I sent for you. Save her if you can."

Lady Laura did not look at her visitor when Blanche's exit left them alone. She dared not even glance up, but waited in silence, her burning blushes almost stinging her delicate skin. She was thinking that this was worse than all the rest. Rob Lindsay was thinking that this was his last chance, and that there would be a hard struggle, before he would let it slip away from him, and be lost.

"You see that I have come back again, Lady Laura," were his first words. "And I think there is no need of telling you why I came."

"Excuse my saying so—" she said, trying to appear cold, and quite conscious that she appeared nervous. "But I really don't know why, Mr. Lindsay."

"Then I suppose I must even tell you again," Rob replied, quietly. "The reason is an old one, Lady Laura, and one I have given more than once before. It is a simple one, too. I came back because I love you."

She was conscious of a sudden throb of the smoothly-beating heart Geoffrey Treherne's warmest words had never had the power to stir. She was conscious, too, of a quicker pulse-beating, and an odd, exultant thrill ruling her in spite of her confusion. He had not given her up after all. He loved her yet.

"Do you understand me?" he said again.
"I think you do, and I will tell you something else, Lady Laura. I think if Col. Treherne were here, he would understand too, for he is an honorable man, at least; and I think sometimes the worst of men are more merciful than the best of women. I told you I loved you when we were in Northumberland, and I said I would not give you up; and I have not given you up yet."

There was a slight pause before the last word, and a slight stress upon it, when it was uttered, that Laura Tresham's heart beat hard.

She could see there was more steadiness in his manner than there had ever been before,

and she fancied there was more bitterness, for, though he had not wholly flung aside his careless, good-humored audacity, he stood before her a man who felt that to some extent he had been wronged, and who was now throwing his last stake.

"But I have not come back to ask you to pity me." he went on. "Perhaps sentiment is not my forte; at any rate, it seems that I am always oddly at a loss for fair speeches. I have not come to say that my heart will be broken, if, three months hence, Laura Tresham is lost to me forever in Lady Laura Treherne. Hearts are not easily broken in the nineteenth century. I will not even say my life would be blighted; but this I will say, Lady Laura Tresham, simply and honestly, I have loved you .-- I do love you; and the true woman who hears such words from the lips of a gentleman, will understand, simply and honestly, all that they mean. The last time," he went on, "that we were alone together at the Priory, I said to you that if you would tell me that you loved Geoffrey Treherne, I would leave you at once. You dared not tell me so, and yet Geoffrey Treherne's ring is on your finger now, and you are almost his wife. Is that quite fair to Col. Treherne, Lady Laura? Asking pardon for the apparent irreverance of the remark, is it exactly what Basil de Tresham (whose patrician blood is supposed to be as honorable as it is blue) would be likely to countenance?"

"I wish Basil de Tresham——" Lady Laura was beginning, disrespectfully, when she recollected herself, and stopped. In her desperation she had almost been sacrilegious.

"If you were going to say that you wished Basil de Tresham had never been born," said Rob, sagaciously, "I am compelled to say that my wishes coincide with yours most heartily. I am inclined to think that, perhaps, it would have been as well. Ah, Laura! but for Basil de Tresham, my love would not have been audacity, and Geoffrey Treherne's success his birthright."

But the next moment his mood changed. She was only a girl, and she had made a mistake, and her rashness had brought to her its own retributive pangs, and the reproach in his tone forced them to reveal themselves. Rob forgot his satire and his bitterness. He crossed the hearth, and stood before her an instant, the full strength of a man's chivalrous love warming him, and stirring him to his heart's core.

"Lady Laura," he said, "there are tears in your eyes;" and then in a breath's space he was down upon one knee by her chair, with his arm around her waist.

"Laura," he said, "I will not lose you. If I

have seemed bitter and careless; it was because } I have suffered. I cannot lose you, I say again. I love you, and I will not let you go. It is not too late yet. I do not ask you to say that you love me. I only ask you to give the Treherne diamond back to its owner, and free yourself from this miserable engagement. I can wait for the rest. I will wait for the rest, patiently, until you choose to say to me that my probation is ended."

There were tears in her eyes-tears heavy and large, and, before he had finished speaking, they were dropping fast. Laura Tresham had not been made for a heroine; and her intention to immolate herself upon the altar of her ancestral greatness had resulted in too much of real martyrdom. It had not been easy, at first, to determine to give up this earnest, untiring lover for Geoffrey Treherne; but now it would cost her a struggle too great to be borne. Her own natural weakness was quite as much in favor of the earnestness and untiring zeal, as if she had been fortunate enough to be a young lady of far less patrician antecedents. With her trouble and excitement, and with Rob Lindsay's strong, persuasive arm around her waist, dignity, even self-control, was out of the question; and so she dropped her beautiful face upon his shoul-

"But-it-it is too late," she faltered, trembling like a lovely coward as she was. "Oh, Robert (with a little catch of the breath at her own temerity), what could I say-to Col. Treherne?"

"Say?" echoed Rob, in a glow of enthusiastic fire. "Say to him what I should wish a woman to say to me, if she had bound herself to me rashly. Say to him, 'I have done you a wrong; and, by marrying you, I should make it a crime. I do not love you, and time has proved to me that I was mistaken in fancying that I could; and I appeal to you, as an honorable gentleman, to release me from my promise.' might not be easy to say, Laura; but, by saying it, you could save yourself from dishonor and wretchedness."

It is unnecessary to record all the circumstances connected with the remainder of the interview. Suffice it to say that, having love and tears and vanquished pride all on his side, Robert Lindsay gained the victory which was to bring to a conclusion his daring campaign, and that, upon his departure, Lady Laura had guined courage almost marvelously.

She went up stairs to Blanche Charnley all a-bloom with blush roses. Blanche had been awaiting her return with some impatience and a but, when she saw her, she experienced an immediate sense of relief.

"Well," she said, "does Mr. Lindsay leave England?"

Lady Laura slipped into a chair, with a soft. expressive little sigh, and an equally expressive little deprecating smile.

"No-" she hesitated. "At least, I don't think so. I-am going to write a letter to Col. Treherne."

"Then you had better write it at once," advised Blanche, "before your courage oozes out of your finger ends, as usual, my dear."

"It-is written already," confessed her young ladyship, with considerable confusion of manner. - The fact is, Blanche, I wrote it two or three days ago; but-you see I was- I did not like to seal it-then."

Blanche sprang up from her chair, her amusement and exultation getting the better of her, at this guilelessly significant acknowledgment.

"Oh, ye daughters of men!" she exclaimed, laughing until the tears started to her eyes. "Oh, fairest and most courageous of the descendants of De Tresham! and you did not know whether you wanted to marry Robert Lindsay or not!"

"I have not said that I want to marry him, yet," said her ladyship, blushing more than ever. "He-has not even asked me if I would."

"Of course not," said Blanche, "And of course he does not know what you would say, if he did. Oh, Laura, Laura! and you wrote it two or three days ago !"

CHAPTER XII.

To attempt to describe Col. Treherne's astonishment, when he fully comprehended the turn affairs had taken, would be to openly display a weakness. It would not have been like Geoffrey Treherne to expect effusion; and so, in the earlier stages of the engagement, to his limited mental vision the coldness and brevity of the letters of his affianced had simply implied a becoming dignity and reserve; and thus, as he had placidly read them in Northumberland, he had been placidly unconscious of how fate was working against him in London. But there was a limit to even Geoffrey Treherne's shortsightedness; and as the epistles became shorter and more significantly cold, he had gradually awakened to some slight sense of doubt: but still he had not dreamed of such a finale to his dignified love-story as this. To be worsted in such a combat, at such a time, was bad enough; but to little fear, nothwithstanding her faith in Rob; be worsted as he guessed he had been, was a

terrible blow to his arrogant pride. And it must ? be confessed, my dear reader, that this fair descendant of De Tresham had acted with less of stoical dignity than had been customary with the dames of her noble house. It is quite probable that, a century or so ago, the fair De Tresham, who indiscreetly sacrificed herself, in a rash moment, to the family heroics, would have magnanimously and magnificently adhered to her resolution, even to the wreck of her life's happiness and her true lover's hope; which, no doubt, would have been very brave, and very honorable, and very worthy her illustrious name. But, as you have of course observed, this story of mine is not a tragedy, or its heroine a goddess. She is simply a young lady of the nineteenth century, with all the nineteenth-century weakness and faults; and, having made a very foolish mistake, and repented it, her lack of heroic determination is neither her fault nor mine, but probably the fault of the nineteenth contury, which philosophers assure us is a period terribly retrograded from ancient Spartan virtue.

Summoned by Lady Laura's letter, Geoffrey Treherne came to London at once; and then, but for Blanche's presence and encouragement, Laura's position, between her guardian's indirnation and her ex-lover's somewhat haughty displeasure, would have completely overwhelmed her. As it was, it was by no means a pleasant one, and the termination of the interview between the three tried all her resolution; but in the end, of course, the majority on the side of love, carried the day; and, for perhaps the first time in her wardship, the young lady withstood the opposing power of her guardian's eloquence. To that stately and somewhat pompous individual, his ward's unexpected firmness was almost as astounding as her unprecedented offence. He could not understand it, and was forced to retire from the scene a vanquished potentate, and let Treherne go back to Northumberland with the legendary diamond in his portmanteau.

And then, very naturally, as a consequence of the excitement, after the interview was brought to a close, Laura's spirits flagged again, and she was a very dejected young lady indeed. She could not see Robert Lindsay now—she was not sure that she wanted to see him at all, at first; but, on finding that, for several days, Robert Lindsay did not trouble her, her opinions began gradually to change. The fact was, that Robert Lindsay was a sagacious young man, and his experience had taught him exactly what the result of Treherne's visit would be; so, for a day or so, he confined himself to occasional

evening strolls past the iron-balconied mansion; and it was not until the end of the week that he entered the iron gates.

The footman, who opened the door, knew him as a friend of Miss Charnley's; and when Rob informed him, coolly, that there was no necessity for his being announced, adding the pardonable fiction that he was expected, he handed him, without further ceremony, into the room where the two young ladies were sitting.

Blanche greeted him delightedly. She was tired of waiting for a finale, and was getting out of patience. She had been expecting him, too, and Laura had not; consequently, Laura rose to meet him flushing and paling like the loveliest of grown-up children.

Before half an hour had passed, Blanche discreetly retired to the window with her work, and, taking a seat behind the curtains, counted her stitches as though her life depended upon the completion of every rose-bud she worked.

Lady Laura stood upon the hearth-rug in silence, her eyes fixed upon the fire, and, for a few moments after Blanche's discreet move, there was a slight lull in the conversation.

To Rob, Lady Laura Tresham had never seemed less Lady Laura Tresham, and more the woman he loved, than she did then. The blaze of the fire, dancing upon the white hand hanging idly by her side, showed it the fairest of hands, its smooth, round wrist set in a ruffle of web-like lace, but showed no Treherne-diamond on the slim forefinger; and so, not being the man to brook delay, he went to her side and took it, this passive white hand, in his.

"So long as you wore Treherne's ring," he said, tenderly, "I only said I loved you, asking for nothing; but, since I knew that you no longer wore it, I have only waited, what I thought would be your pleasure, to come to you, to speak once again. Laura, you know what I am asking you for?"

But Laura, fair traitress, said nothing.

But Rob was a frank wooer, and cared little for her silence, since he knew what a sweet truth it told; and he slipped his strong arm about her slender waist, and drew her to his side, and kissed her, as Geoffrey Treherne would never have done, if he had loved her a thousand years.

"I said I would wait patiently," he said, kissing her hand, too, and then holding it to his breast as he spoke; "and so I have waited, Laura, nearly six days. And six days are six ages to a lover—a lover like me, dearest. And now I have come to you; and as I hold you in my arm, though you have not spoken a word to

me, I can read in your sweet face that I am not night, when they were alone, being determined to be wretched; and, before Heaven, my dartous to give her a sage moral lesson. "You see, my ling, I am a happy man."

But Laura, fair hypocrite, said nothing.

"See!" he said, drawing a little case from his pocket, and taking from it a sparkling, flashing ring, sapphire set. "See, Laura! no Norman brought this, to be handed down, with its legend, through generations of noble brides; no barons have worn it, and no kings have praised it; but I, Rob Lindsay, who love you with my whole soul, and my whole strength and will, love you through life and death, with a gentleman's faith and reverance, ask you to answer my appeal by letting me place it upon your hand, and, by wearing it there, until you give me the right to claim you for my wife."

And Laura, fair queen dethroned, and woman crowned, held out her white hand, the pure heart touched—pearl tears slipping softly away from her lashes for very joy.

Rob put it on, the sapphire-set circlet, and then caught her in both his strong arms, and kissed her again and again, until her blushes had almost dried her tears; and between tears and blushes she was fairer and fresher than ever.

Then, with his arm still round her waist, Rob took her to Blanche's window.

"Tell her, Laura, my dear!" he said, with a touch of his old, cheerful andacity.

Lady Laura laid the hand, wearing the sapphire ring, upon Blanche's shoulder.

"Blanche, dear," she said, with her most guilty, and, at the same time, most lovely hesitation, "I am—engaged to Mr. Lindsay."

Blanche rose with a little, happy ghost of a laugh; and then, of course, girl-like, broke off with a little, happy ghost of a sob; and then, taking refuge in the fair face, kissed it to the full as heartily as Rob had done.

"You see, Laura," she said to her friend that osity, kindness, and courage.

night, when they were alone, being determined to give her a sage moral lesson. "You see, my dear, how exactly we grown-up children are like the children in story-books, and how much happier we are when we have been honest, and told the truth. Just imagine how wretched you would have been if you had not told the truth to Geoffrey Treherne and Robert Lindsay."

Very deeply struck by this philosophical application of a popular and much-preached conclusion, Lady Laura glanced down at her sapphire ring, which was sparkling beautifully in the firelight, and drew a soft, little sigh.

"Yes, dear," she said.

"And," began Blanche again. "Now, confess, Laura, now that the trouble is over, are you not just as glad as the story-book children are when they have spoken the truth, and have just found out how dreadfully they would have been punished if they hadn't?"

And the answer was another.

"Yes, dear."

The world frequently hears it said that Lady Laura Lindsay is one of the happiest, and most beautiful young matrons in the shire in which her husband has settled down, and bought an estate. People say, too, that Mr. Lindsay is one of the most popular of men. The country gentry, whose pedigrees date back through centuries of nobility and grandeur, respect and admire him. He is popular because he is generous, daring, and thoroughbred. He leads men whose rank might entitle them to lead him; and these men are his best and nearest friends. There is astonishing luck, they say, in this man, who has gained everything that fair fortune could bestow.

But Lady Laura, in whose wifely eyes he is, of course, a nineteenth century hero, says that her husband's luck is simply her husband's generosity, kindness, and courage.

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

BY ROSE CRAYCROFT.

BLOSSOMS in the orchard,
Flowers in the dell,
And green moss growing
Around the old well;
The Spring-time brightness
a. Has come once more,
E.t our eyes are blinded—
There is crape on our door,

Soft winds are bearing Breath of the flowers; Naught in nature sharing This despair of ours; Wild birds are singing, Sweetly as before, While their notes are ringing— There is crape on our door.

A voice hushed forever,
A face grown still and cold,
The lifeless hand will never
Clasp ours as of old.
To the dark room the sunlight
May come as of yore;
But to our hearts, never—
There is crape on our door.

COUSIN TOM

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"You will catch cold, Sylvia. Don't sit by that open window; there's nothing so treacherous as this Italian climate."

So Sylvia rises from the deeply-embrasured casement, and comes back into the commonplace lamplight of the room, just to escape further expostulation or argument, too well acquainted with her step-mother's talent in both particulars to oppose her wish, as she is not in a mood to encounter either mode of reproof.

But Sylvia is not always so docile, for patience does not rank among her chief virtues; and in those cases she and the step-mother squabble a little; that is, Sylvia is petulant, and Mrs. Vent-nor mildly reproachful, and dreadfully prolix; but, on the whole, Sylvia is a good girl, and the contests never assume dangerous proportions. The lady, too, has a closer claim in Sylvia's eyes, than that of being her step-mother; she is the sister of Sylvia's mother, who died during the girl's babyhood; and she married Mr. Vent-nor expressly to be sure that the child was well taken care of.

The pair are a good deal alone in the world, for it is several years since the father, Mr. Ventnor, died; and though his widow thinks it decorous to preserve a species of half-mourning garb,
(she was so elderly a maid, at the time of her
marriage, that she is unconsciously proud of any
badge which reminds her that she is free from
the reproach of spinsterhood,) both she and
Sylvia have long since learned to arrange their
lives pleasantly.

Now-a-days, when any sort of change comes to Americans, there is an immediate rush made to Europe. If we lose our husbands or wives, we go; if we get new partners, we go; if we inherit a fortune, we go to spend it; if we have got rid of one, we go to economize; anyway we go, whenever some unexpected exigency turns existence out of its beaten track.

So, of course, when Mr. Ventnor died, his widow and daughter set sail for foreign lands; and four whole years have gone by since then. Beside her talent for languages, which costs her no trouble, and her ability to sing, and a certain ease in using her pencil, our Sylvia cannot be called learned. She is rather a capricious creature, and only industrious by fits and starts, in spite of her step-mother's advice and example.

That worthy lady speaks foreign tongues somewhat after the fashion of Betty Cobb, in Lever's delightful novel, who "made French and German just alike;" but she has the merit, which Sylvia does not possess, of working hard over them, and keeps grammars under her pillow, till ignorant chambermaids suppose it is an American insanity to use them for bolsters.

They had been all this winter at Florence; and though the King and the court had removed to Rome, enough strangers sought that most charming of retreats, to afford Sylvia an agreeable season. The very house where they live is dreamland to Sylvia, for over the entrance is a little marble tablet, with an inscription, telling that Elizabeth Browning once made her home within these walls; and Sylvia's pet salon is the very chamber the great poetess and noble woman occupied, when, with her "little Florentine" at her knee, she looked out from the windows of Casa Guidi, upon one of the first fiery outbursts of long-restrained Italian hearts, which, after repeated failures, after terrible darkness and storms. have ended in the glorious morning of our day.

This evening, for a wonder, nobody comes in to enliven the solitude of the two feminines; and, somehow, Sylvia is not in a mood to read, though she has a new book; not in a mood to talk either on historical subjects or domestic trivialities, which are Mrs. Ventnor's favorite subjects for conversation; so she attempts to make a diver-The full moon shines sion in her own favor. temptingly in at the casement; the breeze whispers as softly as if it had some important secret to communicate, stirring the muslin curtains, by way of signal: and a nightingale, hidden somewhere in the recesses of the Boboli Gardens, sings with such a human passion, that it adds to Sylvia's restlessness—the pleasant, intangible, unexplainable restlessness, which one enjoys at her age.

"Aunty," she says, so suddenly, that she causes that worthy lady to start and prick her finger with her needle.

"You startled me so, Sylvia," Mrs. Ventner says, with mild reproach.

"Then you had a sensation; so you ought to be obliged to me," laughed Sylvia. "I've been dying for one all day."

"Oh, Sylvia, don't exaggerate so; and I don't

like to hear you use such a serious word in that t light way."

"But how do we know that dying is such a serious business, after all, aunty? Nobody has ever come back to tell us. Dear me, if some one only would."

"What an awful idea!" interrupts Mrs. Ventnor, in a plaintive squeak. "Don't talk about such things, in this ghostly old room! I don't see why you wanted to come here to live! We might have had much more cheerful apartments on the other side of the river, nearer the Cascino; and almost everybody one knows---'

"Yes, dear; but about the ghosts! I'm nervous, too; so let's go for a walk."

"Oh, Giovanna has gone out, and we can't walk alone."

"A pretty protection Giovanna would beafraid of her own shadow! The Lysters are in-we'll stop and coax them to go out to the Pozzio. I want to hear the nightingales."

It seems that the Lysters have been seized with the same desire, for at this instant Giovanna's slave, a little girl employed to wash dishes, enters with a slip of paper, on which Mrs. Lyster has scribbled a request to the ladies to join her and her family in a quiet promenade.

"Say we'll go, Lucia," Sylvia says to the hild, in Italian; and then, before Mrs. Ventnor can expostulate, the willful girl has waltzed her across the room, arrayed her in a round hat and a light shawl, and is leading her down stairs, in triumph, to the apartments on the floor below.

The Lysters are pleasant Scotch people-husband, wife, and a delightful old-maid relative, all of whom doat on Sylvia for her marvelous prettiness, her amusing chatter, and her sweet, coaxing ways.

With an American girl's casy assurance, done in a charming fashion, Sylvia takes possession of Mr. Lyster, because he is the only masculine of the party; and many a younger man might have proved a less agreeable companion, though he has gray hair, and reads with spectacles.

She is in one of her wildest moods to-night, and keeps them all laughing, even staid Mrs. Ventnor, by her nonsense and her droll humor, which the long-nosed Scotch people fully appreciate.

They pass on, out of the Porta Romana, and take the road that turns a little to the left-a long, straight ascent, with a row of stately cypresses on either side. This is the Pozzio, beloved of the nightingales and tender swains, as everybody knows who has lived in Florence.

They sit down on convenient benches, under

ows over the moonlighted road. Mr. Lyster smokes his segar, and they talk, and laugh, and listen to the nightingales singing their hearts out, until a rather sentimental frame of mind comes over the whole group. Then Sylvia sets Mr. Lyster off full swing in the quaint, metaphysical sort of talk, for which he has a weakness. His wife and sister listen decorously to what he says, and wonder at Sylvia's aptness and quickness in her replies. Mrs. Ventnor yawns behind her gloves-she lives in glovesand thinks secretly that the conversation is a little wearisome, and she is afraid that it is a waste of time, too! If they would do a few historical reminiscences, and give her an opportunity to come out on her strong points-dates and the like-she would be more certain that they were all following the example of that busy bee (which Sylvia hates,) and properly improving the shining hours.

But she is not allowed to overwhelm them with figures, and Mr. Lyster turns a deaf ear to something she tries to say about the Guelphs and the Ghibellines; and Sylvia blesses him in her secret soul, for these ancient families are personal enemies of hers, and she often shocks her step-mother by hoping that the whole set are in purgatory.

They sit there for a long time, and Sylvia lightens the metaphysical dissertation-not a very appalling one at its deepest-by a pretty Tusean ballad. Then Mr. Lyster tells some amusing stories. Then the wife and Mrs. Ventnor exchange a few household details-and the elderly spinster watches Sylvia's beautiful face in the moonlight, and thinks of the days when she, too, was young and beautiful-a long time gone now; both youth and beauty worn out and lost in weeping over the grave where she buried life's choicest hopes, twenty years before. But time has made her neither bitter or hard, that is certain, for she astonishes Sylvia by kissing her suddenly; and Sylvia says, laughingly,

"What have I done now?"

added since it reached its full.

And old Miss Lyster laughs, too, and says, "You've no business to look so pretty. couldn't help it."

"And I wish I needn't help it," cries her brother. Then they all laugh, and his wife beats Sylvia with her fan, and declares that she is jealous, which causes them all to laugh the more; for Mr. and Mrs. Lyster are one of those rare couples, whose honey-moon has never set, though it is a quarter of a century, and a luster

But, though Sylvia laughs, she steals her hand the tall cypress trees which cast funereal shad- into Josephine Lyster's, and presses the meager,

wasted palm, with her soft, round fingers. She ! and Josephine are great friends; and the old maid has talked more freely with her, than ever she did to her nearest relative, about the days when the world was Paradise, and her brave Scotch lover alive.

Mrs. Ventnor reminds them that it is time to go home; and they all rise, somewhat regretfully, and commence sauntering down the white road. But they have not gone more than half way to the city gates, when two figures spring out of the earth, apparently, and bar their passage. Mrs. Ventnor squeaks; Mrs. Lyster clings to her husband, Mr. Lyster raises his walking-stick; Josephine is thinking of his danger; and Sylvia is in hopes they are to have a sensation.

In a second Josephine cries,

"Oh, Cosmo !"

In the same breath the other assailant has seized Sylvia's hand, and Mrs. Ventnor's dress, and they both cry.

"Why, Tom!"

Then all sorts of incoherent exclamations. Then a great deal of kissing, hand-shakings, and introductions are underwent. The supposed bandits are Cosmo Lyster, the elderly couple's only son, and his companion is Tom Marston, a disa tant cousin of Sylvia and her mother.

It is as sudden as a scene out of a romance. But presently the simultaneous arrival of this trio is explained. The steamer, which brought Cosmo Lyster back, from his few months' sojourn in America, had Tom Marston for a passenger, too. The young fellows, finding that they like each other very much, and that each has lately read about the other in his letters from Florence, make the land journey in company also, and long before this are fast friends.

Many a laugh they have had over the surprise their arrival together is to occasion; and they are never tired of speculating about the odd chance which made them fellow-voyagers, after having failed to meet, as their mutual friends in Italy hoped they might do, during Cosmo's wanderings in the New World.

They have reached Florence by the night train, belated, too, of course, as a train always is when one is particularly anxious to arrive anywhere. Inquiries at the house receive for answer that both families have gone out to the Pozzio; and off the two young men start in pursuit, and so the amateur brigand assault follows.

An hour later, they are all seated about the supper-table, in the Lysters' apartment. There is plenty of fun and jollity. Still, much later

by her window, and looks out at the moon, and wonders why she is not more pleased to see Tom, and repeats to herself a good many lovely verses, which Elizabeth Browning perhaps composed in the very place where the girl now sits.

She knows well what errand has brought Tom to Italy: he has come to ask her again to be his wife. That is to say, when she thinks about it, she cannot feel certain he ever did ask her, but he expects her to become so all the same, and Mrs. Ventnor expects it; and as Sylvia looks back to the period of Tom's last visit (only eighteen months ago), she finds that 'he expected it too. It has been one of those family affairs, arranged no one could exactly have told how; or perhaps I should be more correct if I said tacitly understood. It has always been so decided a thing, that it strikes Sylvia now, that she must have been brought up, with the express intention of being married to Tom. Mr. Ventnor talked about it in his last illness; said to Tom, in her presence, that he could leave the world without a regret, because Sylvia would be safe in Tom's care. It is Tom who has charge of their money affairs: it was Tom who said they must come to Europe, and brought them over himself, and has paid them a yearly visit of a couple of months, and, without making love, has taken things for granted in a way which Sylvia has hitherto accepted as a matter of course.

But this time affairs cannot end in the same fashion. Tom has never written that, on this visit, he proposes the wedding to take place; but he does, Sylvia knows. After having regarded the matter, all these years, with a composure that astonishes herself, as she looks back. Sylvia has discovered, during the past months. that the whole arrangement is too prosaic. has been treated too much, as if she were e bala of goods, for the affair to look rleasant. She thinks about it, to-night, and rebels, more than ever at this idea of her whole future having been taken out of her hands. She is a little frightened at her naughty thoughts. Mr. Ventnor's will had borne so heavily for years on all his relatives, that even yet Sylvia is astounded at her own temerity, in not being ready to accept the latest law he had laid down. She is sorry for Tom, too. Tom expects her to marry him. Perhaps he loves her very much; and he has always been so good and kind, that it is dreadful to think he must be pained, by finding how calm her affection for him really is.

She sits by the window, and thinks, and sighs, and shivers. She has been in the habit of putting the subject from her mind; but she cannot than Mrs. Ventnor would approve, Sylvia leans \ do that any longer. Tom is here, and Tom expects her to marry him, and she has never ever they go; and the two spoil her delightfully; thwarted him in her life.

Certainly, as Tom sits at the breakfast-table with them, the next morning—coming down late, as usual, to Mrs. Ventnor's horror—he does not look a very formidable person. He is only about twenty-seven, and, though not a handsome man, he has one of those faces that attract children and elderly females from its goodness; and there is nothing in the world so infectious as Tom's lazy laughter; and his conversation is pleasant too, albeit he is by nature, or habit, a rather silent man.

He is full of talk, however, this morning, and Sylvia learns that he has done with business, at least for the present. Wall street has been more faithful to him than it is to most people; and Tom is rich, and Sylvia and her mother have a fresh lot of money too. In fact, Sylvia, between what her father left, and what Tom has added by judicious investments of her capital, is enough of an heiress to turn the head of the grandest prince in Italy, though she curls her lip disdainfully when Tom laughingly tells her so.

Sylvia is quiet, and lets him and the aunt do the talking. Her mind wanders, while they are discussing the money part, though she can hear plainly enough, when the conversation turns upon Cosmo Lyster, and Tom tells what a fine fellow he is, and relates eloquently how Cosmo saved a poor sailor's life, at the peril of his own.

While Sylvia's face is still bright with interest, Cosmo himself comes in, and he thinks that, of all pretty American girls he ever saw, this one is the prettiest, and is so busy staring at her, that he is almost awkward, and answers Tom's remarks so much at random, that Tom teases him, and Mrs. Ventnor decides that he is a rather empty-headed fellow, though he is so handsome, and his father has such faith in his talents.

Neither Tom or Cosmo have been in Florence before, though they know most of the other Italian cities, so, of course, they have a deal of delightful sight-seeing before them, and the next few weeks pass as rapidly as a dream to Sylvia.

What mornings they have in the Pitti gallery; what wanderings among the churches; what drives in the Cascino; what excursions to Fiesoli and Vallombrosa. Such gorgeous days, lighted by the Italian sun; such charming evenings, made Paradise by the Italian moon.

The two families are inseparable, and there are other people always ready to join them. Tom and Cosmo are great favorites with the American and English set, and even the signoras and the Russians pet them immensely when they get a chance. But Sylvia is always the princess, where-

ever they go; and the two spoil her delightfully; and Sylvia grows prettier every day, though nobody suspects the reason, except the old maid Josephine. She sees clearly, while all the rest are blind, and begins to be a good deal troubled, for she knows something about the long-arranged plan, which is to provide Tom with a wife. But she is called to Scotland before she has decided, in her shyness, how to word any warning; for she discovered the marriage project by accident, and is afraid that it would not be honorable to tell. She is called away, and the letter she forces herself to write to Cosmo goes astray, somewhere between the Highlands and Italy, so that her attempted warning is a failure.

Weeks later, the two families are established at Spezzia, and Sylvia is not forced into reflection. Mrs. Ventnor has had a talk with Tom, but Tom says,

"Leave everything to me; it will all come out right. Sylvia and I understand each other perfectly."

He takes mafters very easily, and he is so good and kind that he and Sylvia are the best friends imaginable; but, somehow, she keeps aloof from the thought of engagement or marriage, and he helps her to do so by his composed demeanor.

And all this while Cosmo Lyster goes about in a dream, and walks on air; and this continues till deep in the summer. Then, straight between him and the enchanted light, comes Miss Josephine's long-delayed letter, and the little missive makes a darkness as complete to his eyes as if it had been a vast pall shutting out the whole heavens. For two days he kept himself a great deal secluded in his room; does not go near the hotel where the Ventnors lodge; avoids Sylvia; worries his father and mother by his changed looks, and is bearish, and almost rude to Tom, when the latter forces his company upon him.

This lasts for two days. Then Mr. Lyster and his son have a long conversation, from which the old gentleman retires, so pale and sad, that, when he meets Tom and Sylvia by the sea-shore, they are afraid some dreadful news has reached the Lysters, and Sylvia wonders what ails her that she is so restless and wretched, and can neither eat, sleep, or be still.

But before the next day is gone, she learns the reason. Mrs. Lyster mentions to Mrs. Ventnor, in her presence, that Cosmo is going away. Sylvia gets out of the room; gets up to her own chamber. She understands now what is the matter. She is face to face with her own soul, frightened and overwhelmed by its revelations.

She is roused from her misery, after awhile, by Tom's voice, calling to her outside the door.

"The sun is setting," he says. "Come with me for a walk."

But she manages to tell him that she has a headache, not daring to open the door, lest he should see her white features; and he takes himself off, adding, that, if she changed her mind, she would find him up on the hill, back of the

From her window she sees Mrs. Ventnor and old Giovanna walk past. Giovanna's niece lives in Spezzia, and has a sick child, so Sylvia knows where they have gone.

She is seized with a sudden longing to get out, to go by herself to the sea-shore, which stretches along the descent near the inn. Off she sets, and wanders across the white sand, and watches the waves in the distance, golden and green in the fading light, and listens to the moan of the ocean, and hurries on faster, afraid fairly of her own company, so many wild, wicked thoughts are in her mind.

She cannot weep, cannot think collectedly; and on she goes, past the furthest fisherman's stone-hut, past the groups of tanned sailors, dozing on the beach, turns the point, and is out of all human sight, alone on the jutting stretch of rock that curves out into the sea, with the cloudless sky above, and the limitless sweep of ocean before her, and both floating and reeling in wild confusion to her aching, blinded eyes.

There is a little boat below her, not drawn up out of the water, but just fastened by a rope to a stout stake, proof that the fishermen are coming back presently. She has walked so rapidly that she is tired, and the boat is a better resting-place than the rocks. She sits down in it, and lets it sway up and down on the moving water, while she buries her face in her hands, and gives free vent to the paroxysm of mad distress which burdens her heart.

How long it is before she becomes conscious of the increased motion of the barque, she does not know; but when she looks suddenly up, she is away from the shore a considerable distance. The retreating tide has dislodged the rope; she is drifting out into the billows; and her feeble strength is vain to check her progress. She tries though. She seizes the oars, and pulls with all her might; but the boat drifts on, and the waves lap against the side, and seem mocking her efforts.

The last glow of sunset has faded. The sky is gray and dark. The sea stretches out mysterious and dim. The white surf dances about. The retreating tide recedes with new violence. Each sweep of the waters bears her further on. It is death, she realizes that! An hour ago, she

was praying for it, wildly, madly, and now it is near. She cannot tell if she is frightened. A great awe comes over her, not a dread. She gazes up at the cold sky, and is conscious of wondering how strange it seems, that, perhaps, very soon she shall be beyond its dimness.

The wind has risen. The ocean roars. The boat rocks fearfully. She looks down at the cruel sea. It is such a horrible death, that her whole physical being shrinks from it, and she shricks aloud, not in any expectation of help, for she knows that none can be near.

She is not yet really out at sea. The point of rock juts so far, on either side, that she is still in a sort of cove; but she could not be more helpless if there were no land in sight. She springs to her feet, and calls again, and this time, blessed sound, her cry is answered. She sees another boat rounding the point: a man is pulling desperately toward her. She recognizes him in the faint light, and falls, rather than seats herself, in the bottom of the boat.

She has not entirely lost her reason, when she hears the boat strike against the side of her barque; feels herself lifted out; and knows that Cosmo Lyster holds her in his arms; presses her to his heart; repeats, over and over, wildly,

"Oh, Sylvia! Oh, my love! my darling!"

Then she faints completely away, and that is just as well, for the sight of her deathly face, that droops on his shoulder, brings Cosmo somewhat to his senses. He perceives, that, if he does not at once use his best efforts to reach the shore, he shall not be able to gain it, near as it . is. A wild thought rises in his soul, that to save her is only to lose her forever; that if he lets the boat drift on, at least he may hold her fast, and claim her in death. But in spite of the suffering of the past days, he is not quite mad. So he lays her down in the bottom of the boat, stopping long enough to press one passionate kiss on the passive hands-his first kiss-the last too, he remembers, with a dolorous pang, which seems to wrench his very heart asunder. Then he springs to his oars, and tugs with the strength of a giant; while the waves resist his efforts; the waves that seem, notwithstanding, not cruel, not eager to engulf a prey; but kindly friends, that long to secure him his love. He does not glance at the beautiful face resting on the bench by which he sits, else he should lose his latest gleam of reason, fling the oars aside, snatch her to his breast, and let the billows drive them down together-down, down, out of sight and sound of the dreary old earth, which Cosmo feels can never hold sun or daylight for him.

When Sylvia recovers consciousness, she is in

his arms once more; but the boat is pushed up | just while Mrs. Ventnor and Giovanna are talkon the point of land, and he is lifting her out of it; while the breakers moan dismally at their feet, seeming still to Cosmo to call him back to the refuge they offered.

Sylvia feels herself carried securely on; hears the voice of the surf too, but faintly, far off; for Cosmo's voice is ringing in her ear, repeating her name, adding a thousand tender, passionate epithets, which, for a while, leave her so dizzy and faint with happiness, that she can neither speak or stir.

But a perception of reality comes over her. Something seems to whisper Tom's name. She is dizzy and faint no longer. Such a sharp, biting agony seizes her heart, that it brings a strange strength with it.

Cosmo's passionate utterances cease suddenly. He knows that she can hear, for she has struggled out of his arms, and sinks down on a mound of sand. They look, for an instant, in each other's faces: there is no longer any secret to tell.

"Oh, Sylvia!" he gasps.

The great brown eyes, dilated with anguish, do not shrink from his. The trembling lips actually wreathe themselves into a smile, that is like the ghost of Sylvia's smile.

"I want to get home," she says. "Please help me home."

"You are not angry-I did not mean-

He stammers and shivers: he dares not try to speak. He remembers that he has sworn to be Tom's friend, and that this girl is to be Tom's wife. Though both their hearts break, he must not forget that Tom trusts him.

" I-I want to thank you," Sylvia says, slowly, looking out toward the sea, where the white surf leaps and calls. "I think it would have been easy to die so," she murmurs, with a strange regret in her voice.

She has not meant to say this. She scarcely knows that she has uttered the words audibly. But his hungry ears catch each syllable, and he has to shut his teeth hard, to keep back the torrent of mad words which rises to his lips.

At this moment there is the sound of steps and voices. Up come several fishermen, in hot haste; and running frantically after them are Mrs. Ventnor and Giovanna; and Mrs. Ventnor has nearly run herself out of her clothes; but her plight is nothing compared to the plight of Giovanna, who lost her left shoe at the commencement of the race, and has dropped some fresh article of apparel at each successive bound since.

Some child chancing to see Sylvia in the boat, has warned the fishermen, doing it, unluckily,

ing to them; hence the race, and the frantic shricks, and the impetuous arrival, terminating. on Giovanna's part, by a plunge, head foremost, into the mound of sand; and a mercy it is that the soft mound chances to be there, else she must have gone straight into the sea,

"She is safe, quite safe," Cosmo Lyster says, and leads distracted Mrs. Ventnor to her child.

And Sylvia is aware that her first feeling is one of nervous annoyance, and it is all she can do to keep from pushing Mrs. Ventnor away, and begging the whole group to be quiet.

By the time the elder lady can do something besides moan, and cry, and hug Sylvia, and scold the boat, and the fishermen, and sea, and earth generally, while her hair floats out like a pirate's black flag; while Giovanna, smutty with sand, dances about like a mad dervish, and the fishermen gesticulate, and bawl, and Sylvia can find strength to rise and speak: by the time all this was over, Cosmo Lyster has disappeared.

"Where is he?" cries Mrs. Ventnor.

"Drowned, no doubt," howls Giovanna, and dances again.

But the fishermen have seen him walk rapidly down the sands toward the village; so the two women compose themselves a little, and Giovanna solaces herself by giving the boat a vicious kick, which makes it rattle.

They get Sylvia home. There is so much talk and confusion, so much embracing of her, first by the mother and then Giovanna, over and over again, till Giovanna's caresses leave her face stained with wet sand, that Sylvia wishes she had drowned with these dear words Cosmo had uttered, ringing in her ears. This is such a dull, commonplace interlude after the tragedy : it renders the restored existence-hard enough at best-so coarse and repulsive, someway, that Sylvia absolutely bursts into a fit of hysterical sobbing, which drives her two companions more crazy than before.

Straight to the inn walks Cosmo Lyster, up to Marston's room, which he enters without ceremony, astounding that young gentleman by this avowal.

"I'm a villain, Tom!"

And Tom, without a symptom of surprise, without so much as disturbing the ashes on the end of his segar, pushes his friend into a chair and shuts the door.

Sylvia is alone in her chamber. It is a good while before she is permitted the bliss of solitude, though. Mrs. Ventnor and Giovanna want to put her to bed; but they quarrel over the proper remedies to be given. Giovanna seems

to consider her drowned, and proposes many plans for her resuscitation, among which rolling in a barrel strikes her as most favorable; while Mrs. Ventnor's insanity is that she must be exhausted, dying, and is to be brought back to strength by small doses of soup, administered carefully with a teaspoon. Each despises the other's remedies. They quarrel: they stop to hug Sylvia: they pull her: they dampen her with their tears: they deafen her with their cries.

At last she turns them both out of the room, and convinces them that she is perfectly restored and able to act for herself, because she gives the pair a good scolding. But by the time they reach the door, snubbed and crest-fallen, she recollects how wicked she is, and tries to be grateful for their affection, and considerate even of their insanity, since it rises out of their love. So she runs after them, and kisses them both, promising to lie down for awhile: after that they may bring her some tea, and she will be more human.

But she has not much time to herself. Before she has well got rid of them, the door opens again, and Tom rushes in; and in his turn Tom catches her in his arms, and fairly sobs his thankfulness at her escape.

She knows that she must tell him the whole truth. She must not wait an instant, else she shall never have the courage. She will do whatever he bids her. Perhaps he will be angry; but she must bear his reproaches. She is so utterly overwhelmed by a vague sense of treachery and guilt, that she feels no punishment could be too severe.

But before she can utter a word, Tom says,

"Cosmo is down stairs. Come and help me thank him."

"Wait, Tom," she gasps; for he is actually leading her toward the door. "I can't-wait!"

"Nonsense! Wait, indeed! It's no time for that," cries Tom.

She pushes him a little away; presses her two hands hard against her heart, and falters,

"I can't see him. You must never let me see him any more! Oh, Torn, don't be angry. I'll try to do right-I will indeed! I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be wicked-oh, I did not!"

"Well, that's a comfort," says Tom; and when she sees him smile, she wonders whether it is he, or herself, who has gone mad. "Cosmo says the same," pursues Tom; "and here he is in the hall-too crazy to wait decorously where I bade him."

For Tom has opened the door, and Sylvia sees Cosmo on the threshold, with his arms stretched

"Now, young ones," adds Tom, "talk it all out, while I find the aunt, and make her understand that, in my quality of head of the family, I have given you my blessing."

Mrs. Ventnor is no better than a chaos during the next few days. The father and mother Lyster are quite imbecile with joy. Sylvia and Cosmo are like lovers in general. What more can we say?

There is not even a feeling of self-reproach in the girl's mind, for Tom has told her his secret. He never believed in the marriage scheme for themselves; but he thought it was as well to let time arrange matters: Sylvia's heart would teach her at length. And Tom knows where to look for consolation; and when, a few weeks later, they all go back to Florence, he takes Sylvia to see this consolation. A mighty pretty girl she is, who chanced to make the voyage from America on the steamer with this philosophical young man, and there and then won his heart and lost her own.

Mrs. Ventnor is somewhat afraid her husband's ghost may appear, to reproach her; but she is helpless; and both Sylvia and Tom are happy. So she is encouraged to hope, maybe, that her former partner will pardon this infraction of his lordly will.

NO REST.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

THE winds blow flerce, they come and go, Now shricking wild, now moaning low, With voice akin to human wo. Wailing in saddest undertone, With sob, and sigh, and dismal groan, As if all joy and hope were gone. Now sinking down as if in pain; Then wildly rushing on again; Scatt'ring the dead leaves o'er the plain. Flinging the wild-briers high on air; Tossing the fir-cones here and there; Venting its grief in wild despair.

Shaking the reeds with mutt'rings low; Bending the proud oaks to a bow; Lashing the pines with wild hallo! Skulking along the dreary sky, Under the hedgerow hear its cry! Troubling the graves where violets lie. Now in the hemlock dark it springs, High in the boughs it sits and swings; Sad is the dirge the wild wind sings.

" Is there no rest, oh, wind?" I cried,

"Is that sweet hope to thee denied?" "No rest," the troubled wind replied.

HUMDRUM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L-"'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

HUMDRUM, the essence of dullness, possesses me in these days, rendering me odious even to myself; and therefore, as my readers will at once see, it can hardly be expected that I would be anything but odious to my husband.

I sometimes think it should not render me odious altogether to him, since it is absolutely for the sake of him, and of the home (which also is for his sake) that I am so.

I think what troubles me the most is, that he thought me uncommonly intellectual, bright-natured, and tasteful, when he chose me; he who might have asked almost anybody, and been accepted—so fine-looking, learned and talented was he, and of so old and honorable a family. He talked with me of the most difficult things in science, the most disputed, as well as the finest in art. And I understood easily the whole subject; and could talk to him about it as his peer. We often thought, he one way and I another; but it was as the boughs of a tree toss and swing freely in the open air, as the waves and eddies move and ripple at their will—the differing was full of charms.

Auntie Otis said she had never before seen such a wedding as ours, where everything seemed in such perfection. The day, of itself, was one of the finest God has ever sent, I am sure. We were married in Queen's Chapel, C——, because my dear father and mother were married there, forty years before.

There was money enough, enough of every sort of thing, the first year. I had one servant, and a part of the time two. I had no sewing to do, my outfit had been so complete; only I did worsted work for my friends and for the fairs, and painted some things in water-colors, which were reckoned very beautiful. My husband seemed proud of me, and I am sure he was.

We had all sorts of scientific, learned and talented men and women for our friends. And it never once occurred to me (and I am sure it did not to my husband) that one of them was greater than I.

The next year came the New York panic, and the wide-spread uncertainty, and even distress, in commercial circles—and my poor Jone lost all he had. It was invested with the Faunce Brothers, Jone being silent partner. We were in blank dismay for a day. I was the first to rally and say that we need not mind it, for we had each other, had ourselves—that glad possession; had our friends, who, luckily for us, were not the sort of men and women to turn out what is called "summer friends," and would soon have——

Yes; one month after, Johnny was born.

CHAPTER II.

SURELY I need not tell all the story of what life has been to us since. Mr. Aildreth took up his profession—disused, hitherto, from the beginning—but with no relish for it, and so with only meager success. I had my house-work to do; had plenty of sewing, all with the needle—sewing-machines cost so much, and there were so many wants, with open mouths, to catch all the money that came.

Of course I got dreadfully tired; so tired, that back, feet, head, and, I am sorry to say, heart, ached hard very often. Particularly sorry am I that my heart was one of the achers; since the great love I had for my baby, and the contemplation of his.sweetness, his angel-innocence, his daily unfolding intelligence, as well as beauty, ought, it seems to me, to have hedged my heart in from whatever distresses got hold of my brain, back, and feet. If I could have had my father, or my mother—but they had been in heaven many a year—or auntie Otis, or John, who were in Europe, I could surely have borne things better.

But, of course, I could not do half I needed, to make the home, and Johnny's appearance and my own, what I wanted them to be, what my husband wanted them to be. Of course, my husband showed that-in short, that not one thing in the house was as he wanted it to be. Oh! and especially that his wife was no more what he wanted her to be. I do not suppose he really. in his deliberative moments, ever meant to let me see this; but he did, nevertheless, very often let me see it. And then, of course, I cried; but always in some out-of-the-way place, as in my chamber, or the kitchen. I sobbed a hundred times, and felt as if my heart was breaking for these two things-not for the poverty, the tired, aching limbs, and heavy brain; but for these

two other things: that he no longer felt the old tenderness, respect toward me, and that I had fallen away where I no longer merited them, since my life had fallen into humdrum, and so also the life of his home—only, baby's part of my life had degenerated less. I cooed to him, and he cooed, saying, "Goo-goo," which, to my heavy heart, meant "Good-good-good-mamma: good life here with her, good-good;" his lips, his little rosy hands and feet working with whatever might he had, to give it all its eloquence Baby, at least, saw no defect in mamma.

Sometimes, in those days, I hurried and washed out his prettiest things, ironing them in a manner that I could not help seeing was perfect; and put them on, the last thing before his father came home from some of his drives out among his few patients; then tossed him, cooed, laughed with him, to get him into one of his sunniest moods before his father came in.

His father, surprising him so, sometimes did not notice him, sometimes did. He took him into his arms, played with him. He could not help sceing his beauty, or help showing the pride it gave him, as he called him "little rascal, his fine boy, his and mamma's fine boy"at this stage, for the first time, looking up to mamma, to see her cheeks, and indeed her whole face, and, ah, me! her whole manner, flushed, discordant. Not flushed, kindled, rather, with any of the fine enthusiasms of old times, when her life was teeming with an intelligence, lofty, I am sure, for a woman, and with happiness; but flushed with her hurry, her hard work, her solicitude in tugging baby up to the standard of neatness, beauty, animation, such as would win his father to one of his old smiles for baby, and perhaps baby's mamma. Perhaps he would praise her a little, she thought; or at least, with the considerate looks and tones which were the daily and even hourly longing of her life, say, "You are tired, Ida; let me kiss the tired, brave forehead."

But he did not say it. On the contrary, she saw all his pleasure fall to the ground: saw that he let baby settle down into his lap, let the habitual frown gather anew—a deep one, this time—and that he rigidly abstained from looking at her again, but, in a spiritless way, and with the air of a man who feels himself wronged, saw him drag a pamphlet toward him along the table near which he sat, letting his eyes go, meantime, over to that side of the table where she had just finished dressing baby, and where pin-cushion, work-basket, with the implements somewhat scattered, bibs somewhat out of the folding, were lying.

He commenced looking on a page, not as if he were reading, but as if he were thinking of the miserable humdrum that had got into his life, and into all she did, all she said, all she was.

What could she do then? I do not know what some women would do, differently made, strong in body, and with a life-long habitude of doing all manner and any quantity of needful work easily, charmingly—as this one would have burned her flesh, gone to the rack, to be enabled to do; I only know what this woman, whose life had run to humdrum, did. She trembled with the weight of her woe, was faint and weak with her despair.

During the height of these emotions, she sat still-very still indeed. As they passed, and she felt a great sob coming, she got out of the room, with bibs, and cushion, and basket in her hands; turned toward the foot of the stairs, to go up and cry herself dead, if she could be so unutterably happy as to do it, but here came her habitual dread of what we call "a scene"came also thoughts of the dinner it was time to be seeing to; and she turned back, dragging her heavy limbs, carrying her aching, faint heart to the kitchen, where the poor creature gets the nicest dinner she could, longing all the time that he might see that it was nice; and even if he did not praise it with a word, might show her, by his brightened looks, that he liked it.

But he did not. He ate in silence—except when she spoke; and then he answered coolly, not once during the meal raising his eyes to her face; not even when, with morose looks, he just said, "Some more steak?" and, by-and-by, "Pudding?" with has hand on the spoon, ready to serve her.

CHAPTER III.

VERY well she knew, all this time, what she needed to do; knew that she only needed to come out of the humdrum, and get where she used to be, to bring things right. All she needed, to enable her to do this, was help, encouragement from him. Alone, she felt powerless. Alone! that saddest of all words for the wife, who has the form of her husband, nothing more! or who has, lying perdu in his spirit, undying trust, appreciation, but through no demonstration of his is ever permitted to get one glimpse of it!

This wife knows that she would have been less alone in the most distant, solitary fields, if she had had no husband, but a few friendly birds singing about her.

Sometimes, after a walk that did her good, or a pleasant time with some intelligent friend, that seemed to raise her a little toward the old plane. she thought she could speak to him as she used to, of some of the large movements of the day. But, of course, she did not speak as she used to, for she was no longer what she used to be. Hence he sat unresponsive, and made dull replies, or no replies at all. Her courage sank, and into its place came the feeling, which had now become the constant one when he was in the room. that he was as a stone-wall, from whose sides. whatever she said, whatever movement she made, came back to hurt her into a sickness of heart. that seemed to her almost like death. thought it was worse than death. One of her frequent inward sayings was, "It is worse than death! it is worse than death, or would be, but for baby," who, while these thoughts were passing in her mind, lay in his beautiful sleep, his healthy cheek pillowed on his doubled-up fist. smiling because the angels, coming into the poor troubled space where he lived his life, said such pleasant things to him.

Sometimes she tried her second remark, her third, each, I suppose, duller than the one that went before; for her husband frowned, showing his impatience so. And if she went on, after this, endeavoring to let him see that she had reasons for her thoughts upon the subject, he lifted his great forehead, (by this time netted thick with frowns) saying, "That is perfectly absurd. I wonder you don't see it."

She wanted to cry then. That is, she needed to; but she would not, lest it should disgust him, and drive him out of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

YET all this, sad as it was, helped on the lesson, working itself out in her life. For her spirit, which used to be so free, now did sole homage to one image; not, to be sure, graven of wood or stone; but, nevertheless, an unworthy one, of her own forming; all her thoughts were absorbed in the efforts to please him, and, if possible, bring back the old days of love and beauty; or, if she could never again, in the altered circumstances of her life, accomplish this longedfor (but, alas! not rightly prayed-for) end, then to lead him into being kind and pleasant to her, patient toward her poor thoughts, considerate toward the causes that, conspiring, had wrought the decline in her powers. And, perhaps, these very things should constitute for her a new happiness, that should arise upon the old, a new womanly worth and consequence in her home and in the world.

One day, weary and hopeless, she took up her

the kingdom of Feaven." A sudden light flashed on her. "I will no longer," she cried, "kneel in spirit before the image I have set up, but before the true and only God. I have made for myself an idol of clay, and I am rightly punished for it." And she kept repeating, "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Yes, the problem was solved. Peace, and love, and happiness would be added unto her, if she sought first the kingdom, which, as the Great Teacher himself said, "is doing the will of the Father." From that hour a change came over her spirit, and soon came over her life. Her being glowed with a greater, sweeter enchantment than ever. She sang, not only to baby, but on the stairs, in the halls, in her kitchen, turning it into a bright temple of the Lord. She sang, with this new joy borne outward on everyone of her notes, until it reached even his heart, converting it to joy.

Now she found that her home, although still wanting the old luxury, began to grow into something happier, more beautiful than ever beforeunspeakably more beautiful; oh! unspeakably happier, for, to nature's gifts, to largeness of brain, to swiftness and depth of thought, to delicacy of taste, was now added patience, obedience, and, more than all, the love of God, which controlled, directed, vivified everything with the life that is indeed life; which lifted them above the cares and labors, amidst which their feet still had to tread; lifted them, as if their wings had already been given them.

"I have found my soul, and it is great," she said, as she worked, or as she sat still, holding baby. "I know God, and how great and good He is!"

It was He who was her Lord, after this. And not her face alone, but even her step was changed. So a friend told her, wondering. And she could easily believe it, it was so firm and even, beneath her. She no longer worked at a dull brain, for something worth saying to her husband; but when the thoughts were ever so many, she had the feeling that she owed it to herself to hold them back until he made some sign of claiming them. But all the while her peace and sweetness made an atmosphere of peace and sweetness about her, that insensibly affected him. He now looked often in her face. His net-work of frowns disappeared. He began to talk of the air and sunshine out doors, and to say that she and baby ought to go out into it oftener; that he would take them to Prescott's Hill, to let baby see the prospect. Baby had never seen it yet; Bible, and opened it at the words, "Seek first and it was "too bad, wasn't it, old chap? wasn't

LINES. 423

it, mamma?" Meantime, he was helping baby about, teaching him to walk, laughing at the twists and braids his legs got into.

He tossed him so high as to frighten baby's mamma, but baby not a bit, receiving him back, laughing, crowing, into his powerful arms. He found wonders without end in baby; in his beautiful sleep, in the little row of pearls he had in his mouth, and, especially, in "the rascal's" strength, resolution, in pulling papa's hair, when once papa had submitted it to the process.

"Such a resolute chap! Isn't he, mamma?"
And "Yes, indeed!" would mamma answer,
taking part in the sport.

"Here's something you will like," he began to say again, just as in the old time, meaning the pamphlet, or the great bound volume he had, in his hand, on coming in.

Sometimes he came with half-a-dozen books, pamphlets, newspapers, in his hands, and began at once to tell her what somebody was saying in those things. And she closed with him and the sayings. And many a time she saw things that, in the steady but paler light of his powers of reason, he had not seen, but that showed themselves plainly as day, in the flashes of her intuition.

Seeing that it was so, assenting with readiness to her proposition, and dove-tailing it admirably with his clear logic, he said, one day, "I couldn't do without baby's mamma, anyway," adding, with one of his eagle glances of proper self-assertion, while he fondled baby's fingers, "any more than baby's mamma could do without me."

He was preparing to go; she was standing beside him, with baby in her arms; and, as he said this last, with his strong arms he lifted both her and baby, and carried them to the easiest, widest chair in the room, seating them; kissed baby, calling him "rascal," because baby made his head, hands, and feet go, to ward off the salute; kissed taby's mamma, with a lingering, reverent kiss on her forhead, calling her "wife," bowing, bowing again at the door of the room, and was gone to his round among his patients.

Baby soon after settled away into his long, morning nap; and then mamma's work about house went off so lightly, so swiftly! For she

sang as she worked, or she prayed, if she felt its need, or she gave thanks, or surrendered herself to the glowing thoughts of the matter she, in those days, had under her pen.

By ten o'clock the work was all done. Baby's papa, busy now with so many sick ones, would not be round until two; so she sat down at the side of baby's cot, and wrote her short article, or extended her long one. They must have had good in them, or the publishers would not have liked them so well, paid her so much money for them—money that gets all her sewing done, every stitch of it; so that now baby's wardrobe shows the fine lace frills in the midst of the blue; shows the beautiful blue linings turned out; while her own wardrobe shows gowns of handsome stuffs, well selected, tastefully made, and combined into suits of harmoniously-matched colors.

"What's come over you all?" now asks Miss Querles. "You are wonderfully changed lately. You were dreadfully out of sorts last year. Were so ever since the doctor failed. Did you know it?"

I should think baby's mamma did know it; but she makes no answer. Only she thanks God, in her heart, that the dark days have passed.

"But you're fine enough now," says Miss Querles. "Where's your husband? He don't come round our way at all, lately, as he used to, fast year, looking so worried. He's as happylooking now as ever. What have you done with him, I should like to know?"

And I comforted her. I say "I" again; for now I seem to be speaking of myself. In those old days of misery, it seemed to be of some poor, foreign body that I was speaking. I comforted her. That is, I made her feel good-natured by my kindness, so that she went away happier.

"If a man can take care of himself," said a venerable patriarch to me once, "he can take care of his family." I begin to think that if a woman can take care of herself, she also can take care of her family; for, as the reader has seen, I was no sooner strong and right myself, than all things began to come round right in my family.

But baby wakes. I must lay down my pen.

LINES.

BY CAROLINE M. BELLANGER.

When life is young, the skies are bright,
With sunlight flooded o'er.
When life is old, approaching night
Its shadow casts before.

And yet the self-same orb on high, In all its splendor rolls. The change is not on earth or sky, The gloom is in our souls.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 351.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. VANE was fearfully busy then. Both kitchen-tables were loaded with flour-boxes, sugar-boxes, heaps of eggs, piles of raisins, paper-bags running over with black currants and citron. In fact, Mrs. Vane was in the pride and glory of her life, bustling, smiling, chatting, ordering; busy, hands, lips, and eyes, with her daughter Clara's wedding-cake.

Little Patty, too, was in a high state of enjoyment. The confusion delighted her. The idea of a wedding made her wild with hilarity. She sat just inside of the river-balcony, with a quart bowl in her lap, beating the white of ever so many eggs vigorously into a snowy froth, when aunt Eunice came in from over the bridge, in a swift walk, and without knocking—a very unusual thing with her.

"How do you do, aunt Eunice? Why, the sight of you on this end of the bridge is reviving. Set by, now. Never mind my being busy, seeing as the oven might cool down too much, and leave heavy streaks in the cake, if I took time to consider you company. There, now. I'll just take a seat by you, and stir the cake while we talk."

Here Mrs. Vane took a huge yellow bowl into her lap, and, with an iron spoon, proceeded to make little whirlpools of the soft substances, out of which she was compounding the wedding-cake, after making a little hollow in her lap for the bowl to settle in, and giving her spoon the proper rotary motion. She looked at her neighbor with a conscious smile, and observed, in a patronizing way.

"Come over to see how its done, agin our Gertie and Hart want theirs? Only think of it, that Clara and her beau should step off first. Curious; isn't it?"

"Very!" answered aunt Eunice, with bitter emphasis. "But there's no accounting for anything these days. Mrs. Vane, you are an old friend, and I came to tell you first: Gertrude is going to be married, right away."

Mrs. Vane dropped her spoon into the batter she was stirring.

"What! Right away? And Hart not tell his uncle? I wouldn't a believed it of him."

Aunt Eunice was silent a moment. Her face grew hard and stern before she answered.

"It isn't to Hart Webster my niece is a going to be married," she said, at last, speaking very slowly, as if each word were irksome to her.

"Isn't to Hart! Not to our nephew! Aunt Eunice, what do you mean?"

"That is all I have to tell you, for it is all I know myself," said aunt Eunice, holding out a square envelope, with a silver monogram glittering on it. "Read for yourself."

"Clara! Clara! Clara Vane, I say!

Clara came hastily into the kitchen, with an armful of white tulle, which she had been cutting, gathered up to her bosom.

"What is it, mother?"

"Read that, and tell me what it is all about. My hands are all flour, and aunt Eunice don't seem to know."

Clara took the envelope, which aunt Eunice held out, and drew from it a half-written, halfengraved invitation to the wedding and reception of Rufus Foster and Gertrude Harrington.

"It—it is an invitation. Gertrude is going to be married, I think, and not to cousin Hart," faltered the girl, blushing crimson, as if the treason had been hers.

Aunt Eunice set her lips close. Mrs. Vane clasped her hands so tightly that the flour arose in a little cloud around them.

"What does it mean?" she cried.

"That is for you, Clara. I have got another just like it at home," said aunt Eunice, grimly.

"For her, and not married to Hart. I would just like to see her think of going, or any of us," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, seizing the iron spoon with all her might, and sending new maelstroms of batter whirling in the yellow bowl. "I should just like to see a single soul of the Vane family at her wedding! Rufus Foster, indeed!"

"What is the date? When is it?" questioned aunt Eunice. "I was too flurried to take notice. When is it?"

"Next Thursday," said Clara.

"And you going to be married to-morrow night," interupted Mrs. Vane. "A pretty piece of business. Hart Webster invited, and she too. I should just like to see her come, that's all! Now, aunt Eunice, what have you got to say to these goings on?"

"Nothing," answered aunt Eunice. "I don't

understand them !"

"And a wedding reception, too. That is some new uppermost idea that they think we don't understand here in the country, I suppose,"

"No, mother, it is only that they will be married in the church or meeting-house, and have their company home afterward," answered Clara, who was half crying.

"Then you shall be married in the meetinghouse, and have a tea-party afterward. That girl isn't going to put the Vane family down one notch, if I know it."

"No, mother, please. I would rather have everything as we had arranged it."

"Miss Clara, am I your mother, or am I not?"

"You are the dearest and best mother that ever lived," answered Clara, with her blue eyes fall of tears, "and won't make me unhappy now, just as I am going away from home."

Here Clara stole an arm around her mother's neck, and kissed her softly.

"There, now did you ever see such a creature? Putting one's cap askew, and crying for just nothing. Well, well, what do I care! Have your own way. Only I don't know how to face Hart, poor fellow! Now, aunt Eunice, are you a going to see her married to that other fellow?"

"I must. I am going to New York, right away."

" Not till after Clara's wedding."

"No; but the next morning. That is one thing I came about. I can't leave the farm alone. Now, as Guy Compton can't break up his school, and go a traveling like most folks, what if he and Clara here just make a start in the old house, while I'm gone. Betsey Taft won't stay by herself, anyway; but she's ready to wait on them all day long."

"What do you say to that, Clara?" inquired Mrs. Vane, pursing up her little mouth.

"It would be so near home, mother," answered Clara.

"So it would; and we haven't found a house to suit yet. Besides, why not? Aunt Eunice hasn't done anything against us. As for Gertrude——"

Here a faint moisture came into the old maid's eyes, and the muscles about her mouth began to tremble. Mrs. Vane saw it, and her kind heart smote her. "As for Gertrude—— Well, we won't say anything about her, till we know more. Yes, aunt Eunice, the young folks will keep house

for you, and—and— Well, I'm just as sorry as can be, that you have to go. If it had been to bring Gertie home, now."

"Home! She will never come home again," said the old woman, in a low, dreary voice. "God has punished me for my pride. I have lost my child forever and ever."

Here little Patty set the bowl of eggs down, and climbing into the old maid's lap, wound two plump little arms around her neck.

"Don't cry, aunt Eunice—don't cry! 'Cause this ere little girl is a going to—to be awful good, and love you like sixty! Ask mar if I can't. If my beau was to ask me ever so much, I wouldn't go off and leave you. Cherk up, and don't mind a bit what mar says. She don't mean nothing bad, and I'm going to York with you."

Mrs. Vane laughed.

"You, indeed!"

"Yes, mar, we've got to see about our Gertie."

Aunt Eunice held the child close a minute,
then turned to Mrs. Vane.

"Let her go. I shall not feel so strange, if she is with me!"

"Yes, mar. She'd feel awfully," said the child, shaking her pretty head.

"But what would par say?"

"I'll go see," cried the little girl, leaping to the floor, and darting off toward the mill.

"You will let her go. It seems so lonesome for me to start off by myself," said aunt Eunice, rising. "And say nothing about this—this other wedding till I come back."

"It'll get out; it is sure to get out," answered Mrs. Vane, shaking her head, and seizing her spoon again. "But I will not say a word—not a word."

"Thank you," said aunt Eunice. "I cannot think my girl means to do wrong."

With these brief words, the old maid tied her sun-bonnet, and went away. Mrs. Vane set down the cake-bowl, and watched her neighbor as she crossed the bridge, in a slow, hesitating way, as if heavy thoughts weighed down her footsteps. Mrs. Vane shook her head, which was not burdened at any time with too much thought.

"Poor soul!" she said. "That girl has night upon broken her heart, and then there is Webster. I do wonder how he takes it."

She was disturbed by little Patty, who came rushing into the kitchen, wild with excitement.

"I'm a going! I'm a going!" she shouted, beginning to until her apron, as if instant preparation was important. ""Par says he don't care, if you don't, and my new frock is all ready, with that pink sash; and I've got a segar-box for dolly's clothes, and we're a going in the railroad, where a great iron horse snorts fire, and drinks water, and—and, I'm just a going. No mistake about that, anyhow."

Mrs. Vane turned from the window, and held up her chubby finger at the child.

"You'll just tie that apron on again, and beat up them eggs, or I'll know the reason why."

"But the eggs are beat, till they aint nothing but froth, mar."

"Well, then, pick over the currants, and see that you don't eat more than you pick."

"But, oh, mar! I've got so many things to pack," pleaded the child, tying her apron under protest.

"Sit down there, Patty Vane, and just show how good you can be, if you want to go anywhere. Here, take these, and do them well. Remember, it's for sister's wedding."

Patty seated herself, with a heavy sigh, and, thrusting her little fist into the paper-bag, which had been left in her lap, began to pour the tiny fruit from one hand to the other, while she pursed up her mouth into a red rosebud, and blew the dust away, trembling with impatience all the time. At last she spoke pleadingly.

"Now, mar, aint I a going?"

"Yes. Now hurry up, or the oven will get cold."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was true; invitations to Gertrude Harrington's and Ruben Foster's wedding were thick as drifting leaves, in what our dainty Willis called the upper ten thousand. The whole thing had been arranged so suddenly that it fairly took away the girl's breath. She had come home from that party in a state of remorseful excitement. Had she met Hart Webster then, the whole drift of her life might have been changed; but, instead of that, she was teld that he had been at the house, inquired for Miss Foster, and, learning where she was, had followed her.

When Gertrude knew that her lover had absolutely been under the same roof with her, while the scene she shrunk from remembering was burning itself into her life, the shock struck her damb. The atmosphere of the place she had left seemed to float around her still, and sicken her. The perfume of a particular plant in that window seemed to have filled her soul with subtle poison, and never afterward, in her whole life, did that odor reach her, though softened and buried in a dozen other perfumes, that she did not turn faint, and loathe the falsehood of that hour, and the life it had led to—the barren miserable life, where a noble soul was buried

and stiffed under luxuries heaped upon her, with a profusion that sickened the senses they could alone hope to reach.

Miss Foster had seen Hart Webster, and mentioned that fact triumphantly, as she and the others were riding home.

"He followed me from the house," she said, "and we had a delightful waltz, before he enquired for you. What a superb dancer he is! Then my partner took me away, and I reminded him that you had gone toward the little boudoir with Rufus, and he followed you there!"

Here Gertrude gave a guilty start, and almost uttered a cry of alarm; but Foster softly clasped his hands, and rubbed the palms gently together in the darkness, drawing a deep, long breath of delight.

"Followed her there, after he had danced with you," he said, after a moment's pause, resolved to impress the neglect of the man he hated upon the woman he loved!

"Indeed he did. What could you have been about, that he did not go in? I saw him near the door ever so long. Perhaps he did not care to interrupt a lover's tete-a-tete."

"That was considerate," answered Foster, with a light laugh; "but I suppose you consoled him with another dance."

"No, I didn't. He passed me like a storm, and went away before I could get rid of my partner, white as a ghost, and with the most scornful smile I ever saw on his lips. Something must have happened, for he did not even wait to bid me good-by."

"Oh, we shall see him to-morrow. Never fear. These country gentlemen have a keen scent for gold."

Jane Foster laughed.

"And country ladies as well. Don't you think so, Miss Harrington?"

There was no answer. For once Gertrude's pride was all broken down. She did not even comprehend this last taunt; but sat white and faint in her corner of the carriage, filled with self-loathing and bitter humiliation.

Rufus Foster was mistaken. Hart Webster did not present himself at the Foster mansion that night; but had left the city by a late train, before the family reached home.

When Miss Foster entered, she inquired eagerly if any person had called, or if no message had been left. Gertrude held her breath as the answer was given, and a moan of absolute pain died on her lips. He would not even deign to reproach her.

Miss Foster, too, was greatly annoyed. She, too, had possessed herself in hope, and, after all her trouble, felt a keen sensation of defeat; but she concealed it bravely, and ran up sairs, humming a tune as she went, while Gertrude followed after, without appearing to see the hand Foster held out to her.

Mrs. Foster's maid was not in the room, as usual, to meet the young girl, and help her undress; so, with a dreary, half-wild look around, she flung herself on the couch, and lay there, with her rich garments sweeping around her to the floor, cold and white, with all her features locked, as if the stillness of death were creeping over her.

Miss Foster found Lois waiting, as she came into the room, singing a defiant little air.

"Well, Lois, what has happened?" she questioned, airily, flinging off her cloak. "Of course a gentleman called. I know that; but what was said to him? Who did he inquire for?"

"Miss Harrington, in course, as he always does; and this time he wouldn't take 'aut' for an answer, though it was the gospel truth for once; but wanted to know where she was, and who was with her; and, when we told him, he said he knew the gentleman who gave the party, and would call there. We tried to make believe we didn't know the number; but off he went, with a wave of his hand, as much as to say that he knew, and didn't care a button whether we did or not."

- "But are you sure he did not come back again?"
 - "Of course I am. Wasn't I listening?"
 - "And did not once ask for me?"
- "No more than as if you had been a heathen, instead of the elegant——"

"There, there, Lois! Never mind. I am not tired of any of my dresses yet. Is Mrs. Foster's maid waiting for her young lange?"

"Oh, no! That is something I forgot about. She's given out at last. When Mr. Webster called, she happened to be in the hall, and, though he didn't see her, it seemed as if the sound of his voice just withered her; for she ran up stairs, like a cat, and shut herself into her own room, which place she hasn't left since, and won't for all my knocking; only answers through the keyhole that she's sick, with a fearful headache, and gone to bed!"

"Gone to bed! Now that is fortunate. Go in to Miss Farrington's room, with my compliments, and say that I sent you to help her undress. The rest you will understand."

"No, Miss, I don't understand anything, only that you haven't got tired of any dress yet; and I wasn't hired to 'tend on Miss Harrington, nor no such person." Miss Foster laughed, went to her wardrobe, and, taking down a dress of mauve cashmere, tossed it toward the girl.

"Go! You have the lesson by heart, I suppose," she said, rather pleased than otherwise with her maid's sharpness.

"Oh, this is something like!" said Lois, gathering the dress up in her arms. "Of course I'll go!"

Five minutes after this promise, Lois opened the door of Gertrude's room, and softly entered.

"Please, Miss, my young lady's compliments, and can I do anything about the undressing? The girl that usually attends is sick in bed, and what, with hair-pins and the like, no lady that is a lady can be expected to undress herself, besides that, being tired."

Gertrude opened her eyes, and sat up, listening to this speech in dreamy unconsciousness of its meaning.

"What is it? Where did you come from?"

"Dear me, if this isn't being tired out! Just let me unhook your dress, Miss, and brush out your hair."

Gertrude arose, fell into the low chair before her dressing-table, and submitted her head, aching with dull pain, to the girl.

"Yes, Miss, the girl is sick. Took down just after that gentleman from the country came, inquiring for Miss Foster, and so disappointed when told that she was out. I quite pitied him, Miss."

"What gentleman?" questioned Gertrude, with nervous sharpness.

"Mr. Webster, Miss. Him as used to as after you at the first; and it's my opinion that Miss Jane has just swooped him up out of your way. She's so rich, you know!"

"I do not believe it! There cannot be two such traitors in the world. I—I——"

Here Gertrude broke down in her passion, and held her quivering lips close, that the sob which panted for a passage should not break through.

Lois felt the poor girl shiver, from head to foot, as she gathered up the loose masses of her hair, and began to brush them vigorously, apparently unconscious of the pain she had given.

"There, now, Miss; I have done them in two lovely braids. Just let me unlace your boots, and take off the dress. Now, good-night. I must go, because my own young mistress is waiting, just that happy, she keeps singing to herself, like a bird in a bush."

When the girl was gone, Gertrude arose from her chair, covered her face with both hands, and sunk to the couch again, murmuring,

"If he loved me yet! If he only loved me, I

would break through it all! Oh that he had waited long enough to reproach me; but, his silence! It is that which has done it. God knows the blame is not all mine. Tomorrow! to-morrow this other man will claim me. Have I promised? Ah me! I am tired, so tired of thinking."

Gertrude ceased speaking; but she did not sleep, or have the silken rest of that couch all the night long. The morning found her pale still, and mournfully heavy-eyed; but with a look of resolution in her face.

"I will write to him," she said. "I will tell him that his coldness, his silence, and his seeming preference of another, have driven me into great peril. I will confess all. In the delirious vanity of a moment, I have given him cause to condemn me. It will be hard to forgive; but if he only loves me, that will not be impossible."

She sat down on the impulse of the moment, and wrote a frank, honest letter, full of passionate self-reproach, blended with reproaches of Webster also; for this new feeling of self-abnegation did not possess the girl so entirely that she could not see wrong and neglect in him also. But she wrote generously, offering to return home, and give up everything for his sake.

Still but half-indressed, and with the silken robe of the evening hanging crushed and wrinkled about her person, she wrote this letter and sealed it, in rash haste, scarcely daring to trust herself even then.

When Gertrude rang the bell, Lois answered it. A moment she hesitated, then handed her letter to the girl.

"See that it is mailed at once."

"Yes, Miss, I will take care."

She did take care; for, three minutes after, Gertrude's letter was in the hands of Jane Foster, burning brightly in the gas flame, and falling is filmy black fragments over her shaking hand, and the snowy marble of a table underneath.

"I will wait three days for the answer," Gertrude had said to herself, as she gave up the letter. "If it comes, I give up all this, and go back to the old life." Here Gertrude cast a longing, regretful look around her pretty room, and a sigh stirred her bosom. "If not," she added, slowly. "If not, they are mine; but, oh, heavens! bought with a price."

"So much for that," whispered Miss Foster, a few minutes after, as she shook the black ashes of Gertrude's letter from her hand. "She can afford to wait for the answer."

For three days Gertrude Harrington kept her room, sometimes wandering restlessly into the apartments of her aunt; but never going down stairs, or in any way permitting herself to meet the anxious inquiries of Foster, who, again and again, intreated to see her. During this time the only cheerful person in the house was Miss Foster. She had reason to judge of the result of all this disturbance, which no other person dreamed of; and seeing events drift toward a marriage, which left Hart Webster free to her own hopes, grew unusually animated and cheerful.

On the third day Gertrude was seized with a degree of nervous restlessness which allowed of no rest. Every sound of the bell, or even a footstep in the hall, brought her to the door of her room, listening breathlessly for the letter which never came.

On the morning of the fourth day she went down to the library, with a look of haughty resolve on her handsome face.

Foster was sitting in his cozy chair, gloomy, and almost sullen. She laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Mr. Foster!"

Her voice was sweet, and full of encouragement. The glow of scarlet on her cheeks, and of restless fire in her eyes, gave resplendance to her beauty, that fairly dazzled him.

"At last!" he said. "At last you have taken pity on me. Why have you kept aloof so long?" "I was ill—stupid. I wanted time for thought."

"And now you come to me of your own free will?"

"Of my own free will!" she answered, placing both her white hands in those he held out.

He drew her toward him, not with the quick impetuosity of honest passion, but slowly, as Sybarites taste their wine.

"My beautiful! My queen!"

Gertrude smiled. She mistook this man's sensuous calculation for delicacy, and it pleased her.

"Do you really love me so much—so very much?" she whispered.

"Love you, my queen? Are you not beautiful?"

"But that will not last for ever," said the girl, thoughtfully.

Foster smiled, and this was his thought, though he only expressed it unconsciously in the silent curve of his lips,

"Beauty never dies. When it fades on one face, it beams in another."

If the girl could only have read his heart then!

"My lovely one! My wifel" he whispered kissing her lips for the second date.

Was it the word or the kiss that sent a shudher through her frame?

"When shall it be? At once; without a week's delay, if my will prevails."

"Let it be in a week," she answered.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The wedding preparations were both rapid and superb; the trousseau something to marvel at, even in this extravagant age. Mrs. Foster was liberal beyond the generosity of most parents, and her step-son munificent in the gifts he lavished upon this girl from the country, whom he hardly thought worthy of a bow when they first met.

Of course, society was in a delightful ferment. The "great catch" of many seasons had been lured from its midst by a young creature, scarcely known in select circles a few months before. Of course, she was criticised, admired, traduced, and worshiped after the usual fashion of success. People wondered, sneered, and got up little romances about the girl, which kept up the excitement, and gave poignancy to the occasion.

All this time Gertrude was in a whirl of excitement, reckless, defiant of her fate, growing hard and selfish every hour of her life. Nothing was too elegant or expensive for her choice. Feeling in every nerve and fibre of her person that she had been "bought with a price," she determined to have the full value of her bargain; but her extravagance was recklessness—her happiness the delirium of satisfied vanity.

During the first week of this brilliant turmoil, Sarah, the bright girl, who had been, in some sense, a check upon Gertrude, was seriously ill; but the day before the wedding, she came down from her room, pale, large-eyed, and evidently nervous from confinement.

When she entered that pretty sitting-room Gertrude was alone, sitting drearily by the window, looking out upon the sunset, which she was never to see again as an honorable and self-respecting woman. She knew what others did not, that to-morrow's ceremony would give her to a man whom she had never loved, and never could love. She, too, began to feel that the very abundance and rich prodigality with which her treason was rewarded, had destroyed its own importance; by forestalling every want, this rich family had robbed the girl of her very wishes.

The room which Sarah entered was transformed and littered with such costly things as might have befitted an eastern princess. On the bed lay a glittering mass of satin, broken up

with clouds and waves of frost-like lace, through which the lustcrous fabric gleamed like crusted snew under a shimmer of moonlight. The couch and each chair was laden down with superb dresses, ready for packing; shawls, that seemed woven out of our richest autumnal tints; fans, worth thrice their weight in gold, and shoes of every color and form; handkerchiefs worth the old-fashioned New England "setting out" of a young married couple, and laces which you could have gathered up in your hands, that would have sold for more than the old red farmhouse, taking in pear-trees and orchard.

All this lay around the girl, mellowed down by the gathering twilight, when Sarah came in, with a strange light in her eyes, and a quiver of pain about her mouth.

Gertrude started up, surprised. She had not seen the girl since her engagement, nor thought of her much, save now and then with a sense of relief that she was out of the way with those great, searching eyes, that had stung her so often with their silent reproaches.

"Sarah!"

"Yes," answered the girl. "I have come at last. Too late, I fear, to do much good!"

"Oh, do not mind that. One cannot help being ill; but your hands are cold as death. You shiver so," said Gertrude, in a hurried, breathless way—for Sarah had drawn close to her, and was holding both hands, which the young lady was constrained to take in spite of herself.

"Yes, I have been very ill; so ill that no one told me anything. I only heard it now, and come here out of my bed."

"But that was quite unnecessary. We are getting along very well. Go back to your room, Sarah. I will not let you run risks for me!"

"But I come on purpose. I could not rest after they told me."

"Ah!" answered Gertrude, laughing nervously; "but why should anything disturb you so?"

Sarah sunk into a chair, unconsciously crushing a rich garment that had been thrown over it.

"Is it true?" she said, casting an excited look around the room. "Are these wedding-dresses?"

"Of course it is true," answered Gertrude, still with a little nervous laugh. "One must be married sometime, you know!"

"And to that man, Rufus Foster?"

"There, there!" broke forth the bride, putting out her hand, impatiently. "We must not begin this subject again. These are my weddingdresses, and to-morrow I shall be married."

"To that man!"

- "Yes, to that man!" was the defiant answer.
- "And he, Hart Webster?"
- "Hart Webster! Well, what of him? Tomorrow will set him free to marry Miss Foster. She has got all that I lack—plenty of gold."
- "Miss Foster?" answered the girl, and her pale face was one blaze of indignation. "Miss Foster! Can Hart Webster be 'bought with a price!"
- "I fancy so," answered Gertrude, with a scoff on her beautiful lip. "Such things have been."
- "Not with men like him, Gertrude Harrington. If you have walked toward this precipice believing that Hart Webster ever thought of any other girl for a wife, you have done a weak and wicked thing."
- "How do you know, girl? What is Hart Webster to you?"
- "Nothing, only I loved him, and do love him, as he loves you."
 - "You? You?"
- "Yes; ever since I was a little girl; almost since I could remember."
- "And you know—you believe that he loves me?"
 - "I know it."
 - "Yet? Even now?"
 - "Even now."
 - "And you can plead his cause with me?"
- "Yes, because I love him better than all the world; better than myself; love him so dearly, so hopelessly, that I can have nothing but misery if he is not happy."
 - "Sarah, you are a strange girl."
- "Ah, yes," sighed the poor girl, wearily. "Very strange, and very lonesome."
- "What brought you here, Sarah? For I begin to see that something beside money tempted you?"
- "I do not know. It seemed to me that I came it or ler to cure myself, or break my heart, while seeing you together. I—I thought that the sight of him and you engaged, loving each other, so handsome, and with such a right to be happy, would rouse up the pride that ought to be in every girl's heart, and drive this feeling out."
- "But you have not seen him here so often, after all," said Gertrude, with a low, bitter laugh.
 - "Whose fault is that, Miss Harrington?"
 - " His, of course."
- "I do not believe it. He has been here many times," said Sarah.
- "Yes, and contented himself with such interviews as Miss Foster awarded."
- "She forced them upon him. I do believe she did!"

- "Did she force him to almost cease writing?"
- "I believe he did write."
- "And to dip his pen in ice when he wrote?" continued Gertrude, growing more and more bitter.
 - Sarah arose, pale, a little faint, but resolute.
- "I know that he is not to blame," she said.
 "Put off the iniquity of this wedding one day
 I only ask that,"
- "Put it off! Why, girl, the invitations have been out a week!"
- "Still, put it off! I charge you, or all the sin will be yours."

For one moment the girl hesitated; but that instant Lois came in, with a parcel in her hand.

"Something else from Ball and Black's, Miss, which the man said I was to be careful of."

Gertrude reached out her hand eagerly. She was grateful for the interruption, eager to examine this new gift. She tore away the tissue paper that covered it, and revealed a purple-leather case, clasped with gold.

"Let me help you," said Lois, touching the spring. "Oh, mercy! they are enough to blind one."

It was true; the gaslight fell like living fire on a mass of great diamonds, coiled on the satin cushion; such diamonds as a queen might wear at her coronation.

Gertrude's face had been pale a moment before; but it flamed up with roses now, and the last struggle of honor and of love was burned out of her heart by the fire in those jewels.

- "Did he send them?" she demanded of Lois.
 - "Indeed he did, Miss."

Gertrude swept out of the room, carrying the jewels in her hand, without even noticing Sarah. She found Foster in the drawing-room, walking up and down in pleasant excitement. He was fancying how she would receive his princely gift; if all the fire of his diamonds would bring a glow of love-light to her beautiful eyes. She came in with the jewels, her face radiant, her hands fairly shaking with delight.

"Oh, they are so beautiful!" she said, placing them on the table, directly under the gaslight, and feasting her eyes afresh on them. "How can I ever repay you?"

"There is a way," answered the man, softly stooping toward her.

She understood him, hesitated one instant, then flung both arms around his neck, and almost passionately answered the kisses he pressed upon her lips.

That moment, Sarah, who had been left up stairs, took a quick resolve. She looked at the

tiny clock on the mantle-piece, made a rapid calculation of the hours, and hurried up stairs, panting for breath, and muttering to herself,

"It is possible. There will not be a minute to spare; but it is possible."

Before ten minutes had elapsed, the girl came down stairs, with her bonnet on, and carrying a satchel in her hand.

As she turned the latch to go out, an old woman had her hand on the bell-knob, and a little girl was standing half-way down the steps, gazing eagerly up at the windows.

"Does Mrs. Foster live here?" asked aunt Eunice, timidly, for the stir and noises in the great city terrified her, while they delighted the child.

"Yes." answered Sarah, in a low voice. "Ring, the man will come."

Sarah knew the old lady, and, being nervous from her illness, feared a recognition; but, in turning her face from aunt Eunice, she brought it fairly upon the child, and, what was worse, received the full light of a street-lamp upon it.

Little Patty sprang to her feet, with a cry of joy, and seized upon Sarah's garments, as she was hurrying down the steps.

"I say, boy! boy! Oh, my! it isn't him; but a girl that has stole his big eyes," she said.

With all her anxiety Sarah could not prevent the little, half-frightened laugh that broke from her, as Patty released her dress, and drew back, in puzzled consternation; but, without saying a word, she darted down the steps, and disappeared.

It was now dark, and the girl walked so rapidly, that she more than once stopped for breath, before she reached the depot. But she was just in time for the train, and in less than twenty minutes, was whirled away from New York, while her pale head rested on the cushions of her seat, and her eyes were closed with exhaustion.

CHAPTER XXX.

"AUNT EUNICE I"

Gertrude's voice faltered and her eyelids drooped, as that grim New England woman held her back, at arm's length, and examined her from head to foot, with a cool dissatisfied look.

"Are you my niece?" she said, at last, receiving Gertrude's ready kiss on her withered cheek, without returning it.

"Just as sure as this is darling little Patty," answered the girl, with an affectation of joyous warmth, as she lifted Patty Vane from the marble floor, and kissed her rapturously. "Come up stairs, aunt, and take off your things. This way."

- "Wait a minute. Who is that man in there?" said aunt Eunice. "I want to know."
 - "It-it is Mr. Foster, aunt."
- "Mr. Foster? But how came his name on your wedding-card, instead of Hart Webster? That is what I have come down to York to hear about."
- "Dear aunt, come up stairs, and I will tell you all about it. Indeed I will."
- "That is about what I want. Come along, Patty."
- "Come into my room, first; then I will tell aunt Foster that you have come. We didn't quite expect-that is, we were afraid you mightn't like to leave the farm."

Aunt Eunice followed her niece into the room, so richly crowded with the wedding paraphernalia, and looked around her in grim amazement.

"There is no place to sit down in here," she said. "Where is my sister's room? I'd rather sit down with her. It's nigh on to twenty years since I've seen her; but she can't be altered as much as you be. It wasn't in her."

Gertrude went up to the old woman, in her old caressing fashion.

- "Oh, aunt, you are angry with me."
- "Yes, I am."
- "You think I have done wrong?"
- "I know you have. So wrong that I don't mean to stand it. My word was given to that young man, as well as yours; and I'm going to find out who has been a trifling with it."
- "Oh, aunt, stay a minute. He did it himself; he neglected me, you can't think how much. Sometimes he would be weeks together without writing."
 - " Hum! Don't believe it was his fault."
- "More than once he has come to the city, witnout seeing me at all."
 - " Hum!"
 - "Only last week--"

Here Gertrude broke down. She remembered the scene in that little retiring-room, and the words she would have uttered died in her throat.

- "Well, what did he do last week, Gertrude?"
- " Nothing, only he came and went away, without speaking a word to me."
 - "Why?" questioned aunt Eunice.
 - "I-I- How can I tell?"
- "Do you mean to say, Gertrude Harrington, that Hart Webster has given you up?"
 - "Yes, aunt, I do-for it was as good as that."
- "And you have made up your mind to marry this man?"
- "You know I have, aunt. He loves me so devotedly, and he is so-so-"

"Rich. I understand; but, my child, my own dead sister's child, there is no need that you should sell yourself, body and soul, for property. I have never said it before, not wishing to set you up too much; but the farm will be all yours, and everything on it. There is money, too, in the bank. Three thousand dollars, and more, which I will make over to you and Hart Webster the day you are married."

Tears came into Gertrude's eyes. The kind simplicity of this offer touched her sensibly. Still a smile broke through it all. Three thousand dollars! Why, the centre pendant in that necklace had cost twice the sum.

"Dear aunt Eunice, do not urge me. All is broken off between Hart Webster and myself. You ask me to cruelly insult those who have made me all that I am."

"All that you are, Gertrude Harrington!" said the old woman, with slow, stern sarcasm in her face and voice. "Yes, they have made you all that you are.

After awhile aunt Eunice spoke again.

"I will tell my sister just what I think of all this, and go home again. I'll not stay for such a wicked wedding."

Little Patty, as soon as aunt Eunice had gone began telling all the news from home.

"Oh, yes, Clara is married, sure enough. She and Guy are keeping house for aunt Eunice, while we are away, and, oh, goodness! don't they love one another. You should see him a holding of her hand when they sit together by the window. Happy? I should think so."

Gertrude drew a deep breath, and shrunk away from the child.

"Let us talk of something else," she said, sharply. "How would you like to be a bridemaid?"

"Bridemaid! What's that?"

"To be dressed up in a lovely white dress."

"With my pink sash?" interrupted Patty, breathless with expectation.

"No. With a new white sash, and a wreath of roses on your head."

"Oh, that would be lovely."

"And then walk behind me into church with another little girl," added Gertrude, drawing a deep, heavy sigh. "It might please aunt Eunice. Would you like it, Patty?"

"Wouldn't I?" shouted Patty, throwing herself into Gertrude's lap, and covering her face with a transport of kisses. "Wouldn't I!"

What passed between the sisters Gertrude never knew. The harsh tones of aunt Eunice's voice reached her now and then, as if hard words and bitter reproaches were being heaped on the weaker and more gentle sister, whose low, plaintive tones sometimes made themselves heard. After awhile the door opened, and the old woman looked into Gertrude's room, saying.

"Come, Patty, we must sleep in this house for one night. I am sorry for it, but we must. Tomorrow morning we go back home."

"Oh, aunt Eunice, let me sleep with Gertie. She wants me, too, so much. Don't you, Gertie, darling?"

"Indeed I do," said Gertrude, beginning to tremble. "Oh, aunt Eunice, do not hurt my feelings by going away before—before—"

"I can't help myself. She has been crying about it in there. I will stay till the show is over, and then go home, a lonely old woman, too weak for the saving of my own child. Yes, I will go home, and keep the farm together. You will want it for a home yet, and I shall live to see the day. Remember, I told you so."

With these words aunt Eunice walked into the room that had been prepared for her, and closed the door. All that night Gertrude lay clasped in the soft, warm arms of that happy child, shedding silent, bitter tears, which wrung her heart without refreshing it.

The day came—the day, and the hour. The bridegroom was waiting. The bride stood before her mirror, looking white and cold under the frost-work of her veil. Little Patty stood by, devouring the beautiful creature with her eyes one moment, and admiring the mingled lace and India muslin of her own snow-white dress the next, or dancing off into the hall.

"Here is a letter," she said, dancing in again. "Be quick, and read it, for the gentleman has got his white gloves on, and they are all waiting."

Gertrude snatched the telegram from the child's hand, tore it open, and read,

"That iniquitous ceremony must not take place. We have both been deceived. I shall start by the next train to discover how. Wait for me, and trust me. HART WEBSTER."

For a whole minute Gertrude held this paper in her hand, looking at it vaguely. Patty grew impatient of this strange silence, and pulled her dress. "They are waiting, Gertie," she said.

"Yes, yes! I know."

Gertrude tore the telegram in fragments, and flung them from her. Then she went to an open desk, took up a pen, and wrote an answer.

"It is too late. This is the last time I shall ever sign my name as

"GERTRUDE HARRINGTON."

Half an hour later in the day a great crowd

was gathered before Grace Church, which had been slowly filling up with a brilliant throng of people, until every pew and gallery was crowded. The altar was one mass of flowers, the atmosphere heavy with their fragrance. Ropes of snow-white blossoms were stretched across the principal aisle, beyond which the relatives of the bride and groom alone could go.

At last these began to arrive. Among them were two old ladies—the one delicate and gentle, almost to an appearance of weakness. A cluster of lace lay like a frosted cobweb among the soft, white puffs of her hair. Her robe of lustrous gray satin swept far out upon the floor; beneath the lace, on her bosom, diamonds gleamed and twinkled. She might have been a born duchess, from the gentle grace of her movements, and the trquisite fitness of her raiment. By her side walked another woman, taller, and more upright, squarely built, angular, and stiffly imposing. Her brown-silk dress, without flounces or trimming, revealed all these points with peculiar distinctness, and rattled like tin as she walked.

A whisper ran through the brilliant crowd, and people said to each other,

"It is her aunt from the country. How cross and hard she looks. Strange that Mrs. Foster would let her come in that dress."

But all this whispering was hushed suddenly. A rustle of silks filled the church, lost the next instant in a burst of rejoicing music. Then a train of white-robed figures filled the aisle in a glittering, slow procession, headed by the bride, and ending in two lovely children, who moved forward, hand in hand, looking demure as two cherubs over an altar. One, a dark-haired little miden, seemed half-frightened when she came in, and gave a startled look at the crowd, as if she were half-tempted to turn and run away. But that went off in an instant, and little Patty behaved decorously, and made quite a picture in the ceremony as she stood by the altar, at which Gertrude Harrington was given away.

CHAPTER XXXI.

On the morning of that wedding-day, a young girl, pale, weary, and covered with dust, climbed over the rail fence, in front of Mrs. Ward's house, and, dragging herself up the path, knocked feebly at the door. It was not opened at once, and she sat down on the threshold, with the carpet-bag at her feet, resting her forehead on one hand. After awhile she lifted her head and listened. There was a stir in the house. The door opened, and Mrs. Ward looked out. The girl arose then, and held out her arms.

" Mother!"

"What, what! Goodness gracious! My own girl? I don't believe it. I can't tell. I have you right here in my arms. Sarah Ann——"

The poor, weary girl had literally fallen into those outspread arms, and was sobbing there. At last she looked up.

"Mother! mother! Where is Tim? I am worn out. I cannot go another step. Where is brother Tim?"

"Tim! Timothy Ward! Come here this minute. It is our Sarah Ann.'

Tim came rushing down stairs, in his shirt sleeves, and with his hair half combed, calling out,

"Where is the creature? Where is the dear old gurl? Why, Sarah Ann! Sarah Ann! what is the matter? Your eyes look like glass, and your face——She's sick, mother. Poor girl! Just look at her."

"Yes, Tim, I am real sick. My head swims, and see how my hands burn; but I have something that must be done before I give up. Go right over to the village, and tell Hart Webster that I wish to see him the minute he can get here. Go quickly, brother. Take the colt. I am so—so anxious."

Tim only paused to give his sister a kiss of welcome, before he leaped on the bare back of the colt; and ran him to the village.

He came back with Hart Webster.

"I have only strength to tell you one thing," said the girl, catching her breath, as Hart Webster entered. "There has been treachery between you and Gertrude Harrington. If you have written her often, some one else has got the letters. If you inquired for her, she never knew it. She believed you liked another, and is now going to be married, thinking you unfaithful."

"Married! When? To whom? But I need not ask."

"To Rufus Foster. This day, at one o'clock."
"To-day, at one? What time is it now?"

The old skeleton clock in the hall twanged out eight o'clock.

"Eight, and the train passed at seven thirty. There is not another before two," exclaimed Webster, starting up, and walking the room. Sarah Ann beckened him with her hand.

"The telegraph—that will reach her," she whispered.

"True, true! I will go at once. I don't know how you found this out, Sarah Ann; but I shall never forget your goodness."

In his gratitude he took her hand and kissed it. Then her heavy eyes opened wide, a begutiful smile passed over the flushed face, and a thrill of exquisite pleasure shot through all the pain that racked her. Sarah Ann rose up on her elbow, and listened till the hoofs of Hart Webster's horse sent back no sound from the hard road; then she held out both trembling hands to her mother, who entered the room.

"He has gone, mother. She will believe in him again. He is gone to her. Now let me die."

Hart Webster waited hour after hour for an answer to his telegram, which came at last, sent as we have seen.

He angrily crushed the flimsy morsel of paper in his hand. "She did not wish to beieve. She is 'bought with a price.' Let her go,' he exclaimed, in scornful wrath. "Thank God I can live without her."

With the telegram still crushed in his hand, the young man mounted his horse; and rode over to Mrs. Ward's, thinking very tenderly of the poor girl, who had suffered so much in a vain attempt to secure his happiness. She was out of her head when he reached the house, and good, unconventional Mrs. Ward, was glad to have him sit by her while she went into the garden for herbs, and prepared hot drinks in the kitchen. He did sit by the girl, suffering himself, as only a proud man endures wrong, but touched with gentle sympathy for this fair young creature, who lay beautifully transformed before him. She was pleased with his presence, and talked incessantly of him, of Gertrude, and the poor life she had spent in that city mansion. By slow degrees-for the young man came every day to inquire after the invalid-he learned all the little romance of those months, during which she had disappeared from her home. To him it was a beautiful confession of a woman's generous self-abnegation, at a time when he was fast losing all trust in womanhood.

She was talking to him one day in her childlike delirium, and, unconscious of the secret her answers might betray, he led her on to speak of her life at Mrs. Foster's more fully than she had done.

"But why did you go there?" he questioned, with gentle curiosity. "What took you away from home?"

"Oh, I was so wretched, when he did not come any more; and I thought it would cure me if I could see them together all the time—knowing how much he loved her, and how little he cared for me; but it was of no use. I tried to love her for his sake; but I couldn't—I couldn't. Because he loved her, I tried to be like her, and studied so hard—so hard. But she was so beautiful, and, try as hard as I could, I couldn't be that. All the rest was easy—very, very easy; but I couldn't be that."

Was Hart Webster startled with this revelation, or had he been somewhat prepared to receive it? Was that a thrill of surprise or pleasure that passed through his frame, as the sweet, childlike voice betrayed the woman's heart? Had he even loved this girl in her wild estate; and was the old passion awaking in his nature now?

One day Sarah Ann awoke from the haunting delirium that possessed her, and called her mother.

- "Has he got an answer, mother? Has he gone?"
 - "What are you asking about, Sarah Ann?"
 - "What time is it?"
 - "One o'clock."
- "Then he has gone. Oh, mother, I am so weak!"

The girl lay down, closed her eyes, and great tears came stealing through the tremulous lashes. Indeed she had scarcely the strength of a child. By-and-by she started on her pillow.

"What is that? Who is that, mother?"

"Who? Only Hart Webster. He has been riding over here every day since you got home. Come in, come in! We are all right now."

The door opened, and Hart Webster entered, animated by the good news, and with the old, bright smile on his face. Mrs. Ward passed him on the threshold, for she was wanted in the kitchen, and had a womanly intuition that she was not wanted there.

Webster saw the tears trembling on the sick girl's cheek. Drawing softly toward the couch, he knelt down, and kissed them away.

It was a sudden and generous impulse, and, though Sarah Ann felt the touch of his lips on her face, she shrunk from it a little, believing that the caress sprang out of his pity for her weakness. Though the young man inquired after her tenderly, and spoke of his thankfulness that she was better, no hint was given of the heart-secret she had betrayed ir her delirium. Had the girl guessed that, she would have died of very shame. For Gertrude Harrington, in all her beauty and overweaning self-sufficiency, was not half so proud of soul as this poor suffering girl. Hart Webster understood this, and went away, leaving her to rest.

Time wore on. Sarah Ann slowly gained freshness and strength. Her old energies were returning, softened and refined, but still active enough to give brilliancy to her character, and spirit and grace to her actions. This spirit had worked great changes in the house and grounds, for Tim fairly adored his sister now, and obeyed her like a house-dog. The door-yard had been turfed over, a neat board fence, with a swinging

gate, opened into it from the road. The outroom was adorned with white-muslin curtains, and the sun was sometimes permitted to look in upon the striped, home-made carpet, and an old armed-chair or two, brightened up with new chintz. The old settee was disguised by the same material, into a respectable couch, with a prettily-ruffled pillow at each end.

These tasteful changes made the house very pleasant to Hart Webster, when he began to drop into the old habit of coming there. But day by day, the girl was growing shy of him, and he could see that dark shadows had settled about her eyes, which returning health had not removed.

In all this time there had been no return of the old, rollicking intimacy; no fishing parties; no hap-hazard game suppers, which the young people enjoyed, while the mother did the cooking. Everybody treated Sarah Ann with more respect now. Tim always saddled the colt for her when it was wanted, and Mrs. Ward utterly refused to let her daughter roughen up her hands again with dish-washing.

One day Sarah Ann was seized with a caprice to be alone. She had to a certain extent isolated herself by superior refinement, and found solitude sweet in her sad moments-for unreturned love leaves many such to any woman. Opening the closet that day, she found the scarlet jucket, and the long-abandoned hat, with its little flame of a feather, which brought back old memories so keenly, that she put them on, took down her brother's fishing-rod from the porch, and wandered away through the woods, up to the tiny cataract of the trout-stream. Here she sat down, dropped her line, and fell into thought so deep and dreamy, that a trout had swallowed the fly from her hook, and she know nothing about it. The fact was, Sarah Ann's eyes were full of tears.

A sportsman, coming down stream, saw the red jacket through the overhanging branches, and his heart gave a leap at the sight. He flung down his rod, stepped softly over the mossy turf, and drew so close to the girl, that he saw the tears in her eyes, and felt them as a reproach.

"Sarah Ann!"

The girl uttered a little shriek, then turned her face away, that Hart Webster might not see her wet eyes.

"Why, Sarah, are you afraid of me? What have I done that you should cry out when I come near you?"

"What? Oh, nothing! Did I? I-I suppose that fever has left me a little nervous."

The girl was very nervous, certainly, for she drew up her line sharply, and there was a fine husband, who never once lost his bland smile,

trout at the end, which had found a treacherous hook under the fly, on which he had been gormandising.

Hart Webster took the pole from the girl's shaking hands, and landed the fish; then he cast both on the earth, and threw himself by her side.

For a moment he looked earnestly into her face, with a smiling attempt to read the downcast eves.

"Sarah, has it never occurred to you, during all these months, that I am desperately in love with you?"

The girl sprang to her feet with one of her wild impulses, ran a step or two, then turned upon him.

"Mr. Webster, this is cruel. It is-"

"The loving truth, Sarah Ann. You never will be so loved again. So you had better have patience with me."

"Patience! patience! I-

The young man knew well enough that she loved him, and held out his arms. She did not finish her sentence, but came like a charmed bird, nearer and nearer, till he held her in a close embrace.

"Yes, Sarah Ann. Yes, my love, my darling. I almost believe that I have loved you from the very first. At any rate, I love you now, with all my heart and soul."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Two things that Gertrude dreaded, and that aunt Eunice had prophesied, came to pass.

A pretty, white cottage, around which honeysuckles and roses had found time to grow in profuse thickets, was, soon after Sarah Ann wore her scarlet-jacket for the last time, refurnished, repainted, and inhabited by as happy a pair of young people as ever went to housekeeping. There was a wing to the building, and a pretty room, crowded with law books. On the outer door of that room a brass plate blazed through the overhanging vines, and on that plate was enengraved, "Hart Webster, Attorney at Law."

Aunt Eunice's prophecy also came true. After a career of boundless extravagance and display, Gertrude Foster fell ill, and all her rich beauty faded from her like a dream. A few years would have done this, and she might have borne it better: but she had married a sensuous, hollowhearted man, who knew in his soul, from the first, that she did not love him. This did not Society had its distractions, pain him much. and the little widow still remained unmarried.

One day, not long after her aunt Foster's death, Gertrude had a stormy interview with her through all her upbraiding, in which the bitterness of her broken life was poured out upon him in impotent wrath. She taunted him with neglect, indifference, scorn of her farmer condition. He admitted it all, and, after his sickly, sarcastic fashion, asked her what she intended to do about it?

"You no longer love me!" she said, in passionate wrath.

"Have I made the pretence, since it ceased to be a fact?" be replied. "In that I have not the patience to follow your example."

"You never did love me?"

"Oh, yes, I did; but love, like loveliness, will fade. In that, at least, there is sympathy between us."

For a moment, Gertrude stood before her husband, struck dumb by his silky audacity; then she turned upon him, white with passion, and so hoarse that her voice scarcely rose above a whisper.

"I demand a separation!"

"With all my heart! But let it be after the approved fashion. Will you take up a residence in Europe, or shall I? My sister, who is living in single independence in Rome, will, no doubt, be glad to receive you?"

Gertrude did not deign an answer, but within a week from that time, a carriage drove up to the gate of that old, red farm-house, and a weman, so worn and changed from the young girl who had left it only a few years before, that you would hardly have recognized her, walked gloomily up the terrace-steps.

The door was opened by an old woman, whose hair had grown entirely white.

"Aunt Eunice, I have come home again. Will you take me in for good and all?"

The old woman made no answer, but reached forth both hands, and drew her niece into her old home again.

CHRISTMAS MORNING!

BY N. F. CARTER.

On, blessed morning of my love!

My soul's sweet prophecy of hope,
In climbing life's diviner slope
Into the Summer blue above!

Oh, sunshine of my heart's content! What matter if the year is old? If winds are bleak, and earth is cold? If life's red wine is nearly spent?

I bid thee joyful welcome in,
With peals from wedding-bells of peace;
The peeon of my soul's release
From bondage unto death and sin!

Thy glory gilds life's growing web, And thought becomes a holy leaven; Thy smile, a signal light of Hoaven, Bringing to time a golden ebb!

The birth-day of the loving Christ!
What precious memories of grace,
It wakens for a sinning race,
Of treasures more than golden-priced?

Of treasures, this same Christ, my Lord, Has garnered for the life sublime, His chosen in their crowning time, Shall welcome as their great reward!

By Him the path to Heaven is free; By Him the bonds of sin are riven, The sweet and full assurance given, Of glory in that time to be!

Through Him the swelling waves of death,
With white lips press a golden shore,
To bear his own in triumph o'er,
"To be with me," the Lord Christ saith!

Then ring, oh Christmas bells of peace!

Your loudest, gladdest, sweetest chime;

Charm the round earth this happy time,

With strains whose echoes ne'er shall cease!

With clearest blue, oh, Christmas skies!
With brightest splendors, Christmas sun!
Till this memorial day is done,
Bloss buoyant hearts and longing eyes!

So shall my soul make morn and even My whole life through, for this glad light, With love's divinest blessings bright, Till dawns my Christmas morn in Heuven!

AT MY SILVER WEDDING.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Ir life had nothing more to give,
I I could not, love, complain.
All I would ask would be to live
Our dear life o'er again!

Though clouds should darken, bleak, above, Or pour in wintry rain, That summer-time I've had, my love, And cannot lose again!

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We regin with a winter wrap for a young lady. The d.ess, over which this wrap is to be worn, may be of any warm, woolen material-reps, poplin, or merino. The skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, cut on the bias, and headed by three fo.ds, also bias; these folds are finished at the top by small points, bound with the same material. An over-skirt and small basque are trimmed it match. The outside wrap is of beaver

the Astrakan cloth is worn with this costume. Three yards of beaver cloth, and one and a half yards of Astrakan cloth for the trimming, will be required. The cost of these cloths is according to the quality; they come in all grades, to suit almost any purchaser.

Our next is a winter walking, or skatingdress for a young lady. This costume may be made of any solid-colored material. We would suggest gray, with black trimming, or dark-blue, green, or maroon; poplin, serge, or reps would be the most suitable material. The lower-skirt



cloth, cut in a loose sacque, double-breasted, and quite long. The sleeves are wide and flowing. The trimming, which is of black, or gray Astrakan cloth, is six inches wide on the bottom of the sacque, and two inches up the fronts, and }



has three very scant ruffles, six inches deep, ext around the neck and sleeves. A small muif of on the bias, and bound with black, of the same

Von LXII .- 30

material as the dress. The tight-fitting Polonaise, is simple, bound on the edge in the same way; it is buttoned all the way down the front. The pockets are ornamented with cords and tassels to match. There is a narrow velvet collar, and the cuffs on the tight coat-sleeves, are also of velvet. A small cape is added, which is fastened under the collar in front, by a flap of velvet, as may be seen in the engraving. A muff of Astrakan cloth, and a thick felt hat, with ostrich feather, and band of velvet, completes this costume. Sixteen yards of reps, half a yard of velvet, cut on the bias, and one vard of black reps, for binding, will be the quantity necessary. If preferred, the bindings, cord, and tassels, may all be of the same color as the dress. With the black velvet collar and cuffs, buttons of black velvet should be used, of course.

Our next is a walking-dress for a little Miss of nine years. It is made of striped poplin. The lower skirt is ornamented with one flounce, six inches in depth, cut on the bias, and put on in box-plaits, forming a heading of the same. The edges of the flounce are bound with a solid-



colored poplin, or cashmere, which may be either of a darker that than the color of the material, or a contrasting color. The upper-skirt has a simple apron front, rounding off longer at the back, and slightly looped there, and at the sides. It is simply trimmed with one bias fold, bound on either side to match the flounce. A little basque, with coat-sleeves, trimmed to match, completes this costume. The striped shawl, bournous style, may be added, or not, at plea-

sure. Eight yards of material for the dress, and one yard for binding, will be sufficient. These striped poplins cost from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard. Gray, striped with blue, black with green, tan with brown, are among the most fashionable varieties.

Next is a house-toilet for a little girl of eight years. This pretty dress is of bright scarlet, or blue merino, trimmed with narrow, black velvet ribbon. The first skirt has the velvet put on



en tablier-that is, forming an apron from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Across the back are two bias ruffles, five inches deep, trimmed, top and bottom, with the velvet. The basque, which is cut square and low in the neck, is quite deep in the back, but shorter in front; the edge of it is trimmed with a narrower bias ruffle, ornamented with the velvet, as is also the front of the bodice, where it is fastened with small jet buttons. Sleeves to correspond. This costume is to be worn over a nainsook tuckedwaist and sleeves. If that is not desirable, substitute a high-necked bodice, with long sleeves; the trimming being put on in the same way, to simulate the low-necked waist. From four to five yards of merino, at one dollar fifty cents per yard for the high colors, will be required; and three to four pieces of velvet ribbon, quarter of an inch wide, worth about twenty cents per

Our next is a costume for a little girl of five years. It may be made either of plain, solid-colored cashmere, or striped poplin. Our design is a narrow, black and white stripe, trimmed with black braid. The first skirt is plain, and ornamented with three groups of braiding, consisting of six or eight rows of narrow, black worsted braid, sewed on close together, only the

width of the braid as distances between. The upper-skirt has a little apron-front, rounding off to the back, and looped at the sides with a band, which is covered with the braid coming from the waist, trimmed to match. A skirt waist, with three box-plaits, covered with the braid, in rows, to match. There is a deep, sailor-collar, trimmed to match, as are the cuffs on the coat-sleeves. Three yards of merino, or five yards of poplin, with two dozen pieces of narrow, worsted braid, will be required—the kind called embroidery braid.



Next is a costume for a little boy of three years. This can be made of any solid-colored merino, or cashmere, or white pique, fleecylined, for winter wear. The skirt is straight, quite full, and laid in one large box-plait in front, the rest side-plaits very deep all round the back. The front plait is ornamented with a simple braiding design, with buttons down the center, as may be seen. The jacket is cut with



a make-believe vest, and the jacket is orna-two oil mented with the braiding, same as down the colors.

width of the braid as distances between. The front of the skirt. Large pocket-flaps, also braid-upper-skirt has a little apron-front, rounding off ed. Turned-up coat-sleeves, with cuffs, braided; to the back, and looped at the sides with a band, which is covered with the braid coming from the waist, trimmed to match. A skirt waist, with embroidering braid.

We conclude with a dress for a little girl of two years. This dress may be made of fleecylined pique, or of light-blue cashmere. If made of pique, the trimming is to be either of Marseilles braid, put on as seen in the design, or insertion and braid; the latter, we think, the prettiest, say a row of insertion, with a simple, little, braiding-pattern, done in star-braid, on either side. The dress is cut all in one in front, and gored; the back is fulled into a waistband, which is fastened under the basque-waist. These little basque tabs around the waist are trimmed to match. A sash, or waistband, is worn around the waist, and tied behind. The bows, down the front, are made of insertions, edged with braid.

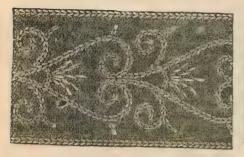
If the dress is made of cashmere, the trimming may be, either several rows of blue braid, either in worsted or silk, or say narrow, velvet ribbon,

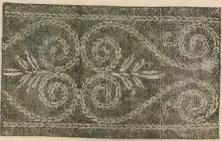


put on according to the design. Two and a half yards of pique will make the suit. For eight yards of insertion, and two dozen pieces of starbraid; if made of cashmere, two yards will be sufficient.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a little girl's cape with hood. This cape is of white serge, trimmed with a frill of the same, and braided with any bright color. We also give three engravings of a dress for a little boy, from three to five years old. This pretty dress may be made of a variety of materials, with lappets and collar of a different material, braided with white, or buff color. One of the cuts shows the front view of the jacket. The two others give the complete dress made in two colors.

BORDERS IN CHAIN-STITCH.





stitch should be worked in purse-silk of a Berlin stripes for sofa-pillows, etc., and will lighter shade than the foundation, or in white. 3 always be found useful.

Foundation is of satin or velvet. The chain-, These are suitable borders for alternating with

CASAQUE AND TUNIC.



The tunic is of a darker shade, and cut straight round the bottom, and ornamented with a braided pattern, done in the same shade as the underskirt, either in silk, or fine, worsted, embroiderybraid, and edged with a knotted, or bullion fringe. The diagram is in four pieces, viz:-

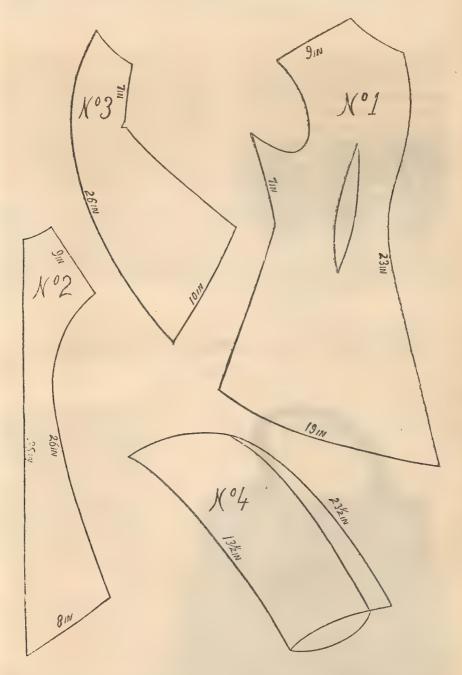
No. 1. FRONT OF CASAQUE.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. Side-Piece of BACK.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

The casaque is made of the light shade of cashmere, and is braided to correspond with the tunic. There is an under-skirt to the casaque, match. A side-plaiting of the darker shade of made of the darker shade, and about four inches cashmere may be substituted for the fringe, if



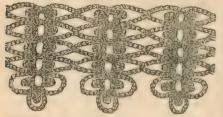
deeper all round than the casaque proper. The preferred, or a bias-bound ruffle, four inches shoulders and sleeves are braided and fringed to deep.

CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These edgings are always useful, and they are a kind of work that is especially handy, as it can be carried about, in visiting, or taken up and put down without inconvenience.

This trimming is worked in the width.



1st Row: Two chain, * one picot (of five chain, the bone single,) three chain. Repeat from * three to the times more. * One picot, one chain. Repeat ing.)

from last * twice more. * One single into the middle stitch of the last worked three chain, one chain, one picot, one chain. Repeat three times more from last *. One single into the first worked chain.

2nd Row: Fifteen chain, one single (leaving the loop on the hook as in tricot) on each side of the single of last row, working off together as one stitch; * twelve chain, two single as before described. Repeat twice more from *. Ten chain, two single as before. Repeat twice more. Twelve chain, two single as before. Repeat twice more. Fifteen chain, one single into the first worked stitch, sixteen chain. Repeat from the beginning, connecting the chain in working to the previously worked pattern, (see engraving.)

SATCHEL, EMBROIDERED ON DAMASK.

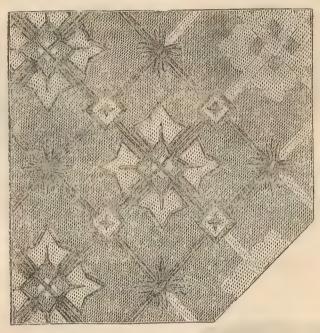
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials for this very pretty affair are linen damask in silver-gray and white, floss silk in two shades of green, two of scarlet, and in black, ticking, thick cord, matching in color, two pieces of whalebone. The damask is worked over with colored silk, as shown in the full size next page. It is caught together at the crossing parts by black stars; the diamonds of double rows of stitching are throughout of two shades of green; the rosettes are scarlet. For the bordering of the small white diamonds inside, again black, with a black cross in the middle.

The embroidered part of the bag measures twenty-five inches in length, and thirteen inches in width. It is folded double up to twenty-one inches, allowing four inches for the flap. It must then be sloped narrower toward the top, and the flap cut to the shape shown in cut. The side parts are of a piece of the damask, set in plain along the edge, and drawn in folds at the top of the bag, and confined at the bottom with a cord and tassels. The sides of

the bag and edge of the flap are bound with braid to match the color of the damask. The handle is also of braid, made firm with a piece of stiff lining. The bag is lined with ticking, along the sides of which strips of whalebone are fixed, to give the necessary firmness. When completed, it will make a handsome Christmas gift.



INFANTS' BOOTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





In the front of the number we give a pattern, add, here, two designs for infants' quilted boots. full-size, for an infant's shoe in braiding. We These boots may be made in silk, satin, or pique.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Helem

BAG FOR KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a design for a bag for knitting, sewn over with black silk, and a row of coral-



for Christmas or New Year's. This bag may be made of any required size. The material is blueand-white striped ticking, embroidered with and for the embroidery. The bag is lined with black sewing-silk. The border is formed upon gray linen, and fastened with a strip of blue the material by two rows of white waved braid, leather, bound with black braid.

which would make a suitable and useful present stitch, worked in black silk, between the two rows of braid.



Our second cut shows the design for the border

LADY'S SATCHEL OR POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In our last number we gave a design for a chatelain in beads. These chatelains are quite the fashion now, and are worn at the girdle, with a watch, smelling-bottle, or fan suspended. Satchels are also worn at the girdle. This method of wearing these satchels has been adopted by ladies of domesticated habits, and others whose duties necessitate the frequent use of the purse. It entirely obviates the discomfort caused by carrying a heavy bunch of keys in the pocket, and is much more graceful. The satchel should be of leather. These satchels can be bought of all sizes, and comparatively cheap. A satchel of this kind would make a pretty Christmas present, or New Year's gift.

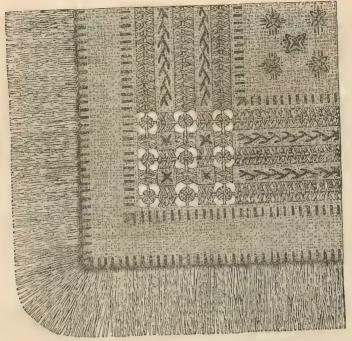
Or, instead of a leathern satchel, a bag or pouch may be made of velvet or silk, and worn in this manner.

EDGING.



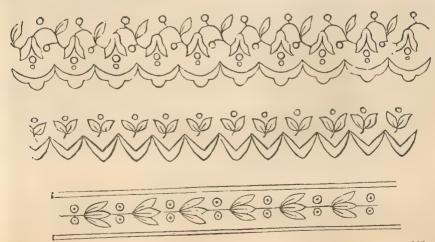
TIDY ON COARSE LINEN, OR JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pattern of a tidy, or, as the be worked on Java canvas, in the way we have linglish call them, an Anti-macassar. It is to so often described.

EDGINGS AND INSERTION.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"Peterson" for 1873.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1873, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine is better and cheaper than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedentedly low rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The original stories and novelets in "Peterson" have long been acknowledged to be the best in any lady's book. We pay more for literary matter than all the others combined. For 1873 our stories will be better than ever. The novelets alone will be worth the subscription price. In the fashion department, "Peterson," in many respects, has no rival. Not only are expensive dresses given, but also those for every-day use, and these latter, while economical, are stylish, which cannot be said of the cheap patterns given in other magazes. As to our mammoth, colored, steel-plates, it is conceded, everywhere, that they are the most beautiful, tasteful, and reliable issued in the United States.

We have three classes of clubs for 1873, and the prices are reduced to meet the times. For one class the premium is our new and costly mezzotint. For another class it is an extra copy of the Magazine for 1873. So many persons, both this year and last, have asked for a club, or clubs, the premium for which should be the magazine alone, that we have concluded to meet what seems to be a general demand; and to such clubs we can of course afford to put "Peterson" lower, than to clubs where we give two premiums. For a third class of clubs, the premium will be both an extra copy and the new mezzotint. In all these clubs, the price to the subscriber decreases in proportion to see number in the club; an inducement we hold out in order to stimulate the getting up of large clubs.

Now is the time to get up clubs I Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. Be the first in the field. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

"The Gems of Art."—We have often been asked to publish a selection of the best engravings that have appeared in "Peterson." We shall do so accordingly next year, and will send it, as a premium to persons getting up'clubs, if they prefer it, instead of the large-sized engraving, "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem." The book will be called "The Gems of Art," and will contain twenty-five of our best steel plates, By getting up enough clubs, you can earn, not only an extra copy, but also the premium picture and the "Gems."

What to Susscribe For.—The Bellows Falls (Vt-) Gazette says in noticing a recent number. "The old-established agazines, like 'Peterson's,' are always the best for which to subscribe. There is no danger of their 'collapsing' before the end of the year. They do'not begin with culored fashions, steel engravings, and all sorts of high-flown promises, and then come down, in the summer months, to wood-cuts, and no fashions at all."

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the 25th of November, and will startle even our old subscribers with its beauty. Those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of its superb engravings.

OUR TITLE-PAGE, for this year, represents the festivities of Christmas Eve, with a mansion-house lit up and thrown open to receive its guests. The portraits are those of our principal contributors. We give their names here, in the order in which they appear.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

FANNIE HODGSON,

MARIETTA HOLLEY,

C. J. PETERSON,

F. L. BENEDICT.

We may add, that Marietta Holley is also the author of the "Josiah Allen's Wife" papers, which appeared first in this magazine, and which, having been reprinted in a book, have had an unprecodentedly large sale. Miss E. J. Care is the author of "Susy L—'s Diary," etc., etc. It has been the good fortune of this periodical to introduce more than one writer, since grown eminent, to the public: among them Marietta Holley, Fannie Hodgson, Dalsy Ventnor, and Frank Lee Benedict. Each one of the authors, whose portraits we give, has, it will be noticed, a story in this number. In conclusion, we wish to all of our subscribers, new and old, that "Merry Christmas," and that hearty welcome back, which the lighted mansion and its open gates symbolize.

In France, every woman knows more or less of dressmaking. Even the richest do not think it beneath them. There is, indeed, no more legitimate occupation for the sex. Women, as a class, have less money than men, and less than they would like to have. To be able, therefore, to make a dress, or trim a bonnet, or even to superintend these things, not only helps out one's income, but affords a pleasant and natural occupation. The knowledge of what is to be worn, and the cultivation of taste and economy in dress, are actually more useful to nine out of ten, than the learning of music, or the acquisition of half the accomplishments taught to girls. It is simply absurd to say that dress is a matter of no importance to a woman. A good magazine, like " Peterson's," which gives styles for all varieties of incomes, and all descriptions of persons, is indispensable. Instead of stimulating extravagance, it shows how waste in dress may be avoided. A lady writes: "Not only have I saved money, by following your patterns and instructions, but everybody says I was never dressed so handsomely. It is a sort of patent of social superiority, in our neighborhood, to be dressed, a-la Peterson !"

A Five Dollar Engraving, as will be seen by our advertisement, will be given to any subscriber to "Peterson." whether singly or in clubs, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for \$2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums—as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1873; or, in a clnb, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do "Peterson" always does better.

THE COLORED SLIPPER PATTERN in this number is unusually beautiful. Remember, no other magazine gives these patterns, every month, as "Peterson" does. Try to buy a similar pattern, at a store, and see what will be asked for it! About twice as much, we happen to know, as we ask for this number, with all the engravings, stories, etc., etc., thrown in. But choice as this one is, that, which we shall give in January, will far exceed it.

OUR NEW PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1873 proves, as we predicted, one of the most popular we have ever had. The subject is "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," after a very colebrated picture, by Sir Charles Eastlake, late President of the Royal Academy. It represents Christ sitting, with his disciples, on an elevated spot that overlooks Jerusalem, and as he gazes down on the doomed city, uttering the memorable words, in which he foretells its fall and the calamities that would come upon its inhabitants. The picture is engraved in mezzotint, a method even more generally liked than line engraving, because the lights and shadows come out so much more prominently. We hope to introduce this beautiful engraving into tens of thousands of households. When framed and hung up, it will be an ornament to any parlor. A little exertion in getting subscribers for "Peterson" will entitle any person to a copy of this valuable engraving gratis. See our unprecedented offers in the Prospectus for 1873, on the last page of the cover.

AT THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON, think of the poor! Few of us but know somebody who is really in want of help; somebody that we can aid by sympathy, or judicious assistance. When the bells wake you, on Christmas morning, let it be with the recollection that one person, at least, will be the happier, that day, for what you have done.

More than Seventy Thousand Dollars were spent, in 1872, on the embellishments of "Peterson." This is more than any other magazine ever expended on illustrations.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Marjorie's Quest. By Jeanie T. Gould. With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co .-This is a very charming fiction. The heroine is an orphan girl, who is left to the charity of the poor Irish family where her mother has died, who is next adopted by a rich New York lady, who is afterward kidnapped, and who is finally restored to the friends of her childhood, and her parentage discovered. This is, however, but the bare outline of a story, which is filled in with rare delicacy, and with a quite unusual faculty for characterization. We suspect, indeed, that Marjorie herself, and also Judge Gray, are drawn from life, they are so natural. The two children, Puck and Posy, are positive photographs. They talk like children, and act like children. These graphic delineations, and that of Marjorie herself as a child, show that Miss Gould possesses an enviable knack in describing little ones. Another very unusual merit in this story is that its descriptions of what is called "good society," are as accurate as they are delicate: evidently the author is at home here: her ladies are real ladies, and her gentlemen real gentlemen, We hope often to hear from this new writer,

Adventures of a Marquis. By Alexander Dumas. I vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—It is difficult io say which of Dumas' novels is the best, if we except "The Three Guardsmen," and "Monte Christo," for all have the same vivacity of style, and the same absorbing succession of incidents. With us, as we find by experience, it is the last we have read that seems the best. Hence it is that we pronounce that verdict on the "Adventures of a Marquis."

The Little Sanctuary and Other Meditations. By Alexander R. Leigh, 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.—This work has been reprinted, in advance, by an arrangement with the English author and publishers. The style is fresh and the subjects judiciously selected. Like all the books of Dood & Mead, it is neatly printed and bound.

The Child of the Island Glen. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Les & Shepard.—Another of the popular "Pleasant Cove Series," by a widely-known writer of juvenile taics. The volume is illustrated.

Stories and Poems. By Mother and Daughter. 1 vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This volume deserves a larger notice, than our limited space, this month, will allow. The mother is the well-known Caroline Gilman: the daughter is Caroline Howard Jervey. The poems, and some of the tales, are contributed by the mother: the vest of the tales are contributed by the daughter. In buying Christmas, or New-Year's gifts, it would be well to remember this book.

Picked Up Adrift. By Professor De Mille. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—We know this author principally from novels, which are among the best of their kind, and their kind is a cross between Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins. In this little story for lads, he keeps up all his old spirit of action, and thus has produced one of those narratives which a true boy delights in.

Dollinger's Fables and Prophecies of The Middle Ages. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.—The translation of this book is the work of two several lands, one being Alfred Plunmer. of Oxford, England, the other Professor II. B. Smith, D. D., of New York. Both have executed their task well. It is a volume that will find a welcome with many persons interested in theological disputes.

Thirty Years in the Harem. Or the Autobiography of Melek-Hanum, wife of H. H. Kibrizli-Mehemet Pasha. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A book of very unusual interest. It draws aside the veil from the seclusion of femalo life in the Orient, and gives pictures of the interior of the Harem such as we have not had for many a day. The narrative, moreover, is as full of incident as a novel.

The Lawrence Speaker. By Philip Lawrence. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a work of very great merit. It is a selection of articles in poetry and prose, suitable to be declaimed in schools, colleges, literary societies, etc., etc. There are many such compilations before the public, but we think this one is altogether the best of them.

California: For Health, Pleasure, and Residence. By Charles Nordhoff. 1 vol., small 4 to. New York: Harper & Brothers.— Very decidedly the best book, in every respect, which has appeared on this subject. We can recommend it, not only for travelers, but also for settlers. It is full of the most trustworthy information.

Travels in South Africa. Compiled and Arranged by Bayard Taylor. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—Another of that excellent series, the "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration and Adventure," of which three or four yolumes have already appeared.

The Eustace Diamonds. By An'hony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brollers.—The last novel from Anthony Trollope's pen, and the best that he has written, if we except "The Last Chronicle of Barset," which, we incline to think, will always remain his master-piece.

The Adventures of A Brownie. By the author of "John Halifax, Genlleman." I vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In these stories for children this author notably excels. This is one of her very best. The volume is profusely illustrated. It would make a capital Christmas gift.

Premiums Paid to Experience. By Edward Garrett. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.—The aim of this book is to impress on the reader the wisdom, if not necessity, of leading a sober, thrifty, and religious life. The scheme is carried out in a succession of woll-written autobiographical articles.

Olive Varcoe. By Francis Derrick. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—A cheap, but neat, edition, of a novel that is sure to be popular. It forms one of that well-selected series, "Loring's Railway Novels."

Hope Deferred. Ry Eliza Pollard. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel, by a new writer, but one of very considerable merit. It is a cheap, but good reprint, from the London edition.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE would do well to call attention to the manner in which it is noticed by the newspapers. No other lady's book receives such unqualified praise. Says the Skowhegan (Me.) Reporter :- "In the matter of fiction it takes the lead," Says the Ripley (Miss.) Advertiser:--"Its fashion-plates are superb. Every lady should have a copy of Peterson's, as it is an indispensable article in the household. It is the cheapest magazine of the kind ever published." Says the Buffalo (N. Y) Post:-"You can always rely on Peterson: you never receive a poor number." Says the Thomaston (Ga.) Herald:-" Every lady, who pretends to keep up with the times and the fashions, should subscribe for Peterson." Says the Rhinebeck (N. Y.) Tribune :- "Its engravings and fashion-plates are worth alone double the cost of the magazine, and its literature is the best and most pure in character to be found in any publication. It is the cheapest as well as the best magazine in the country." Says the Georgetown (S. C.)) Times :- "It has no superior as a magazine for ladies, and is fifty per cent. cheaper than many which are inferior in every respect to it." The Live Oak (Florida) Times says :- " Far ahead of any thing we have yet seen." The Berlin (Canada) Telegraph says :- "It has always been noted for the superior character of its literary contents; and this, taken in connection with the important fact that it is cheaper than any magazine of its character published, should place it in every household. Its colored fashion-plate is unsurpassed It contains directions for making everything in the line of wearing apparel, patterns, embroidery and dresstrimmings. In fact, everything that one could ask for." Hundreds of such notices are received every month. Do they not prove, that, whatever other magazine, or newspaper is subscribed for, Peterson should be subscribed for, first of all?

THE MODERN WONDER.—Experienced people are found wondering how so perfect a sawing machine as the New Wilson Underfeed can be made so perfect in overy part, so thoroughly adapted to the requirements of family sewing, and yet be sold for twenty dollars less than any other first-class machine. The reason is easy and plain. First, because the Wilson Company is content with a fair profit, and do not belong to any combination, whose object is to keep up the price of sowing machines; and, secondly, because the most perfect machinery is used in its construction. Tho splendid establishment of the company is the best evidence that this policy has been a success. Salesroom at 1309 Chestnut street, Philudelphia, Ps., and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

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A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW," Ontitled "THE OUTCAST, AND OTHER POEMS," has just been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The poem which lends its name to the book, "The Outcast," treats its subject with originality and feeling, at once delicate and intense. The despair of the wretched parent, for his wife and children, is depicted with true artistic effect. All the other poems in "The Outcast," possess great interest, and display a lively and pleasant fancy, as well as a genuine, hearty sympathy with all the joys and sorrows of humanity. This volume will take strong hold of the heart and memory; and will live and last, because the poems in it touch many chords of human sympathy. It is published in one large octavo volume, uniform with "Beautiful Snow," being printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in green morocco cloth, with gilt top and side, and beveled boards, price Two Dollars, or in marcon morocco cloth, full gilt sides, full gilt edges, and beveled boards, price Three Dollars. This firm has also published a new and "ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF BEAUTIFUL SNOW AND OTHER POEMS," with Original Illustrations by Edward L. Henry, complete in one large octavo volume, in uniform style with "The Outcast and Other Poems," being printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in green morocco cloth, with gilt top, gilt sides, and beveled boards, price Two Dollars, or bound in marcon morocco cloth, with full gilt sides, full gilt edges, full gilt back, and beveled boards, price Three Dollars. Both of the above books are for sale by all Bookseliers, or copies of either edition of them will be sent by mail to any one free of postage, on receipt of the price, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. Carrie S. Slater, Newarl:, N. J., has operated a Wheeler & Wilson Machine 18 years; for the last 13 years on her own account sewing in families, and earned in that time \$11,000; married, borne two children, done her own sewing, and attended to other household duties.

Make your Sweetheart Happy.—The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says of Peterson's Maguzine:—"Send two dollars to Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, and make your wife happy by getting this splendid work. Young man, if you want your sweetheart to love you, send for this splendid book for her."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XII.—EMETICS—THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

In the management of the diseases of children, there is no class of remedies, with the exception of cathartics, more frequently resorted to by the intelligent physician, or the mother, than emetics.

. Their usefulness in childhood is unquestionable, and it would be well for the infantile race, were they more frequently administered than purgatives. For it is false practice, and injurious as well, to carry off indigestible articles of food, recently taken into the stomach, producing colic, high fever, and even convulsions, by physic, thus irritating, for several hours, the whole length of the alimentary tube, which might be thrown off by vomiting in a few minutes.

Emetics, however, like all other active agents, are capable of doing good or evil, according to the manner in which they are given, and the kind employed.

The shape of the infant's stomach is very favorable for the easy evacuation of its contents, and if induced, by mild

Eggs au Miroir.—Butter a small pie-dish, and break into it as many eggs as will lie, without breaking the yolks; cover them with chopped parsley, Cayenne and salt them; put a good layer of bread-crumbs over; place them in the oven, taking care not to do them too much. Turn out on a flat dish, and garnish with parsley. Eufs Brouilles. Mix a piece of butter the size of a walnut with a teaspoonful of milk; break in two eggs with some salt and pepper; keep stirring till they begin to set, then turn out instantly upon a slice of buttered toast. A little cold kidney or ham, minced, put in with the eggs, and seasoned accordingly, makes a very savory dish. Eggs Ath .- Boil six eggs until very hard; remove the shells, and cut them across, preserving the whites in the form of cups, and cutting off a piece at the round end to make them stand; cut the yolks into small cubes, add some minced cold ham, parsley and salt. Mix these ingredients with cream until they form a thick paste; then fill the cups formed of the whites with this compound heaped up in the middle; place them in a dish, and pour a white sauce over them.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Evening Dress of Mauve Stik.—The skirt is trimmed with black lace, caught up here and there with rosettes of black velvet, surrounded with narrow, black lace. The tunic is composed of black net, edged with black lace, and looped up with rosettes of mauve silk. Berthe of black lace.

Fig. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF PRIMROSE-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two rows of black lace, and bias folds of the silk, and festconed with bows of primrose-colored ribbon; the skirt is not very long, and is quite simply tucked up in the back. The waist is half-light, with a black lace cape over it; and the Maria Antoinette sleeves are trimmed with black and white lace.

Fig. III.—Carriage-Dress of Chestnut-Colored Poplin.

The lower-skirt has one very scant flounce, headed by a band of chinchilla fur. The upper-skirt has a deep, round, apron front, is very much puffed up behind, and finished by a band of fur. The waist has a round, apron-front, and is only a short, plain basque at the back, and, with the neck and sleeves, is trimmed with a band of fur.

Fig. IV.—Carriage-Dress of Wine-Colored Silk.—The stirt has one deep, scant flounce. The black volvet Polonaiso is deep at the back, and looped up at the sides, and is untrimmed. The wide, hanging sleeves, and long front, are tximmed with two rows of guipure lace. Bonnet of crimson volvet, with a long ostrich plume.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET AND BLUE-GRAY COLORED SILK.—The lower part of the skirt is of the silk, plain; above that is a row of black velvet, plaited; then a puffing of the silk; then a straight flounce on the upper-skirt of the velvet; then a puffed pannier of the silk. The jucket is of black relvet, slashed in the back and at the sides; has wide sleeves, and is trimmed with a row of fur.

Fig. vi.—Walking-Dress of Lead-Colored Poplin.—The skirt has one deep flounce, laid in full plaits, the tops of which are caught down. The upper-skirt, double cape, and sleeves, are trimmed with fringe.

Fig. vii.—Walking-Dress of Olive-Green Silk.—The skirt has one full platted flounce of the silk around the bottom, and two above it, across the front. The over-dress is a long Polonaise of the same silk, edged around the bottom, and looped up in the back with a watered ribbon, which forms a sash on the right side. Bows of ribbon and gimp leaves ornament the whole length of the front and the tops of the sleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS .- The Polonaise and redingote, either closed or open in front, are still in favor; over these can be worn, when it is necessary, any of the numerous wraps which may suit the style of the dress or the taste of the individual. As we have heretofore said, the greatest liberty is given to personal fancy The new colors are so subdued that one can hardly go astray in any combination one can make. Evening and house-dresses are made with skirts cut in the form of a peacock's tail. They are plain in front, with the smallest of tabliers, and at the back there is a quantity of narrow flounces, hemmed and corded. These cordings, or pipings, are always of a different color from the dress. For example, the shade of blue, called bleu de lin, is corded with prune color. When the flounces are cut out at the edge in leaf-like vandykes, and piped, they give the effect of a wellopened flower. Thus a pink silk toilet, with narrow vandyked flounces, is extremely pretty; the addition of a short tunic, either of black or white lace, renders it more dressy.

BASQUES, or rather waists, round or pointed in front with small coat-like plaiting at the back, are almost universal in all dresses not made with a Polonaise. These basques are not trimmed with fringe, ruflles, etc., only corded with a silk the color of the dress, or of some pretty harmonizing color.

ALL SASHES are tied at the side, and if not made of watered ribbon, are made of silk, lined with some color.

COAT-SLEEVES for drosses are almost universal. Most of the outside garments have wide sleeves. Ornamental buttons are very much in vogue; alpine lapis-lazuli, agate, coral, malachite, silver, gilt, enameled buttons are all found on the new French costumes.

Mantles, Jackets, etc., are in such variety that it is impossible to describe them; some are long, some short, some plain, others elaborately trimmed and bunched up.

Bowners and Mars are inexpressibly ugly for any but the most beautiful and youthful faces; and they are perched on the top of the head, overloaded with ornament, and can hardly full giving a vulgar look to the most refined face.

IN HAIRDRESSING there is the greatest variety. Each lady appears to adopt the style most becoming to her, but still there are some general remarks to make. The hair is now combed straight back from the ferehead more frequently than formerly. The hair is crepe or waved; but, instead of allowing the undulations to fall downward, they are upward, and short locks of hair of natural growth, fall along the top of the forehead. Above the hair, which is brushed upward, there is a torsade, twisted in a loose manner. Many ladies crown this torsade with an exquisite Milanese comb, made of open-work tortoiseshell, with a wreath of stars at the top of the comb. The hair is combed from the nape of the neck, and formed into a torsade a lantique, which is the new style of hairdressing.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Little Ginl's Dress of Chestnut-Coloned Porlix—The upper, lower-skirt, basque, and sleeves are scalleped and edged with wide embroidery-braid. Two rows of the same braid is put on the skirts, above the scalleps.

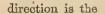
Fig. 11.—Boy's Dress of Plum-Colored Kerslymer.—The trousers are loose at the knee. The jacket is of the bluuse shape, and all is trimmed with wide, silk braid.

Fig. 111.—Girl's Dress of Olive-Green Cashmere.— Both upper and lower-skirts are trimmed with a ruffle, above which are rows of velvet ribbon of a darker shade than the dress. A loose sacque, with a cape of the cashmere, trimmed with the velvet ribbon.

Fig. 1v.—Little Boy's Driess of Navy-Bluz Cashmere.— The skirt, jacket, and pocket, are all braided in black.

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CONTENTS

TO THE

SIXTY-FIRST VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1872, INCLUSIVE.

| Alice's Adviser—By Frank Lee Benedict, 54 | Chair-Cover, in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- |
|---|---|
| Alphabet for Marking-By Mrs. Jane Weaver, 83 | { trated,) 437 |
| An Experiment—By E. B. Ripley, 252 | Crochet Trimmings—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- |
| An Allegory of Women's Rights—By Josiah Allen's | { trated, 438 |
| Wife, 275 | |
| | |
| | Diagram for New Style Tunic—By Emily H. May, - 78 |
| | Diagram for the Nilsson Sacque—By Emily H. May, - 153 |
| Bought With a Price—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 66, 131, | |
| 208, 285, 355, 424 | Diagram for the Evening Polonaise—By Emily H. |
| Braiding Pattern, 81 | May, 371 |
| Baby's Jacket, with Hood, in Knitting and Crochet- | Diagram for Sacque for a Little Girl—By Emily H. |
| By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) 82 | May, 223 |
| Box-9ttoman, for Bedroom—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, | Diagram for the Greek Paletot—By Emily H. May, - 296 |
| (Illustrated,) 83 | Dress-Body—By Emily II. May, (Illustrated,) - 434 |
| Bedside Carpet in Patchwork-By Mrs. Jane Weaver, | Diagram for Dress-Body—By Emily H. May, 335 |
| (Illustrated,) 225 | Decorations for the Table, 160 |
| Berenice Cudleigh's Hasty Word—By Emma Garrison | |
| Jones, 249 | |
| Bedroom Tidy—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) 297, 372 | Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc.—By Emily H. May, |
| | (Illustrated,) 73, 149, 220, 293, 367, 432 |
| | Embroidery, 80 |
| | Editor's Table, 84, 158, 228, 300, 374, 440 |
| Children's Fashions, (Illustrated,) 90, 163, 234, 306, 379, 446 | Embroidery, 154 |
| Crochet Mat-By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 154 | Embroidery for Insertion, 156 |
| Child's Cravat, Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- | Embroidery and Braiding Patterns, 2 157 |
| trated,) 222 | Evening Polonaise-By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - 370 |
| Child's Jacket: Tricot, Crochet, and Tatting—By Mrs. | |
| Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) 227 | |
| Crochet Square for Co terpane—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, | |
| (Illustmated,) . = 299 | Fashions for January, (Illustrated,) 89 |

| 1 I CON | TENTS. |
|--|--|
| Fashions for February, (Illustrated,) | 163 : Pattawn in Datahawah D |
| Eastions for Monch (Illustrated to | by mis. same weaver, (1 uus- |
| Eashions for April (777 12) | 234 trated,) 372 |
| Fashions for Mars (711-1) | 979 { |
| Eashions for June (Illustrate 1) | The state of the s |
| Fireside Amusements | Review of New Books, 85, 159, 229, 301, 375, 441 |
| Grace's Short Lesson—By Margaret Meert, 3 | St. Andrew's Cross—By Daisy Ventnor, - 202 |
| Handkerchief-Corner-Names, (Illustrated,) | Smoking-Cap, Colored Pattern—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated.) |
| Heliotrope—By the author of "Miss Derwent's Dia- | Sacque for a Little Girl—By Emily H. May, (Illus- |
| morals " (Illustrated) | - ! . Insted \ |
| TT-ntf-utt | |
| Handkerchief Corner and Name, 37, 302, 3 | 76 Sofa, or Carriage-Blanket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) 373 |
| Herbert's Troubles About Elsie—By the author of | |
| Susy 1—s Diary," 41 | |
| | The New Governess—By F. Hodgson, author of "Kath-
leen's Love-Story," etc., etc., (Illustrated,) - 32 |
| Initials, 155, 22 | |
| In the Forest—By Frank Lee Benedict, (Illustrated,) - 17 | 6 The Estate of Diamonds—By Harry Damorth, 45, 115, 183, |
| In the Chronicle Office—By Mrs. R. Harding Davis, | The Other Side De die of |
| author of "Margret Howth," 34. | Tidy in Java Canvas—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- |
| Insertions and Edwinser | - (mutad) |
| 2400 tools and Edgings, 373, 43 | |
| | The Currence of St. Morrele, By Frank Lee Benedict, - 108 |
| Jacket in Frame-Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- | The Curate of St. Mary's—By F. Hodgson, 140 |
| trated \ _ | The Hungarian Count—By K. MtCredy, 146 The Nilsson Sacque—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - 152 |
| 298 | Tidy of Washing Java Canvas—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, |
| | (IBustanta) |
| Knitted Comforter—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated.) 79 | The Colifornia Consin. Do Man 35 4 D |
| Knitted Caiton Der Man T | The Tigar's Chin De A T. |
| Kitty Ross By Maniette II. II. | The Doctor's Bill Pro Donath D 1 |
| Knitted Ouilt Professional Transfer Communication Communic | "Tohuda" - Py Frank Las Bara Mark (71) |
| Knitted Quilt—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 155 | "Tchudy"—By Frank Lee Benedict, (Illustrated,) - 278 |
| | The Greek Paletot—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - 295 |
| | Tidies in Darning and Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, |
| Little Polly Lambert—By F. Hodgson, author of "Kath- | (Illustrated,) 296 |
| leen's Love-Story," etc., etc., 267 | That Day in His Wherry—By Emma Garrison Jones, |
| | (Illustrated,) |
| | True Unto Death—By Marietta Holley, 404 |
| My New Year—By Emma Garrison Jones, 29 | The Queen of Croquet—By Agnes James, 415 That Horrid Mr. Barnes—By D. Fernhurst, 421 |
| Mother's Department, 86, 160, 231, 303, 376, 443 | |
| , ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,, | The Fuchsia Smoking-Cap—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated) 436 |
| | Traveling Rug in Tricot Pre 36 |
| New Style Tunic—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - 77 | Traveling Rug, in Tricot—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated.) |
| Names for Marking, 76, 82, 155, 227, 299, 437 | The second secon |
| , | The Deer Vest |
| | Ine Door-Yard, 443 |
| Only her India-Rubber-By Daisy Ventnor, - 40 | |
| Our Arm - Chair, 86, 160, 230, 302, 376, 449 | Warm Con A T a con |
| Our New Cook-Book, 88, 161, 232, 304, 377, 444 | Warm Cap for Infant—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- |
| Once Too Often—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 323, 396 | trated), 79 |
| 3,000 | What Came of Drawing the Last Straw—By Alfred D. |
| | Tozor, 321 |
| Pellerine and Muff: Knitting and Tricot—By Mrs. Jane | What Olga Found at the Grand Duke's Ball—By Daisy |
| Weaver, (Illustrated,) | Ventnor, (Illustrated.) 323 What Came of a Picnic—By Helen Maxwell, - 364 |
| * 224 { | - 364 |
| | |

| POETRY. | My Boyhood's Home—By James Avis Bartley, A. M., - 139 |
|--|--|
| A A TO THE TELL A | My Angel—By Mrs. Sophia P. Snow, 266 |
| Autumn Leaves—By Ellis Yette, 44 | "Measure for Measure"—By Mrs. P. C. Dole, - 292 |
| An Interlude—By Mary W. Mickles, 65 | My Friend's Letter—By Mrs. Anna Bache, 338 |
| A Sea-Piece—By James Dawson, Jr., 148 | My Children at Play—By John Francis Waller, (Illus- |
| Adjustment—By Maria S. Ladd, 182 | trated,) 354 |
| A Mother's Love—By H. A. Rains, 193 | |
| An Evening Thought—By the Rev. J. Harris, M. A., - 214 | |
| A Memory—By Eben E. Rexford, 266 | |
| An April Walk—By Ellis Yette, 277 | "No Night There"—By Mrs. W. C. Bell, 363 |
| A Vision of Olden Times—By Charles L. Moore, - 327 | |
| A Sleeping Beauty—By John G. Watts, 395 | |
| | |
| | Over the Ferry-By Ella Wheeler, 124 |
| | On a Child Sliding-By Catharine Allen, 148 |
| Birthday Verses—By Ann S. Stephens, 53 | |
| By the Sea-By Helen Brewster Randolph, 343 | |
| | |
| | Sabbath Musings—By Cara Lee, - · 107 |
| | Storm and Calm—By M. Cole, 178 |
| Clouds—By T. C. Irwin, 251 | Sabbath—By Kate L. Jewell, 314 |
| -, -, -, -, -, -, -, -, -, -, -, -, -, - | Sanoath—by Kate L. Jewen, |
| | |
| | |
| Dear, Little Hands!-By Mrs. W. C. Bell, 139 | { The Two Ethels—By Alexander A. Irvine, 31 |
| Deserted—By Annie E. Doty, 219 | |
| Desolation—By Mary W. Mickles, 255 | The Footsteps of the Rain—By Mrs. Helen A. Manville, 201 |
| Desolution—Dy likely 11. Intentos, | The Queen of May—By M. F. Winter, 322 |
| | The Pets—By Catharine Allan, 395 |
| | The Future—By W. M. W. Call, 410 |
| | To My Mother—By Frances Henrietta Sheffield, - 431 |
| Evaline-By J. William Van Namee, M. D., 31 | |
| Evening Prayer—By Ellis Y.tte, 182 | |
| Evening Light—By Isa Craig, 327 | |
| Evermore—By Mary W. Mickles, 432 | Vale of Childhood—By Kate L. Jewell, 201 |
| | |
| | |
| | Waiting—By Ettie W. Nillson, 284 |
| Graces of Eden—By S. E. Graham, 284 | Walding—by Etile W. Milison, |
| Good-ByBy Mattie Winfield Torry, 366 | { |
| Good-DyDy Matthe Williest Torry, | } |
| | |
| | { |
| | |
| In the Woods—By G. J. Wilson, 39 | { |
| Longings—By Matthias Barr, 44 | STEEL ENGRAVINGS. |
| "I Wonder if I Could Dance?"-By Mary Ramson, | { |
| (Illustrated,) 72 | "I Wonder if I could Dance?" |
| Innocence—By Annic Robertson Noxon, 114 | The New Governess. |
| | Fashions for January, colored. |
| | Fanny's First Flirtation. |
| | Fashions for February, colored. |
| Little Laura—By Helen A. Rains, 59 | Little Kittens. |
| Lily—By Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, 130 | Fashions for March, colored. |
| Lines—By Frances Henrietta Sheffield, • • • 207 | The Unexpected Attack. |
| Lovers—By Annie Robertson Noxon, 207 | Fashions for April, colored, |
| Lines for a Silver Wedding—By N. F. Carter, - 219 | Olga. |
| Life's Day—By Anna L. Lear, 363 | Fashions for May, colored. |
| Lines—By Annie E. Doty, 366 | The Pets. |
| Tines—By Alayander A Tryina - 430 | Fashions for June: colored. |
| | |

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Design for Seat of Chair.

Crown and Border for Smoking-Cap.

Design for Netted Curtains, etc.

Jacket in Frame-Work: Front and Back.

Slipper in Braiding.

Sesigns in Crochet for Cover for Chair or Footstool.

FULL PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

"Little Snow-ball,"

"Oh! Summer Night!"

Heli*trope.

In the Forest.

in the ror

"Tchudy."

My Children at Play. 8

That Day in His Wherry.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Fifty-five Engravings. February number, Fifty-one Engravings. March number, Fifty-one Engravings. April number, Thirty-eight Engravings. May number, Forty-three Engravings. June number, Forty-four Engravings.

MUSIC.

Dublin Bay,
Hit and Miss Galop.
We'd Better Bide a Wee,
Three Fishers Went Sailing,
Peri Waltzes,
My Blue-Eyed Nelly,

CONTENTS

TO THE

SIXTY-SECOND VOLUME.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1872, INCLUSIVE.

| A Wife, Yet Not a Wife—By the author of "The Second Life," 38, 103, 178 A Axident—By Josiah Allen's Wife - 200 "A Game Two Can Play At—By Frank Lee Benedict, (Illustrated,) - 314 A Sleeveless Jacket—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) 357 Bought with a Price—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 60, 131, 203, 270, 344, 424 Bed-Quilt in Crochet or-Darned Netting—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 145 Bettine's Christmas—By Daisy Ventnor, 392 Borders in Chain-Stitch, - 440 Bag for Knitting—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) 444 | Diagram for the Corsage a Gilet—By Emily H. May, 73 Designs on Java Canvas—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 76 Diagram for a Bridal Dress—By Emily H. May, 143 Diagram for Tunic for a Little Girl—By Emily H. May, 215 Diagram for the Dolman—By Emily H. May, 288 Diagram for the Sleeveless Jacket—By Emily H. May, 358 Diagram for the Casaque and Tunic, 441 Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc.—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - 69, 140, 211, 284, 355, 437 Editor's Table, - 76, 148, 220, 292, 366, 446 Edging, 142, 145, 287, 291 Embroidery for Under Linen—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 213 |
|--|--|
| Children's Summer Hats, (Illustrated,) - 71 Corsage a Gilet—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - 72 Children's Fashion,s, (Illustrated,) 81, 153, 225, 297, 371, 451 Christmas Games, - 446 Chatelain of Cord and Beads—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 367 Crochet Edging—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 367 Cousin Tom—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 317 Casaque and Tunic, (Illustrated,) - 447 Crochet Edging—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, - 447 Crochet Edging—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, - 447 | Eva's Love-Letter—By Mary W. Cabell, - 280 Elise—By Mrs. R. Harding Davis, author of "Margret Howth," - 33: Edgings and Insertion, - 44: Fashions for July, (Illustrated,) 8 Tashions for July, (Illustrated,) - 15 |

| 7 11 | |
|--|---|
| Fashions for October, (Illustrated,) 28 | 77 Mother's Department, 78, 150, 222, 294, 368, 448 |
| Fashions for November, (Illustrated,) 3 | Machine Needle-Book—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- |
| Fashions for December, (Illustrated,) 45 | il (mated) |
| Flounce for a Dress, 28 | Music Pell De Mr. I. T. |
| Flounce and Trimmings for Dress-By Mrs. Jane | Busic Roll—By Birs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 289 |
| Weaver, (Illustrated,) 29 | 7 |
| From Kittery to Kansas—By Mrs. M. A. Denison, - 31 | * |
| the state of the s | |
| | Netted Curtains—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 74 |
| | Names for Marking, 216, 443 |
| Grace Eversleigh's Golden Hair-By L. Macdonell, - 2 | New Style Bows for Slippers, 290 |
| y and a same | { |
| | |
| D TRITICAL | |
| Her Modern Pickwick-By Daisy Ventnor, 3 | Our Arm - Chair, 78, 150, 222, 294, 368, 448 |
| Health Department, 150, 223, 44 | - 79, 151, 224, 295, 359, 450 |
| Horticultural | our cabinet organ—By Helen Brewster Randolph, - 98 |
| How Scarborough Married For Money—By Fanny | Our Day With Helen Fitzmaurice—By Frank Lee |
| | Benedict |
| How the Old Love Fared—By Daisy Ventnor, - 244 | 10 |
| How Lettic Was Descined By This 25 | |
| How Lottie Was Deceived—By Helen Maxwell, 340 | trated,) 216 |
| How Kate Was Dared—By the author of "Cobwebs." | 3 |
| etc., etc., (Illustrated,) 389 | |
| Humdrum—By the author of "Susy L—'s Diary," 420 | |
| | Patch-Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 217 |
| | 217 |
| Initials, | |
| Ingarian | |
| V | Review of New Books, 77, 149, 221, 293, 367, 447 |
| | Round Netted Tidy—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- |
| In a Linen-Closet—By Daisy Ventnor, 187 | trated) - |
| Insertion or Trimming; Tatting-By Mrs. Jane Weaver, | Robert Dicklin's Store D. B. I. |
| (Illustrated,) 362 | Frank Lee Benedict, - 262 |
| Infanls' Boots—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 443 | |
| | |
| | |
| Y | Sofa-Bolster in Loop-Knitting—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, |
| Josephine's "Peterson."—By E. J. Whitney, 268 | { (Illustrated,) 143 |
| | Spencer in Knitting and Crochet-By Mrs. Jane Weaver, |
| | (Illustrated) 290 |
| T-14.10.1 D = - | Slipper Pattern for Children—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, |
| Knitted Cord—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 143 | (Illustrated) |
| Knitting-Case—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 147 | (Illustrated,) 360
Stripe in Roman Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, |
| | (Illustrated,) 365 |
| | Satchel Embroidered as Day 1 7 |
| | Satchel, Embroidered on Damask—By Mrs. Jane |
| Lindsay's Luck—By Fannie Hodgson, author of "Kath- | Weaver, (Illustrated,) 342 |
| leen's Love-Story, etc., 250, 322, 404 | |
| Lilian's Thanksgiving Eve—By Emma Garrison Jones, 352 | |
| arge, Warm Winter Basque-By Mrs. Jane Weaver, | |
| (Illustrated,) 364 | Table-Cover Corner—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, - 72 |
| little Christie's Will-By Marietta Holley, 397 | TOL - TELL OF A |
| ady's Satchel or Pouch—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- | The Kitchen Garden, 78, 151, 223, 295, 369 The Story of an Evening—By Ella Rodman Church, - 113 |
| trated,) 444 | The Story of a Dolly Varden Province To 113 |
| **** | The Story of a Dolly Varden—By Marie L. Burton, - 128 |
| | The Hollow Oak—By Frank Lee Benedict, (Illus- |
| | trated,) 170 |
| liss Vernon's Choice—By F. Hodgson, author of "Kath- | Tunic for a Little Girl—By Emily H. May, (Illus- |
| leen's Love-Story," etc., 50 | trated,) 214 |
| y Idees About Free Love—By Josiah Allen's Wife, - 57 | Turkish Bag-By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 218 |
| | Two Kisses—By Malcolm Allyne 220 |

| | ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~ |
|--|--|
| The Dolman—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) 287 } | Hyacinths—By Rachel Smith, 32 |
| Trimmings for Underskirts—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, | Harry Loves Me—By Mrs. E. R. Smith, 343 |
| (Illustrated,) 359 | |
| Tidy on Java Canvas—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illus- | |
| or mong) | "I'll Always Think of Thee"-By Carl Rossiter, 130 |
| Traveling, or Smoking-Cap—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) 362 | In Counsel—By William Brunton, 332 |
| Tidy on Coarse Linen, or Java Canvas—By Mrs. Jane | |
| Weaver, (Illustrated,) 445 | |
| Treever, (Immonity) | |
| The second of th | June—By Mrs. E. R. Smith, 102 |
| 23110 210 220 22 11 (270) 11 (27 | |
| When They Went Yachting—By Frank Lee Benedict, | |
| (Illustrated,) 25 | Lines-By Harry J. Vernon, 112 |
| Was it a Wraith?—By A. B. Carolan, - 95
Work Tidy—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 219 | Love's Questioning—By Helen Brewster Randolph - 192 |
| Work Tidy—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (Illustrated,) - 219
Writing-Case for Traveling—By Mrs. Jane Weaver. | Lines—By Caroline N. Bellanger, 423 |
| (Illustrated,) 363 | |
| (Imstrucu,) | |
| | Mamma's Tribute—By Helen Brewster Randolph, - 354 |
| the state of the s | - whill of the Problems I |
| | |
| *************************************** | 7 1 1 1 M - W |
| | Nature's Poem—By Mrs. Helen A. Manville, - 243 Never Give Up!—By Mrs. Helen A. Manville, - 339 |
| | Never Give Up!—By Mrs. Helen A. Manville, 339 |
| L 1917 192 | |
| POETRY. | |
| Alloy-By Mary W. Mickles, 59 | Our Boy-By Mrs. E. N. Huntington, 56 |
| A Picture—By Helen Brewster Randolph, 59 | Old Song—By Frances Henrietta Sheffield, 339 |
| "And Idly Float"—By Alexander A. Irvine, 97 | |
| A Summer Idyl—By R. W. Criswell, 192 | |
| Autumn Leaves—By Helen A. Rains, 202 | Remembered—By Nella Benedict, 261 |
| A Madrigal—By Annie B. Doty 210 | Retrospect—By Maria S. Ladd, 283 |
| A Change—By J. Rains Roberts, 243 | |
| An Autumn Afternoon—By T. C. Irwin, 321 | |
| A Whisper—By Clara B. Heath, 391 A Valley Sketch—By James Dawson, 403 | |
| A Valley Sketch—By James Dawson, 403 At My Silver Wedding—By Alexander A. Irvine, - 436 | Sunshine—By M. E. M'Cleary, 56 |
| A Withered Rose—By H. A. Brown, 120 | Sonnet, 129 |
| A William and and an | Stanzas—By Mary W. Mickles, 177 |
| | Smoke—By Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, 279 |
| Below the Dam-By Annie A. Preston, 24 | |
| Both Sides—By Ernestine Gordon, 269 | |
| Blindness. Sight-By S. Jennie Jones, 169 | } |
| | |
| | The Old Homestead—By St. Elmo, 37 |
| Crape on the Door—By Rose Craycroft 412 | |
| Christmas Morning - By N. F. Carter, 436 | The Baby Over the Way—By Mrs. W. C. Bell, - 249 |
| | The Picture—By Ettie Rogers, 313 |
| | The River of Life—By Mattie Winfield Torry, 313 |
| Don't Forget—By Mary W. Mickles, 97 | |
| | Tranquil—By St. Elmo, 403 |
| Forgiveness—By Miss Carrie F. Lancaster, 102 | |
| Forgive and Forget—By Edward Banker, 391 | |
| | We Thank Thee—By Clara B. Heath, 49 |
| | We Shall Meet—By Mattie Winfield Torry, 127 |
| God's Summer-By Marietta Holley, 12 | We Sigh When Winter."—By Catharine Allan, / - 267 |
| | |

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Mother's Darling,
Fashions for July, colored,
"And Idly Float."
Fashions for August, colored.
The Hollow Oak.
Fashions for September, colored.
Conquered, But Not Subdued.
Fashions for October, colored.
A Game Two Can Play At.
Fashions for November, colored.
Going to Work.
Title Page for 1872.
Fashions for December, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Corner of Table Cover in Application.
Bed Quilt, in Crochet or Darned Netting.
Braiding Pattern for House Jacket.
Spencer in Knitting and Crochet.
Tidy, in Java Canvas.
Pattern for Slipper.

FULL PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

When They Went Yachting.

A German Christening Party.
In The Apple Orchard.
Claudia.

An Autumn Afternoon.
How Kate Was Dared.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

July number, Forty-three Engravings.
August number, Forty-six Engravings.
September number, Forty-seven Engravings.
October number, Fifty Engravings.
November number, Sixty Engravings.
December number, Forty-four Engravings.

MUSIC.

"Dolly Varden."
Take Back The Heart,
I'd Be a Star.
Evening Song,
When the Swallows Homeward Fly.
Qui Vive Galop.